

This is my third book on experimental human subjects and microwave weapons. This book is a personal journey that began in 1994 and encompasses the current domestic Phoenix Program directed at dissidents, security risks and potential enemies.

## Monarch: The Long Way Home

I Sacramento, Terry D'souza

II San Diego, Ramona Ayalla

III San Antonio, Elizabeth Navarro

IV Under the Volcano

V The Road Less Traveled

VI Microbiology Rat Race

VII Watch Him Run

VIII Bacteriophage

IX Time to Fight Back

X California Dreamin

XI Ground Zero

XII End Game

XIII Drink the Kool Aid

XIV Reform

I Terry D'souza

I drove into Sacramento in the late afternoon, it was a hot day in July, and I was trying to find a house I had never been to. I took a wrong turn as usual and wound up back tracking and finally found the place. I was about to make an illegal u-turn on a busy street when a California State Highway Patrol cruiser jumped in front of me and pulled the same maneuver I was about to. I followed suit and found the right street, it was a cul de sac that went back about a dozen houses or so on either side. It looked like any town USA, a quiet suburban neighborhood of one story homes with manicured green lawns and cars in the drive way. I went down to the end of the street and turned around came halfway back, and parked in the street on the right. I had met the owner and his daughter the day before at University of California, Davis and he had invited me out to visit. Terence D'souza was my age and about the same temperament, though he was an engineer and I had studied business management and then microbiology. He answered the door and asked me to wait a moment then he emerged followed by his family and motioned for me to sit in one of a number of lawn chairs under an awning they had set up in the front yard. Terry covered his hair with a blue scarf or handkerchief as did his wife and two daughters. He looked younger than his 42 years, dark brown eyes light brown complexion, short sparse facial hair made up a mustache and beard, and an expressive slightly oval face. When he spoke his eyes tended to widen as if to ask me to share in his amazement at this life. Considering what we all were going through it was appropriate and showed considerable restraint. He had been born in Pakistan but emigrated at the age of four and though I prided myself on my bookishness and complete lack of southern accent he surpassed me. His wife was pale in complexion and had sharp features that softened when she spoke, and though we had not met before she accepted me even under difficult circumstances. His two daughters were in their twenties, the daughter I had met yesterday at the university favored Terry slightly in complexion but they were both beautiful young women, college graduates who were highly intelligent and devoted to their parents. All four members of the family covered their long dark hair with a handkerchief or scarf, as I would later surmise was the custom of their religion. They were all even tempered, modest, and polite, which made them easy to be with and talk to. I was a little uneasy because I was a stranger from Texas who was unsure of the mores of California, much less the Bahia faith. The situation we were getting around to discussing was bizarre in nature and I wanted to move carefully and learn from them without offending or making them suspicious of my motives. It didn't help my uneasiness that I was lonely and yesterday the oldest daughter Sarah had made quite an impression on me. She was studying her masters in aeronautical engineering and very attractive. I was offered food and drink as we sat in the shade of the front yard and waited for the sun to slowly fade. The water was sweet and cool the vegetarian food was covered in interesting sauces and spices that appealed to me. The women deferred to Terry in conversation and I faced him and gave him all of my attention. Yesterday initially I had focused my attention on Sarah and noticed that this displeased him so after a few minutes I had addressed myself mostly to him. She seemed hurt or let down at the time and I felt I had made a blunder but did not know who to speak to so I preceded to speak to them both as much as possible. It didn't help that my neck was stiff and the muscles were fairly frozen in place from my illness and sleeping in my car. I

had to turn my body back and forth to make eye contact with both of them. Tonight the body language at their home was different, as was their dress, the sari, traditional robes that were light and colorful. The proximity of where they wished me to sit was much closer to Terry than to the women of the family so I addressed myself accordingly without excluding anyone as much as possible. I waited for Terry to get to the subject at hand. Presently he said "Here they come, watch". The neighbor's cars came into the cul de sac in groups strangely each seemed to cross over from the right lane to the left to pass as closely as possible to his yard. They all made eye contact with us that was not friendly. It was like people gawking at a very strange creature in a zoo. Occasionally they would sound their car horns as they were even with his house. Several of them lingered in their drive ways and watched us for a few minutes before they went inside. One of the neighbors who lived directly across the street came out and stood on the sidewalk and stared at us. His hand went to his nose like he smelled something bad as he stood there for about 10 minutes, making the occasional exaggerated gesture. His stare was constant and his body language was both strange and slightly menacing. I had seen it all before, but this was confirmation. This family that I was sitting with so pleasantly was being targeted. The term Targeted Individuals had been coined by someone and had stuck. These people were all Targeted Individuals or TI's for short. Yesterday in Davis we had talked for several hours and I had tried to share as much of my accumulated knowledge with them as possible. Now I came to learn from them. "When did it start", I asked. "Right after 9/11", he replied. I did the mental arithmetic in my head. It was July of 2004, so nearly three years had passed. His eyes grew wider and he held my gaze as if he still couldn't believe it. His wife spoke in a soft voice, "We documented over 200 instances of harassment". She handed me a spiral notebook that meticulously documented the date and time of verbal assaults, vandalism, trespassing, group stalking, false complaints to the police, the litany was very familiar to me. They had suffered everything from throwing trash in their yard to a physical assault against their youngest daughter by two of the larger male neighbors. From the progression of entries in their notebook it was constant and escalating. The police would come out and take down their complaints but no action was ever taken against the perpetrators. Quite the contrary, the family was treated with increasing disrespect and disdain by the police who occasionally threatened the victims themselves with charges. In order to protect themselves the family had begun filming the perpetrators at their "work" and this was when the youngest daughter had been surrounded by two "perps" and punched in the face by a 6'2" neighbor. The police were called, they took down the report and were initially sympathetic but within a few minutes a police woman showed up on the scene and took over. She took the girl aside and began blaming the young woman for the assault, who despite a bloody nose had retained her composure up to that point. When it became clear she was to be blamed and possibly prosecuted by the hostile officer she began to cry. After this attack on the most vulnerable member, the very close knit family retreated further into isolation and fear, as this despicable form of psychological warfare is designed to make the targeted individual do. After a cursory flipping through the pages of entries that formed the death of a thousand cuts I shook my head and looked at Terry again. "Is it always like this?"

“They arrive in groups when my wife and daughters return from school or work in the middle of the day”, “They don’t appear to have regular working hours”. “I’ve lived here in this house for 26 years and these people have all moved in very recently”. “Some of them have second houses in other parts of town”. “These homes may not be their primary residences”. He was looking at me with his head tilted to the side as if speaking to me in confidence and trying to gauge my reaction, if I believed him and what significance this information had to me. After all I had been through personally and after talking to him yesterday I believed him. I had already met about two dozen “TI’s” who had similar stories. My own experiences had been fantastical in themselves, and I believed that after the last several years nothing could surprise or amaze me, yet every new day brought continuing revelations that stretched my imagination. I prided myself on my discerning eye when it came to human beings. None of the 8-10 “perpetrators” I had seen in the last two hours seemed to be college graduates. “How do they afford two houses if they don’t work regular hours”, I asked. “Wait”, he told me with a grin. In about thirty minutes the sun had gone behind the trees for good and hung just above the horizon. Terry looked at me and motioned with his head. “Here he comes, watch”. An oversized pickup truck not so common in suburban California pulled into the cul de sac and drove by at about 20 MPH. Inside sat a Caucasian male, late 50’s, early 60’s, medium build, brown hair, white western button up shirt. He uncharacteristically did not make extended eye contact with us, but as he passed he slowed further. Then I noticed the man who had stood on his sidewalk and gestured and stared earlier had now come outside as did about half of the other people who I took to be perpetrators by their behavior when they had driven by earlier. They did not wave but stood in silent salute to him as one might greet a Raj or a lord of the manner. They stood in awe and gratitude or walked slowly with the direction of his truck, maintaining eye contact looking happy to see him. He acknowledged their homage to him without waving either, but with a barely suppressed grin and a few slight nods as he slouched down looking small in the huge pickup truck. He was slowing not to glower or honk at Terry and family as the others had, but to accept the unspoken gratitude and fealty of the perpetrators who acted like serfs. I watched him pass and pull into the fine house at the end of the circle that he lived in alone. After he and his truck disappeared into the garage the 5-6 perpetrators who had emerged gradually melted back into their houses. Terry looked at me and raised his eyebrows and characteristically widened his eyes in an unspoken question...well. I had met 20 or more TI’s and seen many more perpetrators at work, but I had never seen anything quite like this. I said, “He is obviously the handler, he must pay the bills”. Normally I didn’t commit myself to TI’s and instead let them explain their situation, but this was all too much. I had seen handlers before who worked for the feds and ran entire towns, but I had never seen anything quite like this. “What do you know about him”, I asked. “He works for the State of California”. A short time later, perhaps thirty minutes had passed when a short distinctive toot on a horn sounded. “Did you hear that horn?” He gestured with his index finger beside his ear. “Yes”, I replied. “Listen’ he said. The few neighbors who were outside immediately without hesitation all went indoors. I heard the sound of more doors being shut and presently they shut three or four windows with a distinctive thump. “When the horn sounds they

all go inside until there is an all clear horn, and then they re-emerge". The sun dropped down below the horizon and they continued to feed me and bring me water to drink. We all collectively relaxed as the neighbors seemed to disappear and the evening cooled with soft California breezes. The stars were coming out in silent witness. I was very tired and switched to tea and enjoyed their company. His family was generous and intelligent. The youngest daughter had just finished her sociology degree and was headed to law school. The oldest daughter was beginning her masters in aeronautical engineering. Terry's wife was going back to work in an office as an executive secretary. Terry was experiencing ill health and was unable to work. It bothered him, but he did not elaborate on the state of his health. Despite his obvious burden he did not feel it necessary to complain. I spoke about my journey from Texas and my meetings with other TI's along the way, leaving out the most hair-raising details. I tried to talk about common interests and happier subjects. They were glad to have company, someone that understood what they were going through. The hours passed quickly as we smiled and laughed together in the dark. Some of the laughter was heartfelt some of it was incredulous and even macabre due to the situation and subject matter. The short distinctive horn sounded again and one or two neighbors came back outside to tend their yards or just gaze at us as one looks at a two headed calf. "Watch", he said. Two neighbors came out with high pressure nozzles on their garden hoses and washed down their cars, the sides of their houses, and even the sidewalks near their houses, then went inside. "They always wash down their cars, sidewalks, and even the sides of their houses". He looked at me as if I might hold the answer to the riddle, but I was at a loss.

Terry and his family were very open and welcoming but they had not invited me inside their house. The inside of their house was exemplarily of what I found in most TI houses. The members of the TI community were all ashamed to some degree of what they had to go through and what they did to try to stay alive. Their notebook recorded the daily assaults that ran from verbal taunts to physical attacks but these thousand cuts were not all that had to be endured. In fact these torments were the least of their torture. Like most TI's the D'souza family, besides being harassed with organized gang stalking were being attacked with nonlethal microwave weapons. The first recorded mass attacks using microwave "nonlethal" weapons had been against anti-nuclear protesters in Greenham Common, England. The protesters were mostly women and children who surrounded the US air base and tried to block the deployment of nuclear tipped cruise missiles on UK soil. The Reagan and Thatcher Administrations were adamant that the missiles be deployed and the peace marchers were even more adamant that they would not be deployed. They camped out around the perimeter of the base for several years and in the end were successful. They also collectively became targets of microwave weapons from inside the US base in an effort to drive them away. Even though these were invisible bullets, the medical evidence that this was happening was confirmed by medical authorities, electronics experts, and Nobel Prize nominated scientists. One woman nearly died and many were debilitated and remain so today. The majority of the TI community were not only targets of gang stalking and street theater; they were also being attacked with these state of the art microwave

frequency “nonlethal” weapons. I was determined to find out why and more to the point by whom. The earliest work on the effects of electromagnetic fields on human beings was done by Nikola Tesla; the earliest scientific paper was an Italian publication from 70 years ago. Japanese scientists had used prisoners of war in WWII to experiment on, the lab notebooks referred to the test subjects as “monkeys”, but it was plain that they had used people in the lab and that these POW’s had been cooked to death in terminal experiments. The US Navy confiscated the Japanese biowarfare and electromagnetic warfare knowledge at the end of the war and had classified it, jealously guarding it for their own use. The US evaluated the Japanese microwave and radio frequency weapon as being capable of killing unshielded human beings at a range of 5-10 miles. The equipment was just too large and unwieldy to be fielded at that time. The scientific literature really took off in 1958 when Dr. Allen Fry made major breakthroughs. His two papers were entitled “Microwave auditory effect and applications” and “Human auditory response to modulated electromagnetic energy”. The unclassified scientific literature was very revealing up to a point when major breakthroughs had been made and classification made the publication of the scientist’s major breakthroughs go black. Things just seemed to have stopped in the 1970’s, but had they really stopped, or was someone guarding these technologies as one would guard the family jewels...and if so, why. I kept searching and reading books and scientific papers to find out where this promising weapons technology had gone. The unclassified papers had diminished to a trickle, but they were there. The scientists, their papers, and the patents for weapons of these sort were there to be found, but where were the weapons themselves. It was as if the moon had moved in front of the sun and blocked out the light of day. Everything was there that one would expect to find except the hardware. Who was hiding the hardware from all of this expensive government funded research, and what were they doing with it. Just like the women protesters of Greenham Common, England, I had found a population of credible people saying they were experiencing certain effects that lined up perfectly with what one would expect to see had these weapons been fielded, yet where were the weapons, and why use them on these American citizens. I needed answers and that is what drove me into the library to read dozens of books and scientific papers. Now I had found part of the puzzle, it was probable that the weapons existed because the work of the scientists and their patents existed. Likewise I had found a large group of people who described exactly what the women in England had described, the physical and emotional effects you would expect from the use of microwave “nonlethal” weapons. Symptoms include nausea, vertigo, sleep disturbances, physical heating, sensations of pin pricks, shocks, burns, blurred vision, eye damage, changes in blood chemistry, hair loss, panic in non panic situations, and ultimately physical disability, cancer, brain tumors, and death. Most TI’s were individuals in great distress but they did not strike me as people who suddenly went crazy in middle age. Now I had seen with my own eyes that something bad was happening. This family I was visiting and another family with a similar story were very credible witnesses. Mass hysteria did not explain their claims of being attacked with microwave weapons. The organized gang stalking was very real. The more I learned the more possible it seemed that the attacks with classified weapons systems were taking place on innocent people.

But how were they accomplishing the attacks and who was chosen to be the human guinea pig, by what criterion were these people chosen to be experimented on. The first mass use of microwave weapons in Greenham Common had been aimed at anti-war protesters. In the USSR in the 1950's these weapons had been aimed at the US embassy and more than one US diplomat had eventually died as a result. There were precedents for this type of thing, but many questions remained. I had to find out who the targets were in the self described "TI" community.

Terry was hesitant to show me his home. He was the 24<sup>th</sup> TI that I had met in the last 6 months so I didn't press him too hard. The gang stalking and electronic harassment tended to make people suspicious of others, if not outright hostile. I couldn't blame them for being wary, they were suffering terribly every day. The pressures both physical and psychological were incredible. The evening was pleasant and including our meeting yesterday he had now spent about 5 hours in my company. Terry brought out a gauss meter and some other measuring equipment and showed me what normal readings should have been and the elevated signals that he routinely recorded in and around his house. "It is coming from the neighbors". He had showed me in his notebook the documentation of the concerted campaign by the neighbors to drive his family out of their home of 26 years. I had seen with my own eyes the activity by the neighbors that was consistent with behavior by other perpetrators I had witnessed harassing and stalking other TI's. These were very sober, down to earth people I was with, individuals not given to exaggeration. Because he was an engineer his understanding of the electromagnetic spectrum was superior to mine. He gently and painstakingly explained what the different sensors meant and what was normal and what was abnormal. The readings would change depending on where one stood and what direction the device was pointed in. It appeared that elevated readings were coming from next door and across the street. I had seen the pattern several times before with similar measuring devices and some diagnostics that were different from his. It is important to note that these different people, these TI's that I had met were not contaminating each other. By that I mean that they had arrived at the same place on their own. They were telling the same story without going online and getting the same idea from each other. We walked around the edge of his house and he pointed to burns on the vegetation. The burns on the bushes next to his house were rather linear and horizontal and ran about 3 feet off the ground. The line of sight led back in the general direction that the readings from his EM monitoring equipment had indicated. The burns lined up to the house directly across the street and to the house next door. To me this was merely circumstantial evidence, but I had seen this before as well. He motioned me towards the front door and I followed him into the front room. There was a bed that was elevated off the floor and it was draped in insulating blanks, red on one side and silver on the other. The reflective silver side was turned outward to deflect the microwave and radio frequency radiation that bombarded the house. He went in the back briefly and presently brought back a similar insulated reflective blanket and showed me discolorations and burns on the silver surface as well as curious looking pin holes, tiny holes that he said were perforations from the microwave weapon that attacked them in their beds. Oscillating fans swung back and forth moving the air around as they hummed. "The temperature in here is 10-15 degrees Fahrenheit above what it

should be”. “By using air convection and the collapsing magnetic fields of the fans we mitigate the microwave attacks somewhat”. I had seen TI’s use fans and humidifiers as well as the reflective blankets. These types of blankets were very commonly used. I did not believe that Terry burned his vegetation, held up bic lighters to discolor the reflective blankets, or used pins to punch holes in them for my benefit. I had seen all of this before in the homes of desperate individuals who were sober, educated, sane, and in great distress. But those other people had all been alone. This same story was now coming from a family of college graduates, the gang stalking and harassment campaigns by the neighbors, the EM measuring equipment readings, the burns and holes in reflective blankets, the health effects. I couldn’t ignore their suffering but I didn’t know what to do about it. The eldest daughter Sarah gave me a CD that had their story on the local news. This was a new one on me, how had a family of TI’s managed to get on the local news. We sat down together and watched the video on my laptop. Sarah had an engineering degree but she wasn’t going to beat me over the head with it. She explained to me in layman’s terms what they had done and why. “We figured out that the microwave radiation could not really be block but that there was an angle of deflection for the microwave frequency being aimed at the house”. “If we used corrugated sheeting at an angle of 15 degrees it would deflect much of what was being aimed at us”. I couldn’t understand how a human being under such pressures as constant gang stalking and vicious electronic harassment could have the fortitude to complete an aeronautical engineering degree. I would be hard pressed to do so with all my support systems in place. I was in awe of this young woman who seemed so matter of fact. “We placed corrugated sheeting all around the outside of the house at an angle of 15 degrees more or less”. “The temperature inside the house came down appreciably, it gave us some relief”. The video was from the evening news in Sacramento the first part was an on camera interview by Sarah describing what the family was going through. The interview cut to a news helicopter that circled the house and filmed the outside of their home surrounded by large pieces of corrugated sheeting at a slight angle. I was not surprised that a house in suburban Sacramento surrounded by corrugated sheeting had managed to attract some attention but from the video it appeared that every news helicopter in that part of the state had managed to make the trip to their outwardly quiet street. “You and your family are absolutely fearless”. She smiled and laughed which seemed to bring me back to life. Dealing with human suffering and evil on a mass scale seems to drain the joy out of you after a while. “Some of the local coverage didn’t let us explain much, it tended to cut off our explanations and show us in a light that was designed to make us seem crazy”. “One station seemed to be more balanced and sympathetic and on the whole they let us tell on camera what was happening to us and why we had used the materials”. “We made the news for two weeks, until the city made us take it down”. “The city building inspector had come out and wrote us up and wouldn’t listen to us, but we were at least able to get our story out there in the public domain”. You had to admire it, most TI’s would have been afraid that the authorities would have them committed to a mental institution and forced to take medication after protesting so loudly and successfully. Most of the TI’s I had met personally had grown wary of attracting the attention of the authorities. These were isolated individuals who when

they reported the neighbors for gang stalking and electronic harassment had either been threatened with forced incarceration or had actually been hauled off and made to take anti-psychotic medications. None of the TI's I had met or talked to by phone had gotten any relief from being forced to take medications. Normally 20% of the mentally ill patients in the general population don't respond to the meds but in the case of the TI community I have yet to meet or talk to one person who got "relief" from the stalking and electronic harassment after they were forced into taking anti-psychotic medication. They had however learned to keep their mouth shut or risk incarceration. This seemed to be by design in order to discredit the TI's and to shut them up, but here were four obviously sane, sober, educated adults who all were telling the same story, so apparently the local news might paint them as crazy people if it wished but forcing them into an institution and claiming mass hysteria would just not work on them as it did on isolated targets. To my amazement the news stories featured the reaction of the neighbors and some of those interviewed were the very people who were engaging in the concerted campaign to drive the family out of their home. I recognized at least two or three persons who had stared menacingly, honked their horns, and had gestured in what were now recognizable signals of street theater and gang stalking. Whoever had designed this program of harassment was very familiar with the psychiatric diagnostic manual known as the DSM-IV. It is standard diagnosis that claiming to have strangers make gestures to you is a criterion for being judged insane, yet here were the neighbors standing out in front of their houses and holding their noses like they had encountered a bad smell and other exaggerated and standardized gestures designed to harass the target. Was it possible that this "program" of street theater and gang stalking had been designed by a mental health care professional? I tried to concentrate on the family at hand to understand why they had become targets. I wrote them up in my mind as case study number 24. They were numbers twenty one through twenty four to be precise. I was building a profile of the average target to find out what they had in common in order to find out why they had become targets. This was text book epidemiology. The method for discovering why people had become sick in outbreaks of disease was something I was familiar with. I had studied how scientists determined everything from the source of food borne illness to the foci of epidemics of the deadly Hanta Virus. Hanta Virus outbreaks had been my specialty a few years previously. I had been on the Hanta Virus Team at a major university where we had done complex field work trapping rodents in the wild, sampling their fluids and tissues, and then tagging and releasing them to follow their life cycle and the cycle of the virus itself. Several times a year we would return to the exact spot, trap the same animals and follow the rise and fall of the titer of virus in their blood. We had even tried to back track the steps of people who had died of Hanta Virus in order to figure out where and how they had contracted the disease. I was using the same methodology to find out who the average TI was how old, where they lived, what kind of work they did. All the characteristics of these human beings who had become targets would hopefully lead me back to the answers of why they had become targets in the first place. The use of the scientific methods of epidemiology might even lead me back to who was responsible. It occurred to me that I was still doing field work, only this time I was working with something

man made, and equally insidious, perhaps leading back to even bigger rats. So far I had been very careful with whom I spoke with. I always asked people about their personal and family history of mental illness. I asked them if they had taken anti-psychotic medications and if so if these medications had given them relief from gang stalking and electronic harassment. I was very careful not to include the mentally ill. I was very cognizant of the fact that if I got a mentally ill person off of their medications then I was doing them and society a great disservice. I had only been contacted by 2-3 people who were mentally ill out of around one hundred who had phoned or emailed me. Some of the TI's had been targeted for decades and were in very bad shape. I tried to avoid meeting and interviewing the TI's who were in the worst shape physically and emotionally in order to get the most information for the amount of effort I put forth. Personal interviews provide more complete information than phone interviews and it became important to see what was happening to these people with my own eyes. I had to verify gang stalking and harassment campaigns for myself. As a scientist I can only believe in what can be observed, what can be measured, what I can verify, and even then I resolved to be skeptical to the extreme. Anyone who engages in science and has an axe to grind or a personal belief to validate will do so. By that statement I mean that for hundreds of years scientists who sought to prove their most cherished beliefs were always able to bend the statistics to prove themselves correct. I determined not to accept statements without verification and to use multiple sources. A primary error that many scientists make is to have too small of an experimental group. I would have to meet hundreds if not thousands of people to get this right. I had personally interviewed 20 TI's in my investigation that started in Texas, through the southwest and into California. Now I was in Davis, California gazing into the eyes of a beautiful 27 year old woman who was an aeronautical engineer and a courageous human being. Rule number one don't get emotionally involved with your patients or your test subjects. It had been easy not to fall for the little deer mouse (*Peromyscus maniculatus*). They were cute little creatures, kind of like a little four inch long Yoda with brown fur and a tail. I was a human being with emotions just like everyone else but I had to keep a healthy distance from this person. I thanked her, closed my laptop and went back outside.

After midnight the ladies went inside to bed and Terry and I sat together in peace and quiet. I inquired about the man at the end of the street whom everyone seemed to defer to and Terry suggested we go for a walk. We walked the long way around and after about 10 minutes as we neared the home of the "handler" a car with two strangers turned onto the dead end street and proceeded at a high rate of speed to the man's drive way and executed a 180 degree maneuver and took up a position facing us in front of the man's driveway, effectively blocking our path in front of his house. The men in the car were Hispanic, mid twenties, and Terry said they did not live there. They both stared intently at us and I had the impression of worker bees guarding the queen. It was after midnight and nothing stirred on the rest of the street. We decided to not cross their path and instead reversed course and returned to his yard and sat down again. The strangers in the car waited about 10 minutes or more without stirring and then drove leisurely away. It was one more strange event in a cast of thousands. The two of us chatted a while and

then I asked him what the strangest thing that had happened to him so far was. He silently laughed, "One day two months ago I was walking on the side of the house in the back yard". He gestured toward the house next door where the strong EM signals had emanated. "I was walking near the fence when I felt a hot blast of air on my leg, I looked down and there was a large hose like an over sized clothes dryer hose placed under the fence". "It started in the neighbor's attic, came out in a concealed manner, down to the ground and ended up underneath the fence". "I could hear a motor of some kind come on periodically and the warm air would begin to surreptitiously come out under the fence". "It must have been there quite some time because I couldn't see it and only discovered it by chance because it was on and I happened to be walking by just then". "Show me", I said. We walked around to that side of the house but it was dark and there wasn't much to see. "They took the hose down, but I still hear the motor come on and I think the warm air still pushes into my back yard". "Look, see all these trees". There were 40-60' trees in the neighbors yards on two sides of his back yard in a giant L shape. The third side had 30' hedges, which was the side we stood near. Altogether the trees and hedges formed a giant U shape all around his house just outside of his property line. "The prevailing wind comes down the street toward the front of the house and creates an air pocket around my house because of the neighbor's trees". "Even on windy days there is virtually no air circulation in my yard". "All of these fast growing trees and hedges were planted by the neighbors as soon as they moved in, and just before the harassment started". "What did they say when you told them about the hose in your yard", I asked. "I didn't say a thing". "Immediately I got two industrial size fans and pointed them straight up in the air and pushed all of the air out of the air pocket and in that direction". He pointed directly back behind his house. "There is a school about a quarter of a mile or less just off my back fence". "There was an emergency evacuation of all the school children less than forty five minutes after the very large, very loud fans started blasting the air out of the pocket". "They said on the news that there was a gas leak". It was plan from his tone and the look on his face that he didn't believe it was a gas leak. "What do you think it was", I asked. "I don't know". One more confusing event in a laundry list of strange. I was too tired and just plain overloaded to make sense of it all. I filed it away under case study number 24. Not to my credit I was waiting for an invitation to sleep over and head out in the morning but I realized that despite the generous hospitality it did not extend to male sleep over's of non family members. It was 2 a.m. and I contemplated sleeping in my Dodge Caravan "mommy van", but things had been too weird on this street by half and so I said my goodbyes as best I could to this surrounded and set upon good man and pointed my van in the direction of Davis, about 45 minutes away. As I left Sacramento and turned toward Davis the highway stretched out straight before me and I saw a CHIPS police cruiser pulled off to the right on the shoulder with its lights off. Just as I drew even the cop threw his emergency lights on and startled me. I wondered if he was going to pull onto the freeway and pull my tired ass over, but he just sat there with his lights on. About one mile or more farther on I came to a rise in the road, and just as I crested it, I saw another CHIPS police cruiser on the right shoulder, lights off, just about where the last one had been. Once again, just as I drew nearly even with him he hit the lights but no siren. I waited

again for the cop to pull onto the black top and pull me over, but just like before he just sat there. It was 2:30 a.m. and there was not a soul on the road but me and the two cops for miles, nor were there lights coming in the other direction. Deserted was an understatement. His lights continued flashing red and blue but fading into the distance behind me so I let out a sigh of relief. Driving while exhausted was not strictly speaking a crime, but I was anxious to sleep in a cheap hotel bed or my car, not a jail cell. Again the red and blue flashing lights were nearly out of sight one mile back as I headed up the next rise. To my amazement there was another cop on the right shoulder in the same general spot on the far side of the hill, and just as before when I was almost even with him he flipped his emergency lights on, but did not budge. I was kind of shook up this time and wondered if anyone would believe it if I told them. "Holy shit". Then something jogged my memory and I remembered what I had told Terry the day before back at U.C. Davis. The topic of a police state and fascism had come up. I mentioned that the Nazis had formed private armies as a spring board to infiltrate the German armed forces. Then very methodically they had infiltrated the police forces. Once the police forces had become infiltrated I told him that the die was cast and there was no going back. The fascist police state was complete and the disaster of a world war was unavoidable. This demonstration of police cruisers sitting on the far side of the overpass with their lights off, strung out every mile continued, I think I counted 14 in all. Who the hell would believe this demonstration, and was that what it meant. Were they trying to send me a not so subtle message of power like a psychological body blow? There had been people walking around us as we spoke outside but no one had stopped to listen to our conversation yesterday that I could remember. Like all street theater and gang stalking it seemed designed to send a message that there was nowhere to hide. In that 15 mile stretch of reoccurring cops and their sequence of emergency lights I wondered how they knew and why they bothered. Two questions I could not answer, but the demonstration made no other sense other than as an answer to my prognostication on the lessons of history. It looked like war on the horizon, and I was a solitary driver on a dark lonely road.

The mentality that would use these weapons to torture and kill the innocent was not something I was sure that I had seen close up. My mother had been a district attorney and had prosecuted murderers and plenty of sociopathic personalities but I was out of my depth. In the past year my research had led me to read about the MKULTRA program that had used these very same Nazi Paperclip scientists to perfect the science of mind control. The MK stood for the German words for mind control. The Senate hearings in the 1970's detailed how the CIA had slipped LSD on thousands of unsuspecting US citizens but what was revealed had only been a fragment. Richard Helms, director of the CIA in the 1960's, had destroyed the archive of the experiments that had been run on people and what survived was only what they were willing to admit to under oath, which wasn't much. I had attended a conference of MKULTRA survivors to learn more about MKULTRA because many of the same elements that were present in the microwave attacks were also present in the experiments that were done on people as part of MKULTRA. The SMART conference run by Neil Brick was attended by about 40 people who had been subjected to the MKULTRA programming as children in the 1950's through the

1970's. The ideal experimental subject for mind control is a female because they have a higher tolerance for pain and disassociate easier. The general idea behind mind control is to induce extreme trauma, to break the human mind in order to control it. The techniques were developed by Nazi scientists in places like the Dachau concentration camp where the men, women and children were going to be gassed and cremated anyway so the supply of human test subjects was virtually limitless and the Nazi scientists could do with them what they wished. Dr. Joseph Mengele had a PhD in Eugenics and an MD and he had perfected the techniques of mind control such as trauma bonding. By forcing one twin to kill another twin or forcing one child to kill a family member it was possible to split their personality and exert control over their mind. Some of the child victims of Dr. Mengele still refer to him today as "beautiful Joseph". This powerful programming made them exhibit profound affection for the man who killed their closest family members before their very eyes. Dr. Joseph Mengele and later American scientists experimented extensively with children and adults using mescaline, LSD, electro-shock therapy, hypnosis, sensory deprivation, torture, rape, starvation, and trauma bonding. I read a book by Dr. Colin Ross, called Blue Bird that explained the techniques and personalities behind MKULTRA. The men who were trained in this methodology are termed programmers. The idea is to first create a case of multiple personality disorder (MPD) or using the modern psychiatric term, dissociative identity disorder (DID) by using severe trauma at an early age. According to MKULTRA documents and sources, the methodology of mind control works best when severe trauma is administered by the age of three years old. Severe trauma, such as rape, applied at the age of three will cause the personality to split or dissociate in an attempt to shield the mind from memories of events too painful to endure. The Three Faces of Eve is the story of multiple personality disorder or MPD that had been created by childhood abuse. The Palle Hardup case is an example of a purposeful hypnotically created case of MPD that was used to create a robot assassin. MPD can be created by a therapist in an effort to manipulate the human mind. Psychic trauma and creation of multiple personalities may be caused by the above techniques and by ritual sacrifice of animals and humans, which is also a feature of satanic ritual abuse (SRA). The extreme trauma causes the dissociation. The programmer will use triggers and hypnosis to call forth the created personality, known as an alter personality. Not all people are hypnotizable, but trauma at an early age makes people vulnerable to dissociation, and thus hypnotizable. Typically the programmer might wear a rabbit suit and sacrifice a rabbit in front of the child victims. The image of the rabbit, a phrase from Alice in Wonderland, or similar paired images are used as the triggers to call forth the alter personality. Dr. Mengele reportedly used his violin to play a musical trigger to accomplish the same step. The method works best when the trauma is repeated around six years of age. A few years later the child victims IQ test and personality tests are evaluated to determine whether the child may be trained in assassination, sexual blackmail, drug courier, or other role. Years later, the subject may be hypnotized and used for espionage operations but would only be consciously aware of the sense of lost time. The people who attended the SMART conference looked like normal everyday people and I found it hard to imagine them being subjected to these experiments as children in government labs and cults

started by the US intelligence agencies. Most of them were female, about 45-60 years old with the average age about late 50's. The individuals I spoke with were all of above average intelligence who calmly told me about spending decades trying to find therapists who could help them reintegrate the different personalities that had been created and to carry on some semblance of a normal life. Those MKULTRA survivors and therapists who spoke at the conference revealed the commonalities or standard operating procedures that are used to create mind control subjects. Reading Blue Bird had prepared me for the experience but I still found it hard to grasp that so much money, time, and effort had been spent in the quest to break and control the human mind. I left in awe that the therapists had the courage to help these often destitute people and that the human spirit had somehow, with time and effort, persevered in the end. Of course those victims who had been murdered, committed suicide, or had remained broken were not present. Dr. Sidney Gottlieb supervised the many CIA sponsored psychiatrists who engaged in these crimes against humanity for his boss, Richard Helms. In 1960 Dr. Stephen Aldrich had taken over from Gottlieb and Aldrich had changed the emphasis of the mind control operation away from the use of LSD and experiments in government labs and towards the study of remote electronic manipulation of the brain and the occult. This is about the exact time that government sponsored or infiltrated cults like the Church of Satan and the Temple of Set and others began to form. MKULTRA Subproject 119 was the foundation of all non-lethal weapons programs currently active with a subtitle; Techniques of activation of the human organism by remote electronic means. This memo was dated August 17, 1960 and when viewed with other evidence that was not destroyed, shows significant interest in radio frequency (RF) weapons and direct control of human behavior at a distance. This aspect of the research is where the greatest modern emphasis has been, rather than chemical or biological agents, both of which leave physical traces and violate existing treaties. Helms had written a 1964 memo to the Warren Commission that described "Low intensity warfare transmitting strategic subliminal messages to the brains of enemy populations". He advocated the use of high frequencies to affect memory and the unconscious mind. "Biological radio communication": "Cybernetics can be used in molding of a child's character, the inculcation of knowledge and techniques, the amassing of experience, the establishment of social behavior patterns...all functions which can be summarized as control of the growth processes of the individual." These were acts of war that were supposed to be used against people bent on destroying the United States, but the people who had developed these techniques of individual and mass attack using microwave frequencies had only a few years earlier been trying to destroy the US in WWII. Could it be that the mind control techniques and weapons these Nazis had developed to help us destroy the USSR were now being used against potential enemies like the D'souza family and political enemies like Bob Starret.

