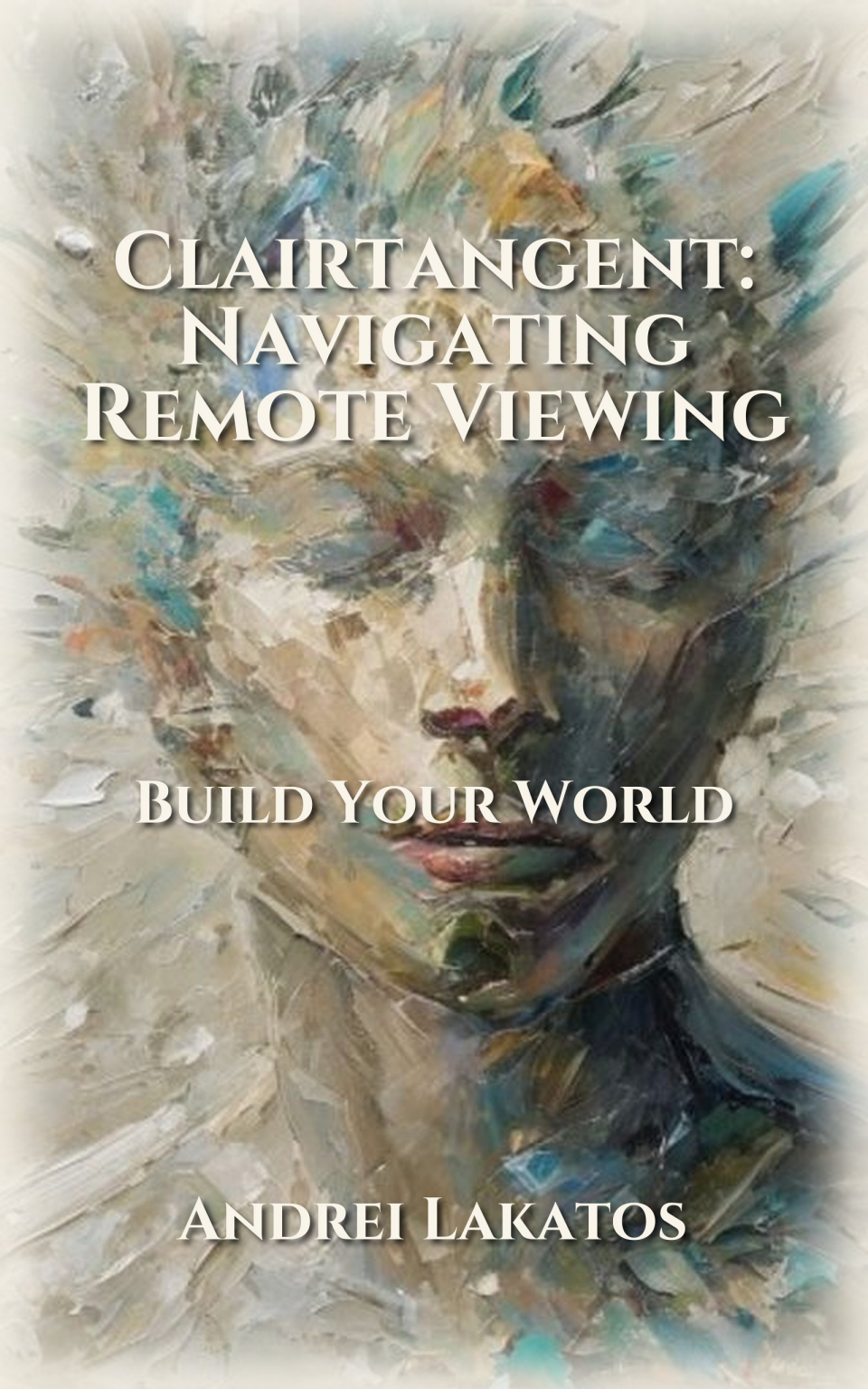


An abstract, expressive oil painting of a human face. The style is heavily textured with thick, visible brushstrokes. The color palette is dominated by earthy tones like beige, tan, and brown, but is punctuated with vibrant splashes of blue, teal, and hints of red, particularly around the eyes and mouth. The face is the central focus, though its features are softened and blended into the surrounding abstract background.

