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**FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 18, 1917**

NIKOLA TESLA: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen.

"I wish to thank you heartily for your kind sympathy and appreciation. I am not deceiving myself in the fact, of which you must be aware, that the speakers have greatly magnified my modest achievements. One should in such a situation be neither diffident nor self-assertive, and in that sense I will concede that some measure of credit may be due to me for the first steps in certain new directions; but the ideas I advanced have triumphed, the forces and elements have been conquered, and greatness achieved, through the co-operation of many able men some of whom, I am glad to say, are present this evening. Inventors, engineers, designers, manufacturers and financiers have done their share until, as Mr. Behrend said, a gigantic revolution has been wrought in the transmission and transformation of energy. While we are elated over the results achieved we are pressing on, inspired with the hope and conviction that this is just a beginning, a forerunner of further and still greater accomplishments.

On this occasion, you might want me to say something of a personal and more intimate character bearing on my work. One of the speakers suggested: "Tell us something about yourself, about your early struggles." If I am not mistaken in this surmise I will, with your approval, dwell briefly on this rather delicate subject.

Some of you who have been impressed by what has been said, and would be disposed to accord me more than I have deserved, might be mystified and wonder how so much as Mr. Terry has outlined could have been done by a man as manifestly young as myself. Permit me to explain this. I do not speak often in public, and wish to address just a few remarks directly to the members of my profession, so that there will be no mistake in the future. In the first place, I come from a very wiry and long-lived race. Some of my ancestors have been centenarians, and one of them lived one hundred and twenty-nine years. I am determined to keep up the record and please myself with prospects of great promise. Then

again, nature has given me a vivid imagination which, through incessant exercise and training, study of scientific subjects and verification of theories through experiment, has become very accurate and precise, so that I have been able to dispense, to a large extent, with the slow, laborious, wasteful and expensive process of practical development of the ideas I conceive. It has made it possible for me to explore extended fields with great rapidity and get results with the least expenditure of vital energy. By this means I have it in my power to picture the objects of my desires in forms real and tangible and so rid myself of that morbid craving for perishable possessions to which so many succumb. I may say, also, that I am deeply religious at heart, although not in the orthodox meaning, and that I give myself to the constant enjoyment of believing that the greatest mysteries of our being are still to be fathomed and that, all the evidence of the senses and the teachings of exact and dry sciences to the contrary notwithstanding, death itself may not be the termination of the wonderful metamorphosis we witness. In this way I have managed to maintain an undisturbed peace of mind, to make myself proof against adversity, and to achieve contentment and happiness to a point of extracting some satisfaction even from the darker side of life, the trials and tribulations of existence. I have fame and untold wealth, more than this, and yet—how many articles have been written in which I was declared to be an impractical unsuccessful man, and how many poor, struggling writers, have called me a visionary. Such is the folly and shortsightedness of the world!

Now that I have explained why I have preferred my work to the attainment of worldly rewards, I will touch upon a subject which will lend me to say something of greater importance and enable me to explain how I invent and develop ideas. But first I must say a few words regarding my life which was most extraordinary and wonderful in its varied impressions and incidents. In the first place, it was charmed. You have heard that one of the provisions of the Edison Medal was that the recipient should be alive. Of course the men who have received this medal have fully deserved it, in that respect, because they were alive when it was conferred upon them, but none has deserved it in anything like the measure I do, when it comes to that feature. In my youth my ignorance and lightheartedness brought me into innumerable difficulties, dangers and scrapes, from which I extricated myself as by enchantment. That occasioned my parents great concern more, perhaps, because I was the last male than because I was of their own flesh and blood. You should know that Serbians desperately cling to the preservation of the race. I was nearly drowned a dozen times. I was almost cremated three or four times and just missed being boiled alive. I was buried, abandoned and frozen. I have had narrow escapes from mad dogs, hogs and other wild animals. I have passed through dreadful diseases—have been given up by physicians three or four times in my life for good. I have met with all sorts of odd accidents—I cannot think of anything that did not happen to me, and to realize that I am here this evening, hale and hearty, young in mind and body, with all these fruitful years behind me, is little short of a miracle.