### III Ramona Ayalla

Ramona Ayalla had a soft voice on the phone and she sounded like a very kind person. She was in her mid 40's and lived alone in an apartment complex in a two bedroom that was clean and tidy. "I don't drive now, my car kept having problems". She was apologizing for not going

to the store for me. Ramona had soft round features but in her photographs she was lean and quite attractive. Like all the TIs I met, the years had not been kind to her. "I used to be a community activist; I received awards for my service and the enmity of the police". "I did everything from organizing voter registration drives to confronting the police during illegal raids". The more we talked the more I realized that she was the real deal when it came to a community activist. This woman with the quiet voice and soft round face that stood about 5'5" was fearless and tireless in ways that few people are in this life. "The police began to target the young people in the Hispanic community, I heard them say so myself". They said, "We got all the gang members, they're all either in jail or dead, now we just have to focus on the 14 and 15 year olds". When they brought them in for questioning for fighting in school or driving violations the kids didn't seem to know where they were". "I would go to the police and talk to them and confront them on their treatment of the kids that they classified as pre-delinquent". "People in the local community began to depend on me, when there was a party at one house, a birthday party, the police came with their riot gear, their dogs and guns, you should have seen it, the helicopters were circling". "I got out in the street and walked up to them and told them that this was a birthday party and there was not any trouble and that I had called the news media and that if they raided this party and arrested these good kids and called them gang members that the truth would get out". "They used their dogs to intimidate me but I wouldn't back down and so they got back in their cars and vans and left". Ramona had grown up on a small ranch in a rural area just north of San Diego very near where she still lived. It wasn't until she was around thirty that she began to attend community college and started taking creative writing classes that she began to realize her innate intelligence and her true ability and power as a human being. It gave her the courage and gravitas to begin to assert herself as a leader in the community that she had lived all her life. After a time the Hispanic community came to her when they had problems and even young people of all races would approach her and ask her for advice and help with their problems. She had earned her place as a leader by confronting the abuses of power and by encouraging the young people to realize their own potential by sponsoring educational programs and community based solutions to the need for housing and jobs. It was because of her interactions with the police and her efforts to organize people in the community that she eventually became a TI.

Ramona had been a target for over ten years now and she was one of the people I considered to be heavily targeted. Her home was entered frequently and her personal papers were often removed, even her food was poisoned on a regular basis. The standard manner of disabling TIs by poisoning was to place organophosphates, pesticides, in their food and water. A person who is targeted in this manner learns not to leave open containers of any kind in their home when they leave home. This type of poisoning was usually done with a common soil fumigant that made them lethargic and nauseous much of the time. The immediate effects are gastrointestinal pain, lethargy and sleeplessness, headaches, and then their thinking becomes confused and memory is interfered with. The target may only be capable of normal activity for a couple of hours a day. This method of poisoning is fairly effective because the chemicals involved are colorless and in

most cases fairly odorless. When the chemical is dropped into liquids it becomes diluted and is very hard to taste, even in water. The average TI will not realize this is happening to them until the affects become acute and then they find out from their doctor or when they test their food with a pesticide detection kit. I found out the hard way by drinking from an opened water bottle in Ramona's home that had been poisoned. The perpetrator had been careless and had spilled some of the pesticide on the mouth of the plastic container which I immediately tasted because it was at full strength and not diluted by the water in the bottle. The skin on my lips began to peel rapidly and the next morning my abdomen felt as if I had sustained a serious injury. The pain doubled me over and was so persistent I was not sure if I could walk very far. The skin that had come into direct contact with the bottle peeled off completely and it took me two weeks to feel normal again. TI's that are targeted in this manner are forced to go to the store nearly every day to buy only that amount of food that they will eat that day because once a container is opened and the TI leaves home they must carry it with them or throw it out when they return. Eating and drinking out of opened containers is referred to euphemistically as TI roulette. I tend to have a rather slow learning curve, and I had heard this scenario from other targets, but this experience seemed to educate me rather quickly. The neighbors that surrounded Ramona were some of the most vicious perpetrators I had yet to come across. Since many of them were retired they were able to devote their whole time to Ramona. These perpetrators were all elderly Caucasians and quite proud in the way they carried out their harassment. It seemed that this harassment program would often use people of a different race on the target and since Ramona was Hispanic she was targeted almost exclusively by Caucasians to instill a greater sense of victimization. When Ramona and I left her apartment to check the mail or do the laundry a short distinctive horn would sound, similar to what I observed at the D'souza residence, but this was about keeping track of her movements, not a signal to go indoors or come back outside to wash down the cars and houses. When we would return to the apartment another horn would sound that gave the perpetrators a heads up to our arrival. About half the time there was some evidence of entry and tampering, most of it rather juvenile, papers shuffled, dirt thrown on the carpet, furniture moved. During my visit it seemed to be about delivering the message that they could do whatever they wanted more than actually trying to create destruction. It was a form of psychological warfare that takes away the safety and security needs of the TI. The basic human need to have a safe harbor where one is immune to incursions from the outside world is common to all, and if taken away creates an internal stress in the target that disrupts their normal work life. It is a means of psychologically disabling the TI without actually killing them...much like the use of pesticide does in the physical realm. Ramona had an upstairs apartment with a single neighbor's door close to hers and two apartments downstairs. Her front door and balcony faced four other apartments directly across from her. The apartment across from her and downstairs on the left usually had three women sitting outside who often spoke in artificially loud voices and would cackle and laugh with glee. I was reminded of nothing so much as the Weird Sisters in Macbeth. The other immediate neighbors would often time their arriving and leaving to coincide with ours such that they were transmitting the message that all of our movements were monitored. This

was exactly what I had observed at the D'souza home and had been told of by other TI's. These perpetrators were as brazen as those that surrounded the D'souza's, perhaps even more so. The body language and street theater of gang stalking was becoming more familiar to me. The process of gawking and staring at TI's and the exaggerated mannerisms that reminded me of the signs of the third base coach in baseball. These mannerisms of holding their nose was meant to transmit the message, "You stink", the sign of actually putting their fingers up their nose, scratching their rear end or their crotch in an artificial and exaggerated manner were all things I had seen over and over again in the company of different TI's. I was starting to consider myself something of an expert at figuring out who was a perpetrator and who was just pulling their nose and scratching. It was a question of how exaggerated the mannerism was, how aggressively they would dig in their nose and for how long, and whether they were making direct eye contact at the same time all the while exhibiting an expression of an amused sneer. It was clear to me now that this activity of "street theater" that was a feature of mobbing or organized gang stalking directed at TI's was also a form of psychological warfare designed to deliver a message of harassment that the casual uninitiated observer would miss entirely. In small town America in the south the KKK used this methodology of harassment, called mobbing, to drive their enemies out of town. When the person was driven out and moved to another town the local KKK had been notified and was waiting for them to drive them out again. The targets of the KKK were not actually murdered but they were driven from place to place until they literally dropped in their tracks. They were destroyed financially and emotionally and served as examples to others who might contemplate challenging the KKK. These techniques had been further refined by the US intelligence agencies in the post WWII world. It was discovered that it was not necessary to murder enemy agents in the US. Merely by artificially raising the stress level of the target they could be immobilized in place. Just by bumping their car in traffic, brushing up against them in public, initiating a verbal confrontation, entering their home and stealing their personal papers and belongings, tearing up the street outside their house with jackhammers or routing large trucks past their home every night, these taken as a whole could be very effective. These are all normal occurrences of life, but if they are artificially engineered to happen 10-20 times a day, every day for 2-3 weeks the stress level of the enemy agent is pegged at an artificially high level. They begin to lose sleep, suffer from depression and increased anxiety that makes their work output in the office begin to suffer and drop precipitously until the agent is virtually neutralized in place. Ramona had been under this onslaught for more than ten years and her work as a community activist had ceased to exist. Wherever I accompanied Ramona we were followed. If we entered a store there would be several perpetrators who accompanied us into the store and made small purchases. Sometimes the store would be virtually flooded with perpetrators. They often made an effort to get into line in front of us and would practice delaying tactics such as slowly digging into a change purse and laboriously counting out pennies or writing checks in an exaggerated manner designed to take up as much of the TI's time as possible. The perpetrators ran the gamut of retired police and fire, government bureaucrats, elderly retirees, foreign nationals, people from all walks of life who had been organized into a type of community watch

program designed to keep tabs on the TI and to initiate these low level harassment operations designed to raise the target's stress level, disturb their purposeful behavior, and slowly drive them crazy in a form of gas lighting that the state paid for. It was an exercise of unlimited money and man power that was unmistakable in its origin.

Every TI tries to figure out how to shield themselves from the EM weapons attacks and Ramona was no different. She reported that she was horribly tortured by the EM attacks, mostly at night when she tried to sleep. Her bed was just a mattress to avoid the metal coils that made the effects worse. She slept with rubber mats underneath her to insulate her body. The same type of reflective material I had seen used by the D'souza family covered her body. She had rigged a ground wire to the metallic blanket that could be plugged into the electrical ground in the wall socket. She showed me these reflective materials she had previously used that had discolorations she called burns just as Terry D'souza had. Many of these materials that were rigged to block the attacks had the very small pinholes in them that I had seen before as well. The attacks tended to heat up her body and were usually aimed at her head so she kept several large water bottles in the freezer to place next to her head while she slept to counteract the heating effect. Ramona reported to me that the microwave attacks emanated from the apartment downstairs where the retired police officer and his wife lived. I had seen the person she referred to the previous days exhibiting the same exaggerated mannerisms of scratching his rear end and pulling on his nose for my benefit. She told me that the EM technology had put her in a state resembling a drug induced sleep and that on several occasions she had awoken to find the man from downstairs and several others in her bedroom. She was immobilized and not fully conscious when they had sexually assaulted her. The ability to incapacitate a target and use EM weapons to induce sleep were all over the scientific literature going back to the 1930's. During the rest of my visit with Ramona I slept on a mattress in front of the door so that my body would have to be moved so that the door could open. I wanted to protect this kind woman from her perpetrators but this in the end would be another temporary Pyrrhic victory. "They lured my son into a trap and now he has been in prison for several years". Her son was a little slow, and even though he was in his early 20's his mental age was probably about half that. "They got a girl to approach him, she was under the age of consent but he doesn't know anything about girls, she was the aggressor". "He said she laughed at him when he didn't know how to take off a bra". "At the trial some of the members of the jury and even the judge were gesturing to their noses and laughing to each other". "They gave him eight years in prison where they are using the technology on him and doing the gang stalking in the prison". "He is slow and doesn't understand what is happening to him, but he describes what they say to him and do to him in his letters to me". "They are using the technology and verbal harassment on him to try to manipulate his sexual preference". "He is being used as an experimental mind control subject and there is nothing I can do". "Other members of my family are also being targeted, my niece is a target and she is barely four years old". "My daughter in-law tells me that for the past year my niece wakes up at night complaining of pain in her genitals". "After every night they are always inflamed and red and even though they have tried medicine...the doctors they cannot

explain why she wakes up with damage to her genitals...she is only four years old". The tears in her eyes start to roll down her face as she shakes her head in disbelief. "She tells me, grandma, I know about sex grandma, and she began to dress in a revealing fashion, that is just not natural". "I know they are using the technology to attack her and to program her from an early age to be the kind of person they can use in the future". Ramona comes from a large family and she told me about many unfortunate things that have happened to them over the years, from disability, premature death, alienation from each other, it was a litany of sorrow. I would normally chalk it up to the vagaries of destiny and imagination but the theme of covertly attacking a TI's family while they attack the TI overtly, that is letting them know they are under attack, is a primary theme. The family members are also enrolled in experimental programs that covertly cause things to happen to them like onset of disease like cancer, or illnesses that can be explained away as "the breaks". The fact that Ramona grew up a poor minority in a rural area next to an air force base was instructive. She told me of strange things happening on the family property that sounded like the family had seen more than its fair share of intervention and experimentation over the years. Normally I would call it paranoia, but the other TI's were fresh in my mind, as were my chemically burned lips. I had hoped that each visit would supply me with answers to a few questions but instead these questions seemed to mushroom out into an ever growing structure that resembled a giant cathedral of evil. If this reality that I was moving through, the lives of these people, the broken and the damned, was a true reality and not some unfortunate nightmare, then we were really in trouble. The nation, the world, was in for a rude awakening, if it ever did wake up.

#### IV Elizabeth Navarro

Elizabeth Navarro was in her early 70's, very petite and thin, but with a kind of energy that seemed to emanate from deep in her being. She lived alone in San Antonio, Texas in an apartment. I met her for lunch on my way to California, but she would only take a cup of coffee and refused to let me pay for it. She was a God fearing woman who after the experience of being a TI for about 7 years now cursed like a sailor. "These people are going to burn in hell, God will strike them down". Normally that would have turned me off, but after what I had seen in the last year and what I had managed to learn from her about her ordeal, it made me perk up. This woman might be elderly and weigh all of 100 pounds but she had steel in her spine and she was a fighter. Elizabeth had first been targeted in 2001 right before the attacks of 9/11 and she had been one of the TI's I refer to as heavily targeted. She did not get a whole lot of gang stalking in the community but she had been tortured intensely with microwave weapons and the systematic home invasions. She reported that the people who harassed her had moved into her apartment complex above her and next door. Whenever she left the house they entered her apartment and destroyed her personal possessions and sabotaged her appliances and personal papers. She had called the police on every occasion and sworn out complaints but the police merely took down the information and left without ever making further inquiries or arrests of the perpetrators. Elizabeth was microwaved day and night and I looked at photographs of her from just a few years earlier and the difference was startling. The attacks had disfigured her face and body even worse than Ramona and the other TI's I had met. Part of the psychological attack on women

seemed to be aimed at destroying their physical appearance to strike at their self image and confidence. It was a means of inducing trauma in the victim as they were slowly cooked to death. Elizabeth stated that if she left the house five times in one day that her perpetrators would enter the house five times to sabotage appliances, destroy or steal her valuables and to do things to let her know that they had been there. Often the perpetrators would move her furniture around to frustrate her or throw dirt or trash on the floor in the practice of psychological warfare that takes away the victim's emotional needs for safety and security. It was also a manner of transmitting the message of helplessness to the TI that the police would not help her. Elizabeth was not about to take this lying down and she went to see her Congressional representative on a weekly basis to deliver information about this experimental program and demand action. The fact that the authorities would take no action to help her only made Elizabeth more resolved to be a thorn in their side and demand her rights as a US citizen. Elizabeth had been a civil rights activist in the 1960's and she had been instrumental in getting the movie theaters in Dallas to end their practice of racial segregation that made African Americans sit in the balcony section and dictated that whites sit in the lower tier. This was what I would come to classify as a risk factor. What most people would applaud as good citizenship was a mark against her in her file. About the same time she had given a ride to a hitch hiker who was in military uniform. When she got home her sister was waiting at the door and told her, "The FBI was here looking for you". It would seem that she was already a person of interest to the FBI and that the young man was AWOL from his unit during the Vietnam War. Elizabeth had a file and her home address and political activities were known to the FBI. The event of picking up the hitch hiker was not intended to aid an Army deserter but this is probably exactly what showed up in her growing file at the FBI. She later got a job with Chevron and received a security clearance and then relocated to work overseas in Iran. While she lived in Iran she learned the language and customs and made friends among the Iranian people and lived with an Iranian family. She had in effect "gone native" in the eyes of US authorities so it was at this time that she reported that she was first being placed under surveillance and followed while in Iran. Many TI's who traveled went to parts of the world such as the Middle East or Central America or Cuba. They were traveling to places of great interest to the intelligence community and this by itself is a risk factor for becoming a TI. The process of getting a security clearance, working for a major oil company, and "going native", are all potential negative entries and must be considered a significant risk factor each in their own right. These discrete risk factors are shared by a significant percentage of the TI population. Elizabeth eventually returned to the US and got a job with the state of Texas and at some point was disabled in an elevator accident and began to draw disability. Just as the original Eugenics movement sought to remove the "empty eaters" from society, people that the state had to support, so too this program appears to target people who are a drain on the coffers of the state. These risk factors are cumulative and no one factor by itself is sufficient to cause a person to be targeted for elimination as a human test subject. The program operates like a giant computer program with the names of every US citizen in the data base. One risk factor corresponds to a given weighted score and each entry increases that person's score so that the cumulative score is what determines who is chosen for "enrollment" into the program. It is an elaborate three strikes and you're out program that seeks to focus on dissidents, "potential security risks", and "undesirables". The risk factors that Elizabeth's incurred were civil rights activity, anti-war activity, racial minority (female), above average intelligence (120+), security clearance, employment by major oil company, foreign travel (Iran), "going native", government employee, and physical disability payments. She probably had more factors in common with the

other TIs than these but these were the only ones I could document in my interview. By using potential enemies of the state and “empty eaters” the program in effect is turning its lemons into lemonade. The typical TI is in effect the world’s most expensive human guinea pig to perfect these state of the art microwave weapons and the techniques of mind control. Elizabeth is subjected to severe forms of sleep deprivation and because her hypothalamus is microwaved it disrupts her emotional equilibrium as well. Her face and skin have been disfigured in an attempt to traumatize her. Her purposeful behavior and memory are interfered with by using infra sound to wipe her memory clean and subliminal manipulation to change her behavior. She is a very dynamic and brave person but she is only a human being and after seven years of intense torture her strength and mental acuity is starting to fade away. She continues to go to her Congressman and to use every tool she has to fight back. She reported to me that sometimes when she wakes she will hear a strange sort of guitar strumming and hear a group of people who appear to be chanting some kind of satanic chant over her as she is being microwaved in her sleep. She reports that the attacks seem to use the generator on her refrigerator or the electricity in the wiring surrounding the apartment to accentuate these attacks. I left her in front of the Alamo where we both resolved to go down fighting. On the way to meet the next TI I reflected how I got here to this place in my life and the strange road I had traveled.

## V Under the Volcano

Guatemala was probably the farthest thing from my mind in 1993 because I had gotten my teaching certificate and started to teach ESL (English as a second language). The theory in educational circles was that if a child comes to the US and is dropped into regular classes they lose a couple of years before they catch up, or drop out completely. It makes sense if you think about it. The old folks in my family told me how they had been pulled out of their community school in the Texas Hill Country and sent to regular school at the age of six speaking only German. Before WWI the German immigrants had their own schools that taught them their history, language, music, and culture from the old country. During WWI when everything German was a curse word the Germans learned they had better fit in completely or pay a heavy price. Even the old cemeteries that did not change their names to something like the George Washington Cemetery were subject to organized vandalism. The message was clear, assimilate or be driven out and destroyed. So if your name was Schmidt you changed it to Smith and closed down your traditional school after generations of educational tradition, abandoned your culture and sent your German speaking children to the English only public schools. The old farmers in my family didn’t recall the experience too fondly and that had been 80 years ago. I had grown weary of working for NASA where the romance had worn off and filing out everything in triplicate and living the life of a soulless bureaucrat in the bowels of a government agency was starting to eat away at me. It had only taken a couple of years but I wanted out bad. I was still in my twenties, just barely, and the idealism of youth had not given way to the practical cynicism of middle age. I had no wife and children to encumber my decisions about losing out on the big pay check and being responsible, practical, and stolid. Truth be told I was a bleeding heart who was going to save the world one child at a time. Even if it took a year or two longer than I imagined it would. I peeled the parchment off the wall at NASA, said goodbye to my boss who had never gone near a space craft, didn’t have the right stuff and never would, and went back to school for a few linguistics classes. After a 6 months transformation into a linguistics wiz kid I took my half assed Spanish and headed out onto the sky scraper encrusted

cow pastures of the Gulf Coast with stars in my eyes...again. I found a job teaching kids fresh off the boat how to speak the king's English. They were 14 or they were 20 or somewhere in between and they had stars in their eyes too. These were really good kids from Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Vietnam, Korea, you know, the future. Most people were afraid of it but I had vowed to embrace it and make it my own somehow. Some of the children had parents that were highly educated corporate climbers who had wound up with a posting in Houston, the town that oil and air conditioning built. Some of the kids were refugees from civil war who had spent most of their lives moving from place to place in the jungle trying to not get killed. These kids had never sat in a desk in their lives and had barely progressed beyond the third grade. Things started off really well and we did plays like getting two people to get up in front of the class and drive to the grocery store, buy some milk and some ice cream (welcome to America) climb back in the car and drive home. I used country music to teach grammar and we constructed and deconstructed the English language until they could successfully go to the store and get what they wanted without too much trouble. I had never been a teacher before and I really liked it. They transferred their love for their parental units onto me and I soaked it in, but it made me a lousy teacher. Speaking of parental transference, I had a friend who was 86 years young and who once told me that I wouldn't fit in well and why. "You know too much and that makes you dangerous...and you don't put up with any bullshit". Bless him he has a way with words but all that wisdom of old age did not get me out of the fix that I was in...I was still me. It wasn't four weeks into the first school year that I pissed off the administrators and a couple of teachers as well. The administrators didn't fit my conception of educators. They made up rules for the teachers and kids to follow and generally seemed to my mind to get in the way of teaching. I brought my bicycle to class and took the children out into the parking lot and let them take turns riding it around in slow circles. Like the make believe plays of going to the store the idea is to twin the action of doing to the words that go with them. Half of the students had never been on a bike in their lives so I briefly taught them to ride and they learned some verbs. The administrators heard about it and you would have thought that I brought a rattlesnake to school and made them handle it while I taught ecology. The walkie talkies came out and they ran around and generally had an enormous cow. I just couldn't see that I had done the students anything other than a favor and taught them some vocabulary while I was at it. This was how the year went in general and as it progressed I was viewed more and more as a bad seed that had to be brought to heel. I thought they were a bunch of bureaucrats that had never taught a classroom full of students in their lives, much less kids that didn't speak English. I thought they treated the kids poorly and when a teacher got out of line for real and put their hands on a child in anger they didn't do a damn thing about it. I got along great with almost all of the other teachers with one glaring exception. She was middle aged, anorexic with a lot of emotional baggage that went back a long way. She was kind of attracted to me but I interpreted it as being demeaning like patting me on the head in front of the other teachers and students so I told her to cut the crap and keep her hands to herself. This episode early in the year seemed to tear something loose in her head and she went a little crazy on me, but as my grandfather once said, that was a short put. One thing you have to remember is that teaching is by and large the preserve of women. They will always say over and over again that they wish that more men would teach but this should not be taken at face value. The female teachers and administrators tend to view teaching as their turf and if you enter their sphere of influence in this traditional bastion of female professionalism you are either a coach or a principle. If you are not a coach or a principle then you are in some strange way stepping on their toes. This is their territory and

you will only do well if you let them emasculate you. I know this sounds like a terribly sexist and chauvinistic thing to say but if you don't play a supporting role so to speak then you might be in for big trouble. Combine this psychology with the fragile personality previously spoken of and you might even get the perfect storm. Not only did this poor woman talk bad about me behind my back and try to get me fired, she went to the other teachers in her "sphere of influence" and tried to get them to shun me in the good old fashioned sense. I got the triple whammy, the daily verbal assaults directed at me like comments about me being inappropriately dressed, crazy, ugly, mean, any kind of verbal insult she could think of came my way every single day. She was a veteran teacher with connections so some of the junior teachers who needed her approval to keep their jobs followed the lead and got brownie points by sticking verbal barbs in me at every opportunity. You would think this wouldn't have much effect but after several months you begin to dread getting out of bed in the morning and showing up at work. You don't even want to go near the place. She poisoned the well with the administrators who already thought I was a problem and were only too happy to see things her way, despite evidence to the contrary. Her personal problem with me was so bad that she even did things like take books and other personal items from the locked rooms of other teachers and place them in my room hoping to get me fired. I told you she had baggage right? The shine had worn off the school year and when it came to an end I breathed a sigh of relief and took my eight weeks off like the liberation of Paris. I did a lot of nature photography and that summer the woods were full of ticks, I mean FULL of ticks. On certain years as I plied my hobby of nature photography there was not one to be seen while this particular year they were crawling on me and my dog by the dozens every time I went out. Nature photography was my version of Zen or yoga, it was my religion and when I grew up I wanted to be a great nature photographer like Wyman Minzer or some such thing that was unattainable. On three separate occasions that year a tick made its way slowly up my pants undetected to just above my belt line on my left side and attached itself, or bit me as I tried to get it off before it did attach. It was the exact same place each time and each time I had the exact same symptoms. The bite became red and inflamed like a large red dot that was about the size of a half dollar. The pain was intense enough to double me over and I treated the bite with hydrocortisone. After about 3-4 days it went away and everything seemed fine. Then about two weeks later the bite returned as if by magic only now the red dot was even larger and surrounded by a giant red circle like a bulls eye in darts. The pain was even more intense than before and it stayed even longer the second time, then as before it simply vanished. I had been bitten by everything in nature short of a poisonous snake or a bear, but this series of symptoms that happened three times in one year was beyond all my experience. Years later when I was trying to figure out why I was so sick I looked up Lyme disease and tick borne illness in the medical literature. The earliest reference that I could find (1880) was by a veterinarian in south Texas who described the spirochete of the genus *Bergdorfi* that was taking a terrible toll on cattle. In other words these same ticks were biting big strapping Long Horns and Brahma Bulls that got sick and dropped dead. I guess it was just one of those heavy tick years in 1880 just like in 1993. In June of that year I took my savings and rented a cabin in northern New Mexico on a river that my grandparents had fished since the 1930's. It was our favorite family place to vacation and the first time I went I was two years old. My dad went every year until he was 21 and in college. I loaded up the old folks and my dad in my orange 1979 VW van and headed up into the mountains. No sooner had we crossed the state line than word spread of a mysterious illness that had perfectly healthy people dropping dead in their tracks. We were not to be dissuaded from our holiday but as we went the more timid souls were

either fleeing the state or talking in hushed tones about the mystery disease that had killed a dozen or more. They seemed intent somehow on blaming it on the Indians. The fish were jumping and the amateurs all fled in haste and fear so we pretty much had the river to ourselves. It was a treat to see my grandparents back on the river they loved so much and the two weeks went by quickly. I woke before the sunrise every morning and headed out to the mouth of the river where it came out of the Box, a deep crevice with sheer sides that rose up a thousand feet or more on either side. The river had a hypnotic effect on me and I fished as an afterthought. The rod and reel were kind of an excuse to be out on the river and among the giant trees that lined the landscape. It was like a land that time had forgotten and where I could forget myself. I didn't feel well the rest of the summer and reported back to work in the fall of '93 in a halfhearted manner. I wasn't looking forward to teaching because I had imagined that it would be the antithesis of the NASA experience but had discovered that the purity of teaching had turned out to be like the bureaucracy and office politics I had tried to escape. The year started out exactly the same and the administrators seemed to be examining my back to try to figure out where the dagger should go. Surely I was imagining it, a persecution complex? The same 3-4 teachers led by that poor disturbed anorexic woman seemed intent on making me miserable. Christmas came and went and I tried to be a better teacher for the students and follow the rules but something was missing in me, the romance was over and it wasn't coming back anytime real soon. My schedule was changed and I was given more students than anyone else, no teachers aid was in my class like the other teachers had. My text books that I was supposed to get at the beginning of the school year did not show up until the 9<sup>th</sup> week of class. I was forced to read to my students and to improvise as best I could while I waited for the text books that everyone else had. The administrators and the hostile teachers made fun of me for reading to the students but I couldn't figure what else I was supposed to do. Was it possible that the larger class, the missing teachers aid, the missing text books, the 15 minutes for lunch and no time for a bathroom breaks were part of a campaign to punish me? I felt that these professionals would not short change the students just to get to me. The verbal attacks that were aimed at harassing me and breaking me down continued and I felt like there was no one that I could appeal to for relief. The disturbed woman became more brazen in her behavior, even pushing students around, knocking the books out of their hands, scratching them until they bled, and striking them in the face. She was a veteran teacher who had friends high up in the school district and she obviously felt invulnerable. It was a strange experience and I contemplated going back to substitute teaching like I had for a year before I started the ESL program. I dreaded getting up in the morning and going to school. The previous year I had made a decision to perfect my Spanish and the best way to learn is the technique called immersion. You put yourself in an environment where nothing but Spanish is spoken and you totally immerse yourself by hearing nothing else. It is a kind of sink or swim technique that forces you to learn a primitive grammar and then to discard that one and adopt a better one, and so on. I moved into what is referred to as a combat zone in Houston. My immediate neighbors were all from Central America, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, most of them had known each other in their home countries and had settled in the inner city. Some had come fleeing civil war while others came for economic opportunity. It consisted of about 20 people in that small area of about 8 houses but they had friends who visited on the weekends. I rented a small decrepit house among them but since I lived alone and they lived 4-5 to a house they considered me lucky. We socialized together and I came to be friends with many of them. I fished on the coast often and brought fresh fish that I shared and bought my fair share of the beer. I ate in their homes and we sat together at the end of the day and watched the sun go down.

On the weekends we would go to cantinas together and drink and dance with pretty girls. The neighborhood was dangerous to live in and after dark even groups of people were not safe walking around. I would read the paper and people were shot or stabbed to death by strangers with alarming frequency. A few Anglos lived in the neighborhood and they were artists. They had large compounds that were surrounded with razor wire and they owned large aggressive dogs. I was the only Caucasian who lived outside of razor wire. I had a cocker spaniel. We looked out for each other and generally no one bothered us, save the occasional crack head. At first my Spanish was poor and I only understood part of what was said to me but after a while my ear picked up and I spoke more. I really liked living there after a while because life was very humble and people treated each other like people who live in a small village. There was gossip and affairs, and fights and the ties that bind people together. We were no longer strangers to each other and I tried to be a good neighbor and they were kind to me. I was the only gringo who ever bothered to come down there much less live among them. Life was rather hard and in the end all we had was each other.