CLAIRTANGENT: NAVIGATING REMOTE VIEWING

BUILD YOUR WORLD

ANDREI LAKATOS

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CHAPTER 1

THE CLAIRTANGENT HUB: CLAIMING YOUR ADVENTURE

The moment shifts, not with a visual flare of light or a sudden burst of sound that alerts the casual observer; instead, it's a minute, almost imperceptible tremor in the background static you are monitoring. You feel it first as a change in resistance against your fingertips when you rest them lightly on the cool surface of the console—a subtle, metallic *zing* where before there was only the consistent, low thrum of ambient energy. This is how The Clairtangent naturally shows up within the structured framework of Remote Viewing; it doesn't arrive like a textbook diagram or a cleanly drawn map projection. Instead, it manifests through an unexpected point of physical interaction, a sudden need to anchor your perception to something solid and tangible. Imagine mapping a contested location, tracing faint lines of historical conflict across what appears to be a blank stretch of desert data—the static is usually a dull, grainy

white noise, easily dismissed as interference. But then, you brush against the edge of the viewing slate, and suddenly, the background hum thickens, acquiring the distinct, high-pitched vibration that screams 'metal.' It's the echo of something sharp, recently moved, perhaps dropped or scraped across stone just out of sight. This isn't intuition reading patterns from distance; this is your sensory apparatus demanding a point of contact to calibrate reality. You feel the residue clinging to the air around the slate, a faint grit that suggests friction—the sound of metal against other hard surfaces, imprinted so strongly it feels almost like you could gather it on your palm. Your core gift, reading through touch, forces this connection; distance is an abstraction for others, but for you, information requires purchase, a surface to grip onto and read the history etched into its molecular structure. You instinctively want to run your fingers over the console's edge repeatedly, mapping the texture of the residue until it yields the necessary narrative thread—the moment the static clears enough for you to feel the distinct *weight* of the object's passage imprinted on the surrounding energy field. This need to physically verify the ephemeral makes your reading undeniable, grounding the spectral into the palpable reality beneath your fingertips.

When you are immersed in collecting disparate streams of data—say, cross-referencing architectural blueprints from one era with fragmented personal journals recovered from a completely different geographical zone—the patterns rarely align neatly on a screen. The challenge for most remote viewers is synthesizing the non-visual; for you, *The Clairtangent*, the pattern recognition often requires finding common material resonances across the unrelated fragments. Consider the recurring motif: a specific type of knot tying used in maritime rigging appears in the journal entry detailing a desert caravan's water skins, and then again etched faintly into the corner of a seemingly random municipal tax ledger from an entirely different decade. At first glance, these items are separated by oceans, cultures, and time periods, making any connection feel like a reach across too much void. However, as you work through the data sets, your attention keeps snagging on the physicality associated with that knot—the precise tension required to secure the final loop, the way the fibers must be manipulated under tension. You find yourself tracing the depicted knots, not just visually following the lines, but mentally applying the feel of the rope in your hands, feeling for the slight ridges and necessary resistance at

each crossing point. This physicalizing process is where your strength shines; you force disparate data points into a singular tactile reality. The journal's ink feels different from the ledger's graphite, yet the *action* required to form that knot—the pulling, the twisting, the securing against strain—carries the same energetic signature, the same muscle memory imprint on the object's history. You are not just seeing a pattern; you are feeling the consistent tension across all of them, recognizing the shared physical vocabulary encoded in the materials themselves. This ability to read through touch allows you to stitch together narratives that others only see as coincidences, because for you, every piece of data must eventually feel *connected* by something solid enough to grip—the weave of a thread, the grain of wood, the specific drag of metal against stone.