But my life was wonderful in another respect—in my capacity of inventor. Not so much, perhaps, in concentrated mentality, or physical endurance and energy; for these are common enough. If you inquire into the career of successful men in the inventor's profession you

will find, as a rule, that they are as remarkable for their physical as for their mental performance. I know that when I worked with Edison, after all of his assistants had been exhausted, he said to me: "I never saw such a thing, you take the cake." That was a characteristic way for him to express what I did. We worked from half past ten in the morning until five o'clock the next morning. I carried this on for nine months without a single day's exception; everybody else gave up. Edison stuck, but he occasionally dozed off on the table. What I wish to say particularly is that my early life was really extraordinary in certain experiences which led to everything I ever did afterwards. It is important that this should be explained to you as otherwise you would not know how I discovered the rotating field. From childhood I was afflicted in a singular way—I would see images of objects and scenes with a strong display of light and of much greater vividness than those I had observed before. They were always images of objects and scenes I had actually seen, never of such as I imagined. I have asked students of psychology, physiology and other experts about it, but none of them has been able to explain the phenomena which seems to have been unique, although I was probably predisposed, because my brother also saw images in the same way. My theory is that they were simply reflex actions from the brain on the retina, superinduced by hyper-excitation of the nerves. You might think that I had hallucinations. That is impossible. They are produced only in diseased and anguished brains. My head was always clear as a bell, and I had no fear. Do you want me to tell of my recollections bearing on this? (Turning to the gentlemen on the platform). This is traditional with me, for I was too young to remember anything of what I said. I had two old aunts, I recall, with wrinkled faces, one of them with two great protruding teeth which she used to bury into my cheek when she kissed me. One day they asked me which of the two was prettier. After looking them over I answered: "This one is not as ugly as the other one." That was evidence of good sense. Now as I told you, I had no fear. They used to ask me, "Are you afraid of robbers?" and I would reply "No". "Of wolves?" "No". Then they would ask, "Are you afraid of crazy Luka?" (A fellow who would tear through the village and nothing could stop him) "No, I am not afraid of Luka." "Are you afraid of the gander?" "Yes, I am," I would reply and cling to my mother. That was because once they put me in the court yard with nothing on, and that beast ran up and grabbed me by the soft part of the stomach tearing off a piece of flesh. I still have the mark.

These images I saw caused me considerable discomfort. I will give you an illustration: Suppose I had witnessed a funeral. In my country the rites are but intensified torture. They smother the dead body with kisses, then they bathe it, expose it for three days, and finally one hears the dull thuds of the earth, when all is over. Some of the pictures as that of the coffin, for instance, would not appear vividly but were sometimes so persistent that when I would stretch my hand out I would see it penetrate the image. As I look at it now these images were simply reflex actions through the optic nerve on the retina, producing on the same an effect identical to that of a projection through the lens, and if my view is correct, then it will be possible, (and certainly my experience has demonstrated that), to project the image of any object one conceives in thought on a screen and make it visible. If this could

be done it would revolutionize all human relations. I am convinced that it can and will be accomplished.