The month of March was just around the corner and my neighbor who I liked was planning on traveling to Guatemala to see his family. He was a steady guy who was a hard worker and he was smart. He asked me if I wanted to come with him and drive to Guatemala over the Spring Break. I had three weeks of freedom coming and I could think of no better way to spend it than to drive to Guatemala and stay with the local people and meet his family and friends. Who knows what kinds of adventures I might experience. It was terra incognita, the undiscovered country. Guatemala is referred to as the land of eternal spring. What could possibly go wrong in the land of eternal spring? My friend's girlfriend had recently given birth and she was making his life difficult and refused to let him share his child. He became depressed that she would not let him see his child and was using the child as a tool to manipulate him. He told me that he could no longer accompany me and that he had to stay and work but we were in luck, his godfather, the head man of his village or neighborhood was in town and he would take me in his car to Guatemala. "He can make sure you get there safe and take you to a hotel". "I have known him all my life, since I was a little kid". "His name is Ramulio and he buys cars and appliances here at auctions and flea markets and takes them back to Guatemala to sell". "It is what he does for a living, people really like the small Toyota trucks and toys and clothes, stuff they don't make down there". "He comes up here and buys the consumer goods and then goes back and sells them". "The cars he buys and takes back, does a little work on them and sells them and he has money to live on for 3-4 months and then he does it again". I was anxious to change my state of mind because the constant pecking at me had worn me down over time and I was depressed and angry. A change in location might add up to a change in reality. I really love to travel and travel can literally knock you out of your complacency. We go through our lives and settle into a routine that has a comfortable sameness about it. The routine doesn't challenge us and we wind up going to work traveling the same route, meeting the same people and saying the same platitudes to each other without deviation. The well worn paths of our lives turn into a rut. So like rats in a maze that walk the same path over and over again, we can begin to lose all spontaneity and originality. Life should not be a routine it should be an adventure, but it rarely is anything more than the old saying, same old stuff different day. I agreed to drive with a stranger for 1,200 miles to a country I had never been before and knew next to nothing about. I would be as far from my world as I could get. My friend's "godfather" was a man of few words. He was a stocky and solid 5'9" tall and he walked with a pronounced limp from a profound injury to his

right calf and his left bicep. The left arm was so damaged that it was useless to him. It seemed to hang suspended in air in the same curved position in front of his chest. He wore a brown jacket, blue jeans and boots and his locomotion was such that he moved from left to right as he traveled forward. I helped him secure his load of consumer goods and prepare for the long journey. He had been very busy at the car auction and the flea market. An oversized light blue Chevy suburban was towing a tan Toyota pickup truck. Both vehicles were loaded down with kid's bicycles, clothes, appliances, and all manner of things to sell and give away to family and friends. He was a gruff Santa Claus of few words and I didn't ask him any questions. He seemed shy, deferential, and almost fearful of his unfamiliar surroundings, like a fish out of water. Morning came and my neighbor friend bid us farewell and we piled into the car and headed out onto the Houston freeway and headed south towards the Mexican border. He drove like a little old lady on her way to church and I asked him if he wanted me to drive for a while, but he made it clear in his moderately poor English that he was going to do all the driving. I agreed that this was an excellent idea and tried to talk to him a little bit but his mediocre English and my mediocre Spanish made it nearly painful after an hour so I shut up and tried to relax. We seemed bring out the worst in each other, he was very defensive as I tried to build a false camaraderie. He reminded me of a Guatemalan Archie Bunker, he was very jingoistic and dogmatic in his attitude. Everything American was crap and everything Guatemalan was good. I was trying to find common ground with him but I wound up in opposition to most of his attitudes. When he bragged that the women of Guatemala were the most beautiful in the world I found myself telling him the women of my country were better, even though I had never been to Guatemala and seen the people there. He used the term gringo like a curse word and said bad things about my government and I found myself on the opposite side of all his arguments. This man was a hard guy to get to like, especially since he seemed to become more confident and more hostile the closer we came to the Mexican border. He had been quiet and shy because he was afraid of his environment in the United States, but now that we were within an hour of the border he seemed to drive faster and talk more, most of it diatribes about the gringos and the US government. I didn't like him very much but we were stuck together for a couple of days so I decided to try to make the most of it until I could get to Guatemala and get the hell away from him. I tried to change the subject to less confrontational issues and he told me about his business importing goods. The small pickups were very popular in Central America, so he would take the vehicle to a friend who would repair it somewhat and he would sell it and the other goods and make enough to live on for 3-4 months until which time he planned to turn around and repeat the exercise all over again. We got to the border and drove into a giant fenced in parking lot covered in gravel that was soon filled up with several hundred other nearly identical pilgrims with small cars and Toyota pickup trucks in tow, every one of them filled with all manner of consumer goods that could not be readily purchased in Central America. In the American press the politicians were trumpeting that free trade meant there was a giant sucking sound of American jobs headed across the border. It looked to me like the giant sucking sound was every last second hand Toyota car and truck and Chevy suburban and the contents of every flea market headed south. The lot we parked in was a clearing check point run by the Texas Department of Public Safety (state highway patrol) to verify that none of the cars were stolen. Romulio felt victimized by this process, complaining that it took too long and that they had to pay tax on the goods and that coming the other way no one was treated in this manner. It seemed to me that it was run in a rather high handed manner and that he may have had a point. We were stuck there over night so we slept in the car and ate breakfast the next morning in a private residence, the

home of a Hispanic lady who spoke no English and fed you a nice breakfast for about \$5. It was kind of homey and quiet sitting there in her kitchen and I felt at peace for the first time in my journey. Trying to speak Spanish all the time when you weren't used to it kind of wore me out after a few hours and Romulio was lousy company anyway. We cleared the check point in a few hours and left the gravel pen surrounded in razor wire and headed quickly through the Mexican side, and then made for the open road. The coastal area was kind of flat and sparse and it reminded me of the US side, lots of scrub vegetation that made up a flood plain that was only good for a few scraggly cows and absorbing the moisture from the odd hurricane. We stopped and ate dinner at a small diner with a guy headed in the same direction. He was good natured and friendly as I shoveled beans and rice into me as fast as I could. I half considered catching a ride with him instead but I decided to finish what I started. While we were eating several caravans of fellow travelers pulled up and I recognized some familiar faces from the check point. After eating Romulio went over and talked to them for a few minutes, but I held back by the cars, ostensibly to guard them, but I was already road weary and speaking Spanish for nearly two days had worn my meager mental faculties out. When Romulio went to the bathroom before we left one of the four guys he was talking to came over and said hello. "Be careful my friend, that guy (Romulio) is crazy". He held my gaze after his parting word to deliver the point home and gage my reaction. "I know what you mean, he is kind of nuts". He shrugged as if he had tried to do what he could and was not happy with the result, but it was out of his hands. Night found us still driving on the flat plains by the coast north of Vera Cruz and the moonlight came out and turned the short scrub vegetation from green to lavender. The moon cast the shadow of the trucks out to the right and I watched as the ghost image glided upon the tops of the vegetation and sandy soil. "Hey, Romulio, how did you get hurt", referring to his arm and leg. He looked like Captain Hook without the hook. "It was a motorcycle accident", he said. He clammed up tight so I didn't ask him anything else. We had been driving all night without rest for nearly two days so about 3 a.m. Romulio pulled the truck off on the side of the road and we tried to sleep. The attempt at sleep in the cab of the truck was a failure for both of us so after nearly an hour we pulled back onto the road and continued on. We made Vera Cruz by noon and I learned how to navigate a four way intersection in Mexico. The four-way stop is not actually a stop, the general rule is that the vehicle that gets there first honks its horn as a warning and guns the motor to pass through before a collision occurs. Because we were towing a car and both vehicles were completely loaded down this method was fraught with peril, we simply could not stop on a dime and the locals were very glad to challenge any car that was close. After a couple of close calls Romulio began to mumble to himself and shortly this conversation resulted in a new strategy. He decided to take the toll road and avoid the city entirely. The toll road was immaculate, straight as an arrow, very expensive at the cost of \$8, and hence it was completely deserted. The road surface was so pristine it seemed we might have been the first car to traverse it, and at that price it was entirely possible. Traveling through Mexico we would hit a police road block every 200 miles or so that was a study in creative bargaining. The various caravans of Central Americans were expected to pay a mordita, or 'little bite', an unofficial toll that was negotiated with the local constabulary. Police pay was apparently so meager that they were forced to supplement their income with small donations that consisted of less than \$10 per car load. However, some of the caravans that perhaps rubbed them the wrong way or were suspicious in their demeanor were forced to make gifts to the police of a substantial part of their load of consumer goods. This was a crap shoot that depended upon the negotiating skills of the drivers. Romulio was very deferential to the Mexican police and very glad to have me donate \$5 to the

cause of the police happiness fund. We developed a system of good cop bad cop where he would smile profusely and seem as if he had found a long lost family member in the person of the police officer, and I, being the evil gringo, would feign poverty and only proffer a fraction of what Romulio felt like he thought the good officer deserved. It can be hell continually being the evil gringo but I learned to live with it. The younger caravan drivers who had the temerity to dispute the amount of the mordita and didn't have an evil gringo to fall back on sometimes found themselves delivering over a significant portion of their goods as a gift if they ever wished to see home again. Romulio and I got so good at our routine that the bribes we paid were generally about \$2. We drove across the entirety of Mexico with two hours of fitful sleep in the cab of the truck and I was getting kind of giddy from the road. We drove all night and it seemed to help because there were no road blocks in the middle of the night. The interior of Mexico was completely different than the north. The vegetation was now lush and trees and orchards and ranches made up the landscape. Farther south I discerned what seemed to be a process at work that remade the lush landscape of trees and jungle. First the logging operations would come in and clear the jungle for the valuable hardwood. Then the newly cleared land was often converted to orchards of lemon and other cash crops. After the soil was wrung dry the ranches took over and fat expensive cattle wandered back and forth until their time had come. Finally when the soil was denuded of all that it could offer up to man or beast the poor farmers were allowed to move in and one lean farmer armed with only a machete and fire worked the land to scratch out a living, if you can call it that, for himself, his wife, and his numerous children that managed to survive their early childhood. The process seemed to move south toward the remaining jungles that still stood pristine at the farthest tip of the country. Romulio had grown more jingoistic and hostile with each passing mile. I noticed that the banana trees were carefully tended and that the bunches of bananas on the trees were covered in a course net to protect them. "Why are the bananas covered like that", I asked. "Those are covered to keep them nice and beautiful and in perfect condition for the good for nothing gringos". This guy hated my guts and he didn't even know me. One minute he would be talking about the good for nothing Indians in his home country and the next minute he would declare proudly that he was of Indian heritage. He seemed to hate himself as well so I tried not to take it too personally. If I wasn't paying for a third of the gas and all the morditas I had a feeling he would have dumped my "good for nothing gringo ass" on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere. The week before I started my journey to the south the Indians in the south of Mexico had taken up arms, declared war, and taken over three towns in southern Mexico. They had surrounded the local garrisons of Mexican troops and killed those that did not surrender. Then they promptly took all of the land deeds out of the town hall and burned them ceremonially in the square. It seemed that they resented having their lands stolen, the jungles bulldozed and burned, and the thieves planting orchards and running cattle on what remained. They held the towns for a couple of days and then melted back into the jungle. The Mexican army and government were not too happy that their authority had been challenged and that they had been made to look powerless. This was an example that might spread to the other indigenous people in the northwest and other parts of the country that objected to being second class citizens with no rights to their own land. The Mexican army moved into the south and began to shoot rebels and anyone they suspected of being a rebel. Every person of Indian descent was suspect and liable to the ultimate punishment. The Mexican air force began to strafe people traveling on the roads in an effort to prove their impotence and cruelty. Road blocks sprang up in the south like mushrooms after rain and when the local people approached them on horseback their eyes would grow as large as dinner plates in undisguised

fear and abject terror. The entire 50,000 military was mobilized and on the hunt primarily for one man. The leader of the uprising was a mysterious figure who, like all the Zapatista rebels, wore a dark ski mask that obscured his features. Subcomandante Marcos, as he was called, was an Anglo looking character who had green eyes, brown hair, and smoked a pipe. He had lived among the Indians and taught them Marxist theory (so it was said) and military tactics. Every man in their army was an equal and all men had given themselves up for dead in their struggle to retain their land. "We are all offerings to the common pit", they said. The mystery man with green eyes that stared intently from beneath the ski mask with his European features was rumored to be a South American, a European, and even an American. I had seen his photograph and I didn't consider myself a good likeness of the man, but to foreign eyes, you know what they say, "They all look alike to me". Romulio had been calling me Subcomandante Marcos in jest for the last 500 miles but now that we were in the south it was no longer that funny. Every road block we had crossed in the south the military and interior ministry police were giving me the hard eye. I know I didn't really look very much like him, but the locals were in terror of the road blocks, and the farther south we went the closer scrutiny I received. "Hey, Subcomandante Marcos, here is another road block, get your mask out". "God damn it Romulio stop calling me that or they'll take us both out in the jungle". My reasoning seemed to reach him and he didn't call me that again. This road block was the busiest one yet. There were 4-5 cars stopped in front of us and the interior ministry police and military were all over the place. Romulio started to sweat profusely and squirm around in his seat. Ahead of us people were being taken out of their cars and walked off to the right of the road behind a long brick wall where no one could see what transpired. It was all done under the direction of one man in plain clothes who sported a bushy mustache on a cruel hard face whose eyes were hidden behind mirror sunglasses. He had no outward sign of authority other than a .38 pistol hanging out of the back pocket of his jeans. The man with no eyes nodded at a driver or passenger and the unfortunate was taken away by a uniformed man behind the wall out of sight. These people exuded a different feel than the ones I had seen at road blocks before. The man with no eyes held the power of life and death in his hands. He was a man used to giving orders and having them followed. He was also a man who was used to taking human life. It was there to see in the way he stood and the expressionless look on his face that communicated disdain and despise for the people around him. He was the leader of a death squad, you could either fear him or defy him, but he could not be ignored. I made up my mind in about a minute. I opened the door of the suburban and casually walked off to the side of the road and up to the brick wall. "What the hell are you doing", Romulio said. I ignored him completely. We were still three cars back from the action but the man with no eyes locked his mirrored sunglasses on me before I took a step and didn't take them off of me. I casually and slowly made my way up to the wall, stretching my legs as I went. I unzipped my jeans like it was the most natural thing to do in the world and let out a healthy stream onto the wall. I relieved myself with pleasure and took my time shaking my tool dry, then casually zipped my jeans back up and slowly walked back to the car. Romulio was covered in sweat and near a state of panic. I had yet to see him sweat even though the temperature was around 90 degrees. "Please get back in the car". He was in distress and practically begging. There was an interior ministry officer walking up to the car as I settled back into the passenger seat. He walked up to the driver's side and looked our load over once and began to tell Romulio that he needed something to eat. They decided on five dollars as usual and I pulled three dollars from my wallet like it was my last three bucks. "Oh well, only three dollars, I'm sorry". "It's not important I can eat some lunch today". He waved us through and even before we cleared the

check point Romulio had already looked over at me three times as if he wanted to ask me if I was crazy. I glanced once at the man with no eyes as we drew even with him. He didn't look at me this time, but stared off into the distance as if to let me admire his profile. I was just glad I wasn't an Indian behind that wall. A few hours farther down the road the jungle grew even more thick and lush and we gradually seemed to be going downhill more. The sun hung lower in the sky and we both grew hungry and decided to stop in the next little town to eat. We slowed as we passed through a small village of about a dozen or more houses and saw what looked like a restaurant with no cars in front of it. It looked closed as we passed by it but we were hungry and turned around to pull into the parking lot. Directly across the street was a small building that served as a slaughter house. The stone building had no windows or doors just openings to the elements and the amount of blood in evidence seemed incredible. Freshly slaughtered large animals hung on hooks and the walls and floors were covered in blood. Impossibly several men were visible through the door way sitting on the floor in the middle of the carnage and gore with their backs to the wall resting after their labors. We both stared in amazement and the men began to laugh at us in a manner less than friendly. The interior of the restaurant was very dark and empty, the owner was eager to serve us but after a few minutes the atmosphere of the town unsettled both of us. I didn't say anything but everything felt wrong here and when Romulio said we should go I didn't hesitate. We piled into the suburban and looked across the street again at the macabre scene. The men still sat in the blood covered room beneath the carcasses, laughing at us in an unspoken threat. Romulio was even more shaken than I was. It had been a strange day and the sun was fading fast as we accelerated and headed down hill. Night came quickly and the jungle seemed to close in on us like it hadn't before. The road had changed drastically to a tight curve that hugged the mountain side as we descended towards the Pacific coast. I looked out over the jungle below me and the moon that hung over it and I felt like I was descending into something beyond my control, somehow if I didn't turn back now I knew that I would never escape. I am not given to superstition but the sense of terrible destiny come over me and stayed. Immediately after that strange feeling had come over me for several long miles I saw a sight that seemed to be an apparition from the poet Homer. A beautiful woman, and then a mile farther another one and another one, all standing alone on the right side of the road at the edge of the jungle in the dark lit only by coals burning at their feet in a brazier. The women all beckoned to me by raising their right arm from their side up to shoulder height with their open hands facing palm down. They were beckoning for us to stop and take our comfort with them by the side of the road. Their long dark hair hung luxuriantly down and they would pull it over their right shoulder and let it hang down past their waist. I could not believe my eyes and looked over at my companion but he seemed unmoved or perhaps blind. "Did you see that, let's stop, come on please, what's the matter with you". I was the one practically begging now. "Many people stop and are never heard from again, she has friends waiting for you in the dark". I was willing to take my chances but Romulio was implacable. The death squads, the slaughter house, and the feeling I had had of some awful destiny before me, now this, the sirens of the jungle...it put me in a poor mood to say the least. I held my tongue since Romulio would not stop under any circumstances, and I didn't want to provoke him. The day had seemed to improve his disposition while it made me feel down. To make things worse now logging trucks were traveling up the mountain road past us on the tight curves. Though we had the inside track next to the mountain, there was no shoulder to give way, just a sheer wall of soil and rocks. The logging trucks were driven by bored men who traveled the same route every night and day and apparently needed some relief from this boredom so they played a little game. The name of the game was see how

close you can come to the car traveling the opposite way. We had been driving for three days without sleep and now we found ourselves in a game of chicken with fully loaded logging trucks barreling up the narrow mountain road at break neck speeds. There was no way to evade them as they crossed over the center line to blast us with a shock wave that seemed to echo in our ears and hit us like a physical force. This torture seemed to go on for hours and I was sure we lost the side mirror more than once. We would have pulled over but there was no place to pull over or turn off, so we just endured it. Finally we came to the edge of a great plateau that looked down upon the Pacific coast. Instead of heading to the coast we followed a road that turned left toward the south and the Mexican Guatemalan border. Late at night we stopped at a truck stop to eat an overpriced meal that was the worst food yet. A pretty young woman and an equally pretty young boy worked the truck stop, servicing the lonely drivers as they made their way back and forth across the border. The young woman followed me into the restaurant and smiled at me and tossed her hair. I had been on the road now it seemed like for weeks and I was in the wild wild west where it seemed all the rules were a thing of the past. The idea appealed to me because life on this road seemed short and my disappointment at passing the beautiful sirens had cost me no small amount. Romulio seemed not to care so I finished my meal and went outside where she waited for me. We slowly walked together towards the truck and then I saw the cop again that had been hanging around like some kind of uniformed seagull. He was about 20 years old, a big kid who looked like he couldn't read or write and even had a hard time getting his brown uniform on correctly. It was ill fitting and he looked like an oversized baby sporting an M-1 rifle. When I had seen him before he was pacing around trying to figure out who to arrest and how he could extort enough money from them to get through the week. Now he was following me and the girl to the truck which was amateurish by itself because all he had to do was wait until we were en flagrante and then he could have walked up on us unnoticed and extorted plenty of money from me. I looked at the girl in a mute apology and gestured to Romulio that it was time to go. Now I was the one in a hurry. For the fourth time in my journey a man who was heading south and had stopped to talk to Romulio walked up to me and said, "Be careful, that guy is crazy". The road to the border was not something you could really call a road. All the trucks were forced to go about 10 miles per hour to avoid the giant pot holes and keep the ruts from shaking you out of your seat. It felt like riding a jack hammer for 20 miles. I guess the constant truck traffic had destroyed the road and no one had bothered to rebuild it. It was morning by the time we reached the border and we paid a few bribes and made our way in fairly short order. The Guatemalan side of the border was more strict and we were forced to park the trucks and wait around for several hours. The sun was very intense and I was in for a hard lesson about the tropics. I didn't feel well and so I drank a couple of beers in a cantina and passed out for an hour. The ugly American passed out in the bar, no doubt snoring loudly. Finally we loaded back up and drove through the final check point with the long line of cars. The border guard looked over our cargo and asked if we had anything to declare. Romulio seemed nervous again, "Just one microwave oven and one gringo". "One microwave and one gringo", the guard repeated. I bristled and let it piss me off, maybe it was because I felt ill or maybe it was no sleep for three days but I seemed to shake with anger. The guard didn't say anything but he looked at me kindly as if to say don't worry about it friend. We hit the open road finally and were making good time when to Guatemalan military officers in green uniforms, border guards actually, pulled us over and checked our cargo against the documents. They didn't ask for bribes, were very professional and it was obvious they were trying to interdict weapons smuggling. It just took two minutes and we were back on our way. We were chatting to pass the time and Romulio

volunteered that he used to work for the Guatemalan Defense Intelligence Agency. I guess I should have been more impressed. "What did you do for them?" "We intercepted communications from the Mexican military". "They attacked us and took a lot of land from our country". "Isn't your country controlled by the military and the intelligence services", I asked. I was trying to push his buttons. "No more than your country is controlled by the CIA", he sneered. I took exception to this statement and said that we were a democracy and that his country was a dictatorship. We continued in this vein for a while till we both grew tired of arguing. The highway was punctuated by bridges every few miles. The bridges were generally about 50 yards long and traversed deep ravines. Almost all of them had been blown up by guerillas and had been rebuilt by temporary spans that allowed only one car to pass at a time. The only bridges that had not been blown were the ones with homemade signs that claimed the bridges in the name of the guerillas. Presumably if the authorities took down the signs the rebels came back at night and blew them up. Nightfall was coming soon and we wound up following an army truck as it dropped off two soldiers at each end of the bridges to guard them during the long night. Once again we drove all night and as we neared the capitol, Guatemala City, the sun was still several hours from coming up. Romulio said, "The road here near the capitol is very bad". "I know, the bumps will tear a car suspension up after a while", I replied. "No, you don't understand, the road is very bad, the guerillas are very bad here". I hadn't seen anything but blown up bridges until now so I took it with a grain of salt. We came to one more blown up bridge no more than five minutes later. The novelty of crossing blown up bridges had changed into a routine. There was one car in line in front of us and two waiting on the far side. Our turn came after the car on the far side crossed in front of us. It was traveling at a high rate of speed which was unusual because the temporary bridge was treacherous and best traversed at about 10-20 MPH. We crossed carefully with the oversized load and then I noticed the Toyota pickup truck waiting on the far side. There were two men in the cab, one man had on a ski mask and the driver did not. Standing up in the bed of the truck were four men, all of them wearing ski masks, and two of them were carrying AK-47 assault rifles with the distinctive banana clips. They made eye contact and it dawned on me that these casual fellows were not waiting to cross the bridge, but instead were waiting for the next car to cross. They gave us the once over and then did a double take. They seemed surprised to see a local traveling with an Anglo. One man in the cab was smiling, probably at the look on our faces, while the heavily armed men in the bed of the truck were not. We crept off the end of the bridge and hesitated to see what they would do, then Romulio had the presence of mind to gun the motor and we sped away. We both had a feeling of euphoria and relief. "Do the guerillas shoot the people", I asked. "No, they might stop us and ask us to make a gift of the truck it is only the army that kills the people". I digested this information in silence. We passed through Guatemala City in the dark and it seemed that there were a lot of people in evidence. The intersections became crowded and Romulio began to curse the other drivers in frustration. "These are your people Romulio", I teased. "My people are shit". He had had a long trip as well or perhaps his personality change was complete now that he was at home. We stopped in the city center before dawn as the cars and buses surged around us. I ate some food out of the roach wagon and the part I didn't finish the owner put back in the display. We drove to the outskirts of the city and a woman was standing near the road as cars passed to and fro. She had six children with her who seemed fairly well cared for. The woman seemed very alone and wanted a motorist to stop and pass some time with her. "Ha", Romulio laughed and pointed at her in amusement. "It looks like her friends have given her children and left her". He seemed to enjoy her predicament immensely, but I could only wonder how she was

going to feed herself and her six children. At long last the truck pulled up to the neighborhood that was Romulio's. He told me to sleep in the truck and went inside. It was a cinder block structure with iron doors and bars on the windows. I sat in the truck as the first faint light of dawn seemed to begin on the horizon. Just as I was about to doze off the sound of firecrackers filled the air. It seemed that this was the ritual of morning and that like some far away eastern kingdom of old the evil spirits of the night must be driven away by the sound of firecrackers. It seemed to continue for some time and then people began to pass me on their way to work or school, stiff and cold, their hair still wet from a morning bath. It was very cool at night in the mountainous country, but I had sweated through my sleeping bag, getting very little rest. I felt waves of nausea come over me and got out of the car, walked across the dirt road to a vacant lot and threw up a couple of times. Nausea, night sweats, and now this, wonderful. I thought no one had seen me, but when Romulio's 20 year old daughter emerged from her house on the way to catch a bus to school she greeted me with, "How are you feeling", stated in a manner totally devoid of interest. Romulio rose late, motioned for me to enter the house, gave me a towel and soap, and showed me to the "shower". Even though he was the head man in this neighborhood his shower consisted of a large plastic garbage can filled with cold water. The water only came on for several hours a day and so when it did you did the laundry and filled up containers for later use. We got back in the truck and dropped off the microwave at his mother's house and the bicycles and children's clothes to family members. I stayed in the car during the whole exercise, feeling awful. He had obviously warmed up to me because when I asked about a hotel he said I should stay with him. He introduced me to his pretty wife and daughter and that night we went out to dine with friends of the family in town. They were very nice people who accepted the stranger in their midst without reservation. I was both ill and tired from the journey so after trying to speak Spanish for the fourth straight day I passed out on their sofa. The ugly American, no doubt snoring with my mouth open.

I slept on Romulio's sofa that night and woke up constantly to try and dry off. The night sweats were so bad that I soaked my sleeping bag and towels through several times. I had never experienced anything quite like it. The next day we drove into town to drop off the Toyota truck for repairs. I explored on my own for a while and when Romulio drove up later he had a woman in the front seat. He dropped her off and asked me not to tell his wife. I told him that the only way to live life was to be free and be happy. We stopped at a very small store owned by a friend, and his regular group of buddies were there. We drank a few beers and they were generous about sharing with me the facts of life in this terra incognita and what their lives were like. They were curious about me in friendly way. They were all characters in the mold of Falstaff only thinner. A guitar came out and several of the men sang and they all enjoyed each other's company. Romulio took me to his favorite whore house, a restaurant that served more than food and drink. The interior was so dark that I couldn't see my hand in front of my face or count the money in my wallet. Three girls came out and joined us for a drink, Romulio kind of held back and watched my reactions like he was measuring me. His favorite professional sat in his lap and he seemed very much at home here. The other two women sat in chairs near mine. One was older, about 30-35 and she was the obvious boss of the other two gal's. The last girl was about 20, with a pretty face and a good body. I had made up my mind in the first minute. The boss lady decided it was time to fix a price and I indicated my preference for the younger girl, who it turned out, had come from El Salvador. The boss lady insisted that it was she and I or nothing. I tried not to make a big deal about it and kept the conversation light while I glanced at Romulio

and nodded to the pretty girl from El Salvador. He made a gesture to indicate that it was out of his hands. The boss lady came and sat in my lap to force the issue. I ran my hand across the small of her back and rubbed my way up her back to let her know I thought that she was worth it, it was just I had “fallen for” the other girl because I had seen her first. You know how we men are...perhaps both could pass the time with me? She seemed to be doing mental calculations. Why in the hell was she getting in the way I wondered, wasn't she in business. My left hand had finally made it all the way up to the back of her neck when I felt the scar of a knife wound right where some would be bullfighter had sunk his switchblade in the throes of passion in order to kill her and heighten the experience. Holy shit I thought. She flinched when I ran my index finger over the scar and shied from me and brushed my hand off the scar, but did not leave my lap. I was finally used to the cavernous darkness and decided to reappraise her. I noticed two bruises on her, one on her cheek was the size of a silver dollar, the other smaller one was on her temple. I glanced again quickly, so as not to draw her attention. The bruises were actually blue or purple sores and had fuzz growing on them. These were my first look at Kaposi Sarcoma, the tell tale signs of full blown aids. To my credit I did not react at all and kept her on my lap, but I pressed my case for the El Salvadoran girl which she rejected again. It was her or nothing. I realized that she didn't want me to have the pretty young woman because I was from the US, the land of HIV. This was March, 1994, and the US was the first nation to really publicize HIV and had been doing so for about 7 years or more. Naturally the world associated HIV with the US, at least in the beginning. The ugly American bringing plague and death...and dollars. She was trying to protect the Salvadoran girl as best she could from the terrible fate that had befallen her. I tried one more time for affect and then signaled to Romulio that it was time to leave. I didn't mention my suspicions to him, and even barely to myself. Guatemala City was bustling and I bought some small gifts for his wife and daughter and I extended an invitation to his pretty daughter to come visit me in the United States. Romulio still thought I was a jerk, but now I was probably less of one. I looked at my map and even though I was sick I thought it was time for me to explore the country, or at least try. I was very sick by now from both ends and I could only stand up for a couple of hours at a time. The people around me were either non-committal about my illness or they seemed to enjoy it. Obviously this was very common with visitors but it was all new to me. I had always been able to cauterize my GI tract with generous quantities of tequila before. That night the family watched TV while I wrote in my journal. The family dog, deceased, sat stuffed off to the side of the TV, poised to spring into action. They had obviously been very fond of him. When I asked about the best old city to go to Romulio told me he was driving past Antigua in morning and he would take me there. In the morning the mountain road was very dangerous and crosses marking fatal accidents were everywhere. Graffiti was the only form of political expression that was free and relatively safe if you were careful. It was clear that a lot of people were not too happy with the government to say the least. Antigua was the ancient Capitol nestled in between several volcanoes that dominated the horizon with a God like presence. There were churches from the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> Century in great numbers but they were nearly all shells. Earthquakes had brought down the roofs and often much of the walls and they stood in mute testimony to the futility of human aspirations for permanence. Everything here had been destroyed over and over again so that now all but 2 or 3 of the churches were derelict hulks. It was terrifying and awe inspiring at the same time that these people had continued to build in the face of annihilation until finally moving the Capitol city away from the volcano. The city square was very beautiful, filled with trees and flowers, and the plaque read in Spanish that the garden in the square had been a gift from the people of United States to the people of

Guatemala in 1934 under the good neighbor program of FDR. As a general rule when I travel I try to avoid watching TV and local media and simply talk to the people I meet to find out what goes on. In the few days I had been in country it had been impossible to miss the big story in the country that was blaring out on TV, radio, and the papers. It was reported continually that Americans were kidnapping Guatemalan children and taking them out of the country to be used as unwilling organ donors for rich elderly Americans back in the United States. No one had said anything to me, or even given me a dirty look while I was in the company of Romulio and other locals, but now I was traveling alone. A birthday party was in full swing in the park with small children and parents throwing a ball and a Frisbee back and forth. I was sitting on a park bench writing in my journal when the Frisbee rolled off and came to rest near my feet. The little boy celebrating his birthday came over to retrieve it and in courtesy I picked it up and handed it to him. I had forgotten about the big story about monsters from the north, but when the little boy froze in fear it all came back to me. He very gingerly reached out and took Frisbee as one would attempt to kiss a cobra on the head, then he ran as fast as he could back to the safety of his family and friends. Everything had gotten very quiet as everyone in the park had watched the drama, and now they resumed talking and moving around. I suddenly felt as if I were a leper at the coronation, asking to kiss the bride. No one said anything to me and the atmosphere was not one of hostility, just caution. The ugly American had not tried to feast on human flesh. In the three weeks I was wandering around Guatemala there were some very strange occurrences. An angry mob attacked an American teacher who was there to help with a grass roots organization. They had heard a rumor, spread by the local military commander, that she was a witch who was stealing children, or some such nonsense. She suffered a fractured skull, lapsed into a coma, and never regained consciousness. An American expatriate who owned a hotel was taken in for questioning by the military, tortured, interrogated and murdered. At no time did US diplomats issue any statement or protest about these and other murders. It was clear to me that the people who were supposed to safeguard US citizens were missing in action. The child of an American diplomat was kidnapped by the secret police from school and then later released. The phone system never worked by design in order to thwart rebel communications. The municipal workers who had not been paid in nearly a year instigated a strike, marched on the city hall and set up barricades in the street that they then set on fire. The hospital workers went out on strike so if you were sick or injured you were on your own. The airport workers called a strike and shut down the airport just as I was planning to leave. I found out later they were paid \$160 a month and were demanding a raise. The newspaper headline was a photograph of an Anglo visitor trying to force his way through the airport entrance blocked by several Indian women workers. The photograph summed up the mood of the country in that the man resembled no one so much as Arnold Schwarzenegger and the women were less than 5 feet tall, yet he could not manage to break through the picket line. The Lilliputians had had enough and weren't going to take it anymore. There was a run on the banks and the local people in a state of hysterical panic lined up around the block to rescue their life savings, while the young American tourists, oblivious to it all, played hacky sack in the park a few feet away. There was a barely controlled state of civil war as government soldiers and police, sporting four different kinds of uniforms, stood on nearly every street corner. They were armed with every kind of surplus rifle out of the American military arsenal, M-1 rifles, M-16's, AR-15's, the occasional AK-47, and .45 pistols galore. Most of these men were elementary school drop outs that could only be sure of surviving if they found someone to arrest and extort money from. The level of violence was such that when you entered a bank or electronics store there were guards with their backs to every wall in the place,

the ubiquitous assault rifle poised to raise, aim, and fire in one swift motion. The sight of a man lying in the street with blood pouring from his head did not elicit any response from passersby. The land of eternal spring was the land of eternal chaos. The government and the rebels skirmished in the hills just outside the Capitol, meaning, everywhere. The police station on the edge of this beautiful park saw a procession of heavily armed men strutting and leering like they thought of themselves as extras in a Sylvester Stallone movie. Directly opposite this scene was a procession of a different kind. The faithful carried statues of the Madonna over a carpet of flower petals to the massive cathedral that dominated the square only slightly less than the volcano in the distance. It seemed to be the only sign of the milk of human kindness, save the beautiful cemetery a few blocks away. Whether one found oneself in the cool quiet of the peaceful cathedral listening to the litany of prayer, or in the basement of the police station a few feet away with electrodes from a battery charger hooked up to your genitals...all roads led to the same place. The immaculate and timeless cemetery that held the rich and famous and the poor and forgotten equally. The US military was as low profile as the diplomatic corps, but their hardware was more difficult to conceal. From the rifles to the rows of helicopters and military transport planes at the airports and bases, the US influence was everywhere. The only aspect of that presence not explicitly about making war was the park I was sitting in, watching it all go down. The park dated from the 1930's and the Good Neighbor Policy was the last sign of neighborliness from the US government. The people did not like the government which was propped up by the military. It was a kleptocracy in the extreme. In general the fabulously wealthy, the church hierarchy, and the military officer corps kept the people in their place by fighting a constant war. It was a war fought in the open with US rifles and bullets and helicopters, but it was also a hidden war of the mind. The stories that blanketed the airwaves about US citizens kidnapping Guatemalan children were part of a psychological warfare operation designed to drive a wedge of fear and mistrust between the non-governmental operations like Habitat for Humanity and others that featured private US citizens attempting to aid the general population made up of the poor working class and indigenous citizens of Guatemala. It seemed to be working fairly well. American citizens who came here to help people in the spirit of the "Good Neighbor Policy" were liable to be killed by the military or by angry mobs who objected to them feasting on the flesh of small children. The silence from the US diplomatic corps was deafening. They either didn't care or were part of the operation. One thing was very clear to me, and that was that even a former Guatemalan Defense Intelligence agent like Romulio couldn't smuggle so much as a microwave oven in or out of this country, much less an Anglo like me. If children were being smuggled out of the country to a fate worse than death it was with the tacit agreement and assistance of the Guatemalan government. Most of the Americans I talked to seemed oblivious to it all. They didn't speak the language and lived in an insular world of private compounds and hamburger and pizza. After several weeks of illness and the atmosphere of barely controlled chaos I was looking forward to going home. I still had night sweats every night that soaked through everything at hand. I grew so desperate that I bought some antibiotics from one of the pharmacies that were on every other corner. It was made in France and nearly illegible to me, but it was all they had and I felt myself getting worse with every passing day. The medicine seemed to begin to work after a few days and so after 6 days I discontinued taking it, literally crawled to the airport, got on a plane, and headed back to my newly appreciated boring life. The plane ticket one way cost more than a round trip ticket would, so I bought the round trip ticket. It was no surprise to me that a major airline could charge an exorbitant price to leave the land of eternal chaos. When the wheels of the plane left

the tarmac and folded up under the belly of the plane I felt like I had really accomplished something by making it out alive. The neighborhood wanted to hear all about my adventures in Guatemala. To heighten the effect two gallon bottles of Venado, the sugar cane rum from Guatemala emerged from my luggage and we passed them around as I regaled the home sick with tales from under the volcano. We laughed and they went down memory lane aided by the sweet nectar from home and my stories of road blocks, municipal unrest, and beautiful women. My friend whose idea it had been in the first place but had decided not to go with me was no longer terribly emotionally distraught over his female trouble, merely bitter. He seemed to regret not going with me and asked me about Romulio. "How did he treat you, did he take you to a hotel". "Yeah, he was okay after a while, but on the way down there he was a dick", I replied. "He told me he was a former spy, he is full of crap". My friend looked at me and said, "He is a killer". "He was shot with a shotgun in the arm and in the leg, that story about a motorcycle accident is a lie". It took a moment for what he said to sink in, and I blinked at him for a minute. "You forgot to mention that part". "He is a hit man, he will kill someone for a friend and then they will kill someone for him so there is no direct connection, but everyone knows". My eyes grew wide with disbelief. "Why didn't you tell me he was a hit man before I got in the car with him?" "He started talking shit about my mother so I was saying the same crap back to him, he didn't like me too much for a while there...thanks a lot". My friend looked at me and shrugged. It had turned out okay so why worry. I picked up the bottle of Venado with both hands and poured several slugs down my throat. The cane liquor burned and then turned warm and mellow. I looked back at my absent minded friend and shrugged as well. That was just how things went in the land of eternal spring.