The moment the energy field shifts into areas that are fundamentally unfamiliar or deeply traumatic—mapping an unsanctioned gathering point saturated with residual dread, for instance—your core challenge flares up like a physical burn under your skin. You feel it as a persistent, low-frequency hum vibrating deep behind your sternum, a resonant thrumming that isn't audible but is felt in the cage of your ribs, suggesting immense pressure building

just beneath the surface of your own bones. This sensory overload from an unfamiliar energy source can be physically debilitating; it's like trying to hold too many different types of raw metal—copper, iron, tarnished bronze—all at once, allowing them to mingle and create a nauseating cacophony right where your heart beats. Your instinct is always to reach out, to cup the object or the space that seems most saturated, desperate for the familiar texture of *something* solid to anchor against the psychic tide. However, when the energy is profoundly negative—say, residual panic from an event decades past—the imprint isn't a clean story; it's sludge. It feels like touching greasy residue mixed with grit and cold sweat all at once, clinging unpleasantly to your very fingertips. The fear intensifies because you know that while the information is vital for the viewing parameters, absorbing too much of that raw, unprocessed negativity risks contaminating your own baseline perception, leaving your senses dull or overly sensitized to every passing vibration. You must consciously resist the urge to touch everything; this self-imposed physical restraint is exhausting, forcing you to build internal scaffolding—mental barriers—to filter out the grime so you can isolate the single, crucial thread of information without being overwhelmed by the whole messy spool.

Learning to treat the energy like a brittle, highly reactive chemical substance that requires only the barest brush of contact, rather than an immersive plunge into its depths, becomes your most vital act of self-preservation.

The breakthrough in any difficult reading session—the point where the fog lifts and the intended focal point snaps into sharp, undeniable clarity—is rarely a gentle unveiling; it's often preceded by a moment of intense peripheral resistance that requires your full physical focus to overcome. You are tracking a target through layers of interference, perhaps obscured by mundane background noise or deliberate misdirection built into the data stream. Everything feels fuzzy at first, like trying to read script written with oily charcoal on damp parchment; you can sense the *presence* of information, but the details refuse to cohere when you try to pull them fully into your awareness. This moment of resistance manifests physically—a momentary drag in your peripheral vision, as if a strong, invisible hand is brushing against the edges of what you are trying to perceive. It's not a visual block; it feels like friction on the outer perimeter of your sensory field. You know, with absolute certainty, that the answer lies just beyond this veil of static interference, but accessing it requires more than

just focused willpower; it demands a physical act of correction. Your gift guides you toward an anchor point—a small detail, perhaps a specific brand mark visible on a piece of furniture in the background, or the unique pattern of dust settling near a window frame. You must mentally 'reach' your fingertips out to that object, not just looking at it but *feeling* for its physical signature within the energy field surrounding it. When you successfully bridge that gap—when your perception finally makes solid contact with the intended focal point through this tactile proxy—the resistance snaps away entirely. It's an abrupt release of tension in your hands, a sudden sense of 'click' as if two perfectly mated pieces of metal have slotted into place after resisting alignment for too long. The information rushes forward then, clean and sharp, because you forced the connection by anchoring it to something undeniably real, proving that even when the data is intangible, its history leaves an undeniable physical residue waiting for your careful touch to uncover it.

YOU'VE READ CHAPTER 1.

YOU ALREADY KNOW THIS ISN'T GENERIC
ADVICE. THIS IS YOUR MAP — BUILT
SPECIFICALLY FOR CLAIRTANGENT ENERGY.
THE PATTERNS YOU JUST READ? THEY'RE
YOURS. NOT ANYONE ELSE'S. YOURS.

THE OTHER FIVE CHAPTERS ARE WHERE IT
GETS PRECISE.

CHAPTER 2 GIVES YOU PERMISSION TO STOP
FIGHTING YOUR OWN NATURE. CHAPTER 3
SHOWS YOU EXACTLY WHERE CLAIRTANGENT
ENERGY CONSISTENTLY WINS IN REMOTE
VIEWING. CHAPTER 4 NAMES THE STAKES —
WHAT YOU LOSE WHEN YOU IGNORE THIS.
CHAPTER 5 IS YOUR FULL REMOTE VIEWING
PLAN, BROKEN INTO THE CYCLES THAT
ACTUALLY WORK FOR YOU. CHAPTER 6 IS
YOUR INTEGRATION — WHERE THIS BECOMES
IDENTITY, NOT STRATEGY.

MOST PEOPLE READ CHAPTER 1 AND THINK
THEY UNDERSTAND. THEY DON'T. THE
ARCHITECTURE ONLY REVEALS ITSELF IN
FULL.

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