In order to free myself of these tormenting appearances, I tried to fix my mind on some other picture or image which I had seen, and in this way I would manage to get some relief; but in order to get this relief I had to let the images come one after the other very fast. Then I found that I soon exhausted all I had at my command, my "reel" was out, as it were. I had seen little of the world, only objects around my own home, and they took me a few times to some neighbors, that was all I knew. When I did so the second or third time, in order to chase the appearance from my vision, I found that this remedy lost all the force: Then I began to make excursions beyond the limits of the little world I knew, and I saw new scenes. These were at first very blurred and indistinct, and would flit away when I tried to concentrate my attention upon them, but by and by I succeeded in fixing them; they gained in force and distinctness and finally assumed the intensity of real things. Soon I observed that my best comfort was attained if I simply went on in my vision farther and farther, getting new impressions all the time, and so I started to travel—of course, in my mind. You know that there have been great discoveries made—when Columbus found America that was one, but when I hit upon the idea of traveling it seemed to me that was the greatest discovery possible to man. Every night (and sometimes during the day), as soon as I was alone I would start on my travels. I would see new places, cities and countries, I would live there, meet people and make friendships and acquaintances, and these were just as dear to me as those in real life and not a bit less intense. That is the way I did until I reached almost manhood. When I turned my thoughts to invention, I found that I could visualize my conceptions with the greatest facility. I did not need any models, drawings or experiments, I could do it all in my mind, and I did. In this way I have unconsciously evolved what I consider a new method of materializing inventive concepts and ideas, which is exactly opposite to the purely experimental of which undoubtedly Edison is the greatest and most successful exponent. The moment you construct a device to carry into practice a crude idea you will find yourself inevitably engrossed with the details and defects of the apparatus. As you go on improving and reconstructing, your force of concentration diminishes and you lose sight of the great underlying principle. You obtain results, but at the sacrifice of quality. My method is different, I do not rush into constructive work. When I get an idea, I start right away to build it up in my mind. I change the structure, I make improvements, I experiment, I run the device in my mind. It is absolutely the same to me whether I operate my turbine in thought or test it actually in my shop. It makes no difference, the results are the same. In this way, you see, I can rapidly develop and perfect an invention, without touching anything. When I have gone so far that I have put into the device every possible improvement I can think of, that I can see no fault anywhere, I then construct this final product of my brain. Every time my device works as I conceive it should and my experiment comes out exactly as I plan it. In twenty years there has not been a single solitary experiment which did not turn out precisely as I thought it would. Why should it not? Engineering, electrical and mechanical, is positive in results. Almost any subject presented can be mathematically treated and the effects calculated; but if it is such that results cannot be had

by simple methods of mathematics or short cuts, there is all the experience, and all the data on which to draw and from which to build;—why, then, should one carry out the crude idea? It is not necessary, it is a waste of energy, money and time. Now, that is just the way I produced the rotating field.

If I am to give you in a few words the history of that invention, I must begin with my birthday, and you will see the reason why. I was born exactly at midnight, I have no birthday and I never celebrate it. But something else must have happened on that date. I have learned that my heart beat on the right side and did so for many years after. As I grew up it beat on both sides, and finally settled on the left. I remember that I was surprised, when I developed into a very strong man, to find my heart on the left side. Nobody understands how it happened. I had two or three falls and on one occasion nearly all my chest bones were crushed in. Something that was quite unusual must have occurred at my birth and my parents destined me for the clergy then and there. When I was six years old I managed to have myself imprisoned in a little chapel at an inaccessible mountain, and visited only once a year. It was a place of many bloody encounters and there was a grave yard near by. I was locked in there while looking for some sparrows' nests, and had the most dreadful night I ever passed in my life, in company with the ghosts of the dead. American boys will not understand it, of course, for there are no ghosts in America—the people are too sensible; but my country was full of them, and every one from the small boy to greatest hero, who was plastered all over with medals for courage and bravery, had a fear of ghosts. Finally, as by a wonder, they rescued me, and then my parents said: "Surely he must go to the clergy, he must become a churchman." Whatever happened after that, no matter what it was, simply fortified them in that resolution. One day, to tell you a little story, I fell from the top of one of the farm buildings into a large kettle of milk, which was boiling over a roaring fire. Did I say boiling milk? "It was not boiling—not according to the thermometer—though I would have sworn it was when I fell into it, and they pulled me out. But I only got a blister on the knee where I struck the hot kettle. My parents said again: "Was not that wonderful? Did you ever hear of such a thing? He will surely be a bishop, a metropolitan, perhaps a patriarch." In my eighteenth year I came to the cross roads. I had passed through the preliminary schools and had to make up my mind either to embrace the clergy or to run away. I had a profound respect for my parents, and so I resigned myself to take up studies for the clergy. Just then one thing occurred, and if it had not been for that, I would not have had my name connected with the occasion of this evening. A tremendous epidemic of cholera broke out, which decimated the population and, of course, I got immediately. Later it developed into dropsy, pulmonary trouble, and all sorts of diseases until finally my coffin was ordered. In one of the fainting spells when they thought I was dying, my father came to my bedside and cheered me: "You are going to get well." "Perhaps," I replied, "if you will let me study engineering." "Certainly I will," he assured me, "you will go to the best polytechnic school in Europe." I recovered to the amazement of everybody. My father kept his word, and after a year of roaming through the mountains and getting myself in good physical shape, I went to the Polytechnic School at Gratz, Styria, one of the oldest institutions. Something else occurred, however, of which I must tell you