## VI The Road Less Traveled

School resumed in few days and the kids were glad to see me and I them. It is funny how different kinds of stress affect a person. Having people call you names and shun you is one kind of stress while having people point automatic weapons at you is another. It acted like an inoculation and it seemed to continue to work well. I couldn't have cared less what insults they hurled at my head several times a day, or if the administration thought I was a bad apple. They could all kiss my ass. After I returned to work I noticed that my energy level was very low and that I could barely make it through the day. I had diarrhea and a low grade fever that I just could not shake and I collapsed at the end of every work day. I went to the doctor (my HMO) and she gave me antibiotics, good old penicillin that I took for a while to moderate or no affect. The year came to an end in a few months and all my plans for travel and adventure fell through as I lay on the couch and could not get up much of the time. Teaching school left me too busy for much of a social life, and my father had come by to visit me in the combat zone just once in the year I had lived there. I needed someone to take care of me but there was just no one there. In June my throat (thyroid gland) began to swell for several weeks, and then the swelling went down, and then began to swell up to a ridiculous size. This process repeated itself 3-4 times until a hard cyst like mass formed and didn't go away. I tried going to the doctor but they were less than helpful. I went to an alternative medicine doctor but when she went out of town and my symptoms turned worse I discontinued her treatment. I was thrashing around and out of options. The school year started again and I struggled with my thyroid tumor and my failing energy levels. By Christmas I was appealing to my HMO to do something, but they were content just to examine me over and over again. The school district didn't want to pay for my treatment and

began to do the set up paper work to fire me. I had my attorney write some letters to the HMO to demand they remove my thyroid tumor. The surgery was done in January and the surgeon did a very professional job, taking out one side of my thyroid. He described a lesion on the right side thyroid but was smart enough to leave it in. The tumor was about 4.5 cm in diameter and very hard and fibrous. The pathology report said it was pre-cancerous. I had asked the doctor what the experience of surgery would be like and he said simple don't worry about anything. I really like the surgeon, but he forgot to mention that I would wake up with tubes coming out of my throat. The muscles that held my head up were cut during the surgery and now they were held together with giant metal hoop staples. A friend of mine who saw me later said I looked like the guy from Hell Raiser. Waking up in this shape was something of a surprise. There was a very nasty laceration apparently from where a nurse in a state of panic had tried to shave my chest. It looked like someone had carved a 2"x4" piece of meat out of my chest that took 12 weeks to heal. How you do that to someone with a disposable razor blade while trying to shave them, even in a panic is beyond me. I felt a little better for about two weeks and then my health seemed to slowly fade out on me until it was worse than before. The fatigue was so profound that when I tried to walk across the living room I had to stop and rest before I went back. I went back to the HMO but they happily told me I was cured. I returned to the doctor at least 40 times to try to get help with this terrible illness that had me flat on my back and stranded on the couch all the time. I was really scared but they were content just to take notes. My appetite grew very poor and the nausea was so profound that I only ate once a day. I noticed by accident that the symptoms were less when I didn't eat and after I ate I felt worse. I couldn't eat for two days so I just decided to go with the fast as an experiment to see if the symptoms improved. I lived on water for 8 days and my body was wracked with a slight fever at first and the awful experience of an extended fast, but the nausea and the fever relented and faded away. Somehow my body was reacting to my food intake, and if I didn't eat the nausea faded. I don't recommend not eating for a week, it is terribly painful, but strangely enough I felt better. About 4 weeks later when I was overcome with pain and nausea I tried fasting again for 13 days. It was as long as I could hold out without food. I just became too weak to move around when I was fasting, but I knew that my illness was linked somehow to my food intake. My job refused to return my calls and letters they just ignored me and hoped I would go away. I had paid a lot of money to be in that HMO but it did me absolutely no good. For six months I tried to get my job back and to get the HMO to help me, and then I just gave up on them both. It was clear they had orders to ignore me. On days when I wasn't too ill to walk I found old cars that weren't running, bought them from the owners, and got them running again and sold them. I made about \$600-800 dollars a month which was not really enough to stay alive for very long. To keep body and soul together I quickly burned through all of my savings. I was trying to figure out what to do when destiny took a hand. I was driving in the combat zone neighborhood where I lived when I was pulled over for rolling through a stop sign. I hadn't run the stop sign they were just getting their quota. Normally I would have paid the ticket but I was tired of taking crap and couldn't put up with any more. I refused to sign the ticket, the cop called for backup, and when I refused to cooperate one of the cops threw me to the ground and jumped up and down on me, grabbed my hair and slammed my head into the pavement, while I was hand cuffed. Stop me if you've heard this one before. They pushed me up against the patrol car and I said something like, "I wasn't resisting", at which point the same cop dented the hood of the patrol car with my head. I filed a complaint about it with internal affairs. There was a very public case in the paper of a Hispanic man who had a similar experience a few miles down the road at the same time. He died without ever

regaining consciousness. I called the ACLU, attorneys, LULAC, but none of them would help me. The guy from LULAC talked to me for a few minutes and said, "What are you, a white boy or something". It was clear I wasn't the favorite color of the week and I was on my own. I lived on a street without clearly defined numbers to the houses which made it hard to figure out who lived where. I saw the same two cops driving up and down the street looking for my house for a couple of days in a row. I wasn't sure what they had in mind but I knew I probably wasn't going to like it. My illness seemed to be a roller coaster with highs and lows that left me at the bottom stuck on the couch for a couple of weeks, and then the symptoms would lessen for a few days and allow activity. I waited for this maddening sine wave to relent and then I loaded my motorcycle into my 79 VW hippy van, rented a U-Haul truck, threw everything I had in it, loaded up the cocker spaniel and the orange tabby cat, and headed to the hill country above Austin, towing the van behind the U-haul. I had traded the 72 Ford Mustang I was repairing to a friend in return for 6 months rent on his 10 acre deer lease that he said had a house on it, but in reality it was an old shack. It was July, 1995 and I had landed like a human ship wreck in the middle of nowhere. Most people would probably have been devastated by the turn of events but I was just glad that if I was going to buy the farm it wouldn't be in the cold impersonal city of Houston, Texas. The land was in the middle of a drought and the mesquite trees, cedar trees, and prickly pear cactus were all framed in dry brown grasses. The house I moved into was one hundred years old if it was a day and full of trash. My enterprising friend had moved it out of Austin and towed it 40 miles to the north onto his ten acres of heaven. I had been born in Austin 33 years previously so I felt like I was coming home...to die. I wasn't morose, it was just that the symptoms were relapsing and remitting and progressive. All of which means that the nausea, profound fatigue, night sweats, inability to sleep, muscle weakness, terrible kidney pain, passing blood, vertigo, and tinnitus all came and went and got worse as time went on. The most profound symptom of all was unbearable neck pain about C4 that left my neck frozen much of the time. All of the muscles that were innervated off my spine seemed to slowly contract until the pain was unbearable and it was hard to breathe or move around. It was like living in a straight jacket or iron maiden of my own muscles. Even at rest my breathing would be labored like I was climbing a long flight of stairs. The book Osler's Web about the life and work of a 19<sup>th</sup> Century physician had the closest description I could find of my disease. A patient who had traveled abroad had a persistent disease state with primary symptoms of persistent diarrhea and no calf muscles. Many of the old people I talked to that had traveled told me it was very common for people to get sick overseas and not recover. Historically when armies formed for war large numbers of men were crowded together and exposed to microbes that their bodies had never encountered. WWII was the first war that claimed more deaths from combat than from illness in history. Recalling the Greek hero Achilles who was felled by a golden arrow I wondered if the story was a poetic version of the disease written about in Osler's Web. My calf muscles would waste away and then partially return. Was this the same as Achilles heel that was in fact some kind of version of Polio? I kept trying to read the literature and discover the cause of my disease. I cleaned the house out as best I could, moved my bed and belongings in and wondered what life was going to be like. The fire ants that came by ship from Brazil more than two generations ago had made their way into the hill country of central Texas, and unlike the Killer Bees, these fire ants really were killing everything in their path. I observed new born rabbits that could not flee being eaten alive, the deer fawns being killed by masses of poisonous bites, even bird's nests that were low in the trees were subject to attack. I was even forced to place bowls of water under the legs of my bed because the ants had begun to attack me in my

bed. Some days after working on a garden or other physical labor I had vertigo and muscle weakness so profound I couldn't walk. My friend who owned the property was a savant of sorts who told me that MD's would kill you and that I should try taking DHEA. I had lost faith in doctors and decided I wouldn't go to one unless I was sure I was going to die. The DHEA was a precursor hormone that gave me more energy and allowed me to be active more hours of the day, but it was no miracle drug. I learned to drink about 36 ounces a day of cranberry juice during periods of passing blood or intense kidney pain. I treated the muscle symptoms by smoking marijuana which made the connective tissues loosen up and let go with an audible pop sound that could be heard across the room. Marijuana was prominently listed on the two oldest medical texts in history and when I smoked it the relief was considerable. I had smoked it in high school and it had been a way of not dealing with my emotional problems like my parent's divorce. It is a depressant and when smoked every day leads to depression. In high school it had actually made me more depressed, not less so. It held me back until I managed to quit smoking it after a few years and went to college instead. Marijuana has a tendency to lower your immune function as well as depress your central nervous system. It is also illegal. My physical pain was so intense that I weighed my options as an adult and decided to continue to use what worked. Since I could not afford to buy it I grew the plants outdoors in 5 gallon buckets that I could move around my ten acres should the need arise. I was happy here, no one bothered me. On one side of the property was a cattle ranch, on the others a horse ranch and a goat ranch. The front of the property was on the road, but trees screened the house from view. At the back fence of the heavily wooded ten acres was a limestone quarry that was being worked only occasionally. Just inside the back fence line of the property was a small creek that held water but only ran free after the rains came. The rolling hills were home to lots of wild life, I even saw the red fox and black footed ferret. The Indian name for the area was Land of Good Waters because of the many rivers and streams, some of it spring fed. It looked like a great place to raise kids to be Tom Sawyer, there were limestone caverns everywhere and arrow heads could be found in the stream after rain. People had lived here for thousands of years. I captured the rain off the tin roof of my old house in two large vessels and put it on my garden to grow a lot of my own food. My friend told me it would be so quiet out in the country I might have trouble getting used to it at first and getting to sleep. He was right, but after 20 years in the big city, life in the country was a gift. I had lots of time to myself and I had enough peace and quiet where I could think. I began to write poetry and short stories as a kind of talking cure since I was too poor to afford a psychiatrist after all my disillusion at being a throw away human being. I still had my privacy, my dog and cat, my family by phone, and my dignity. The old house had electricity that I used to run a reading light and a porch light and nothing more, but it had no indoor plumbing. At first answering the call of nature outdoors was embarrassing but later I found it demeaning to go into a common, dirty restroom. The fire ants made the human waste disappear and the only fallout was that the deer no longer walked up to the front porch. After 6 weeks the drought broke and the rains came and I stripped off my clothes and ran naked in the down pour. Try that in Houston. I poached deer, ate out of my garden, and went to the local truck stop with a big zip lock bag to hide food from the buffet. I got lunch and dinner all for one low price. The dog and the cat loved living there. The dog got to chase deer when I was up to it and the cat was able to eat all the deer mice and brown rats he wanted. The cat had a hard time at first navigating the prickly pear cactus. The mice would dart to safety and he would get a face full of thorns. In a few weeks he no longer came to me to remove the thorns and the mice near the house slowly disappeared completely. The brown rats in the attic and nearby barn learned it was time to find a new home.

The physical affect of my cat eating deer mice was like watching an athlete take steroids. He buffed out like a big cat and even grew a mane around his neck. The neighbor mistook him for a bobcat. "No, that's just my cat". The neighbors weren't sure what to make of me, but when I gave away fresh vegetables to them they figured that I was harmless. The van quit running and I couldn't fix it. I was forced to buy a VW bug that wasn't running. I got it to run but couldn't fix the wiring so the lights didn't work. I just stayed on the motorcycle or when I used the bug I stuck to the back roads and didn't drive at night. Georgetown, population 20,000, was 12 miles to the south, home to the oldest university in the state. There was a giant retirement community going in nearby and lots of development was taking place. It was time for another real estate boom, most of the locals loved it, but some of the old timers lamented the loss of the pristine landscape and wildlife. In the 20 months that I lived there some of the most beautiful river front property in the state was "developed" by building Wal-Mart stores and chain stores right up to the edge of it. The immense parking lots were asphalt black top that created a steady pulse of oil based run off into the aquifer recharge zone. There were rumors that the developers had found Indian burials along the scenic river and had quietly paved them over to avoid delays in construction. I felt like they had no concept of what that beautiful river was worth. Another super highway was built right through the richest farm land in the state and over the most scenic part of the river to allow more cars to reach Dallas. In truth it was about big construction contracts and making big money. It seemed that they had destroyed the past, the present, and the future in their ignorance and greed. Still, it would take them 10-20 years to destroy most of the beautiful places and the cycle of boom and bust would probably stop them before they were finished...this time. The county had some of the richest farm land in the state. It had made the first settlers who came there in the 1840's very wealthy. There was a fault line right through the middle of Williamson County running north to south all the way to Dallas. The Balcones Fault line was full of limestone caverns. Interstate highway 35 had been built on the ridge it formed. On the east side of the line the soil was rich, brown to black, and deep. On the west side of the fault the paltry soil was about 2-4 inches deep at which point you get to limestone rock. I of course was on the west side. Before the mesquite and cedar trees had moved in vast herds of buffalo had migrated over the landscape keeping the trees out and the landscape more open. The springs and creeks had run full of water then, but with the disappearance of the buffalo and the invasion of mesquite and cedar the landscape changed and the springs dried up. My first winter was quite an experience. I had an old wood burning stove and had to collect my own fire wood. In January an enormous ice storm hit the hill country that coated all the trees and everything else with several inches of ice. The cold snap dropped the temperature into the low 20's (Fahrenheit) where it stayed for over a week. I had to keep the fire going in the stove or freeze. The dog snuggled up on one side of me and the cat on the other to stay warm. I finally understood the meaning of the term, "three dog night". An entire stove full of wood only lasted 3-4 hours, so for an entire week I had to wake up every 4 hours and put more wood on the fire or freeze. Finally the sun came out and the temperature rose above freezing and the unbelievably thick coat of ice hanging on the trees started to drip. I stood outside in the early morning sun with a sense of relief and wonderment at the radical transformation of the landscape I was standing in. The oak trees were heavily weighted down and as the ice gradually began to turn to water in the sunlight the trees began to vibrate. Very slowly at first and then with increasing energy the process of melting began to set the hundreds of oak trees around me to shaking and brushing the ice covered branches against each other. The only sound to compare it to is the sound of a chandelier being roughly shaken, but in the small valley I stood in there were thousands of small

oak trees acting like a thousand chandeliers being musically shaken at the same time. There is a curious aspect to the land I was in that I had never experienced before and could not readily explain. Sound seemed to travel great distances in the little valley I was in and the rural quiet did not completely explain it. When I first arrived there in the little valley I had stood on the porch at night in amazement and listened to two ranchers having a conversation one hundred meters away as if they were standing right next to me. The limestone rock that formed the ground and perhaps even the limestone caverns had something to do with the ability of sound to travel incredible distances. So there I stood in the sun after the big freeze, listening to 100 acres of trees shaking and vibrating to a single note. The sound seemed to rise up to heaven and send me into a euphoria and intoxication of sound and visual spectacle. The reflection of the sun on the dozens of trees in my field of vision was refracted and hundreds of prisms were vibrated by the ever increasing violence of the movement of ten thousand branches. Ever so gently the first piece of ice fell off the smallest branch and hit the ground followed by several more and then the gradual trickle of ice falling from the smallest branches became a cascade of larger and larger pieces. Now that which had sounded like the tinkling of one hundred thousand bells became the shattering of a thousand pieces of glass. As the ever larger pieces of ice fell off the tree branches the violence of the movement transferred to the branches sent more ice tumbling to the ground. The sound of shattering glass became almost deafening as thousands of trees dropped immense pieces of ice to the ground in a crescendo that lasted only about 10 minutes. I stood in shock in the new silence. Most of the trees on the property were small oak or cedar but in the very back on the creek grew some giant specimens of oak and cotton wood that rose 80 feet into the air and had stood for several hundred years. The two biggest trees had buckled and split right down the middle under the weight of many hundreds of pounds of ice. They lay like the bodies of ancient old men who had fallen without making a sound. In the town square the big oak trees that were 350 years old had split right down the middle as well. There was a general mourning for the passing of the largest and oldest trees in the county in the ice catastrophe. The sound and spectacle I had witnessed came only once in a hundred years or even once in 500 years. It was a gift of an experience but there obviously was a price paid. I couldn't hear the giant old trees dying at the back of the property over the din of ten thousand chandeliers and shattering glass. After living in the country for 6 months I stopped locking the doors and windows and eventually grew to leave all the doors wide open and the keys in the ignition of the car. I could sleep with a clear conscience, besides, my dog slept in the doorway, guarding me. A local gal told me that there were wolves that still roamed the landscape. "They wait until you leave, then if they can they break into your house and tear everything up". I wasn't sure if I believed her. One day I was doing what I and the dog like to do when we had spare time, stalking deer in the woods and then giving chase for fun. I was getting so good at it that I could just about have taken some down with an atlatl or other throwing weapon. I had kind of reverted to my natural state. My routine was to wake early with the sun and roll a marijuana cigarette and go for a very long walk with the dog. Marijuana was a drug that I was very familiar with and the effects were something I could control. I generally would lapse into a kind of reverie that allowed my mind to wander freely and abstractly. It stimulated my creativity to write and with much practice I was able to settle into a kind of trance that was like being awake and asleep at the same time. I drifted into the subconscious and conscious mind similar to the sensation of being in two places at once. At times I would be in my reverie and looking out for deer at the same time and I imagined that I knew when they were nearby. I would sense that the deer were just off to the right in that stand of trees and very often they were. Whether this was my imagination and coincidence or whether

I had heightened abilities I cannot say. I do know that by my late twenties when the phone rang I would often know if it was a friend and answer the phone by saying hello to them and start speaking. My friend would ask me if I had caller ID and I would lie and say yes. I always knew when the phone rang and it was someone I didn't want to speak to. This ability was stronger with friends and family than with strangers. I just considered myself to be very intuitive. I had been introduced to the work of Joseph Campbell years before and his books had a profound effect on me and I continued to read them to try to incorporate his very difficult ideas and concepts into my daily life. One day near the cabin I spotted a pod of about 10-12 deer and the dog began to give chase. They pulled away from him effortlessly as his short legs tried to follow. There was a long legged fawn which had lost his spots but was still gangly and awkward on long slender legs. The fawn started to enter the trees at the edge of the clearing but the leader of the pod circled and tried to draw him away from the tree line. The fawn did 3 short circles and then followed the adult away from the trees. Just as all the deer disappeared over the edge of the clearing I noticed something come out of the trees. It was a large tan to reddish wolf that stood quite tall at the shoulder and was looking intently at my dog. The cocker spaniel (named Boo) finally saw the wolf and started wagging his tail as he continued to track the deer pod. The wolf came out and cut off his pursuit. He started to charge my dog then stopped, then started again. I started to run and look for a rock at the same time. In a land made up of nothing but rock, just when I needed one there were only cow patties around. I finally picked a rock much too small for the 100+ pound wolf and started yelling at him. He was looking at the spaniel trying to figure out what he was dealing with when he noticed me. Our eyes locked, his eyes were yellow and not the least bit afraid of me. He stuck around briefly then melted back into the trees. He had almost had that fawn. I realized why my dog slept in the doorway. "I guess she was telling me the truth after all". I woke one morning feeling especially bad. My complexion was chalk white and after couple of hours I suddenly passed out and woke up even more ashen faced. It scared me so I drove to the emergency room and told the doctor about my illness and what happened that morning. He ran a blood test then asked me how I was going to pay. "I don't have insurance anymore, I'm not working". He looked at me with pure disgust that turned to undisguised anger. I was given the business card to a local doctor and escorted out of the emergency room by a security guard. I was humiliated and angry with myself that I had trusted them again. I swore I would die first before returning. I had been sitting out in the woods for about 8 months when spring finally rolled around. In my boredom and isolation I had written a couple of children's books and some poetry and I needed to find an illustrator to finish the work. I had drawn illustrations for it but it needed someone who was a real artist. I rode my motorcycle into town and met the owner of a local bookstore and asked her if she knew of an illustrator for my children's book. She was very kind and offered to show my book around. I checked back with her in a few days and she introduced me to a girl who was very gifted. She went to work on it and her family and I became good friends. Her dad seemed to see something in my work and insisted on inviting me to their house and feeding me at every opportunity. I tried to be a good friend to them. I met a few other people in that small town who were inventors, writers, sculptors and painters. They came to form my circle of friends. I continued to write poetry and began to research a novel set in the Vietnam War. I began to read everything on the war I could find. My body that I had depended on my whole life to do whatever I asked of it had failed me. Now I was forced into living the life of the mind, so I threw myself into it completely and read as many great works of literature as I could. The circle of friends I made were painting, inventing, and writing books, and their company seemed to stimulate me to

greater effort. I showed my poetry to an elder statesman of the artist community. He did nothing but write a few letters, drink coffee, and paint one painting nearly every day. He would tell me when the poetry was bad, when I had a few good lines, and when I was on the right track. I knew I had hit my stride when the subject matter of my poetry began to emerge occasionally in his paintings. He would invite me and the gang over and feed us and we would all go out to art exhibits and the like. I had reinvented myself and after I took the trouble to come out of the woods I had found some good friends. I still generally could only be physically active for 3-4 hours without passing out for a few hours. On bad days I still couldn't get out of bed. I tried to substitute teach at the local high school but after a few weeks of trying, it was clear I was still too much of a physical wreck. I had to avoid alcohol and caffeine like they were poison. I sold my vegetables and the occasional used car that I fixed to pay for a little food and gas and the electric bill. Living in a shack in the woods can be pretty inexpensive. One evening as the sun hung just above the tree line I was walking in a small clearing among the oaks near the house when I noticed a giant pod of Monarch butterflies. There were literally thousands that were swarming around and I stopped to watch for a few moments. The butterflies seemed to be doing an intricate dance of some kind. They would circle around each other bobbing and weaving as if feeling each other out. There seemed to be some hidden symmetry to the dance that I might figure out if I watched long enough. It was like watching the birds in the sky or the fish in the sea when they all change direction at the same time, as if by some unspoken invisible thought. Except that this was a dance of thousands of individual butterflies that exhibited that same unspoken symmetry. There were individual actions and group actions that seemed to weave a moving tapestry. Every once in a while a pair that were dancing around each other would effortlessly move off the dance floor and roost in the trees together without disturbing the solid mass. Those that remained would circle and dip and dive around a partner only to change to a different partner, but the change was so smooth that no butterfly ever seemed to be dancing alone. Gradually their number was reduced as more pairs moved into the trees for the night. I watched the hypnotic scene for nearly an hour before I left it so as not to disturb them. I had been watching nature all my life and I had begun collecting butterflies with my dad since I was 6 years old, but nothing even remotely like this had ever happened to me. I had the profound feeling that something important had been revealed to me but I could not say exactly what. A year went by and in the February I was staring at a calendar that had a picture of a field of lupine flowers, blue bonnets. My grandmother who lived 500 miles away in the area known as the Panhandle rang me up on the phone and inquired how I was doing and then said she had been in the middle of reading my poem, Blue Bonnets, and she launched into a few lines. We had begun to correspond, writing letters is the lost art, and after a year or more we had grown close though separated by distance. We almost never spoke by phone as she was thrifty and poor and considered long distance charges exorbitant. I would call her every once and a while but she hardly ever called, preferring to write letters. It seemed an odd synchronicity that we were thinking the same thing at the same time and that she had decided to pick up the phone and call me. She begged me to come visit soon and I promised her I would visit soon as a gentle, well meaning lie. Two weeks later she passed away from a stroke after tilling the soil in her garden in preparation for planting. My dad and step mother and I flew up from Houston for the funeral. My grandfather had Parkinson's disease and he could not take care of himself and so we made arrangements to sell his house and possessions and place him in the retirement home in the little town of 1,000 souls where he had lived the last 50 years. He had lost his wife and now he was losing his home, his freedom, his cat. I went home in a funk and felt like my folks were

committing some kind of unintentional crime. Another two weeks passed and I made up my mind.

I loaded up my motorcycle into my latest 1979 VW van (blue) and everything else I could fit inside, saving the dog and cat for last, and headed up to the Panhandle to take care of my 84 year old grandfather. It was March, 1997 and as I looked at the map I realized that I was heading in the same northwesterly track again for the second time in two years, this one was 500 miles distant instead of the previous 200 mile journey. I mused that if the process repeated itself the next unplanned journey would land me 1000 miles away somewhere in Washington state. The old van barely made it, driving straight through at night with a poorly adjusted ignition timing setting. My grandfather stood in the yard to welcome me right as I pulled up. He was a slender 110 pounds, short white hair with a widow's peak and bright blue eyes that sparkled undimmed by the clouds forming in his eyes. He wore a pork pie hat and a white shirt and tan slacks. He greeted me warmly and watched the livestock tumble out of the van. He was happy to have family for company. I paid the young guy who had stayed with him for 3-4 days and thanked him. The house I remembered visiting only at Thanksgiving or Christmas when I was a child had gotten even smaller. The décor was original 1962 and the house dated from 1947. He built it with money he saved from working in an aircraft plant in San Diego during WWII. W.E. "Bill" Thomas was his name. W.E. stood for William Elonso and he preferred Bill. His grandfather had come to north Texas immediately after the Civil War, the last survivor of 7 brothers who fought on the Confederate side. His father Lonnie and his cousin Zook had left a poor home at the tender age of 12 with a herd of cattle, going into the Oklahoma Territory. Lonnie was adopted by an Indian woman who had lost her son and the two were watched over by the Indians and outlaws who lived in no man's land. In 1880 at the age of 20 he married a pretty school teacher and moved back to the Indian Territory to raise his family. He spoke the Indian languages or knew the hand signs that were the universal form of communication on the plains. He drank with Chief Quanah Parker, the man who instituted the Peyote Religion. When an infant child died, he and his wife moved into a town in north Texas to be near a doctor. He tried farming but "civilization" the changes the world had gone through did not suit him. He was killed in a farming accident when a mule kicked him in the head. The year was 1927 and Bill Thomas was 16 years old then and he took up the responsibility of caring for his mother and younger brother and sister. His two older brothers were out in the world with their own families to support and he was on his own. The Great Depression and the Dust Bowl Era both descended upon him but somehow he was able to persevere. He bought a tractor and rented out his services before anyone else was using them. He was up against it, but he was able to adjust to the times. He played the fiddle and sang, and loved to play baseball. His photograph on the wall showed a young man of 27 with good humor and intensity. He took a wife in 1936, Oveta, the youngest and prettiest daughter of a farmer from Clovis, New Mexico. They had a child (my dad) and when the war came all the men in the family went into uniform except him. The little two bedroom house he built after the war was towered over by three giant pine trees he planted in '47 along with some apricot trees. He taught himself the income tax business and after 50 years he was an expert and invaluable to the successful farmers on the plains. In this part of the country it was not socially acceptable to flaunt wealth in the midst of so many poor people so a millionaire farmer might be identified only by his gold rimmed glasses, if at all. Bill was a man who knew how to keep a secret in a town where gossip was the only sport besides football. The town looked like a smaller version of the one in the film *The Last Picture Show* and the human

beings there were very similar to those characters of Larry McMurtry as well. The characters from the comedic play Tuna Christmas were taken directly from the fertile imagination of a man who grew up in this very town of 1,000 people. I often thought they must count the stray cats and dogs to arrive at this census number. The wind would blow for weeks straight with a gale force that dried up and killed plants. The incessant wind seemed to drive the people crazy, much like the affect of three straight weeks of non-stop rain on the Gulf Coast had. A thirty mile per hour wind blowing non-stop for 2-3 weeks ionizes the air molecules and this has a direct affect on human behavior. Some people simply go crazy, while others are merely irritable as hell. The temperature and weather extremes made for ice storms and hail, droughts and torrential rains. Fruit trees would blossom and late freezes routinely would come and kill the buds. It was a hard land for dreamers to live in. The territory was the last place Europeans had come to settle. The Indians were subdued and driven out in the 1870's and 1880's and the giant cattle ranches of people like Charles Goodnight gave way to farming as late as 1908. The land was cheap for a reason, it was brutal. It was only when the underground aquifer of the Ogallala was exploited that farming really was profitable. People here still seemed cut off from the outside world. I took care of Bill as best I could by making him breakfast and dinner, and doing the chores. When I first arrived the stress of moving brought on a relapse and I couldn't sleep but for two hours at a stretch. He was good company and we talked about everything and I finally got to know him. It was a real gift to me. All my life my parents and I had come to visit for three days and practically died from boredom. There was nothing to read, there was no one to talk to and there was nowhere to go. The town had one traffic light, a blinking yellow and 50 or more churches. We were always glad to get out of there when the time came. Since we were strangers each other most of our visits consisted of talking about the weather and playing cards to pass the time. Now I got to learn a lot more about my grandfather and I really liked him. He wasn't necessarily the person I thought he was. His house had the farmer's almanac, readers digest, and five different versions of the bible, and that was it. I had imagined he was a lot more conservative than he really was but he was very pragmatic and down to earth. He told me about life at the beginning of the century and living through the Depression and WWII. Most of all I appreciated his sense of humor and his positive outlook. He could always see the good side of any situation or at least the humor and he always thought about the future. He was smart enough to have done anything in life, but he was from a place and an era where surviving by itself was an accomplishment. I could never leave the house for very long and leave him by himself so I sat in this little house in this little town for four months until I wondered if I would go stir crazy. I was sick and he was sicker and the atmosphere was less than ideal.

In June when my symptoms were less severe I made arrangements for someone to stay with Bill and I got in the car and headed towards the mountains for a few days. I didn't have a reservation at the fishing camp in New Mexico, nor any money for one, but I could feel the mountain calling me. My illness had been getting worse by the year and in the fourth year I was beginning to lose hope of surviving. The mountain and the river where the family had gone all these years was the antithesis of death and something in me that wanted to live seemed to be driving me in that direction. I drove all night and arrived at the foot of the mountain in the predawn hours. I parked the car in the trees where hopefully no one would find it for a while and trespassed onto the land where I had always been welcome. It was the day of the summer solstice, the longest day of the year but the sun was hours away. I hiked in the dark with a back pack filled with some fruit and water as I traveled about 3 miles in the dark over rough ground.