as it is vitally linked with this discovery. In the preparatory schools there was no liberty in the choice of subjects, and unless a student was proficient in all of them he could not pass. I found myself in this predicament every year. I could not draw. My faculty for imagining things paralyzed whatever gift I might have had in this respect. I have made some mechanical drawings, of course; practicing so many years one must needs learn to make simple sketches, but if I draw for half an hour I am all exhausted. I never was qualified and passed only through my father's influence. Now, when I went to the polytechnic school I had free choice of subjects and proposed myself to show my parents what I could do. The first year at the polytechnic school was spent in this way—I got up at three o'clock in the morning and worked until eleven o'clock at night, for one whole year, with a single day's exception. Well, you know when a man with a reasonably healthy brain works that way he must accomplish something. Naturally, I did. I graduated nine times that year and some of the professors were not satisfied with giving me the highest distinction, because they said, that did not express their idea of what I did, and here is where I come to the rotating field. In addition to the regular graduating papers they gave me some certificates which I brought to my father believing that I had achieved a great triumph. He took the certificates and threw them into the waste basket, remarking contemptuously: "I know how these testimonials are obtained." That almost killed my ambition; but later, after my father had died, I was mortified to find a package of letters, from which I could see that there had been considerable correspondence going on between him and the professors who had written to the effect that unless he took me away from school I would kill myself with work. Then I understood why he had slighted my success, which I was told was greater than any previous one at that institution; in fact the best students had only graduated twice. My record in the first year had the result that the professors became very much interested in and attached to me, particularly three of them; Prof. Rogner who was teaching arithmetical subjects and geometry; Prof. Alle, one of the most brilliant and wonderful lecturers I have ever seen, who specialized in differential equations, about which he wrote quite a number of works in German, and Prof. Poeschl, who was my instructor in physics. These three men were simply in love with me and used to give me problems to solve. Prof. Poeschl was a curious man. I never saw such feet in my life. They were about that size. (Indicating) His hands were like paws, but when he performed experiments they were so convincing and the whole went off so beautifully that one never realized how they were done. It was all in the method. He did all with the precision of a clock work, and everything succeeded.

It was in the second year of my studies that we received a Gramme machine from Paris, having a horse-shoe form of laminated magnet, and a wound armature with a commutator. We connected it up and showed various effects of currents. During the time Prof. Poeschl was making demonstrations running the machine as a motor we had some trouble with the brushes. They sparked very badly, and I observed: "Why should not we operate without the brushes?" Prof. Poeschl declared that it could not be done, and in view of my success in the past year he did me the honor of delivering a lecture touching on the subject. He remarked: "Mr. Tesla may accomplish great things, but he certainly never will do this," and he reasoned that it would be equivalent to converting a steadily pulling force,

like that of gravity, into a rotary effort, a sort of perpetual motion scheme, an impossible idea. But you know that instinct is something which transcends knowledge. We have, undoubtedly, certain finer fibers that enable us to perceive truths when logical deduction, or any other willful effort of the brain, is futile. We cannot reach beyond certain limits in our reasoning, but with instinct we can go to very great lengths. I was convinced that I was right and that it was possible. It was not a perpetual motion idea, it could be done, and I started to work at once.

I will not tire you with an extended account of this undertaking, but will only say that I began in the summer of 1877 and I proceeded as follows: I would picture first of all, a direct-current machine, run it and see how the currents changed in the armature. Then I would imagine an alternator and do the same thing. Next I would visualize systems comprising motors and generators, and so on. Whatever apparatus I imagined, I would put together and operate in my mind, and I continued this practice incessantly until 1882. In that year somehow or other, I began to feel that a revelation was near. I could not yet see just exactly how to do it, but I knew that I was approaching the solution. While on my vacation, in 1882, sure enough, the idea came to me and I will never forget the moment. I was walking with a friend of mine in the city park of Budapest reciting passages from Faust. It was nothing for me to read from memory the contents of an entire book, with every word between the covers, from the first to the last. My sister and brother, however, could do much better than myself. I would like to know whether any of you has that kind of memory. It is curious, entirely visual and retroactive. To be explicit—when I made my examens, I had always to read the books three or four days if not a week before, because in that time I could reconstruct the images and visualize them; but if I had an examination the next day after reading, images were not clear and the remembrance was not quite complete. As I say, I was reciting Goethe's poem, and just as the sun was setting I felt wonderfully elated, and the idea came to me like a flash. I saw the whole machinery clearly, the generator, the motor, the connections, I saw it work as if it had been real. With a stick I drew on the sand the diagrams which were shown in my paper before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and illustrated in my patents, as clearly as possible, and from that time on I carried this image in my mind. Had I been a man possessed of the practical gifts of Edison, I would have gone right away to perform an experiment and push the invention along, but I did not have to do this. I could see pictures so vividly, and what I imagined was so real and palpable, that I did not need any experimenting, nor would it have been particularly interesting to me. I went on and improved the plan continuously, inventing new types, and the day I came to America, practically every form, every kind of construction, every arrangement of apparatus I described in my thirty or forty patents was perfected, except just two or three kinds of motors which were the result of later development.