The black bears were always very active in the predawn hours so I had to be cautious. I came to the end of the trail and laid down to rest and wait for the sun to come up so I could make my way among the rocks and sheer slopes that made up the last few miles. The sun came up and I woke, stretched and made my way to the Box, the place where the river came out of the mountain itself. I got there as the sun crested the mountain and shone down upon the face of the water. The may flies rose up above the trees and the water shimmered over the rapids formed by massive boulders thrown down from the mountain. I ate my fruit and then climbed up the treacherous scree slope of loose rock to my favorite bear cave in the side of the mountain. To my horror the roof of the cave had fallen and the cave was destroyed. As a boy I had climbed into this cave carpeted in eons of pine needles and bear scat imagining the people who came before me and who might be sleeping forever beneath me. Now the cave was gone forever but there were other caves small and large for the fox and bear. I went back down the slope and stood on an outcrop that commanded a view 60 feet above the water and 100 feet back from its edge. The Box was bounded by impassable walls that angled back to peaks 2,000 feet above the water all the way up to 11,500 feet elevation. The only place for animals to migrate across the river and head north into Colorado from this side of the mountain was past the trail I had traveled this morning. The place farthest from human habitation was right where I was, at the mouth of the Box. I watched in amazement as a brown bear crossed the river in front of me and paused to enjoy the cool water. Her fur was light brown to near golden to brown and when she shook the water from her body it looked to my laser stare as if liquid gold was coming off of her haunches. She took her time and browsed along the edge of the river perfectly at home. Within moments she stumbled over my orange peels and was engrossed by something she had never seen or smelled before. She saw with her nose and not her eyes. Her back was to me and I was 100 feet away and 60 feet above her. The wind was blowing towards me and yet a few moments later her whole body stiffened and she froze. She had somehow detected my presence. She wheeled her immense body around and headed straight up the slope about 100 feet to my right. Where I had to carefully crawl she was able to flat out run up the loose slope. I gaped in amazement as she drew even with me and glanced directly at me where she had known I was all along. She was terrified of me and kept climbing in a dead run like her life depended on it. I was glad she was afraid because there was no way I could cover ground as fast as she could. I waited quite a while to make sure she was gone before I approached the river and went for a swim in the freshly melted snow. I hid my pack and my clothes and wearing only my tennis shoes swam the rapids to the far side and walked around the rough slope covered in pine trees. As I was headed back fishermen came and sat above where my pack and clothes were hidden and began to tease their fly rods out into the still parts where the trout lay in wait. One of the men found my pack and my clothes and began to do me a favor by carrying it back to camp for me so I yelled at him from behind a tree to leave it. He could barely hear my shouted voice above the rapids but he realized someone was there and decided they could carry their own packs back to camp. I slept fitfully in the rocks with my knife in my hand after watching the brown bear take its 500 pounds and sprint up the near 40 degree angle of a scree slope. Even healthy I can't run that fast going downhill. Late the next day I tried to sneak through camp to my car and leave unobserved but everyone wanted to see what kind of person ran around the mountain wearing only tennis shoes. I guess word had gotten around. The old man who grew up on the mountain met me at the car and admonished me not trespass again or I'd regret it. I sheepishly apologized and promised not to do it again, told him of the family connection to the mountain and asked after his grown children. He let me go without calling the police and towing the car away and I paid rent on a cabin for

one day. I left with my tail between my legs and weak with hunger but I felt as if several hundred pounds of weight had been taken off of my shoulders. It was good to see the little house and Bill again and I felt like I could carry on for another four months straight. After 8 months of caring for Bill I realized that I was doing a poor job of it and the family prevailed upon me to allow Bill to go into the rest home. It was 5 blocks away and the people who worked there had all grown up around here and took good care of their charges. In the words of one person who inspected the homes for a living, "If I had to live in a retirement home it would be that one". I was very suspicious of these places because all the ones I had seen as a kid were awful but this facility was the best one on the south plains. I visited Bill 2-3 times a week and brought a hamburger or some food he couldn't get there and visited for an hour or two. His Parkinson's disease had gotten so bad by this time that he had trouble walking anymore. I convinced myself that it was all for the best. My illness was growing more intense and so in September when my symptoms relented enough to allow me to walk around I decided to do something I had always wanted to do. I bought a plane ticket to Cuba and went to look around for 2-3 weeks. I had the distinct feeling that this would be my last hurrah. I was passing more blood and virtually unable to sleep much of the time. My exercise for the day would be to try to walk around the block without falling down. The doctors I went to out of desperation were unable or unwilling to help me so I figured what the hell; I didn't have anything to lose. I didn't get scared until the day before I left but then it was too late to back out. It was illegal for a US citizen to travel to Cuba so I had to fly to Mexico City first and then over to Havana. It was my first Communist country to visit. The government forced you to register and pay for a state run hotel room so they could keep tabs on you but I got out of there after one night and stayed with a local family for \$20 a day. The first night I cruised the main streets on foot. The lights were off everywhere, the young prostitutes were aggressive and even the military looked at me like I was a mark. I spoke to a few people but the atmosphere was wrong so I returned to the hotel and away from the desperation on the street. Cuban citizens were forbidden from entering the hotels and tourist places. It was a two tiered society and they were at the bottom in their own country. I found a friendly taxi driver the next day and did drive by tourism. You drive up to the famous landmark not getting out of the car, cross it off your list and go to the next one. The only place I went into was a bar that Hemingway liked. The next day an Italian tourist was killed by a bomb in the place. The anti-Castro forces from Miami were still at it after 40 years but it didn't seem to be getting them anywhere. The only tourists here for the most part were from Mexico, Spain, and Italy. I always like to go where there are no Americans and here I had succeeded spectacularly. The Russians had pulled out completely taking their rubles with them and Cuba was on hard times. There were still Russian Trabants driving around and Russian appliances but that was their only vestige. I saw a couple of North Koreans but the only foreign help Cuba were getting was in the form of the occasional Scandinavian engineer working on their fertilizer plants. The Russian appliances were breaking down and the Trabants were often being repaired in the middle of the road. The local people in the city traveled in large diesel buses and hitched rides in the country in the beds of dump trucks. The trains broke down constantly and the most prevalent form of mass transit was a bicycle, usually with two or three people on it. Cuban entrepreneurs drove taxis that were mostly 1950 era American cars but local people couldn't afford taxis. Havana was dark at night and in the morning the smoke from charcoal fires that cooked breakfast rose up from everywhere signaling another day in the worker's paradise. It was illegal for anyone to draw an official salary of more than \$50 a month. Most people were paid a fraction of that. All the teachers and PhD's drove taxis or sold black market goods to stay alive. Party

members drove nice cars and lived in fine apartments and could pick and choose among the women as they wished. Young women were forced into prostitution so that their family might eat or they might secure some kind of future for themselves. People were hungry and so generally no one ate in public or sang unless they were being paid. In the words of one man, "Everything is for Fidel". There was a ration for families that consisted of a little cooking oil, three pounds of rice, a mystery fish paste, and some inedible bread. One man observed that he could eat the three pounds of rice himself in one day. I saw a scrawny kid with short hair and glassy eyes and I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up. "A tourist", he replied. I was easily identified as an American by everyone at a distance of 100 meters and everyone wanted something from me. The hungry kids wanted change, the prostitutes wanted \$20 dollars, the taxi drivers wanted to drive me around, and the cops wanted me to empty my pockets. I told the cops I was from Canada. A few people hated me because I was an American but most people just wanted something to eat or for the nightmare to end. I met a special girl who was studying art at university and we rented a taxi and drove out of the city to the south of the island. We walked through the rather unspoiled landscape and enjoyed bird watching and I finally got the feeling of nature again. I managed to avoid the tourist traps and tried to live among the locals. My energy and health began to fail and I was forced into inactivity and eventually I had to leave. I imagined that in the future I might return to buy a small property, like a rundown 6 room hotel in the south and come spend the winters here to write and watch the surf roll in. I gave the girl all of my belongings to sell so that she might eat for a few weeks in return for one of her paintings. I told her that I would get her out and bring her to the US to live the good life. She said I was her last hope. We reluctantly parted in Havana and I took a taxi to the airport. Since I had given her all my money all I had was my ticket and \$10. The airport worker told me to pay the \$30 airport tax. "Everything is for Fidel". I tried to talk to the airport manager but he passed the buck. I was tired, didn't feel well and resented being sucked dry one more time. I was less than diplomatic towards them which they were not used to putting up with from anyone, much less a blue eyed American devil. Some tourists from Spain befriended me as I sat in the airport and I borrowed \$20 and got their address and promised to repay them. Eventually I did mail the man \$40 but he probably thought I was a nut for doing so. I walked up to the airport workers counter and paid them their \$30 tax. They had enjoyed my distress at being stuck in Cuba so in return I enjoyed theirs. "Viva la Revolucion", I told them with a wicked laughing smile. They did not appreciate my sense of humor. My baggage was searched very thoroughly in an exaggerated manner and the security guards hovered around me like I was a threat to national security. At last our flight was announced and we all walked out to the tarmac. The ramp to the jet was guarded by two soldiers, one at the bottom and one at the top. Neither one of them took their eyes off me. It was very clear they had something planned but just what that was I could only guess. As the line moved up the ramp and I drew even with him the first soldier at the bottom of the ramp began to do a close order drill that ended with the barrel of his rifle aimed at my chest. I watched him grinning an evil grin and then I turned slightly away. If he was going to shoot me it would be in the back. The other passengers acted like they were trying to ignore the show and failing miserably. When I got to the top of the ramp with only 3-4 people behind me the second soldier again began to do close order drill with his rifle. This man needed more practice so he began twirling his rifle just above and past my head numerous times trying to see if he could make my hair move without fracturing my skull. This part finally scared me, a state I'm normally too stupid to assume, and I locked eyes with him and then once again tried to ignore his smiling face. He appeared just about to butt stroke me when the line moved forward

and I scurried into the plane. When the wheels of the jet left the tarmac I was weary and grateful. In my fatigue and relief, I began to talk to myself, "And you thought Guatemala was a close call". When I first got back I had called the girl from Cuba but the phone call was the most expensive long distance phone call in the world. I began to write her letters and send her money but the letters never got to their destination and after seven attempts I wrote a final angry letter to the Cuban authorities who were intercepting my letters. Little did I realize that my letters had in all probability been intercepted by our intelligence services and the Cubans. The angry letter was one more entry into my file and I had become a "person of interest" to be monitored using everything in their arsenal. I resigned myself to never seeing the girl again. When I first got back to the south plains I couldn't get off the couch for 2-3 weeks. This was about typical of what I had gone through for nearly five years but now late in the fifth year the relapse that came next was the worst one ever. Part of the cause was my exertions on my trip and part of it was just the natural progression that was unmistakable. I was devastated by the intense pain of the muscle disorder centered at C4 but now more than ever the process of the deterioration of the white matter of my brain stem and brain raced out of control. For a long time the disease had resembled a light case of Polio or an aggressive case of Multiple Sclerosis. The muscles of my neck and calves would become too weak to use and then turn to a jelly like consistency and be absorbed by my body. The muscles of attention, the ones that had to work constantly to keep my head erect or my body standing would literally disappear in a matter of a week. The fatigue was always the kind of profound fatigue that puts marathon runners in bed for weeks. Trying to live with this and the inability to sleep more than two fitful hours at a time had made me face up to the fact that I was slowly dying and absent a miracle would probably be dead in a few years. The only reason I was not in a facility being cared for was that the symptoms rose and fell enough for me to walk around for a few hours half the time. The relapse that I had been dreading for so long now came on with a vengeance. I was unable to walk from one room to the other without a terror of falling and being stranded. My ability to think and concentrate became so affected that I could only communicate in 3 or 4 word sentences. The ability to process what was said to me or to watch TV and take in the words was so attenuated that I could not follow the word streams that made up sentences. Finally my time sense became completely inoperable such that 8 hours seemed like 15 minutes. Every day for months I staggered into the living room and sat in a chair with my eyes rolled back in my head. The white matter of my brain and central nervous system was being degraded and literally eaten away such that now I could not stand light, noise, nor process sensory input of any kind. I could not watch TV or listen to the radio or read. I just sat in a chair with my eyes rolled back in my head with all the lights off in silence. Looking in the mirror I saw a person who was ashen faced and resembled nothing so much as a groaning zombie with eyes half turned upward. I contemplated getting a video camera and taping a final statement to show people what had happened to me and that I was committing suicide out of necessity, not from drug abuse or lack of character as people were wont to believe...but I just didn't have the energy. I don't know how many months went by in this state, but by summer I was able to listen to soothing slow classical music without feeling pain or sensory overload. I still could not listen to fast music or watch TV. Gradually I was able to read again and by fall I was still sitting in the chair all day covered by a quilt and listening to classical music and reading. My time sense had returned to normal. By winter I could converse normally again and didn't mind when people visited for short period of time as long as my energy held up. Christmas came and I was able to process information in the form of TV and streams of normal conversation such that I could understand it completely again. I had sat in the chair for the better

part of a year and concentrated on classical music through all but the worst of it. Eventually I was writing the notes in my head out of boredom to try to anticipate the perfect placement of a note and to try to do better than the composer I was listening to or to anticipate his next move. The process of writing baroque classical in my head continued after my recovery. Now it was a normal feature of my consciousness to “hear” music playing in my head. I was trying to write it so long in a painstaking manner but now it seemed to “play itself” as if the two or three strands of melody were coming out of my head without conscious effort. It was bizarre but I accepted it as a consequence of the immersion into the music during my last relapse. I didn’t consider the music my own but it usually wasn’t familiar to me and it was no longer poor quality or forced, it was just “above average”. A new year was about to start and on the first day a good friend came by for the first time in months and asked me to accompany her to a fortune teller in Lubbock, about an hour’s drive. I had never been to a fortune teller and considered the practice one for weak minded or fearful people who needed to be fleeced. She promised to pay and told me it was very important to her so I went along for the ride to get out of town for a few hours in the company of an attractive woman. “What do you want to find out from her”, I asked. “I need to know some things, how the New Year will go, other things”. She refused to tell me what was on her mind that was so important but I figured maybe it was none of my business. The fortune teller lived in a modest home in Lubbock. I was kind of wide eyed but this was a first for me and I didn’t know what to expect. She greeted us warmly and brought us into the office together. She was Hispanic, middle aged, short dark hair, and kind of intense. Her office was a bedroom that had an altar made up of dozens of candles, religious figures, photographs, and symbolic offerings. It was neither sinister nor comforting to me. The lady gushed that one of her clients had just given her a new car as a gift. She obviously had power over the minds of some people. I wondered if all my lovely friend was paying her was my \$50 fee. I let my anxious friend go first and reveal her soul, or I guess the other way around. She came out acting both relieved and a little overwhelmed. Maybe she got what she needed to hear. I went in and she had me sit and face her and her eyes became very wide and she spoke about the power she had at her finger tips. I reacted not at all neither positive nor negative nor did I even blink being completely still. Her intensity and her performance and stare washed over me like a brief storm and then she sat there looking at me like I was a lover who would not perform or a unicorn. Then she was demure and taciturn. “You are a very lucky person”, she said. “Go ahead and ask me what you came to ask me”. Since I had not come to ask her anything it took me a few minutes. “Will I ever accomplish anything, anything great”; “Will I ever fulfill my destiny?” “Will I ever write my book, will I ever write my novel?” I had had the conceit for years that I would someday write the book that explained Vietnam War Era just as John Dos Pasos and Norman Mailer had defined theirs. Now I wasn’t so sure, life was too complicated for certainty anymore. She seemed confused by what I had said or maybe just the last part about the novel. She just repeated again, “You are a very lucky person”. I wasn’t sure what that meant. Did it mean that I was blessed or did it mean she couldn’t control my will with her piercing black eyes and make me sign over the title to my car? I waited for her to elaborate then I repeated exactly what I asked the first time again, leaving out the part about the book. She seemed even more confused now and tilted her head and asked me, “Is it music, is that what it is?” Somehow she must have sensed it so I told her the only personal information she would get from me. “I hear music all the time”. “I write it and it plays in my head for the better part of a year”. I don’t think this information cleared things up for her because she just told me I was a very lucky person for the third or fourth time and seemed uncomfortable, maybe even a little shocked or afraid. She

signaled that we were finished and I rejoined my friend and after she paid we said goodbye, got in the car and left. My friend would not discuss what her visit was like and I wasn't sure what mine meant so we just kind of changed the subject. A week or two later she came and asked me what went on and I was able to tell her. She was either noncommittal or underwhelmed. I was very much alone now. The past year of inactivity and illness had made all my social contacts gravitate away from me. The experience of chronic illness and disability was very isolating in and of itself, but being stranded in the house for months on end made it even worse. I managed to avoid a major relapse again just the usually ups and downs of being stuck on the couch for a few weeks at a time. I read books like never before and listened to classical music all the time. I kept trying to write it in my head and I kept having it pour out of me almost like I was listening to the radio. Some of it was old some of it was new. June came around and I rented a cabin on the mountain for 2-3 days and headed that way one more time. I had survived the mother of all relapses after my trip to Cuba but I knew that unless I got a miracle the next bad one would leave me permanently disabled or dead. I had lived with death on my shoulder for a very long time by now. I am very stubborn but the intense suffering and chronic pain wears even the toughest human being down after the space of a few years. I knew from personal experience now there worse things than death and death had in some strange way become my friend. Years ago when I had been a nature photographer crawling down deer trails I had come across poisonous snakes in the swamp constantly. Most of the cotton mouths were silent and still and the copper heads were even worse with camouflage that made them nearly invisible. The coral snakes weren't so bad. The snakes did not want to bite me but I was going to step on one or crawl on top of one eventually and it would have no choice. I found the idea unnerving that there was nothing I could do. Their poison could take your arm or take your life. One fall I found a small young copper head about 8 inches long preparing to face the winter. I gently and carefully put the snake in my camera bag and took it home. I found an old fish tank and bought a wire mesh top and clips to lock the creature in so the cat couldn't get to him. This was illegal and just a bad idea but like all fools I rationalized. I was helping the snake survive the winter and would release him in the spring. I placed the snake I named Sid Vicious in the landscaped terrarium with a toad, a frog and a daily parade of geckos and insects to eat. The toad went underground and the insects and lizards went into Sid's gullet. I watched him strike the geckos and how their bodies turned pink and then red and unable to move. Sid refused to eat in front of me so I gave him his privacy. I sexed the snake and realized it was not a Sid but a Sidweena. I was careful when I fed her and cleaned her cage out even more carefully. I put the cage near the head of my bed. Gradually I lost my fear of poisonous snakes but I watched her kill and eat lots of creatures so I did not lose my respect for her venom. Friends came to visit from Ireland who had never met a man that slept with a poisonous snake. Doesn't everyone? I eventually came to realize that my snake had an emotional life and I had committed a true crime by taking her out of the wild...not just against man's law. In early spring I let her go in exactly the place where I found her and imagined to myself I hadn't done anything wrong. I was no longer afraid of poisonous snakes I found in the wild, but I knew they could cripple or kill me. Poisonous snakes were, in a strange way, my friends. I understood them now. In terms of my health my body had betrayed me for five and a half years now. I had passed blood off and on for nearly three years. I had been unable to sleep, run, work, or even turn my head most of the time. For almost an entire year I had largely been confined to a chair virtually unable to speak or follow the track of time. When I had come out of it I could no longer remember things with the machine like precision that had been mine. I had seen my physical body all but die and now my mind had nearly died

too. I had endured agony for years, alone. Death was now my friend. I had the smell of her in my hair and my clothes like a lover whose long strands turn up on your shoulder or on your pants. She held no more surprises for me except for that last little step over the edge. I had gone as far with her as I could and still draw breath. I didn't want to die but I didn't want to remain trapped in that chair with my eyes rolled halfway back in my head either. The void opened up before me and I didn't want to enter but neither did I run away anymore. It was time to go back to the mountain again.

I rented a cabin this time and drove across New Mexico up through Taos and beyond. The mountain loomed before me solid granite rising 2,000 feet straight up in a giant megalith that was 3.5 billion years old. It seemed to draw me towards it like the ancient alien black monolith from the movie 2001. I practically came into this world at its feet and now maybe I would leave in its arms. I arrived late and went down to the river to listen to the sound of the water rise up and drown out every other sound but the wind. At night the moon rose over the mountain and hung low enough in the sky to touch. Near midnight the meteorites streaked across the sky every 10-15 minutes in colors of green and orange that no one else saw. In the morning dawn was an hour away and the cabin was cold and dark. The rod and reel felt good in my hand and the gravel crunched noisily under my feet as the world slept on. Today was the summer solstice again but there was a sensation of the need to hurry even on the longest day. The altitude made running up the steep trail out of the question and it took me two hours to go 3.5 miles. It was nearing eight o'clock and the sun would be cresting the mountain in less than an hour. I made it to the end of the trail and then down to the river's edge. I began to hop from boulder to boulder concentrating on not missing the landing or slipping off the edge of the smooth water polished stones. Closer to the edge of the river the going was easier and I picked up the pace even more. Soon I was going flat out as fast as I could without disaster when I slid on the moss of a flat boulder and plunged into the river. The cold water was a shock to my system and I caught the edge of the boulder and kept my head from going under water. I was on the edge of the rapids that roiled the water and made immense sucking sounds as it squeezed between two towering rocks near the center of the stream. I started to bob and float away from the flat rock I was against and out to join the pull of the river. The water moved so fast even if it had been less than 3 feet deep no one could have stood up against its force for a second. The rapids led to short 3 foot waterfalls, squeezed between boulders and then on the rapids and to other falls further down. It ran very fast for about 8 miles and I probably wouldn't have lasted for one. I used the index and middle fingers of both hands to push down and raised myself up 4-6 inches in the water that was drawing me away. If I had tried to pull myself toward the rock my hands would have slipped on the top of the wet rock. The upward force moved me closer and I pressed down with my palms now and rose up out of the water incredibly still holding the rod and reel. I sat for a few seconds and realized how close I had come to disaster, and then I started to cautiously move from rock to rock again on wet shoes. I noticed the sun was not exactly waiting for me so I soon found myself hopping more quickly than I should have and finally I was against the edge of the bank again where the boulders were flatter and the going was easier. Less than 5 minutes had passed since my near miss but now I was racing again at full speed on the slick rocks. I race the sun. Close to the opening of the Box I discarded the rod and reel and found a large boulder that hung out over the water facing a small set of rapids about 100 feet from the mouth of the Box. The rays of the sun on the far shore told me that I still had 15 minutes to spare before the sun crested the peak and shone down on the face of the water directly in front of me. I settled in

and relaxed on the rock as if it was my second home. I let the atmosphere of the air and the water settle over me. I crossed my legs and got even more comfortable. This was where I belonged. I stared at the spray above the little rapids that jumped about 2-3 feet above the surface and concentrated on it to the exclusion of all other things. A few minutes passed, maybe more before a faint prism formed above the rapids as the first rays of the longest day crested the top of the mountain. The colors of the rainbow ran back and forth from left to right and back again. It was a beautiful display of nature, a rainbow dancing 3 feet tall on top of the rapids, given birth to by the spray. I followed its every nuance in a thousand twists and turns the spectral colors became more brilliant and taller as the moments passed. After about 10 minutes the rainbow was growing taller and rising up higher above the river and had left the spray far behind. The rainbow was now intense and brilliant beyond belief and it had overpowered my concentration and all my senses except for my feeling of wonder and amazement. The random strands of light now rose high up into the air so that sitting 4 feet above the water with my legs crossed on the boulder I had to look up higher and higher at the display 30-40 feet in front of me. When the dancing rainbow had held my every attention for 20 minutes, eyes darting back and forth upon it to squeeze out every color and movement it began to happen. I started to place notes exactly where the movement of the immense columns of light danced. For several minutes the music and the light worked their magic separately. Then the tower of dancing columns of light was starting to become syncopated to the tentative lines of music coming slowly yet more insistently out of my head. The random dance of the rainbow 30 feet above the water had now become my very own light harp that seemed to respond to the music playing in my head. Perhaps it was the music that played in my head that responded to the movements of the rainbow, I could not be sure. The music that had been tentative and halting at first now seemed to gather strength and what had been one melody was now an orchestra in full voice that wove music as intricate and simple and beautiful as any music that I had ever heard before. The way the strings and wood winds all took turns weaving in and out of the main line melody surely one of the great masters would envy me. I seemed unable to pull my eyes off the spectacle but I suddenly realized that I must somehow capture the music that was tumbling out of me without hesitation or reservation. I thought for a moment that I would grab my pen and scribble the line of the melody and the interleave of instruments as they took turns progressing the construction of this cathedral of sound. Without turning away I struggled with myself before realizing that if I attempted to capture the music I would have to break my eyes away from the light harp of the Gods and thus I would lose the music entirely. It was with frustration and then acceptance that I decided it was better to experience the music than to attempt to capture it and lose the stands of light and music both. I half mourned and half rejoiced in the spectacle and the loss. The music continued in full voice and power perfectly syncopated with the rainbows movements for about 15 minutes before I could feel something happening to me. The totality of the beauty that I was both witnessing and participating in seemed to overwhelm all my sensations of joy and ecstasy. It seemed as if something inside me was beginning to open or to tip over into a larger whole. When one begins to pass out and lose consciousness you can feel you mind begin to start to be overwhelmed and this is all I have to compare it too. Save for the intensity of pure joy that the light harp and the music had made me feel it was as if my sense of the beauty of the universe was making me pass out but I did not lose consciousness, quite the opposite. My eyes started to rise upwards and to slowly roll back in my head and the sensation of a streaming river of yellow and gold colored light opened as if in a vision. I was completely unaware of my immediate surroundings. The light seemed to flow to me as the river flowed to me and spread across my

entire field of vision. The light began to shine more intensely now not as a river of yellow and gold but as a beacon that shone upon me and concentrated its mind on me. At the far end of the river of yellow and gold there were rays of white light opening up a small doorway that grew larger. I felt as if I stood in a presence and that someone was reaching out to me to bestow a communication upon me yet no words were ever spoken. The light and the presence engulfed and enfolded me and I seemed to eagerly seek to be a part of it to be at one with this force that opened up before me and overwhelmed my already overwhelmed senses. I may have spoken the word yes or tried to speak but the sheer force of the light went directly into my mind and took me beyond where I had ever stood before. I tipped over completely into another realm of consciousness. I woke gradually as if coming out of a very deep trance. Ever so slowly I realized where and who I was and became aware of my surroundings. My eyes had been rolled back in my head and I sat in a perfect lotus position with my hands in the lotus position thumb and forefinger forming a circle. I had never sat in a perfect lotus position in my life. I had tried but the position was too uncomfortable to sustain. The intensity of what I had been through had left me drained and my head and shoulders began to drop towards my feet. I glanced up to see the light harp but it was gone. The position of the sun made it clear that perhaps 3-4 hours had passed since I first sat here, maybe more. My normally sharp time sense was completely disrupted. With a start I realized the extraordinary experience that I had just been through even as I tried to figure out exactly what had happened. The light harp of the gods, the rainbow, the music, and then the river of golden yellow light that shone down as if from an open door and then the sheer power and force of the presence that I had stood in that had overwhelmed my senses. As soon as I regained normal consciousness my head and shoulders slouched forward in exhaustion and I realized I had been given a great gift. I struggled to raise my head up to the heavens where the light had emanated in pure wonder the first time and the second time I managed to raise my head and attempted to say thank you but no words would come. I sat on the rock for about 30-45 minutes and tried to collect my thoughts, to understand what had happened to me. I wondered if one of the great master composers had communicated with me across the great divide using music and light but that didn't quite fit. I had no clear idea what had happened in those lost hours. Then the central idea that impressed itself on me was that I would be destroyed, my body and my personality would be obliterated but that something very central to my core being was that same light I had witnessed and that had transformed me forever. At our core we are all a part of this light that goes on forever and infuses everything everywhere. At our core we cannot be destroyed. I would be destroyed but at my core I would go on forever. That is the basic message that I consciously received from the experience that was beyond words. I reluctantly took that gift and got slowly up to my feet and walked haltingly back to the bank of the river and then slowly back to camp in a daze. Normally if I had sat in that position for 30-40 minutes I would not have been able to walk. I was drained and stunned but even after hours of stationary "prayer" I walked without any problem. I took a day off to recover and then slowly came down off the mountain with reluctance and resignation. I wondered how many times over the last 20,000 years men had blazed the trail I had walked and whose footsteps I had unknowingly trod in. I had always pictured my mountain as a place where native people had walked before me and I imagined at times I could feel their presence as I had in the bear cave. Now I felt as if I had walked where these people had walked and I felt closer to them than ever. I went slowly and quietly home making deep sighs I could not hear. It was hard to put this experience in perspective because I had never read about one like it nor knew how to process it in the greater scheme of things. I had had experiences that were hard to describe before and had

discarded them for the same reason. Yet none of them approached the power of this event in my life. The experience altered me forever yet in a way it was like growing a third arm or a third eye, you don't really know what to do with it. It slowly settled into my unconscious mind and I just tried to get on with my life as it was. Incredibly as it sounds I simply forget about it. When I was 12 and 15 I had out of body experiences and I forgot about those as well. They both happened while playing sports, the first in the middle of a hook shot the second when I hit a triple off the fence. Each time I was in the middle of a physical event I had practiced over and over. I felt a rush of adrenaline and instead of seeing through my own eyes it was if I was outside my body looking down at myself from above as the event played out. I had no frame of reference to understand the experience so I just forgot about it until later in life. The second experience at the age of 15 was more intense. I was batting with no one on and I pulled the ball in between center and right field. As soon as I made contact with the ball I saw the action from about eight feet above and behind my head. My perspective seemed to stay there above and behind my body. The ball one hopped into the fence and somewhere near second base I seemed to be back in my body. I rounded second and lost a lot of speed and was only a couple of strides from second when the ball was caught by the second baseman. There was no way I should have tried to take third and I never looked at my third base coach. I did a clumsy head first slide into third and was safe because the second baseman couldn't get the ball out of his glove. My coach stood there shaking his head disgusted with my base running. The bench went wild but I was embarrassed and confused. I thought about my visual perspective later but it made no sense so I put it out of my mind. Much later I would remember an anthropology class I had taken when I was 21 years old that talked about the San people, the Kung. They were genetically the oldest living modern human beings on earth. At night they would build a great fire and while the women and children sat nearby and clapped and sang and chanted the men would circle the fire. They held their bodies in a half crouch, head and shoulders leaning forward, arms tight at their sides, their muscles clenched tight and rigid as they stutter stepped around the fire for hours. The older more experienced men would be able to achieve a type of transport more easily and control their vision journey. The younger men took longer to achieve the trance state and had to be watched more carefully so that they did not throw themselves into the fire or leave their bodies never to return. Once a Kung warrior reached to moment of climax or transport he fell to the ground and the other men would hold him gently and softly rub his arms and forehead and blew short breaths against his skin so that he would know he was still in his body and would not leave it forever and die. The journey might take them to a place where they would bring back a song or a fable and these would be captured and become part of the lore and culture of the tribe. They might do some healing of the sick or find that which had been lost. I recalled the words of the journeyman. "I leave my body and I go up to Gods house and I make myself very small and I do the work that I have to do there quickly and I return to my body". "And this is my Atum, this is the thing that I do, this is my Atum". The cave rock paintings in the sub-Saharan Desert show the dark figures of men ascending a ladder up into heaven recording the same journeymen from the north 6,000 years before. The Inuit shaman with his drum beats out a rhythm and works his healing upon the sick or a divination of the future. Many a shaman has achieved this transport and not been able to find his way back to his body, which withers and dies, never regaining consciousness. Later I would come to feel that to my mind I was walking in the footsteps of a thousand generations.

The health experience of the past year was so awful that when I returned home I went to a health food store and asked about a doctor of non-traditional medicine. They gave me a name and for a couple of months I forgot about it. The sleep disorder got so bad that I couldn't sleep again for months and I felt like I was treading on the edge of life and death again. I went to a specialist in Lubbock and after 4 visits during which he did nothing I talked to the nurse and he finally gave me something that made it possible for me to sleep. Once again traditional medicine kind of left me flat, but at least I was sleeping again. I looked up the name of the doctor I was given and went for a visit. He was an osteopath, a form of humanity which I had never met before. He had told me to bring my vitamin supplements and as he looked them over he said, 'Well, you were on the right track'. He examined my back and commented on the ever present back spasms. He sketched out a diet and vitamin regiment for me to try and gave me an intravenous drip of vitamins B-12, C, and magnesium. I passed out for an hour as the IV drip did its work. After the doctor and nurse saw my back spasms and saw me pass out it was clear they thought I was sick and needed treatment. This was the first time in five plus years I was given medicine and not treated as a malingering psychosomatic. They actually treated me and believed me when I told them I was ill. I could hardly believe it. I stayed on the diet for two weeks and my symptoms mitigated. When I went off the diet to test the proposition I immediately suffered a brief relapse. I doubt everything but I couldn't doubt what works. The IV drips of massive doses of vitamins gave me energy for at least 3-4 days. The 9 different types of vitamins he had me on and the diet made life tolerable again. They informed me that many people in my straights often were able to slowly rebuild their immune systems and recover gradually over the space of several years. I had been sick for five years and imagined I could get well in 2 more years. The first half of the year I ate the food out of my garden and brown rice and tried to take care of myself. The diet was hard to follow in our modern world. Eat oats (oatmeal) and eggs, fish, liver, chicken and vegetables. Avoid sugar and packaged food of any kind plus anything that was carbohydrate was too glycemic in the blood stream. Bread and corn and white rice are quickly converted to sugars and sugar, especially in its pure form, was toxic. Everything touched by the hand of man was pretty much messed up. Even juice was sweetened with high fructose corn syrup. I drank water or tomato juice. The doctor believed that the human body was capable of healing itself given the right kind of nutrition. Restoring blood flow to affected areas of the body increased the oxygen in tissues which kills pathogens. I had a hard time at first buying into the dogma of the osteopath and asked him some hard questions. "What about epidemic disease like the influenza epidemic of 1918?" The old man smiled and said, "My father was a doctor at L.A. County hospital during the epidemic". "They had two wings of the hospital, one devoted to Allopathic doctors (MD's) and one wing devoted to Osteopathy". "In the Allopathic wing they lost 50% of their patients and in the Osteopathic wing they only lost 10% to the epidemic". I never went back to check up on his facts but the doctor had a lot of cache with me. He was 80 years old and played tennis every day and was ranked at the top of the USTA seniors doubles bracket. If I kept on the vitamins and diet I felt better and as soon as I got off the diet by eating something with sugar in it or a glycemic food I would have a relapse of symptoms. You can't argue with success. After a few months it became easy to stay on the diet. I used honey as a substitute for sugar and didn't eat anything in a package. I lived on salmon and eggs and butter and vegetables out of my garden. Every week I went down to his office and got an IV drip of B-12, Vitamin C, and Magnesium. I would feel nearly human for about 3 days and then less so. I was still in pretty bad shape but I was doing better and I had hope now because I could see a way out. This man had helped a lot of people and he was an inspiration to me. I contemplated

someday going study osteopathy and making a difference in the lives of people who were suffering like I was. It was the first time I had had the luxury of thinking about the future in years. My grandfather had an older brother who was 100 years old and still up and around. My grandfather's aunt was 102 years old when I met her at a family reunion many years before and she had looked like she was a vigorous 70 year old. She was a retired school teacher who was still driving a car and her mind was very sharp. In fact when I met her I was 25 and she seemed to me to have more on the ball mentally than I did. She had been born before the transcontinental railroad was built, before the telephone and electric light and when I met her men had landed on the moon a generation before. It was amazing that the human body could last so long and a human life could encompass so much change in the world. These people had good genes and had lived all their lives in the rural setting of the Midwest where life was slower. In contrast my mom had had three heart attacks from job stress and my father had just recently had one as well in his late 50's. I decided to reevaluate my life and what was important to me. Feeling better, I started fixing and selling used cars on the internet. Clients would drive or fly a thousand miles into town and would buy my antique that I had brought back to life. For a short while I worked with a cousin and uncle who had a house moving business. On one job the house completely collapsed while I was standing near it. The equipment my uncle owned was very old and prone to break down often. My cousin told me that the cable we used to raise the houses was 70 years old. He quit because he was afraid of getting killed. I enjoyed working with my uncle and I was proud of him for still working at the age of 76, but the work was so dangerous and the rewards so paltry that after 6 months I decided to stick to selling cars on the internet. I made just enough to pay for my medical care and stay alive. I tried various ideas for websites on the internet to make money, like a website where you design your own bumper sticker or T-shirt. I researched ideas like alternative energy and came up with a scheme to sell wind turbines that the farmers could put at the edges of their crop circles. I also came up with an idea for purchasing a VW beetle manufacturing plant in Mexico and converting the cars to ethanol. I would sell the "corn beetle" on the internet to people who lived in states with large ethanol production like Indiana or Iowa. Living as a human shipwreck had turned me into a Willy Loman type character who was always scheming a new idea to make money. At least my scams were honest ones. I also used the internet for entertainment and political science has always been a fascinating subject to me. I was drawn to websites run by the Tamil Tigers and the Chechen Rebels, both which I considered legitimate resistance movements. I was always rooting for the underdog. This would later come back to haunt me. Bill had been bedridden in the rest home for nearly two years when he passed away from influenza that took several other patients. His brother had passed away a few days earlier and it was as if they left this life together. It seemed to me that human beings are tied together in some less than visible way and that when his last brother died he too was called away. I was bitter that he had not gotten a flu shot and for a time it affected my attitude about life but I eventually realized that he would not want that. I had met a girl two years before who understood what I was going through. She worked at a health food store in Lubbock and liked to talk with me when I came in to buy the vitamins my osteopath recommended. Her health was not good she explained because when her mother was pregnant with her she had worked in a paint factory. She had struggled much of her young life with what other people take for granted. I gave her a copy of my book of poetry and it peaked her curiosity about me. We became fond of each other and met often but she was in a relationship. When she and her partner moved to China to teach English I corresponded with her and sent her food stuffs and books that she requested. Being a human shipwreck has a certain

peculiar psychology where one is forced to dream about the future in place of the awful present. I had maps on the wall of an epic journey I would one day. I planned on flying to Europe and then take a train across the entire continent of Asia, ending in Vietnam. This day dreaming is a way of holding on to something intangible that might someday come true when nothing else is working out in life. The girl was one more intangible dream. One day I would make her my own. The Bosnian War was in full swing and when the US air force blew up the Chinese embassy in Belgrade the abstract political repercussions became very real. My friends in China had just returned from a boat tour down the Yangtze River before the Three Gorges Dam flooded the most scenic landscape in China. When they got home to the university in Hunan province there were mass demonstrations against the US government. They were forced to cut their stay in China short and return home. The experience of being run out of China and extorted of much of their money was one that left her embittered. I was very indebted to her for her advice on how to maintain my health over the past two years and I was very fond of her. She had given me something to hold onto and when she returned to the US my dream of a relationship finally came to fruition. She gave me what had been lacking in my life for quite some time and I felt that she had kept me alive. It lasted until I had a relapse and didn't communicate for several weeks. I couldn't always afford the treatments I had been getting and sometimes I strayed from the diet. She imagined that I had found someone else and we broke off our relationship but remained friends.