In 1883, I made some tests in Strasburg, as Mr. Terry pointed out, and there at the railroad station obtained the first rotation. The same experiment was repeated twice.

Now I come to an interesting chapter of my life, when I arrived in America. I had made some improvements in dynamos for a French company who were getting their machinery from here. The improved forms were so much better that the manager of the works said to me: "You must go to America, and design the machines for the Edison Company." So, after ineffectual efforts on the other side to get somebody to interest himself in my plans financially, I came to this country. I wish that I could only give you an idea how what I saw here impressed me. You would be very much astonished. You have all undoubtedly read those charming Arabian Nights tales, in which the genie transports people into wonderful regions, to go through all sorts of delightful adventures. My case was just the opposite. The genie transported me from a world of dreams into one of realities. My world was beautiful, ethereal, as I could imagine it. The one I found here was a machine world; the contact was rough, but I liked it. I realized from the very moment I saw Castle Garden that I was a good American before I landed. Then came another event. I met Edison, and the effect he produced upon me was extraordinary. When I saw this wonderful man, who had had no theoretical training at all, no advantages, who did all himself, getting great results by virtue of his industry and application, I felt mortified that I had squandered my life. I had studied a dozen languages, delved in literature and art and had spent my best years in ruminating through libraries and reading all sorts of stuff that fell into my hands. I thought to myself, what a terrible thing it was to have wasted my life in those useless efforts. If I had only come to America earlier and devoted all of my brain power to inventive work, what might I have done? In later life though, I realized I would not have produced anything without the scientific training I got, and it is a question whether my surmise as to my possible accomplishment was correct. In Edison's works I passed nearly a year of the most strenuous labor, and then certain capitalists approached me with the project to form my own company. I went into the proposition, and developed the arc light. To show you how prejudiced people were against the alternating-current, as the President has indicated, when I told these friends of mine that I had a great invention relating to alternating-current transmission, they said: "No, we want the arc lamp. We do not care for this alternating-current." Finally I perfected my lighting system and the city adopted it. Then I succeeded in organizing another company, in April, 1886, and a laboratory was put up, where I rapidly developed these motors, and eventually the Westinghouse people approached us, and an arrangement was made for their introduction. You know what has happened since then. The invention has swept the world.

I should like to say just a few words regarding the Niagara Falls enterprise. We have a man here to-night to whom belongs really the credit for the early steps and for the first financiering of the project, which was difficult at that time. I refer to Mr. E. D. Adams. When I heard that such authorities as Lord Kelvin and Prof. W. C. Unwin had recommended—one the direct-current system and the other compressed air—for the transmission of power from Niagara Falls to Buffalo, I thought it was dangerous to let the matter go further, and I went to see Mr. Adams. I remember the interview perfectly. Mr. Adams was much impressed with what I told him. We had some correspondence afterwards, and whether it was in consequence of my enlightening him on the situation, or

owing to some other influence, my system was adopted. Since that time, of course, new men, new interests have come in, and what has been done I do not know, except that the Niagara Falls enterprise was the real starting impulse in the great movement inaugurated for the transmission and transformation of energy on a huge scale.