While she was in China I went back to the mountains for a couple of days to get out of that depressing little town. It was June and the mountain was calling my name again. I made a reservation at the fishing camp this time and drove through Santa Fe and Taos in a hurry. I was operating at about 50% normal human energy which was good for me and I wanted to take advantage of it. When I arrived I uncharacteristically rested for the night in my cabin and woke before the sunrise to walk the trails in the dark as the sky glowed with the first light of dawn. The fresh bear tracks and elk tracks were everywhere. I found the tracks of a mother elk and her calf and began to follow them. For 45 minutes I tracked the adult in a lazy circle to the right that went on for about a mile. The tracks of the calf had disappeared so I stayed with the mother's footsteps through the tall evergreens and lush broken ground of the mountain side. The circle brought me back to within 100 meters of where I had started and then I picked up the tracks of the mother elk and her calf again. They had been moving fast and were now long gone. The mother had hidden the calf when she realized I was following them and then she had led me on a long detour before coming back to retrieve her calf and disappear up the mountain side. It had all transpired without ever seeing each other and I had to admire the way she had easily outsmarted me. I struggled down the broken trail and made it to the Box where the river emerged from the mouth of the steep mountain sides that made wading through the icy river the only way to enter. Entering the Box was like entering the land that time forgot. There was no hint of humanity or any animal life save a few birds and the trout. The sound of the river drowned out every sound but your thoughts. Occasionally a couple of Mallard ducks or Pintails would fly through the gorge about 30 feet above my head. The river was only about 20-30 meters wide here and I had to wade carefully on the edge of the swift current searching for the most shallow route to take. Every 100 meters the side of the river I was on would confront me with a sheer rock wall worn smooth by the eons and a 6-8 foot deep pothole that was impassible. I would back track and then using a strong wooden staff for leverage I picked out a shallow enough place to cross the swift freshly melted ice water. On the opposite bank I would continue

hugging the edge of the stream or short stretch of dry river bank until I reached the next sheer smooth wall and swirling water so deep and treacherous that it was black. To make sure I tested the depth with my staff and confirmed it was over my head. I would then repeat the back tracking operation and find a shallow enough place to cross the treacherous water using my staff. Then I could move forward again hugging the shallow bank and the short stretches of sandy rock strewn river bank. I was trying to get back to the water falls that were a couple of miles inside the Box but the back and forth struggle of the river was beginning to wear me out and after I had gone just a fraction of the way I realized I would have to give up my desire of reaching the falls on this trip to the mountain. I hadn't been in the Box very much before and the sides were mostly sheer rock face and impassible but there were sections that rose at a more gradual angle of about 60 degrees that hinted at a way to climb to the top. The left side would eventually lead to the top of the main peak at 10,840 feet elevation. Because of the incline of the slope I could only see about 300 feet of the mountain side as it rose to my left and I knew it was a good 600 feet or better to reach the top of the mountain. I was very tired and cold from crossing the river back and forth to avoid the treacherously deep pot holes that threatened to drown the unwary. I dreaded trying to make my way back through the fast cold water that I had stumbled through for the past hour. I suddenly decided that I could find a short cut if I found the right place to climb. The rock face was carpeted with short brush about 2 feet tall and the evergreen firs that resembled bonsai trees as they perched precariously growing out of solid rock. I wanted out of there the fastest and easiest way possible and I knew that if when I got to the top of the peak I could head down hill all the way back to camp. I started up the left face on the most gradual slope I could find. The broken rock soon gave way to the short brush that I could grab hold of and use to pull myself up with. I moved at a slow steady pace for about 45 minutes and stopped to rest. I could only see 100 feet up the slope in front of me before the angle made it impossible to see what lay farther up. I had filled a couple of water bottles and was wearing only my blue down jacket so I was unencumbered with gear and climbing the gradual slope was challenging but not impossible. I felt tired but exhilarated by the unknown of what lay over the next crest that my vision afforded me. I traveled for another hour in the same manner and the slope became even steeper as I went until I was afraid to attempt to retrace my steps. If I tried to go back now and I slipped I would tumble for 300 meters at an extreme angle and never regain my perch until I hit the river bank or fell into the center of the shallow stream. I had let my imagination of a quick way out of the Box get the best of me and now I had nowhere to go but up. The mountain side became so steep that I was forced to climb virtually on my belly or grasping the thick short brush to hug the ground and remain on the slope. I climbed for two more hours in this manner afraid to start backwards or even to look down. I couldn't believe that my trial of the last 3 hours or more had not yielded the top of the peak and I lamented my attempt at even trying. If I had gone back down the river through the Box I would be back at camp by now but here I was on a treacherous slope that was leading me to where I knew not. In desperation I probed first to the left and then to the right but the path I was on had narrowed to a few dozen feet on each side and the edges led to sheer drop offs that were obscured by brush. My adventure on the left side let me see a straight drop of about 600 feet and I almost slid off to my death but the handfuls of brush kept me in this world a little longer. I began to be filled with dread and terror after my near miss but I managed to get control of my breathing and conquer my fear of sudden death. I began to talk to myself out loud to stop the rising panic. I could tell I was nearing the top because the path was getting even more narrow and the sheer drop on my left and right were just out of sight. I had been climbing for about four hours. I tried to proceed with

as much caution that my exhaustion and fear would allow. The last few hundred feet were accomplished gingerly and with frequent pauses. I crested the top of the last rise and sat down to gather myself and then look around. The place I found myself was a flat rock about 20'X10' that gave the most incredible view I had ever seen. In front of and far below me lay the 3 mile trail I had walked along the river and I could just make out the log cabins at the camp. I was so high that I couldn't make out the cabins well but the blue dot of the swimming pool was visible. In the far distance I could make out first one mountain range and then a second and then perhaps a third ridge of mountains 40 miles away that made up the Sangre de Cristo range. I may have been seeing for 100 miles into the distance but it seemed physically impossible. I looked over to my right and the top of the mountain that I knew so well was about 200 meters away but there was no way to reach it. The 200 meters between me and the top of the mountain that I had hoped to reach was taken up by giant weathered boulders and a broken treacherous crevice that the eons of wind and rain had crumbled away so that its path dipped down 30 meters across its broken length and made it a prayer to cross that only a bird would attempt. On one side of the broken jumble was a sheer fall and behind it another. It was not for man to try but to leave his bones on the rocks far below. I looked again at the seemingly endless vista in front of me and inched up to the edge of the flat rock that I perched on so precariously. My head peaked over the edge and I gasped at the sheer drop of nearly 1,500 feet. If I fell it would take me 6-8 seconds to reach the bottom. I could not believe my predicament. I had climbed for 4 hours afraid to go back the way I had come should I slip and start to fall and never stop. The left side of the path was now a sheer drop and the right side was an impassible crevice. In front of me was a sheer rock face of 1,500 feet the likes of which I had never seen before in my life. I was perched on a small flat rock that hung in space all by itself except for a small dwarf fir tree growing out of the broken rock. It was only about 4 feet tall and twisted by the constant wind that rose up from the valley below. Judging by the gnarled base it had probably stood there for many decades on its lonely vigil and now it made up my only company. I looked back the way I had come and realized why it took me 4 hours of steady climbing to reach the pinnacle where I sat. The far side of the mountain slope that came from the opposite side of the river rose up vast and breathtaking for a mile and I could not see the bottom third. I had climbed across 4,000 feet or more of scree slope and brush up the mountain slope and now the sheer drop of 1,500 feet greeted me at the top. I was trapped at the pinnacle that was only as roomy as a walk in closet. I sat down and crossed my legs and drank the last of my water and tried to compose myself and figure a way out of my predicament. I sat and tried to meditate on the meaning of the situation that appeared to be life or death. I must have come here for a reason and I tried to fathom that reason and to see a greater purpose. I tried to imagine if people had ever ascended to this lonely spot before and if it had in fact been some kind of rite of passage or trial that the people that came before me had engaged in. The pinnacle could be seen from the top of the mountain peak but there was no way to cross over to it from the mountain without climbing gear and a stout heart. The native people would have always known of its existence but the only way up would have been the path I had taken and there appeared to be no way down. If I tried to descend the way I had come I would have to do so scooting back down in a seated position but even then the slope was too steep to guarantee anything but the greatest peril. The brush that I had used to grasp and pull myself forward would now only make it more likely that I would start to slide as I tried to go over it and if I started to slide then that would be the end of my slow descent. I pictured the Japanese and Chinese water colors from 700 years ago that showed the vast imaginary landscapes of waterfalls and solitary peaks with the sage perched on the lip of the mountain having left the world below

far behind. Surely the native peoples would have come up here to the pinnacle in just such a quest for the great ascetic and sat as I was sitting beneath this dwarf fir tree of great age. I meditated on this spot at the roof of the world and what it meant. It seemed to be outside of time and inside only the elements of sky and wind. The periodic gusts seemed to threaten to push me off the edge of this strange place and into the yawning space of the void in front of me to the ground a quarter mile below. I imagined being swept off by the winds and the gods as one would sweep an ant off its perch to certain death. It seemed that I hung there in space by a slender thread and my life walked on the edge of a knife that was human endeavor. Something strange and wonderful and dangerous had brought me here and I struggled with myself to tell myself that this was where I belonged even as my mind rejected it and said almost aloud that human beings did not belong in this place. The elements seemed to be trying to make up their mind as if to let me stay or to force me off to my death below. I felt myself at peace here now and reconciled to the fact that I had made it here alive for some reason beyond my ability to comprehend. In this manner I passed a couple of hours until I realized that I was out of water and if I was to make it back down by myself somehow I should figure out my strategy and do so before dark. I squinted at the camp off in the distance and picked up my cell phone to call for a rescue but it did not work. I took off my bright blue down jacket and tied it to the gnarled ancient little tree in the certain hope that someone scanning the peaks would have to see it. I closed my eyes and imagined a helicopter come to my rescue on the perch between heaven and earth with its rope ladder hanging below it in an invitation to salvation. In a few minutes I realized that I could only see the swimming pool at the camp far below with great difficulty and that a man with binoculars looking in my direction any time soon was too much to ask for. It would never happen in six months or more. I looked again across the weathered and treacherous ravine between me and the great body of the mountain to my right but it was impassible. I sat and calmed myself and realized that I would have to try to climb down on my own and that I would probably perish in the attempt. It was either the way I had come or it was down the ravine to my right that separated me from the mountain. After a generous period of contemplation I chose the unknown of the ravine in all its uncertainty rather than the slope that I had ascended. I imagined that I would fall in the attempt and lie mortally injured until I expired alone never to be found until the wind and water washed my bones into the river. Earlier in the day I had found the leg bone of a fawn on the banks of the river inside the Box. The creature had stumbled and fallen to its death and I imagined that this was the way that I would be found come the next spring. I hoped that if I fell I would be found by the bear or the fox and they would use the meat of my body to feed their young and bring them life in some strange and beautiful way. The descent was so treacherous that more than once I tried to imagine staying here on this small flat rock and fasting for days until my strength was entirely gone and then out of acceptance more than despair I would throw myself off the pinnacle down into the void in Carlos Castaneda fashion and somehow live forever in the bodies and spirits of the animals that would come and consume my flesh. The idea of staying on the pinnacle until this event was forced upon me was seductive but without water my body would fade very quickly and I would perish through exposure and deprivation rather quickly. I rested and waited as long as I dared and then with great reluctance said goodbye to the pinnacle. I sat down on my rear and leaned back and scooted slowly down and to the left towards the ravine. It took me about 45 minutes to find a place where I could avoid a sheer drop and enter into the ravine safely. By the time I found it the denim of my jeans had given way and hung like a flap over my rear with only my underwear between me and the world. The ravine was a jumble of boulders worn and loose from the

cascade of water that concentrated in the crevice and picked up force until the frequent rain storms had created a torrent. The stones and boulders were worn smooth and slick with age. I picked my way carefully down and tried not to fall as I found places to drop 10 feet here 20 feet there. I managed not to injure myself but I don't know how. Finally about a third of the way down I came to a sheer drop that was about 80 feet or more and it looked like my slow descent had come to an end. I studied the ravine and saw a way that I might climb down but it would take real mountaineering skills and I was only a gifted tree climber at best. I gingerly entered a fissure and using my feet to press against the far side and my back against the near side I slowly inched down the 80 foot drop wedged inside the fissure. My legs did not give out for some reason probably adrenalin. There were a couple of sharp drops that I had to leap down from and try not to keep cascading forward and breaking a leg or arm in the process and in short order compared to the ascent I had made it back to the river inside the Box. It had taken me about an hour or two to come down what had taken me four hours to climb. I was so exhausted I could hardly walk but I had to try to find my staff and make my way back through the ice cold river and back to camp. I plodded along the river bank of sand and loose rock with my head down and I had gone perhaps 100 feet when right in front of my eyes at my feet appeared something that was certainly man made. It was a large smooth oval stone of perfect symmetry that because of this perfect symmetry made it stand out from the other rocks around it. There was something about it that even in my state of extreme exhaustion made me stop and pick it up. It was about 10 inches in diameter and about 4 inches thick at the center and tapered at the edges. It was perfectly smooth and had two small holes in the center on both sides. If I extended my index finger and little finger straight out they matched up perfectly with the holes in the exact center of the perfectly smooth stone. The holes were in the exact same place on the opposite side and the exact same depth of one eighth of an inch or greater. The holes were the exact distance between my left eye and the right one. The stone resembled a face without nose or mouth on both sides. I tried to make sense of the stone with the same holes on both sides that may have been made to resemble eyes. I decided that the stone was either a ritual carved figure, a stone used as a weight to bring down a giant net to trap the ducks that flew through the canyon or the result of the rapid freezing and heating that took place inside the confines of the Box. I left the stone in situ and stumbled back to camp with great difficulty. I was forced to lie in bed for a day and a half before I could attempt to drive home. I could not decide if my trip to the pinnacle and back down had been the result of divine guidance, a happy accident, or damn fool stupidity. I decided not to tell anyone about it and I couldn't decide if that place belonged to me now or if it was a place where human beings were not meant to go.

It was about six months later in December of 2000 that I had something of an epiphany. I had visited New York City in February, 1993 for only the second time with my mom who went there on business. We stayed at the Vista Hotel in the World Trade Center and were only there for three days. I rode the subway and walked around Manhattan and did tourist things like go to the Statue of Liberty and to the top of the world trade center (WTC). In my brief stay I had met two travelers from Poland and the girl was very beautiful and intelligent. It was my last day there and we walked around together and parted with a kiss at the top of the WTC. Two or three weeks after I got back home the first bombing of the WTC occurred and the pictures of the injured and traumatized people fleeing the tower with soot stained faces stuck in my mind. Six years later (January, 1999) Ramsey Yousef had been captured in the Philippines and under "interrogation" he had stated that there was a plan to hijack multiple 747 jets and to crash them

in a mass casualty event. In December of 2000 it was a cold crisp day and I set out in the morning for a walk around the block. I had barely left the yard and was in a kind of reverie when it hit me and my body froze in place. There was a plan in place to destroy the WTC using hijacked planes. Over the course of the next few months I concentrated on my vision and tried to deconstruct what was going to happen. The first attempt had been characterized by mistakes and a general ineptitude. This was not going to be like the last attempt, this was going to be a military operation characterized by precision and professionalism. I went back to the story about Yousef and looked closely at his words. Somehow this was becoming very clear to me and there was a certainty in my mind that was unlike the normal ambiguity in abstract reasoning. The military operation would consist of no more than about 20-24 men in order to avoid too many people and the possibility of information leaking out ahead of time. The operation could succeed with 4-5 men per plane, and they would probably be training on how to fly the jets. I tried to do some more research on the internet and considered calling a scientist friend of the family to ask if the jets were capable of dropping the WTC towers. The image of the WWII bomber that flew into the Empire State building in the fog and did not take down the building was in my mind. Maybe the NASA scientist I knew would know the answer. I wrote down the ideas in my calendar notebook and for some reason within a few days I went on to other things. Then nearly a month later I was sitting in the living room in the quiet thinking when the image of a man falling from a sky scrapper falling head first with his arms flailing came into my mind. I could see it like a video not quite in perfect focus. I knew what I had to do to stop this from happening. I had to make a video tape, no two video tapes. One would be formal and dry with me in my suit speaking about the military operation and the targets and the basic methodology of the crime. The second one would be me in street clothes speaking more expansively about the historical perspective of what I had accomplished in terms of stopping another Pearl Harbor. The first video would be cold analysis and the second one was to brag to be perfectly honest. The first tape I planned to send to Congressional intelligence Committees and the FBI and major newspapers. I had the feeling that I would need to send out a dozen or more as overnight mail from different locations so that they would not be suppressed. The second tape would go mostly to news outlets. Since I had no money I would have to sell my car for a fraction of its value and move quickly. I knew for some reason that I would have to mail 12-24 overnight packages to the authorities and to leave town and hide out on the mountain. I continued to write these thoughts down and repeatedly after about a week or less I seemed to lose the fight to keep them in my conscious mind. I kept forgetting about what I knew I had to do. This process repeated itself at least 4 times of elucidating and making notes and plans and then forgetting somehow. It seemed impossible that this subject kept slipping through my fingers and I imagined that since this vision had sprung from my subconscious mind that it was being literally dragged back down into my unconscious mind. This back and forth continued from December until early June when I remembered again and realized that I was just about out of time. The local police had been harassing me, trying to drive me out of town. They had my car towed because my driver's license was expired as I drove the two blocks from the library back to my house. My grandfather had been gone for nearly two years and since I lived shut up inside his house because of my illness the rumors about me flew fast and furious. You would be surprised the things people will say in gossip when they don't have anything to do. I had pissed off a friend of the police chiefs because he thought I was having an affair with his wife but it wasn't true. When I walked around the block the jealous husband would verbally taunt me or appear in the middle of the day suddenly as if to say that he was watching me and I wouldn't be able to sneak into his house and

seduce his wife. Welcome to a small town. People are generally afraid of what they do not understand and these people did not understand me at all. Oh well, I tried. People talk in front of their children and the kids often act on this gossip and this is just what happened. I was always suffering from severe muscle dysfunction and an inability to sleep and so there I stood at 2 a.m. behind the fence in the yard when I heard a car drive up and stop in the street. I was about to peak over the fence when I heard someone say, "Do it, do it now". Next I saw an object tossed into the air and land on my roof. It was a cylinder shaped type of fireworks and so it began to roll and quickly rolled off the roof and into a bush next to the front door. It exploded with a whoompff and caught the bush on fire. I looked over the fence at two teens standing by their pickup truck and then ran through the house and out the back door to intercept their car. I yelled at them as they raced past me and then looked back towards the house. I hadn't watered the bushes all summer so the dry wood went up like kindling and before the two kids could jump back in their car and clear the next block the flames were even with the edge of the roof of the house. I ran back into the house and called the fire department then grabbed the garden hose. The water seemed to have no effect and when the fire truck drove past the house I dropped it and ran out to flag them down. The house didn't catch fire but the bushes were a total loss. So was my remaining peace of mind. The police chief's campaign to drive me out of town had disturbed my equilibrium but this completely unhinged me. The two kids who tried to burn me alive inside my house at 2 a.m. now drove up and down in front of my house laughing and the law enforcement I contacted all treated me like I was a suspect in one threatening manner or other. Five years ago I had been run out of Houston then basically run out of Georgetown, now I was being run out of this small town...all while I was deathly ill and going through terrible suffering in isolation. I became completely unhinged and decided that the human race was insane. I decided that if I wanted to live I would have to devote all my energies to getting out of this town as soon as possible. I went online and applied for admission to Texas Tech University in Lubbock, applied for a student loan, and spent every waking hour trying to navigate the forms and transcripts and finances for which I was woefully inadequate. I went into the police chief's office and told him to cool it, that I was trying to leave in the next two months and the only thing that had kept me in place was my health and finances. I was no good at filling out forms and had never gotten a student loan before so it took me literally every waking hour for the next two and a half months to complete my plans. As for the people in the WTC who needed my help I had hardened my heart, fuck em. If the human race was going to make war on me while I was sick then fuck em. I was going to save myself first and if that meant missing this opportunity to help people then so be it. More than once my conscience and memory came to the forefront of my mind and I knew that I could not possibly let this event occur. I could not possibly let the opportunity to save these people and to save myself slip by without acting. Then the waves of disgust and anger would come over me...fuck em. Something had happened to my mind and my spirit and incredibly the memory of what I had deconstructed and the vision I had seen was driven into the farthest corner of my mind again. It was as if my memory had been wiped clean. The trauma had been just too much.

## VII Microbiology Rat Race

At the beginning of August I loaded up the dog and cat and my bed and a few boxes, drove to Lubbock and moved into a garage apartment. The owner was a very nice lady and the apartment was a rotten wood structure about to fall down. I wasn't going to the doctor anymore because I

couldn't afford it and my muscle pain was very intense again. I started to register for classes. I had decided to study microbiology and focus on hanta virus and *Yersinia pestis*. I had written a book about Bubonic Plague and its effects on history when I lived in Georgetown and now I hoped to put some of that research to work. I had given up on the idea of studying osteopathy and becoming a doctor but I still wanted to make a difference in people's lives. I had been through tremendous human suffering for the past six years and I hoped to study disease organisms and try to heal myself once and for all. At the beginning of my first semester my energy level was not good. On the average day I could physically walk about 100 meters before becoming stressed. Fortunately this was about the distance from the parking lot to my classes. The math was not my strong suit and very challenging while I could excel in the biology courses. Chemistry was my weakest subject and I needed help. I was glad to be out of the small town and back in school but it was not going to be easy. The make or break course was an introductory biology course taught over two semesters designed to weed out those who were not suitable material for medical school. The class was taught by a professor who was notorious for being merciless and I was told the class was the hardest one that I would face. The previous semester 750 people had signed up for the course and fewer than 350 had taken the final. It didn't say how many had actually passed. One morning I was sitting in my anthropology class in the third week of class when I began to feel terrible. Since I often felt bad I just sat at my desk and lowered my head and fought against the feelings that washed over me. This was different because the effect was emotional and not really physical. I remember I kept looking at the clock but I can't remember if it was 7:45 or 8:45 CST. After about 30 minutes the terrible feelings passed and I went to my next class. That afternoon I went to my favorite health food store and the owner's sister told me that the WTC had been attacked and destroyed by hijacked jets. I can't explain my reaction but I just barked out a laugh and shrugged as if to say so what. Incredibly I had no conscious memory of my vision of its destruction earlier that year. I only felt indifference. She drew back at my reaction and looked at me in a curious manner. "Thousands of people died", she said. I did some quick mental guess work and tried to communicate with her. "If the towers were completely full then they might have killed as many as 25-50,000 people. She nodded in agreement and continued to look at me as if I was from Mars. She would never speak to me in a friendly manner again. I think I tried to feel something but nothing was there but my original indifference so I continued to shop. It was a few days later when I began to feel terrible about it and wore black to school. The dichotomy of my emotional reaction was strange but I couldn't consciously examine it. I went home and grew melancholy as music welled up from deep inside and I sang the songs of John Lennon and mourned finally. The next evening I turned on the TV and Neil Young sat at the piano and sang the very same songs as if I were in some kind of weird synchronicity. Impossibly I still had no memory of my earlier premonition. Winter came and because I was having to push myself so hard I got the flu, the car broke down and my dog died of cancer. Suddenly my life which was hellish enough already had turned into a country song. In school I did very well in everything but chemistry which I had to drop. One of my tests in biology was the highest grade in the class. I was making an A in the hardest undergraduate course on campus. For years the inability to work had robbed me of my self respect. Now I felt like I was getting some of it back and since my body didn't work right I used my mind to compensate, or rather over compensate. I finished the first semester with good grades and gave myself the gift of travel. It was December of 2001 and Americans were afraid to travel to Europe after 9/11 so I took advantage of the historically low air fares and bought a round trip ticket to Italy. I stayed in hostels and pensione that were like \$20 a night dorm rooms.

The strange feeling of needing to keep a low profile and to try not to draw attention to myself pervaded my thoughts but I could not understand it, but I tried to act accordingly the whole trip. I didn't have a lot of money so I ate one meal a day and filled up on the fabulous art work and architecture. I stayed in Rome for a few days then went to Florence which was by far my favorite city. I walked around the city all day and night for 10 days and let the 2,000 year old city sink into my bones. I played music with the Italian street people and talked to the British ex-patriot panhandlers and the Australian backpackers and the local shop keepers and the concert musicians. I met people from Thailand, Mexico, Argentina, and France and enjoyed the energy of an international city. Italy was the first country I had ever been to that I did not speak the language and I generally spoke to people in Spanish. The Italians by and large did not understand Spanish even though Spain was right next door. More often than not they would answer me in English so I gave up and just spoke English. The local people had seen millions of American tourists every year during the summer and they spoke the lingua franca. The locals were mostly friendly to me which was amazing considering the numbers of foreign tourists they had to put up with invading their country every summer. I came in the dead of winter to avoid the crowds and was fairly successful. Some Italians were not particularly fond of the American hordes that descended on their country every year but they generally were passive aggressive about it. They tried to give you wrong directions on purpose or over charged you or just treated you like the village idiot. American government foreign policy had alienated many people in Europe in general but they usually were sanguine enough to realize that we as individuals didn't make foreign policy. One small restaurant owner and I began to converse and I liked him because he seemed like a real character. He eventually asked me where I was from and I tried not to answer but he was persistent in the extreme so I admitted to being from Texas. "Texas", "Texas?", "Texas??" He repeated it three times and each time the word was said with more disbelief and disgust. I could fill in the blanks, the place where they execute more people than the rest of the country combined, the place where racists chain black people to the back of their pickup trucks and drag them until their bodies disintegrate, the place that the war monger George Bush calls home. "We're not all George Bush, baby". He seemed thoroughly unconvinced and proceeded to slow down the service and then over charge me. Previously when Italian people asked me where I was from and I had answered Texas they often got this far away look in their eyes of romance and the TV show Dallas, and God knows what else. I was told that it was the only place in the US that still intrigued them and they all wanted to go. Now I was looking into the eyes of the restaurant owner and realizing that in his mind I was a life form that was perhaps lower than the Nazi soldiers who had occupied his city 60 years ago and blown up all of their beautiful bridges as they retreated. This man was no fool, he was the thinking man on the street. It had taken 60 years of bad policy and bad press for the liberators to become as bad as the original occupiers. From now on if anyone asked I was from Canada again. This Canadian routine was getting kind of old. I was fortunate to meet a girl from Thailand, one from Argentina, and one from Mexico that I played tour guide for and explained all the art works and history. It was a way to bridge the culture gap. The need to keep a low profile and remain somewhat invisible had stayed with me until now but Florence brought me out of my shell at least temporarily. I kept going back to the crown jewel of art galleries, the Uffizi museum. There were 8,000 works of art in their collection with about 3,000 on display at any one time, mostly paintings. I would examine the art work of a thousand years until my eyes hurt so badly I couldn't see anymore. I reveled in the art of the great masters I was familiar with and discovered not a few more. One day after repeating this ritual I left and walked around the city at random. I

noticed an exhibit of the works of Salvador Dali and went inside even though my eyes were failing. It consisted of a huge collection of his caricatures that lampooned the rich and powerful men of the age. I had always admired the imagination in his work but was never quite certain if he was a true genius or he was just having us all on. These works removed any doubts I had. The imagination and social satire blended perfectly and I was forced to give him his due as one of the masters of his age. Trains were the cheapest way to travel and so I bought a ticket to Venice and tried to find a hostel but they were all closed in the off season. My folks wired me some money right on time so I skipped sleeping on a park bench and got a hotel room. Venice was a maze that you can only navigate well if you are born there and then it becomes a blue print of the Byzantine mind. I wandered randomly as usual and stumbled on to treasures at every turn. The history of the place was fascinating to me. The city grew out of the ashes of the Roman Empire in the 8<sup>th</sup> Century and was ruled by the Doges who were a cabal of merchant kings who in the 12<sup>th</sup> Century destroyed the city of Constantinople to capture the fabulous trade revenue and then executed the admiral who had given them their victory. They built the Church of St. Marks in the 9<sup>th</sup> Century and none but they could set foot in it for a thousand years. It reminded me of a Mafia hiding behind the sanction of religion. The city had grown fabulously wealthy through their strangle hold on trade and by their considerable wits. They paid off the Pope in gold and churches and were left alone while others like independent minded Florence had repeatedly been made war upon by the same power. The great palaces stood mostly mute and decrepit now that few people could afford to live and work here. The city reminded me of an elegant corpse decked out in the finest money could buy. The local people gathered together for Christmas Mass at St. Marks and I joined them in consecrating the New Year and watching the holy spectacle. The beauty of the inner church was stunning and the people were open hearted and kind. I wanted to interact with these people but the unstated and largely unrecognized desire to remain anonymous and virtually invisible led me away from them to walk alone at night down the foggy back streets of the thousand year old city. After Christmas I was running out of money so I resolved to leave this rather expensive city for a cheaper and more exotic place. I bought a train ticket for Budapest and boarded the oldest, dirtiest train in all of Europe. I hooked up with two perennial students from Italy and took them under my wing because they seemed kind of lost and afraid. The train wound through Trieste and across the former Iron Curtain into Slovenia and on to Croatia, and then Hungary. The train stopped constantly and border guards in a mind numbing variety of uniforms boarded the train and checked passports with varying degrees of suspicion. There were a couple of men from Romania who looked like they could give Peter Lorrie change for a hundred dollar bills in threes. Their passports were completely full of stamps such that they had traveled back and forth as smugglers of some kind. The older man pretended he did not know the younger one but even sitting in separate compartments it was obvious they were traveling together. The border guard in Croatia looked at their passports and then at them and back to their passports again repeatedly. He summoned them off the train and as the older Romanian man looked at me beseechingly I felt like Humphrey Bogart trying to ignore Peter Lorrie screaming "Rick, Rick, you've got to save me, Rick!" I couldn't figure out what they were smuggling but I knew I didn't want to be the one to have the job of trying to find it. At repeated stops along the way Slovenian and Croatian college students began to get on the train in droves until I was informed that my ticket did not include a seat. "No wonder it was so cheap". I talked to an assortment of Italian wanderers, Croatian students, and seemingly stateless people packed like sardines on what had become a standing in the aisles affair. I was very tired after a few weeks on the road and now the train ride from hell, but the Croatian students broke out their

guitars and we talked and sang songs. The mass of students were going to a religious celebration of Catholic student organizations in Budapest. So many students were going in fact that during my stay in Budapest half the people I struck up a conversation with were there for the big event. The fall of the last vestige of Communism and the late war in the Balkans fomented a chaos and vacuum of things to believe in and it appeared the Catholic Church was poised to fill the vacuum that nature so abhorred. The landscape in winter was a Pasternak novel and the city appeared out of nowhere. As usual the first monetary exchange place I came to was a complete rip off operation. Rule number one always walk 5 miles from the train station before attempting to exchange currency. My two Italian charges were like frightened babes in the woods. Isn't Italy right next door? I was violating my own code of always traveling alone but it had been a long month and I had grown fond of the Italian people so I decided to make sure they at least made it to a hotel. They were 27 and acted like they were 20 year old American students lost in Europe. They were of good disposition and friendly so it seemed like the thing to do. Budapest and the Danube were covered in broken ice. The bridges and buildings were majestic and I left the lost Italians at the hotel and took a taxi into the old city of Buda. The bomb damage from WWII still showed on the sides of a few buildings and I wondered how bad it actually got here. I got out of the Taxi and went into a bar full of local people. This was a big mistake because they just wanted to get away from the foreign tourists here and have fun among themselves. I walked around once and left. In my stay there I would experience a lot of hostility but it was very controlled hostility. They did not put their hands on you or generally curse you in a language you could understand but there were some very hard feelings there. Forty years ago when the USSR rolled into Czechoslovakia with their tanks the uprising that was inspired by CIA funded Radio Liberty was left to be crushed under the weight of those tanks. More or less the same thing happened here and they hadn't forgotten. I realized that the fall of Communism had ushered in a new era that they were not too happy about it. Western corporations had stepped in at the point of complete economic collapse and bought the entire country out from under them for a fraction of its true value. Everything was now foreign owned including the utilities, the banks, the media, at least the radio and TV, and the transportation links like the ports and airports. Virtually overnight they who had been slaves to a foreign ideology were now slaves to a foreign currency and understandably they didn't like it. Their country still had a government with a Hungarian face on it but their ultimate destiny was out of their hands. The young people had all come in droves flocking to the church but these older local people had to go to work in an economy that made a descent standard of living next to impossible. They were smart enough and old enough to realize that they had become slaves again to a different kind of master. Now they just didn't want to be reminded of that fact by my presence in their favorite watering hole. I walked down the street and glanced into restaurants and bars without going in. Two blocks along a group left a restaurant and began arguing with the staff as they left. I paused and feigned interest in the spectacle of people arguing in a foreign language. The young woman retrieved her hat which was the cause of the verbal sparring and she addressed me in perfect English. "Where are you from?" "Canada". "You look like you are from America". "Why is it tattooed on my forehead?" It turned out she and her five friends were all students at the music conservatory and were studying to be concert pianists. "Well of course you are". Each girl was about 20 and spoke several languages, and each one more beautiful than the next. It always paid to travel alone. I had never figured out how to pick up one girl in a group of six so I was just friendly and polite instead. They showed me around their city until near dawn and by then I had drunk too much and we promised to meet again the next day. I wanted to take them home with me but

they wouldn't fit in my suitcase. Maybe I could figure something out. The days in Budapest passed quickly and my money ran out even more quickly so I got on a plane to Rome. I sat next to a Slovakian girl who played professional volleyball on the Italian pro circuit of all things. The flight went very quickly. I said goodbye to Rome and made a few friends on my way out of town. I really like the people there, their pace of life and the way they treat each other is something we could learn from. Flying back to NYC and over the remains of the WTC was grim. The atmosphere in NYC was hostile and afraid and some people were taking advantage of their new security powers. Arriving for my flight I watched the minimum wage "security employees" grope women as they searched them for explosives. The man who checked my baggage dumped it all out on the counter and treated me in a shameful manner because the atmosphere allowed him to act out in any way he chose. "Pick it up", he sneered. "I had to travel to 5 foreign countries and 16,000 miles before I get back home to finally be treated like an asshole?" I didn't want to miss my flight so I didn't try to find his supervisor. I was sure it would be more of the same. I made it home again and rested up for the next semester.

By the spring semester I felt better and began to ride my bike six blocks to the campus. After less than a week of this my leg muscles would begin to lock up like a marathon runner when too much lactic acid is produced. I really enjoyed being around other people for a change and my classes went well. When my first three semesters were over I had made the highest test grades in the washout biology classes several times and it was only my last test score that kept me from making an A. I was doing better physically but I still had to drive to the university and then ride my bike around campus. Microbiology was starting to get really interesting because the scientists and doctors who taught and came to speak to the classes were living and fighting in the trenches. People were living and dying every day dependent on what researchers and scientists could learn and what techniques and technologies they could bring to bear. Public health not only made the difference in the life or death of individuals it was often the fulcrum that decided which nations in history would succeed and which ones would fail. This science at my finger tips had doubled the human life span in the last 130 years and made the modern world possible. I got a job working with my favorite microbiology professor in the second semester and then I joined the Hanta Virus team as they did field work and unlocked the secrets of this least understood of all rodent borne plagues. We were risking our lives being exposed to these animals and their blood but whole civilizations had risen or fallen on the mysteries that we were helping to elucidate. One of my colleagues working on his PhD had fallen ill doing field work in a south Texas swamp and he nearly died from what was probably an arbovirus...a mosquito borne virus like Dengue Fever. He was young and healthy and so he only felt like he wished he had died for several weeks and then he made a slow recovery. That year three people who were visiting nearby in New Mexico contracted bubonic plague but they were treated in time and lived. During the same time period eight people in the immediate area contracted Hanta Virus and only two of them survived. I had picked the most deadly pathogen on the continent to study and I made myself the resident expert by reading every scientific paper I could get my hands on. The field work that entailed marching around forests and swamps proved to be too demanding in my physical state so I concentrated on creating an archive of research that could be used as a mini reference library for the team. Things began to go really well for me. My father saw that I was making a recovery and working so he bought me a new VW beetle and a laptop computer. I moved into a small house as an investment. Occasionally I would become depressed and for several weeks I would walk around wearing black and mumbling to myself, "I wish I was dead".

I fought through these periods of depression and thought of them as side effects of my illness. I quit going to the doctor and instead sought relief through massage therapy. The intense pain in my neck at C4 was still nearly always with me as was the slow contraction of my muscles innervated from my back. Three days after the relief of a massage the slow contraction of muscles would again have my neck frozen and my back and ribs in agony. It was very hard to continue to live and work like this but I kept pushing myself to my limits and beyond. My relationship with my new neighbors was problematic because I was in constant pain that had a tremendous effect on my mood. I kept to myself. One neighbor that I invited over for a visit in my first few weeks there tried to break into my house at 2 a.m. when he thought I was gone. He came to the front door and pounded on it loudly for several minutes. I was asleep on the couch and woke up with a start. I didn't know who it was but I was not about to open the door. The beating on the door stopped so I got up and went to the back to sleep in my bed. In the mean time he went around to the back door and broke out the small window next to it to reach the door knob. I was really scared and so I picked up my deer rifle and loaded a round into the chamber and in a loud voice invited him in. He ran away and in the morning I fixed the window and then I knocked on his door and when he answered I offered to beat his brains out with my favorite hammer if he ever came around again. He called the cops and they treated me like I was the criminal for offering to adjust his skull for him. This event after the attempt to burn down my house and other negative experiences alienated me from my neighbors again. Being in constant pain and insomnia I yelled at the people across the street and next door to stop honking their horns and playing loud music. When I spoke with the man across the street and explained what I was going through he understood immediately and gave me the benefit of the doubt. I lived in a working class Hispanic neighborhood because that is where I had usually lived and it was the housing income level that I could afford. I preferred it to the "white" suburbs. The person that had tried to break into my house had been a 22 year old Caucasian. Robert and I became good friends and I got to know his wife and kids and they fed me on occasion and included me in weekend activities. Unlike my experience in Houston most of the people that lived here kind of stuck to themselves and the neighbors did not socialize much. Robert's young niece had a little kitten that I had saved by getting it out of a tree. After that it was very fond of me and would cross the street whenever I came outside. I hadn't lived there a month when a little boy two houses down took her kitten and fed it to the two large mean dogs in his backyard. I called child protective services on the parents because I considered this the act of a disturbed child. The parents found out who called and they didn't like me very much after that. The same parent, the mother, would come around the corner going at a tremendous rate of speed right at the edge of my driveway as I was trying to back out. I nearly hit her several times because I couldn't turn my head to look behind me and when I did I injured myself. Another woman who lived a few houses away would often pause at the same place at the end of my driveway when I was trying to back out. I wasn't sure if this was an attempt to cause an accident but every time I turned my head at the last minute and stopped I injured my neck. The repetition of these events and my inability to sleep due to my constant level of pain made me blurt out obscenities at them when normally I would have just shrugged it off. This made me some permanent enemies among people who didn't know me or understand what I was going through or care. The woman who lived on the corner that I had yelled at lived in a rundown house with two teenage children. Their utilities were often turned off and there was something about them that told me to avoid them that they were bad news. Robert told me that he never talked to them and didn't know anything about them. Occasionally men would show up and work on their house for free and

they had house parties that featured a lot of sinister characters that reminded me of the Mexican Mafia. I had lived around Hispanics and other minorities much of my life and never had any problems and was not fearful or alarmist but these people were dangerous. I purchased a home security system off the internet that had several wireless remote cameras to place around the outside of the house. I tried to apologize to the neighbors and explain my situation but I don't think it made much difference because it was just the excuse they needed to hate someone. This is when a concerted effort to drive me out of the neighborhood first began. Every time I passed their house on the corner her teenage son or his friends would shout curses at me in a barrage of hate designed to instill terror and fear. I could not come to or from the house without passing their house or could not stand outside in the yard without being yelled at in an organized harassment campaign. I tried going over to talk to them in daylight hours to find a modus Vivendi several times. When that failed I called the police the next time it happened but that only made it worse. I asked Robert what to do and he said just ignore them. One day I was looking at the newspaper and the picture of the UN representative Sergio Vieira de Mello. I had never seen his picture before but now waves and waves of hatred washed over and through me and I wanted him destroyed, crushed, annihilated. This was no ordinary feeling of anger, it was pure hatred, pure malevolent evil that poured out of me. It had no basis in fact because I had never seen this man's picture in my life and had no reason to hate him or want him dead. About two months later he was killed by a car bomb in Baghdad. I had a premonition again that the space shuttle would be lost. It kept coming back to me over the space of a couple of weeks. The launch went smoothly but I somehow felt that a disaster would happen and they would literally crash in my backyard. I felt driven to call a family friend who worked at NASA and ask him to demand that ground based or space based telescopes be used to examine the shuttle before re-entry. I didn't act on the impulse. The next day I started to stand up in microbiology class and make the bizarre announcement that the space shuttle was going to crash and there was nothing I could do but the professor uncharacteristically cut me off. The next day the shuttle broke apart at 50,000 feet literally above my head and rained debris down from just north of where I lived all the way to east Texas. I was devastated in a way that I cannot describe. The tears poured out of me like rain for hours and the trauma caused me to re-experience my previous premonition about the attacks of 9/11 for the first time and remember how I had turned my back on people and let them die. Now it was happening again, these premonitions that gave me the opportunity to save people's lives and yet I had failed twice in a big way. I was filled with mourning for the victims of 9/11 and the shuttle crew. I had let them down and failed to validate my premonitions in a way that could save human lives in the future and redeem myself and all my suffering. I had failed again and again and the tears just would not stop coming. The new trauma and the revelation of the 9/11 missed opportunity wounded me deeply and I began to lose my appetite and finally to hardly eat at all. Over the next 3-4 months I went from 185 pounds down to 122 pounds and my eyes stared out of a hollowed out face and increasingly skeletal body. I was filled with an inner loathing and rage that made me dress in black and walk alone through large halls and silent streets saying to myself or out loud, "I wish I was dead". I kept to myself and rarely went out of the house except to go to class. I covered up my inner turmoil as best I could around other people. I was like a ticking time bomb ready to go off either on myself or someone else. I called a friend from the hill country and would talk to him on my cell phone for an hour or more catching up on what old friends were up to. He used me as a sounding board to vent his pent up frustrations about people and life in general and so I did the same. In the atmosphere after 9/11 lots of angry people said things they didn't mean. My friend mentioned that he was

talking to an Arab acquaintance who complained that there were no Arab characters on the TV show Star Trek and he resented a future without Arabs. My friend had replied, "So what's wrong with that?" or some such passive aggressive remark. I mentioned that my studies in microbiology had made it clear to me that now pathogens could be used against racial groups in the manner of a kind of genetic bomb. If I really wanted to I could build a genetic weapon that could wipe out or sterilize the entire Arab race. All the hatred and self loathing at my failures and these strange feelings of unreasoning hatred at others welled up from me like the black bile of my soul. I had been feeling set upon by the neighbors across the street on the corner as they continued to yell at me daily and I could occasionally even hear them through the many windows late at night cursing me at even as I sat inside my house. In a future phone call with the same friend I had an experience very like the one with the picture of the UN high commissioner that was without explanation. My friend phoned me at night and vented his spleen for 10 minutes at which point I launched into some kind of hate filled diatribe, the contents of which I can only guess at. I seemed to regain consciousness or come to with the phone in my hand and I realized that I had just been speaking for some time but I didn't know exactly what I was saying or for how long. I was forced to ask my friend how long I had been speaking. He told me that I had been talking for 45 minutes straight. We had been on the phone for nearly an hour and the cell phone verified this so it was not my imagination. I had blacked out for 45 minutes on the phone while I was talking. I had never blacked out in my life even when drinking heavily. It didn't make any sense to me. I asked him if I had been doing all the talking and what I had been saying. I was mystified and a little scared. He told me that I had talked for 45 minutes without pause and that he had not spoken a word in that time. I asked him several times what I had been saying but he refused to explain or elaborate. "Was it an angry diatribe", I asked rather fearfully. "Yes, you might say that". He always had a gift for understatement so I knew and instinctively felt that I had really been spewing some serious anger and probably outright hatred but I still had no idea exactly what I had said. He seemed disgusted and he never called again to "chat" about his problems. I had managed to alienate a friend I had had for years who now probably thought I was a raving madman. The only time I had ever blacked out in my life was from a concussion playing sports and I certainly could not carry on a phone conversation when it happened. The events of that period were a mystery to me, the two premonitions disregarded, the malevolent feelings that seemed not to be my own. These events seemed to inaugurate an even stranger turn of events that made works of terrifying fiction seem tame. The behavior of the people who lived on the corner was taken up by what I took to be an extended gang of boys and cohorts in the community. Most of the people that began to mob me 24 hours a day were Hispanic but it was by no means just Hispanics. When I went to class in the morning I was cursed in the parking lot by students, "Pussy bitch", by the construction workers on my way to the biology building, "Better get the fuck out punk", and in the halls by the occasional student, "Bitch". When I got in the car to go to the grocery store a Hispanic man might drive erratically in front of me and gesture wildly and curse me, "Punk bitch, get the fuck out". In the parking lot about 100 feet away from where I parked the same person or a different one was yelling obscenities, "Punk faggot", obviously at me. If I stopped to get gasoline a Hispanic man would stop to put air in his tires and from the far side of his car curse me, "Mother fucker, better get the fuck out of here". While driving towards a traffic light in traffic two black men about 22 years old would hurtle at 70mph or more towards my back bumper and then swerve at the last second and stop at the light laughing at me. If I started to walk across the street on my way home from school a van driven by a 24 year old Hispanic man would pause at the intersection even though he had the green light

and spew obscenities at me with pure hatred. All of it was designed carefully and expertly to take place out of the immediate sight or hearing of other people. When I got home after about 5-10 such incidents during my normal day the high school aged gang of boys would drive by the house and curse. At night they took turns standing next to my back fence or in the baseball field across the street yelling curses and taunts at me all night long from about midnight until about 5 a.m. in the morning. It was a spectacle of intense human hatred that was designed almost scientifically to wear down the target of the harassment. If people could not scream curses at you because other people might be near they would spit as if something foul and awful was on their tongue. The gang of high school boys took turns staying up all night long yelling in my windows. The neighbors next door were elderly and went to bed at 8 p.m. and the others were either indifferent, intimidated, or out of hearing range. If these young men had devoted themselves to school work with the same dedication as their all night sessions they would have graduated from high school in two years or less. It seemed impossible that hundreds if not thousands of people in town knew me on sight and were prepared to scream the same basic taunts at me. This constant refrain was the Orwellian 10 minute hate that went on forever. Impossibly even many of the university professors seemed to look at me with great distaste and barely disguised disgust or worse. Had I been the subject of some kind of smear campaign on the internet? One Hispanic man who changed my oil and knew what was going on and didn't like it whispered to me when no one else was around to give me some friendly advice, "Be real careful". It was clear my name was on some kind of gang list, whether it was a local gang or something big like the Mexican Mafia it didn't look good. Some of the harassment came from people wearing light blue colors which were the Crips. After just three weeks of this treatment of about 10 or more harassment events per day I was physically and emotionally exhausted. I came home one night and laid down in bed and let out an exhausted groan and the high school gang member standing at my back fence asked me, "How do you like it?" They knew exactly the effect their campaign was having on me and were enjoying every minute of it. I asked a friendly and wise councilor at the university what to do but he admitted that even if I moved out to the country they would follow me out there. I stayed in the neighborhood and endured month after month of harassment and went about my business at school doing my graduate level research. I was taking heavy weight classes like Organic Chemistry and Genetics that took all of my time and effort. I put my head down and plowed ahead and studied all night at times while a young gang member 100 feet away was taunting me through the entire night with curses and threats. Summer turned to fall in this manner and I began to suffer the effects of this slow crucifixion. I told my massage therapist about what I was going through and she told me, "They are trying to kill your emotional body", which was an interesting way to put it. I figured if I showed that it didn't bother me they would eventually see the futility of gang stalking me but after more than six months of many cuts a day and all night sessions it was really starting to hurt me. I decided to drive from Lubbock to Big Bend National Park and camp out in order to get some rest and get away from people for a few days. I needed to gather my strength because the harassment was really wearing me down. I piled camping gear into my car and headed south. All the little towns along the way had several person and sometimes many more that recognized me and came out in their cars on the main drag to meet me. The standard manner of trying to harass me was to come from the opposite direction and then execute a left turn in front of me like they were going to cause a head on and then to pull up short with the front end of their car in one of the two lanes that usually forced me to brake and to change lanes to avoid the head on collision. Other times there was a display of strength in numbers when dozens of cars would emerge and parade in

formation with their lights on all of them laughing at me as if to say, "You are screwed". I took the back roads to Big Bend but if I was to make good time I still had to go through towns. Going around populated areas in large exaggerated circles was a tremendous waste of time and energy. Most of the people parading in car caravans and blocking me with their cars were young people but many were not. I stopped to get gas and two cars whipped in behind me and both of the occupants were elderly. While I was in the store they let me know with their pointed conversation and body language that they knew who I was and did not approve. As I left they hurled loud insults at me. One of the scenes that bothered me the most was the Texas Department of Public Safety officer shaking his head at me in disapproval. It let me know the state police, or at least some of them, were aware of the fact that I was being gang stalked and would do nothing about it. I tried to stick to the back roads more and avoid human contact. I finally got to Big Bend where the first biology Professor I worked for had taken us for field work. It was home ground in a way because I felt safe here. The land was arid and dangerous and I had seen the enormous mountain lions come out late at night to hunt javelina and go to water but it wasn't the four legged animals that I was worried about. I heaved a tremendous sigh of relief when I entered the park and stopped to get gas. As I was filling the gas tank a local in a white pickup was driving by staring at me when he stood on the brakes as if to say he was going to jump out of his car and go for me. I ignored him and went inside to pay and buy some more food. The person behind the counter was nice but there were 3 people in the store waiting for me. They began to curse me and act in a threatening manner before I could pay and leave. As I got back in the car I had a sinking feeling that I was in for more of the same. I drove to a place to camp that had water nearby at higher elevation. It was hot and I was tired and I needed to rest. The ranger assigned me a camping spot in the camp ground where there were only about 3-4 other cars in the whole place and no one in sight except two middle aged people in a Winnebago. I pitched my tent and laid down in the shade and concentrated on reading a book and looking forward to a gentle sleep. There was a small pop-up camper nearby without a car so I took it to mean that the owner had left in their car to sight see. In fact a young man and woman were hiding inside and they both began to laugh and taunt me with the litany of verbal abuse. I had been completely suckered into it, from believing they would stop tracking me here to believing that the park rangers would not cooperate with these people. I was both amazed and enraged that I found myself in this situation. The two people began to shout loud curses so that the two people in the Winnebago would think that it was me because I was the only person in sight. After about 15 minutes of loud curses the people in the Winnebago left giving me looks like they thought I was dangerously unhinged. I sat there and tried to ignore the fools cursing me from inside the pop-up camper 20 feet away and read my book. For more than six months I had been gang stalked by these people in a relentless and sometimes life threatening manner and it was starting to really take a toll on my mental state of equilibrium. I normally have no wish to harm other people but I imagined myself taking some fuel and a match and setting the pop-up camper on fire with those two gang stalking fools inside it. My mind immediately rejected the idea but the cycle of abuse and victimization heaped on top of more abuse day after day is the death of a thousand cuts. Eventually you will either commit suicide or murder or you will die in an accident caused by driving with no sleep at high speed trying to get away from these maniacs. I began to wonder which outcome was waiting for me and if I had a choice which one I would choose. I wearily placed my gear back in the car and drove away. I stopped at the occasional scenic lookout on the side of the road to sleep but no sooner had I stopped than someone would pull up and start making obvious and contrived noise. In frustration I took the road around the

east side of the park that was in essence a loop of about 80 miles out of the way. There would be virtually no one out there on the arid and barren alkali flats because there was nothing to see. I took the loop to nowhere and had one car with two Hispanic young men (of course) tailing me. I slowed to a ridiculously slow speed and they passed. Now there was no one around for the next 40 miles and I started to relax. It didn't last long because after 10 minutes along came another car with two hooting laughing Hispanic young men (of course). Then a few minutes later another car came from the other direction making the familiar gang stalking gestures. These people had driven over 100-200 miles to come to Big Bend National Park and then once in the park had gone over 80 miles out of their way to harass me for a few seconds as they passed me in their cars. It was clear to me now that these people would go to any lengths it took to follow and harass me wherever I went in the state. These people weren't hard core gang members who were more like soldiers. These people were mostly everyday working class people of all ages, mostly young people. What could drive so many people to stalk me with such energy and persistence as I passed through their towns and neighborhoods? I headed home back through the same gauntlet of blows that made up the death of a thousand cuts without ever getting to sleep in the park or leave the gang stalkers behind me for a few hours.

## VIII Watch Him Run

About this time I had another premonition that was rather vague in comparison to the two previous ones. This one involved the premonition of a fire. I felt that I wanted to warn people that were in a wooden structure that they should know exactly how to exit quickly if there was a fire. I knew for some reason that there would be a fire within the next 2-3 weeks and that people should know how to get out quickly. In about two weeks there was a fire in a club in NYC that trapped many people who died of smoke inhalation. A few days later at a concert in a small wooden structure nearly 100 people died when the pyrotechnics caught the structure on fire. It was a horrible disaster and I didn't know what I could do in the future to try to help people, I just prayed that I would someday get my chance to help people in imminent danger. The organized gang stalking had all started about April, 2003 and when I sold the house and moved into a rented room about one mile away in December it continued and even increased. The gang of boys merely moved into the yard of the kid who lived next door and they sat on a picnic table even more at ease and kept up a steady litany of the same basic curses all night long. I left to visit Houston and spend Christmas with my parents for two weeks and came back to attempt another semester under the onslaught that never ended. After I moved it became clear to me that the attacks would never stop and that I would be worn down to the breaking point. One day I was walking past the local high school and imagined myself going into the basement and starting a gas leak that would blow up the entire building and kill and maim many of the people who had been stalking me and tormenting me for the better part of a year. It was totally uncharacteristic of my thought processes but it was a measure of where I was at emotionally and spiritually. Only later would I connect the dots with this and other uncharacteristic ideations and their similarity to the constant episodes of school shootings. After eight months of 24 hour a day organized gang stalking I quit the field. I loaded up my belongings into a U-haul van and went back to Houston with an excuse to my parents that I wanted to take a break from school and regain my health. Since I weighed 120 pounds they didn't put up any argument. I put my belongings into storage and moved into the parent's guest room. Only a few days had gone by when two Hispanic men about 24 years old spotted me riding in the passenger seat with my

father driving down a major boulevard at 33 mph. I watched the young man's reaction of excitement as he pointed me out to the driver and they immediately pulled over and he went to a pay phone. About four days later they somehow tracked me to my parent's house and had a fix on my location. What happened next was a careful escalation of the pressure. My parent's home is well over 2,000 square feet and covered on three sides with windows. The neighborhood is very upscale and most people own their own businesses or are NASA employees and high skill white collar workers. The process of harassment began again in public places and in the neighborhood. At first sound attacks featuring large trucks with an adaptation to the tail pipe that is designed specifically as a weapon were used during the day when my parents were at work. A heavy truck sat in the median or in the school parking lot behind the house across the street. The modified tail pipe sent sonic waves in a directional manner designed to impact the human body and induce stress and trauma. Heavy dump trucks were routed past the house even though there was no construction project in the immediate area. The hypersonic sound system (HSS) was used to attack me at night to cause sleep deprivation. The device is a relatively new invention that shoots a narrow beam of sound hundreds of feet in a very tight pattern of only a foot across. It is designed so that the person standing right next to you will not be able to hear the directional sound vibrations even though the device may be a hundred or more feet away. The sound is not audible until it strikes your body or a solid surface. Usually the hypersonic sound system was used to wake me up at 2 a.m. every night and to cause as much trauma as possible. The woman who lived in the house directly across the street worked at the hospital as a secretary and her husband was a computer information specialist. A teenage Hispanic boy about 17 or 18 would spend the night upstairs across the street in their house using the sound system to attack me in my bed while I tried to sleep. Occasionally he would bring a friend to help him and I often heard her voice as well as his, "Punk". I got the impression they were doing meth all night and having sex while they tortured me. I never heard the husband's voice for certain. The people who lived next to them were both astronauts and the husband would curse me enthusiastically when no one else was around to witness it. He routinely keyed his car alarm repeatedly when he saw me outside even in front of his teen children. His astronaut wife seemed sympathetic to my situation. The woman who lived next door to the people using the hypersonic sound system was the head of the home owners association and knew exactly what was going on. The home to the immediate left of my parent's was owned by a very religious couple with two children adopted from Romania. They had both been adopted children themselves. They knew what was going on and on two occasions let young men stay in their home or at least set up a microphone to use to harass me with loud verbal taunts during the day or late at night when no one was around. They also set about to make it seem to my parents that I was losing my sanity by telling them that I was acting in a strange manner. On one occasion I went next door and asked the woman if she had seen a teenage Hispanic boy in the house across the street. She denied it but her son immediately asked her, "Mom, what about that young Hispanic guy that goes over there all the time?" She immediately shushed him and proceeded to deny there was any such person. The use of the hypersonic sound system became excessive and was used to attack me in the middle of the day even sitting in the living room with my parents. It didn't help that my father wore a hearing aid. The technology is so good that someone right next to you cannot hear it. I tried to sleep in the back yard on several occasions after weeks of sleeplessness and my parents took note of this behavior. They had the ability to track me around the house such that as soon as I sat down or was stationary they could bring a sound attack to bear using the HSS. I interpreted this technology to be the emergency equipment used by police and fire

that could find a person in a collapsed building and that this was being used to track and torture me. The religious man next door was a volunteer fireman. My parent's noticed my behavior and believed that I was becoming mentally disturbed. I had told them that I was stalked and harassed in Lubbock which they believed. What they did not believe was that these people had somehow located me in Houston and continued the gang stalking. "Why would someone follow you here?" I tried to explain it was not the exact same people who lived in Lubbock but local people. I showed my family a schematic of the hypersonic sound system and told them what was happening. They did not for a minute believe me. This went on for weeks both at home and again out in the community just as it had in Lubbock. The only time my step mother noticed anything was when she asked the neighbor why the heavy dump trucks were passing by the house. They stopped the use of the dump trucks immediately. The organized gang stalking was done expertly so as not to alert anyone else around the target. The only action ever taken in front of my father was when we were in the car at a four way stop. A young man of about 18 pulled up to the intersection after we did. We all paused and made eye contact. After we started into the intersection the young man hit the gas and acted like he was going to cause an accident. My father stood on the brake and the young man stopped as well and stared at us impassively. My father just imagined it to be the carelessness of a young man. A large percentage (15%) of the people in the cars in the neighborhood that passed us in traffic would engage in subtle "street theater" such as laughing at you or mouthing the nick names used to attack you like punk and bitch and pussy. This aspect of gang stalking lets the target know they are being harassed without alerting the non-targets around them. After weeks of this with no let up and no sleep I became frustrated so I decided to go for a drive cross country and try to lose my gang stalking friends on my way to Washington D.C. where my mom lived. I would try to regroup there and restart my life if necessary elsewhere. I loaded a few things into my VW beetle and took to the road. I seemed to have been tracked the entire way, either with my cell phone or a GPS device on the car or maybe even by people using their cell phones just logging in my last known location. It was a very practiced art and even the police seemed to be involved at times. I drove all night and all day and all night again to make time and lose any dedicated cars that might be behind me. It was clear to me that many of the truckers and other drivers were giving me a hard time on purpose. The harassment ranged from holding their nose in the sign, "You stink", that I had been seeing for months to putting their fingers in their mouths in the "You suck" sign that had also become very familiar as well. One trucker came out of the truck rest stop and when I drew even with his cab he whipped the wheel and brought his truck 3 feet into my lane to make me lose control. That night just before 3 a.m. a Cadillac came up from behind me going about 100 mph and swerved as if to crash into my rear bumper and send me off the road. They swerved back at the last second and continued on. At nearly every gas station I was given the standard verbal taunts by young and old alike. It was now clear that this was some kind of nationwide stalking game and not just something taking place in Texas. The words of the woman who lived across from my parent's house came back to me. She had spoken through the hypersonic sound system at me as I cringed, "We call the game Watch Them Run, you can't win". She was right there was no way to escape the blanket nationwide coverage of this "game". I finally made it up into the mountains of Tennessee. I drove through the switchbacks of many mountain roads in a thick fog all night. No one was foolish enough to follow me there but when I paused at an intersection near a house for a few minutes the owner recognized my car and yelled down at me to get the hell out. I tried to sleep for two hours on the side of the road but was unable to. I continued on in a state of exhaustion. I had bought a video camera and tried to

catch some of the gang stalking behaviors but it was very difficult. I tried to make a video testimony of what was happening to me for evidence if I was killed but it was not a very lucid explanation. There were a lot of truck drivers involved and people who looked like they had been in the criminal justice system recently. I also saw a lot of stalkers using these over sized satellite phones that couldn't easily be listened into. Was it possible that part of this nationwide dragnet or blanket coverage were drug distribution networks that had been activated for double duty? It made about as much sense as anything else. The gang stalking program was designed to induce sleep deprivation and psychological trauma such that it is difficult to understand fully just who is tormenting the target and why. I made it as far as Virginia where I stopped for gas. The trucker near me had one of those very oversized wireless phones that I had seen used by others who tracked and harassed me. He shouted some verbal abuse at me so I finished putting gas in the car and took off at a high rate of speed. I went over a bridge with a steep downhill incline and was going about 30 mph over the speed limit when a local cop passed me and turned around in pursuit. I was taken to jail for marijuana possession and my car was impounded. I could see the locals stopping in their cars and laughing at me enjoying my distress. I spent more than two weeks in jail before I was bonded out and I continued on to Washington D.C. to my mom's apartment. I stayed on her fold out couch for two weeks before I headed back to Houston. In the time I was there the gang stalking was if anything even worse in public places and in the apartment. The hypersonic sound system that had been used on me in my parent's home in Houston was now augmented by several different kinds of high tech electronic devices. I was attacked day and night with a device that could put sound right inside my head. Instead of 2-3 people harassing me with the HSS now there were about 10 people who sat in a room, presumably down stairs, where all night they would go around the circle and repeat the litany of taunts that had been used on me for the last 11 months. "Better get the fuck out bitch". "Fuck you pussy". "Punk bitch, get the hell out of here". These were all teenagers who had to go to school in the morning. I saw several of them sitting in cars in front of the building staring at me. They were all of 17 years old. During the day when my mom was at work someone who worked at the apartment building or had their okay would get in the apartment above mine or down stairs and curse me loudly for hours with the same litany. People would walk past the apartment door and curse me as I sat in the living room. I had the impression that the people who harassed me during the day were fresh out of the criminal justice system and didn't have regular jobs. When my mom was home and sitting across the room from me the stalker upstairs would softly rap on the wall so that I could hear the sound travel down the wall behind me a few feet away but she could not hear it sitting 20 feet away on the couch. At night the device that could send sound with very fine control to either one of my ears and through solid objects that I tried to put around my head was augmented with high tech spy store devices that made my skull shake violently. The direct assault using this weapon made it feel like some kind of sonic bullet had been fired into my head and rattled around inside my skull making my head vibrate like I stuck my finger in the wall socket or put my head inside a paint mixer. It was very a violent form of electronic attack. "You're going to kill somebody with that thing", I told him. "Get the fuck out pussy". They had settled on a nick name for me some time ago. "Pussy" was my universal handle like a call sign that they used. Next most often came "Punk", or "Bitch", or any combination thereof. The attacks by verbal and nonverbal gang stalking were designed to attack your hygiene, "You stink" (hand to nose), and your self esteem in general, "You suck" (finger in mouth). The primary weapon at this stage was the HSS in tandem with the device that can locate a human heart beat in a collapsed building and several others which were more vicious I cannot identify. I

could not sleep more than two hours at a stretch because the harassment was 24 hours a day and relentless. It was now early February and I decided to give up trying to function in the environment in D.C. that was, if anything, more vicious. I bought a plane ticket and head home to Houston leaving my car parked in my mom's apartment garage. When I got back to Houston I tried to pretend that everything was normal but after a few more weeks of the gang stalking treatment I told my stepmother that all my suffering through the years of my illness had been for nothing and that if I could not get away from these people I might have to kill myself. This was a major tactical mistake. Three days later I was sitting in their living room trying to forget my predicament when there was a knock at the door. Two armed men, both sheriffs' deputies, handcuffed me and drove me to the county mental facility for observation. My parents had made the arrangements to have me committed because I had brought up the subject of suicide. I was kept locked up against my will and after a 10 minute interview was forced to take anti-psychotic medication and several other medications to counteract the unpleasant side effects of the anti-psychotic (Risperdal). I declined to take the medication which gave me severe muscle twitching and the sensation of not being able to sit still. Later when I had time to research this medication I learned that Risperdal can cause permanent tardive dyskinesia, extreme muscle and facial twitching and grimacing that essentially disfigures you for life. Besides these and other side effects two boys under the age of ten had begun to spontaneously lactate when taking the medication. It is almost certain that someone who is psychotic and a danger to themselves and others would probably benefit from this medication but to me it was nothing more than a chemical lobotomy with possible grave permanent consequences. Even not knowing this I refused the risperdol and when the doctor informed me cheerfully that I must take it I told her I would go on hunger strike first. She seemed to become even more cheerful and informed me that in that case I would be tied to a chair and force fed and she would insert the feeding tube herself. I blinked several times at her smiling face, (she was from Russia), and decided to cooperate. The drugs did not make my harassment magically go away but after two weeks of doing as I was told they let me go...with a prescription for more risperdol. I took the drug for a while but my gang stalking and electronic attacks continued and I started to place the pills under my tongue and flush then down the toilet. The methodology of organized gang stalking and electronic harassment is to force an early incarceration in a mental facility or prison to discredit the target and to alienate their family and friends to deprive the target of support systems in the future. In the short term the anti-psychotic medications function as a chemical castration of the target much like the former USSR used their mental health facilities to forcibly incarcerate dissidents and use them as experimental subjects in drug tests that destroyed them. I was alienated from my family now and they were equally alienated from me.