Mr. Terry has referred to other inventions of mine. I will just make a few remarks relative to these as some of my work has been misunderstood. It seems to me that I ought to tell you a few words about an effort that absorbed my attention later. In 1892 I delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution and Lord Rayleigh surprised me by acknowledging my work in very generous terms, something that is not customary, and among other things he stated that I had really an extraordinary gift for invention. Up to that time, I can assure you, I had hardly realized that I was an inventor. I remembered, for instance, when I was a boy, I could go out into the forest and catch as many crows as I wanted, and nobody else could do it. Once, when I was seven years of age, I repaired a fire engine which the engineers could not make work, and they carried me in triumph through the city. I constructed turbines, clocks and such devices as no other boy in the community. I said to myself: "If I really have a gift for invention, I will bend it to some great purpose or task and not squander my efforts on small things." Then I began to ponder just what was the greatest deed to accomplish. One day as I was walking in the forest a storm gathered and I ran under a tree for shelter. The air was very heavy, and all at once there was a lightning flash, and immediately after a torrent of rain fell. That gave me the first idea. I realized that the sun was lifting the water vapor, and wind swept it over the regions where it accumulated and reached a condition when it was easily condensed and fell to earth again. This life-sustaining stream of water was entirely maintained by sun power, and lightning, or some other agency of this kind, simply came in a trigger-mechanism to release the energy at the proper moment. I started out and attacked the problem of constructing a machine which would enable us to precipitate this water whenever and wherever desired. If this was possible, then we could draw unlimited amounts of water from the ocean, create lakes, rivers and water falls, and indefinitely increase the hydroelectric power, of which there is now a limited supply. That led me to the production of very intense electrical effects. At the same time my wireless work, which I had already begun, was exactly in that direction, and I devoted myself to the perfection of that device, and in 1908, I filed an application describing an apparatus with which I thought the wonder could be achieved. The Patent Office Examiner was from Missouri, he would not believe that it could be done, and my patent was never granted. But in Colorado I had constructed a transmitter by which I produced effects in some respects at least greater than those of lightning. I do not mean in potential. The highest potential I reached was something like 20,000,000 volts, which is insignificant as compared to that of lightning, but certain effects produced by my apparatus were greater than those of lightning. For instance, I obtained in my antennae currents of from 1,000 to 1,100 amperes. That was in 1899 and you know that in the biggest wireless plants of today only 250 amperes are used. In Colorado I succeeded one day in precipitating a dense fog. There was a mist outside, but when I turned on the current the cloud in the laboratory became so dense that when the hand was held only a few inches from the face it could not

be seen. I am positive in my conviction that we can erect a plant of proper design in an arid region, work it according to certain observations and rules, and by its means draw from the ocean unlimited amounts of water for irrigation and power purposes. If I do not live to carry it out, somebody else will, but I feel sure that I am right.

As to the transmission of power through space, that is a project which I considered absolutely certain of success long since. Years ago I was in the position to transmit wireless power to any distance without limit other than that imposed by the physical dimensions of the globe. In my system it makes no difference what the distance is. The efficiency of the transmission can be as high as 96 or 97 per cent, and there are practically no losses except such as are inevitable in the running of the machinery. When there is no receiver there is no energy consumption anywhere. When the receiver is put on, it draws power. That is the exact opposite of the Hertz-wave system. In that case, if you have a plant of 1,000 horsepower, it is radiating all the time whether the energy is received or not; but in my system no power is lost. When there are no receivers the plant consumes only a few horsepower necessary to maintain the electric vibration; it runs idle, as the Edison plant when the lamps and motors are shut off.

I have made advances along this line in later years which will contribute to the practical features of the system. Recently I have obtained a patent on a transmitter with which it is practicable to transfer unlimited amount of energy to any distance.

I had a very interesting experience with Mr. Stone, whom I consider, if not the ablest, certainly one of the ablest living experts. I said to Mr. Stone: "Did you see my patent?" He replied: "Yes, I saw it, but I thought you were crazy." When I explained it to Mr. Stone he said, "Now, I see; why, that is great," and he understood how the energy is transmitted.

To conclude, gentlemen, we are coming to great results, but we must be prepared for a condition of paralysis for quite a while. We are facing a crisis such as the world has never seen before, and until the situation clears the best thing we can do is to devise some scheme for overcoming the submarines, and that is what I am doing now. (Applause)