It was almost March when I decided on a course of action that might work. I had been thinking for a long time during my studies at Texas Tech University about the possibilities of bacteriophage therapy or phage therapy. Phage is a fancy word for virus and the idea is to use virus against harmful bacteria. For every type of bacteria in the world there are many virus that predate or feed on it. The idea is to find the viruses which are most efficient at killing the specific bacteria you want to control. It is an idea perfected by Felix d'Herrelle and it is a technique older than antibiotics. These virus do not attack eukaryotic cells (human tissue) but invade and lyse (kill) prokaryotic cells (bacteria). The former USSR had learned that hard way that they could not keep up with the US in the arms race by matching us nuclear bomb for nuclear bomb. It was just too expensive so they came up with a different strategy. After an

initial nuclear exchange with the US in WWII they planned to use missiles to rain down anthrax and bubonic plague germs on our cities and break our will to fight. It was called project Bonfire. The USSR calculated that they would have about two weeks or more prior warning that WWII was about to begin so they would begin massive production of many thousands of tons of germ weapons and transfer these onto refrigerated warheads on top of ICBM's. The USSR devoted billions of rubles and hundreds of thousands of scientists, technicians, and workers to this task for decades. In the end they evolved the mature capability to do just that which they planned. The US only had two clues in all this time that might have led them to believe such a plan existed. One was a photograph of a Soviet ICBM with a refrigeration unit and hoses connected to the warhead. The other was an unexplained outbreak of anthrax that was the result of an accident at one of their germ factories. The workers at the facility were replacing the filters on the exhaust gas from the production facility but their shift ended and when the next shift arrived they omitted to tell them what they were doing. The filters were taken off and never replaced. That night anthrax spores drifted out of the plant and across the city eventually killing nearly a thousand people. The last person to die was an elderly woman who contracted the disease from breathing in the spores 43 days after the accident. The US sent investigators and the USSR went through elaborate measures to cover it up as a case of tainted meat that killed a few dozen people. The US smelled a rat but could never definitively prove that the USSR had broken the Nixon era treaty and was making germ weapons. One of the hallmarks of the elaborate program was for the USSR to send KGB agents to medical conferences to collect the latest antibiotics developed by the west and to engineer their germ weapons to be resistant to these medications by using resistance plasmids (genes). They were so successful at this that the Soviet plague bioweapon was considered to be completely resistant to western antibiotics. Anthrax cannot be spread from person to person but the plague bioweapon can be spread from lung to lung and would theoretically be capable of killing much of the population of the US if they decided to use it. In the Middle Ages certain varieties of the plague (septicemic) killed over 90% of the people exposed. If I could find the specific phage that would kill the bacteria used for the USSR plague bioweapon I could get a grant to make the drug. If I could get a grant to make a drug for national defense I could get the FBI to keep these gang stalking scam bags off my back even if they did turn out to be the Mexican Mafia. Whatever happened I knew that I had been run out of West Texas, run out of Houston, put in jail, run out of Washington D.C., and incarcerated in a mental facility in a fairly short period of time and if I didn't think of something soon I was liable to wind up dead. I got on the internet at my parent's house and began to research bacteriophage therapy and which phage worked on the germ that causes bubonic plague (*Yersinia pestis*). I read every paper I could find and spent every waking hour trying to find the perfect phage all the while with the hypersonic sound system aimed at me from across the street cursing me and taunting me as I sat at the computer. In a matter of weeks I had found the exact phage I was looking for. In laboratory tests it had lysed or killed every single strain of plague out of the 2,000 strains they had tested it on. Life and death situations and torture can focus the mind and provide tremendous motivation. There were lots of problems, one of which was I hadn't finished my undergrad in microbiology before they ran me out of town. I would need a partner with lots of letters behind his name and a long track record if I wanted to get the US government to give me money to make phage drugs for national defense. The mechanics of making the phage in a clinical environment and all the steps leading to it would cost at least two million dollars for as few as ten thousand doses. The follow on batches would be much cheaper. What really cost the big money were testing and startup costs. My first step was to find the big names with the PhD's

to use as partners. I created a website (phage4.org) and a company (Leonardo Concepts Inc.). The website was designed to show the PhD's, the NIH and people like USAMRID that I was for real when I asked for information and later money. I emailed and called all the major companies in the world that made phage and tried to get them interested in partnering with me to make the drug. After 9/11 the US government passed a law that instigated Project Bioshield which theoretically made it easier for small firms to bring important drugs to market that can be used for national defense. The project was funded to the tune of tens of billions but reading the fine print I realized that only 20-30 million a year would go to companies like me. I talked to the biggest phage producer in the US but he wasn't interested so I referred him to my website. He called me back and told me he and his partner might go for it. I asked him why he changed his mind and he said the website was very well thought out. I have to admit that I came up with one kick ass website. It was April and I had hooked a partner with a great track record in national defense drugs and the biggest maker of phage in the USA. I had been through hell on earth in the last year but now I was starting to see a glimmer of hope. I would give his company and his partner a 20% share and they would lend me their name. I still had to make a grant application to the National Institute of Health (NIH) and get it accepted. Then I had to do the tests on animals to prove the drug would work. Then I could make the phage drug at a plant in the US. I found just the place to make it and they agreed to manufacture the first batch of bacteriophage. I had all the business partnership contracts signed and I began to weave my way through the grant application process. It was not easy and the deadline was in June while every day and every night the maniacs who wanted me incarcerated or dead were using their electronics to deny me sleep and to distract me while I worked. I worked 12 hours a day or more every day and finished the application and mailed it off to the NIH. All the forms and documents were over a foot high. It was like mailing off one of your children in more ways than one. In the mean time I knew I had to get a skill set of working with phage in a lab to give me credibility and the expertise I needed. I found just the place and with the recommendation of my old biology professor I was accepted to a school in Olympia, Washington. The T4 lab at The Evergreen State College was one of the few places in the world where an undergrad like me could get my foot in the door and just start working on making phage drugs. I also hoped to take a long circuitous route through Canada and then reenter the US and perhaps lose my gang stalking friends. I applied to 6 different schools (the maximum allowed) as subterfuge when I only planned to go to one location. I wrote the professor there about working in her lab but got no adequate response so I decided to just show up at her door and show her my project. If she told me to get lost I could always go somewhere else. My parents had really come through for me by helping me with my project when they saw how serious I was. I bought a plane ticket for Washington D.C. and bid them fair well. I stayed with my mom and tried to act like everything was normal while the electronic weapons targeted me from several different directions at once and the gang stalking was continuous and heavy. It felt dangerous out on the streets so I stayed close to home and tried to get the VW beetle ready for the trip. I found a place to live in Olympia by renting a room on the internet and gathered up my belongings and planned my route through Canada where I still hoped to lose my many "friends" who always seemed to know who I was and where I was going. I had to take the VW in for service at the dealership and the men working there used all the usual verbal taunts and signs of the gang stalking perpetrators. They had my car over night and could have installed any number of electronic devices on it but there was nothing I could do about it now. I left town very early in the morning when the streets were deserted and I could easily spot a tail. The sun came up as I made my way west but from the signs I still hadn't lost anyone.

People came out and stood by the side of the road to let me know I was still being tracked. Nothing had changed as I noticed people in cars passing me and giving me the hand signs of hand to nose, "You stink", and finger in mouth, "You suck", and mouthing the same verbal litany of "Pussy", "Punk", "Bitch" and other favorite gang stalking attacks. My plan to lose the armies of people who came out to greet me in every town, large or small, had failed. I still had one card to play...Canada. I finally made my way to the state of North Dakota where I pulled over to relieve myself and enjoy the landscape and the open sky. I felt like I could breathe here in the wide open spaces. People still passed me in their cars mouthing insults and it was all kinds of people from every walk of life, little old ladies fresh from church, pretty young women, guys who worked in garages and on farms. It was ubiquitous and it knew no age, sex, or race. This was not the Mexican Mafia, it was some kind of game that spread information about targets on the internet and by cell phone and there was some highly evolved manner of tracking the target so that everyone who wanted to go online or to look on their cell phone could check your location. My car and my cell phone were my lifeline but one or both of them allowed people who wanted to "play the game" to follow my every move down to the foot and the second. Some people seemed to recognize me and they did not take part. Some people didn't know me from Adam so I was able on occasion to talk to people and not fear that they would verbally harass me. In a small town in North Dakota I stopped to buy water and some peanuts to eat. In the store I saw an elderly man who engaged me in conversation in the parking lot. I asked him about his enormous scar on his sternum and his health problem. I explained that I studied microbiology and was interested in the stents that they use in bypass surgery. He perked up and was very nice and we talked for quite a while. "You know what I like about living in this part of the country, thirty below keeps the riff raff out". I glanced over his shoulder and a young couple of humble means was trying to get my attention in order to harass me with visual and verbal taunts. "Well", I told him, "Almost all the riff raff". The verbal harassment continued at every restaurant and every gas station I stopped at along the way. The people I had seen by the thousands in the last year and four months were not evil and not necessarily riff raff but they were highly organized, motivated, and armed with tracking technology and electronic harassment tools that surprised me at every turn. I wondered where it would end. I made my way north towards the Canadian border and pulled over to sleep in my car after several days of driving straight through. It was about 4 a.m. when I went down a back road and then drove down a dirt road and hid the car behind a bluff. I slept in the front seat of the Beetle with the seat in the reclined position as usual. About thirty minutes after sunrise I was awakened by a voice that said, "Get up bitch". I was wide awake and there was nobody there who could have spoken so loudly. There was a large metal building about 50 meters away but no cars in sight and somehow I doubted that someone had shouted at me from there. The VW had been at the dealership overnight and the hostile mechanics could have installed virtually anything in my car to track me or worse but I tried not to give it too much thought. I drove up to the border crossing and parked and made my way inside. The Canadian official was not overly friendly and I was stressed and sleep deprived after three days on the road. The man who was sweeping the floor behind him was staring at me and eavesdropping while giving me the usual treatment of silent menace without saying anything. I was in a hurry to clear the check point and try to lose myself in a different country. "Why are you entering Canada?" "I want to drive across country and see the scenery I've never been to Canada". "What is your final destination, where are you going to?" "My destination is Washington State". "What are you going to do there?" "I'm going to a university in Olympia". "Where is your letter of acceptance?" I grew annoyed at the many

questions and was in a hurry so I became increasingly evasive. "I don't have it with me". "What are you studying there?" "I'm studying molecular genetics and microbiology". This information seemed to make him even more hostile and suspicious and I grew more defensive until finally he said, "Sir, you have an outstanding conviction for marijuana possession". "Please drive your car into the inspection building so we can search your car". He and another officer took two hours going through every single item I had packed and examining all of my files for my project. "It seems that your research is fairly advanced and that you are past the point of undergraduate study". He was less confrontational now that he hadn't found any evidence of criminal wrong doing on my part in fact he had become rather sympathetic after reading about my project so I told him about my project to develop a biodefense drug. "I'm afraid we're going to have to impound your vehicle because you have pepper spray which is a prohibited weapon". "You will not be allowed to enter Canada due to your marijuana possession charge but you will be free to go after you pay the \$200 fine". The small pepper spray I kept on my key ring had resulted in my car being impounded and I was persona non grata in Canada because of the old charge of marijuana possession. I considered this ridiculous coming from a country that had legalized marijuana. I paid the fine and headed back through the American side. They asked me the same questions there in a less suspicious manner and when I told them I was studying microbiology they searched the car for an hour and then sent me on my way. I continued traveling west and stuck to the roads as far north and out of the way as I could. At one point I was looking at the map considering going down an unpaved road very near the border when I saw a town with five houses and a stop sign. I pulled into the garage there and asked a young guy if the road was suitable for the VW. He was friendly and advised me to stay on the paved road. Behind him an older man emerged from the garage with a shotgun and spit on the ground in a threatening manner. Here I was in a place as far off the beaten path as was possible to get to in the northern US and some of the locals knew me on sight and decided to give me the treatment. The old man yelled something as I drove off in a hurry. It was going to be a long trip but I looked forward to seeing Idaho and Montana, maybe things would be different there. Montana appealed to me but the logging truck drivers often did the usual gang stalking signs to their face and crossed over the center line to get my attention. I had a close call and pulled off at a scenic overlook to rest but a trailing car pulled up behind me and shouted abuse out of their car window from a safe distance so I continued on. I stopped at the next small town in Montana up in the mountains and was driving around the old town square looking at the sights when I saw a group of locals sitting outside a local business. They did not know who I was and did not harass me in any way so I stopped to rest. The group was very laid back and friendly and they invited me into their local bar for a libation and conversation. They were long time residents who were very independent free spirits just the kind of people I like. They told me about the local area and the people and lamented that you could no longer homestead. After two hours of camaraderie a local man who was a logger came in and he knew who I was but did not overtly harass me. He had been sent in to keep tabs on me and monitor the situation and collect information. He sat with the group until evening and then drew several of them away on an errand. I went out to sleep it off in my car and woke up at 2 a.m. to the sound of people near my car talking loudly. It was another case of using local teenagers to come out at night and shout verbal abuse at a target to deprive them of sleep. I had become very familiar with this scenario and so I headed on my way. I drove through the arid country of eastern Washington and eventually into Seattle where I was stalked at the gas station. You begin to get a feel for your environment when you are stalked for a while

and I did not have a good vibe from Seattle. It looked like a nice town but I had the feeling that it was a hot spot for gang stalking so I headed south towards Olympia.

## IX Bacteriophage

I found the home of the person I was to rent a room from and knocked on the door. She was a short intense woman with dark hair and friendly demeanor. She and I got to know each other and she was kind to me but her personality was unsettled. She had had a rough childhood and a rough divorce that left her financially strapped for cash. She was a good person who spent most of her time on the internet chain smoking ridiculously long brown cigarettes. She was bipolar and her health was not good. She could be rather shrill and excitable at times which made me uneasy after all that I was going through. She loved her cat dearly and kept several goats in her back yard that were like house pets. She also kept an elaborate garden in her back yard. I paid her the rent and tried to settle into my small room in the front of the house that had a bath down the hall while her rooms were in the back of the house. I wished I could have worked around the house for her but my health made this impossible. I drove to the university and walked into the T4 lab where I hoped to learn the skill set of bacteriophage therapy. The professor had gotten my letter and CD with the information about my project but she was so busy and distracted she had not really looked at it. She seemed flabbergasted that I would get in my car and drive across the country and present myself before her without the certainty of a job. I think she kind of admired the chutzpah and looked at me like I was a two headed calf. I rattled off my knowledge of the life and work of Felix d'Herrelle and her scientific papers and the text book she and her partner had written on the molecular genetics of phage and then I launched into the particulars of my project and dropped the names of my business partners who she knew very well. The world of bacteriophage research is very rarefied air where only a few scientists in a dozen or more labs work on discovering new phage and making new drugs to control pathogenic bacteria. Somewhere between my familiarity with her work, my name dropping, my ambitious project, and my obvious chutzpah she was suitably impressed and offered me a spot in her lab that so many people were trying to get into. I went to register for classes and the administrative staff were polite to me but the employees who did maintenance and maintained the physical plant immediately began to harass me with the usual litany. "Better get the hell out", "Punk". All my efforts at applying to multiple schools and driving clear across country had yielded me nothing. I was right back where I started except that now I had a plan and the hope that when my grant application was evaluated I would be one of the 15% that were funded. The grant application results should come by the end of the semester when I had gotten the skill set of working with phage in the lab. If I got the grant the next step would be to make a small quantity of the drug and have the animal tests done at the Battelle labs. The scientist I was working with there was very responsive to my questions and very enthusiastic about the project. He was an expert at measuring the amount of aerosol pathogen that was to be transferred to the experimental animals. The experiment consisted of exposing 200 mice to an aerosol of bubonic plague in a sealed container that resembled an oversized microwave oven. Half of the exposed mice would be given the phage drug at different stages to test the efficacy of the drug. If it worked and saved the lives of the exposed population that were treated 24 hours after the deadly germs entered their lungs then I would receive two million dollars to make the phage drug in large quantities at a production facility in Maryland. The experiment on the mice alone would cost \$400,000 and was the make or break step. It was a unique experiment that had never been done before but I

had read all the literature and was confident that the phage would save the mice and if necessary human beings. I don't condone the superfluous testing of drugs on animals but this drug could save millions of lives in the event of a national emergency so the lives of 200 specially bred mice were not being wasted. It was a very dangerous experiment that could only be done in a very few places in the world. If the scientist I was working with accidentally broke the seal on his glove during the experiment he could very well lose his life. At least he would have plenty of the phage drug handy. Whatever they were paying him he was earning every bit of it. The lab in Olympia where I would be working was a small room full of incubators, centrifuges of all sizes, chemicals, measuring equipment, supplies, glass ware, an air hood, and a -80 degree centigrade walk in freezer. There was a room next door for sterilizing and storing equipment and analyzing DNA and RNA sequences of phage. There was another room next to that which was not used heavily because it had been contaminated with radioactive isotopes but some of us used it out of necessity. Two scientists would direct about twelve students in their research projects in the small lab but there were rarely more than eight people in the lab. The main focus of research by the two professors was E. coli bacteria and the phage that killed them. We also worked with different kinds of staph and strep and other pathogens that were becoming resistant to antibiotics. Every year about 70,000 people who visit a hospital incur an infection and lose their lives to bacterial infections that can no longer be controlled with antibiotics. Excessive use of antibiotics in humans and the animals that make up our food supply make the resistance more prevalent and the deaths greater in number every year. Bacteria pass plasmids (genes) to each other that confer resistance to antibiotics. Our work was important because at some point most antibiotics will no longer control bacterial infections and humanity will suffer millions of deaths. The E. coli strains we worked with were the "McDonalds strain" that had been responsible for several deaths but these bacteria had the pathogenic genes removed so that we could work with them without becoming ill and dying. The methodology was to grow the E. coli or other bacteria in a flask in the warm water bath and then place the bacteriophage in the flask and do a time experiment to measure how much bacteria the phage killed over what period of time. The phage in relation to the bacteria is about the size of a BB to a basketball. The phage enters the liquid of the flask and cannot swim but randomly bumps into the walls of the bacteria. The first phase is called attachment when the phage "sticks" to the outside of the bacteria. The phage often looks like the lunar module as it goes through attachment and the proteins irreversibly adhere to the bacteria and inject their packet of DNA or RNA into the interior of the bacteria. The phage hijacks the proteins and other machinery that the bacteria uses to live and begins to manufacture exact copies of itself in parts like a Buick automobile that might enter a factory dedicated to making semi trucks and suddenly it is converted to making all the separate parts that make up a Buick. The following stage is called assembly when all the separate pieces of the phage reassemble into hundreds of complete virus (phage) particles while still inside the bacteria. The final stage is lysis when the phage slice through the bacterial wall from the inside and release the hundreds of copies of themselves at the same time killing the bacteria. The whole process might take about 40 minutes. The hundreds of new copies of phage then enter the liquid medium and randomly bump into the bacterial walls and repeat the process again. It is a delicate and complex dance that varies at every stage and might work or fail at any stage depending on the phage used and the conditions of the experiment. At different time points the experimenter removes portions of the liquid medium and pours it onto a petri dish that is incubated over night and shows how well the phage is killing the bacteria. Science is very precise and very hard because there are many things that can go wrong. Some people in the lab had worked for two years or more trying to

write a thesis but had to admit their darkest fears that all of that blood, sweat, and tears might in the end lead nowhere. The stakes were enormous and the work was not easy. The two scientists we were working for were very professional and dedicated people who gave us support and encouragement. It was a heady atmosphere because we were potentially going to change the world but could just as easily fail. The people around me were young, highly intelligent, and idealistic and I felt like that I was in a special place. In the same way that the devout might enter the Vatican or the Dome of the Rock I entered the lab every morning and began my experiments. No one working in my lab knew who I was but there were two professors and one student working in the science building who did recognize me and would take every opportunity to give me the treatment. The student was Hispanic and whenever he saw me off campus would immediately pull out his cell phone and start sending a text message. There were other students on campus that recognized me as well and harassed me when they were able. Most of the overt harassment came from the people who were employed in the maintenance department. Driving my car anywhere in Washington State was an exercise in the surreal. About 20% of the cars that passed me headed in the opposite direction engaged in the gang stalking gestures that had become standardized. The endless stream of strangers who signed to me the hand to nose or finger to mouth or new and inventive ways to signal their delight at my situation was breath taking. After about a week of this parade of thousands I taped a web cam to my windshield pointed it outward to capture their antics. As a test I didn't plug it into my laptop and it still dissuaded people from their hateful street theater. I guess these people didn't know everything that was going on. Back at my residence things quickly went from bad to worse. The house directly across the street was occupied by a Hispanic family with a small child and a young son of about 22 years old. They and the people who owned a property behind me immediately began to stand outside and say things to me to let me know that I was not welcome. In the second week of living there a Caucasian man who I took to be off duty military visited the house across the street and the people living there were no longer to be seen coming and going. Instead a young Hispanic kid about 17 showed up and was occasionally visited by two Hispanic men about 22 years old who seemed to shuttle young people to and from the house in shifts. On the fourth day I was lying in bed when noise began to emanate from within the room in a manner very similar to what had happened at my parent's house back in Houston. From across the street I began to be hit constantly with directed sound attacks that I could not block with any kind of objects, even ear plugs or headphones with music playing could not stop it. In addition they demonstrated the ability to strike objects in the room with a different device that gave off loud reports, pops and banging noises like a kinetic collision of some kind. I tried to sleep in the hammock in the backyard telling my landlord that I liked to sleep outside. I grabbed my sleeping bag and pillows and stuffed my ears with cotton and lay on the hammock. "That ain't gonna stop it", he told me as if speaking into my ear from a few inches away. During the constant assaults I could only manage to pass out for about two hours at a time before I was attacked back into consciousness. These attacks were if anything even more relentless than the ones in Houston. At about the end of the first week of this I was lying in bed on my back in the small bedroom getting the sound attack when my right arm raised straight up as if by itself. I was shocked that this teenage boy had another electronic device that could manipulate my limbs in such a manner. He demonstrated the same maneuver on two other occasions as if to make me execute a Nazi salute as a joke but to terrorize me as well. I already been through quite a bit of trauma and I tried not to worry about this capability but who had given this kid a weapon powerful enough to attack a human being in such a way. Olympia was very near a military base and the man I had seen at the

house across the street before the family left appeared to me to be from a military background. I had been screamed at by a man in the grocery store the day before who was obviously in the military. "Punk", he yelled at me from four feet away with his two year old daughter at his side. I was not surprised but there was an elderly woman standing about 20 feet away who gasped in shock. These techniques of harassment were so highly practiced and almost scientific in nature that this episode in the grocery store was the only time anyone who was not aware of the "game" had witnessed the gang stalking harassment behavior in over a year of daily attacks. The attacks got so bad by the third week that I was forced to take my sleeping bag and try to sleep in the goat shed even when it rained. The goats weren't too happy about it either. The housing bulletin board at school had something for rent that I thought might work because it was over thirty miles away from campus and in a rural area. I made an appointment and drove out to see the house. It was practically a brand new two store structure on the side of a mountain overlooking a river that came out into a majestic fjord. Fantastic view was an understatement the place was absolutely breath taking and the house was a fabulous design but I knew I couldn't afford it. The owner was an elderly nuclear engineer who had built the house for his daughter to live in but after six months she had decided to move to Seattle. It was on a road with only one other home nearby and that was a quarter mile away on the other side of the mountain. The driveway up to the house was made out of gravel and too steep but after looking at the house I didn't care. I said it was too much money for me because it was and after a week of the torture treatment at my residence I called him back up. He and I had talked for several hours the first time we met and he was an interesting character and obviously needed someone to talk to. I offered him about half of what he was asking for rent and he agreed. He wasn't going to rent it anytime real soon because it was too far from Olympia and no one nearby could afford the luxury of this palace. When I was in the house talking to him the river was full of fishermen down below and I saw a truck pull up past the house on the opposite side of the river away from the people fishing. The house was half windows as it should have been and while I was sitting talking to the owner I felt something hot strike my face and I became dizzy and flushed. "What's the matter Pussy", a voice said inside my head. It felt like I was getting burned and I wavered and tried to pretend nothing was wrong as we spoke. It was my impression that the truck I had seen was the source of the attack and that would make the range of the device at least 150 yards. We were becoming friends and I told him to stop by anytime to talk and he said he would call first when he did. I made my excuses to the old landlord and left my guitar as collateral to cover the \$250 I owed her and then moved all my stuff in one load. I had text books, clothes, a stereo, some camping gear and a laptop and that was about it. I didn't have a TV and all my time was spent working on my bacteriophage project and reading a little for pleasure. Things immediately started getting really bad. It had been 18 months since the nightmare began and the stalking pressure and technology had just been getting more sophisticated all the time. It reminded me of dropping a frog in water and then slowly turning up the heat until the animal is dead and now the water was really getting hot. I was being gang stalked at school by the maintenance people every day but living on the side of a mountain made it harder to apply pressure of that kind 24 hours a day. It was then that the technology took a step up to something very powerful with an extremely long range. I began to be assaulted with some kind of electronics that made audible sound in my head but none in the room. The hypersonic sound system they had used on me before made audible sound when it struck a solid surface like a wall or my body but this was different. This device could project sound directly into my ears or my head without ever traveling through the air as a sound wave. This device made a buzzing humming noise in my head all the time similar to when the radio is

on but very high pitched like electronic bees. It reminded me of what it might be like if someone pointed a satellite dish at your head and used it as a weapon. My body would start to heat up and I would become faint and my heart would start racing and the voice or voices would start to taunt and threaten me in the same familiar manner. The only line of sight buildings nearby were on a small Indian reservation across the river about 400 meters away behind a lot of trees. I figured that it was coming from that direction if it was directional in nature. The voices were young men threatening my life and making the same short taunts over and over again without let up for hours and hours. Sometimes the voices were obviously local young men conversing while at other times the repetition seemed to key on my responses. I bought a .22 rifle for protection in case someone decided to enter the property. The voice of an older man of about 35 came on one night and he started to taunt me. It seemed to be centered in the immediate area of the house so I took out my .22 rifle and started firing out onto the property in a random manner sweeping the compass. He sounded afraid and I could tell he thought there was a possibility he could be hit so I continued firing. After a few minutes more he said, "Now try that on for size and see how you like it". "What are you gonna do now mother fucker". The humming became even more intense and it seemed that when he stopped talking he had left the immediate area but the electronic attack was now more intense than ever. To my mind he had installed some kind of antennae or booster that focused the electronic beam and made it possible to attack me with greater efficiency and ease from a more remote location. After about two weeks of this intense and relentless attack I began to grow angrier and more traumatized and I would be in the house alone shouting back at the voices like a madman or trying to drown them out with very loud music. Most of the time I managed to ignore them and read and work on my project but over time the trauma of physical burns and all night attacks left me shouting back in rage. These attacks with a new kind of weapon were doing real physical damage to my body. I cruised the Indian reservation trying to figure out who the culprit was and who to attack but to no avail. I eventually called the police on the reservation and he mentioned that there were people living at the top of the mountain I was on, just over the crest of the hill. I realized he was giving me a clue as to where my attackers were. I drove up there and found one very large house and four small trailers. I sat by the side of the road with my rifle waiting for someone to give me a clue as to which house was the location of my torturers but I never saw any vehicle traffic during my stakeout. They always knew my location so they had just avoided driving home when I was there so I would never see their faces. After a fresh snow I walked the ridge and found fresh tracks that led to an area that looked down on my house. If there was an antennae or transmitter of some kind set up on the ridge aimed at my house I hoped the tracks in the snow would lead me to it but I was unable to find it. I met a girl from the Ukraine at the university and tried to convince her to move in. She would come and stay with me for a few days at a time and I would visit her and we developed a relationship. I had to try to hide the fact from her that I was getting attacked by some kind of microwave assault so it was a strange situation. At the house I did an experiment and held her head up against mine while the voices were taunting me but she heard absolutely nothing. After a few weeks I told her that I was being gang stalked and I knew it sounded crazy but some sort of Hispanic gang was after me. She told me with absolute certainty and sincerity, "You're not crazy". When I visited her at her place the attacks hit me much the same as at my house but with new voices. Eventually my novel attackers from her neighborhood showed themselves. It was a group of about 8 boys around 16 years old that walked by my car in a menacing manner to let me know who they were. Over the course of the following months in the new house I was forced to try to block the attacks when I attempted to sleep by putting all the

pots and pans and metal objects on top of my body and sleeping with my head inside the microwave oven. It sounds ridiculous but the electronic assaults were making it impossible to sleep and slowly killing me. If a microwave oven could contain the emissions of a magnetron perhaps it could keep the same kind of emissions from entering from the outside. This strategy seemed to lessen the effects by about 10% which considering their severity was at least something. The heating and slow burning of my body underneath the skin was usually centered on my upper chest, head, and genitals. When the attacks hit me in the head it felt like my head was expanding and I would begin to murmur back at them, "Murder, murder". At times it seemed they were delivering the sensation of being stabbed with a needle or shocked with electricity but mostly they were cooking me alive. A teen voice said with glee, "We're gonna fry you dude". It was not an idle threat, it was exactly what they were doing. By the second month at the new house the electronic assaults that hit me with voices and cooked me internally were happening in my car and in the lab. The attacks in the car featured the same voices that were present at the house while the attacks at the lab were different voices. These voices in the lab were from the young Hispanic men who worked in the building maintenance department. This pushed things to a new level of torture because there was virtually no let up. I was tortured most of the night until I passed out and when I drove to school the car now became a torture chamber and the lab was no longer a sanctuary. I began to chain smoke filterless cigarettes and became very fatalistic in my thinking. While riding in my car they were able to deliver intense energy to my genitals to the point where it burned me badly and made the tissue turn very red and swell up and reduced me to lying in the fetal position clutching my genitals and groaning. I read on the internet about a government whistleblower that was being slowly killed by a radiation disk left under his car seat. A radiation disk is a method for delivering ionizing radiation to cancer patients and in his case it had been used as a method of assassination. I went online and considered purchasing a lead shield, lead under wear, or a lead apron because it seemed to be approaching a matter of life and death. I tried to buy a used lead apron from area dentist offices but was unsuccessful. During this time I never missed a day of work in the lab or was ever late because my work was my only hope of survival. I went to a small foundry and had a lead brick made to specification that I could reproduce a hundred times and build a lead chamber in the basement of the house to sleep in. On the way to the foundry I doubled back and discovered I was being followed by a yellow car with two Hispanic men in it. These were not the usual teenagers, one man was 25 and the other man was about 30 and a foreign national, probably from Nicaragua. I recognized the yellow car and the man from Nicaragua who worked for a farmer in the valley below me. He brazenly followed me into the foundry and pretended to be looking for scrap to buy as he tried to figure out what I was having made. The single lead brick was the only one I ever had made and I used it in the car to save my genitals. Surprisingly it worked and if I sat on it just right it stopped my genitals from being horribly burned. I was still getting hit in the car at point blank range in the upper chest all the time with either ionizing or non-ionizing radiation. At times it felt like I was going to pass out and I had to pull over. It made driving anywhere a torment but there was no alternative in the short run. One night I went out and got drunk and went to sleep in my car a few miles from the house on the side of the road. When I woke up I had a nose bleed out of my right nostril that continued to bleed for nearly an hour. I hadn't had a nose bleed since I was a kid and then only on the left side due to allergies. It was tender for a day or two but I didn't think too much about it at the time. Whenever there were lots of people in the small lab working around me the attacks were either turned way down or they left it off to avoid detection. I tried to sleep in the lab at night on several occasions but the

attacks were too persistent to allow sleep of more than two hours. I stopped seeing the girl from the Ukraine after the holidays when the attacks became too persistent and I became too traumatized. A short time later a girl called me looking for a place to live. I rented a room to her and we began a brief relationship. One day prior to her moving in I had put 2x4 pieces of aluminum foil on several of the walls and sat in front of them to gauge the effect to see if it would block the signal but it did not do much of anything, perhaps 10% less effect. She came to visit and as an excuse I told her I was going to make some drawings on the foil and so she made some very nice portraits of a Buddhist saint. I left them up on the wall. The girl stayed with me for over a month and I really liked her and enjoyed her company but things were getting more serious all the time. I had become so fatalistic that when she looked at me in wonder one day and said, "You're so alive", I told her, "Yeah but not for long". Eventually when I was burned so badly around her that I could hardly stand up I told her, "I'm being gang stalked and I'm under attack by some kind of classified government microwave weapon". "They're going to kill me". She looked at me thoughtfully and said, "I don't know if I believe you but I also don't disbelieve you". "They killed Gandhi, they killed Martin Luther King". She really was keeping an open mind which after the reaction of the older and supposedly wiser people around me in my life surprised me but I guess it shouldn't have. The next night we were in the car coming back from school talking and laughing and near home when we both got suddenly quiet until we reached the house. As soon as we got inside we began to argue violently for almost no reason. She was a pacifist and very kind and when she began to scream and curse at me I was taken aback but I had initially risen to the argument myself. The next day I told her that she should find a place to live on campus instead of 35 miles out in the middle of nowhere. She needed to be around lots of people and she didn't have a car. She agreed and found a place a few days later so I helped her move and we parted as friends. She had been gone exactly 24 hours when she called me and said in an intense urgent voice that she needed to see me right away. I told her I would meet her under the clock on campus in a few hours. When I walked up to her she handed me a printout that I had seen on the internet from a website called MKzine. It showed a human figure and explained how attacks with ionizing and non-ionizing microwave weapons worked on the human body. "Look, here it is, it really is true you really are getting attacked just like you said". Here in front of me was a young woman of 20 who was the only person I had met in the last two years who was open minded and intelligent enough to believe me. She very much wanted to stay in touch with me and I got her number and told her I would call but for her safety I never did. By late November I was forced to seek shelter in my car and sleep elsewhere for the night. I had used the strategy of sleeping in the car much of the time but now the house was getting too hot to stay in at all. Over Christmas I left to visit Houston and when I returned everything in my house had been stolen. They had broken out the back window and taken every single thing I owned except a few dishes and cleaning supplies. I was very glad I had taken my back pack and my laptop along with me. My extra set of keys to my car was stolen and people in public places would trigger the keyless entry signal to my car doors to let me know they could enter my car whenever they wished. It had seemed like the attacks were getting worse and really trying to drive me out or kill me. Out of necessity I had begun sleeping in the car and only visiting the house to shower before going to the lab every day. I slept in wilderness areas and national parks so if I were killed the federal authorities would have to investigate. Even this strategy only yielded me 2-3 hours of fitful sleep. I received word from the review committee at the NIH that only one of the three reviewers had voted to fund my project. It had been rejected. I was at a loss as to what to do now so for lack of anything better to do I registered for another

semester and continued to work in the lab on the E. coli project. The next week was the first time I missed work at the lab. Five months of constant torture and sleeping in my car had not gotten me to miss work or to despair but when my grant was not funded I let down for the first time. In despair I told two fellow classmates that I was being gang stalked and targeted with electronic harassment technology. I told them I thought it was a Hispanic gang but I knew it was different than that, more elaborate. I said I needed their help in turning the table on the stalkers and cornering them and getting some of their electronic weapons away from them as proof. They offered to help but instead wound up telling the other people in the lab what I had said. It made me look mentally unbalanced in their eyes. Two months before I had been visiting one of these guys and drinking beer and studying for an exam when the perpetrators began to target me with the microwave attacks from upstairs while we were sitting at his kitchen table. He was sitting about 3 feet away when he said, "What's that buzzing noise?" I told him I didn't know. It was the only time anyone had ever noticed the electronic attacks up until then. I had been sleeping in my car for about three months when things began to get into the realm of life and death for real. I had spent the night drinking with a classmate and had been in a crowded bar where I got some relief. On occasion I went to very crowded bars and for a short time the attacks were mitigated either by the difficulty of tracking me in a crowded room, the change in my EEG due to alcohol, or the desire not to have other people notice the "buzzing noise" as my classmate had put it. On several occasions I left on foot from the bar or drove with a friend to stay in a different house in an effort to evade my stalkers but they were always able to target me when I left the crowded public place no matter where I went to spend the night. We were both very drunk so I drove a few miles to his place and started to go to sleep on the couch after he went upstairs. This guy was about 20 and very bright but at the beginning of the semester he had said things that only the perpetrators said and had made noises that sounded like the taunts they used. I had considered punching him out more than once but that was a bad idea because he was a big kid and I would get thrown out of school. After I talked to him a few times and realized he was friendly and wasn't one of my harassers. It didn't make any sense that he had repeated the taunts that the stalkers used. He was what I would later come to refer to as an unknowing perpetrator. On more than one other occasion someone had walked by me and said something derogatory and I, after being so traumatized, considered starting a fight. Instead I said "have a nice day" or something innocuous and they would respond in kind. It appeared at times innocent parties repeated taunts that they were not aware of and at other times the microwave weapon made it sound like the other person said something when really it was my attackers speaking as the other person walked by me. As I tried to get to sleep on my friend's couch a car pulled up outside and they began to hit me very hard with the microwave weapon. I walked to the back of the house to the kitchen to put distance between me and the weapon when the voice came on and said, "I ain't messin with you", "I told you I ain't messin with you". The beam hit me with an intensity that made it impossible to stand up under it. It was like nothing I had ever felt before. I started to try to get to my feet but could not so I began to crawl. "Die mother fucker, die". He kept repeating it over and over again. I tried to stand up but could not. "Not like this, not like this", I said. "Die mother fucker Die". I couldn't stand up to get away and so I began to crawl towards the front door. I knew after a few more minutes of this I would pass out and perhaps do just as he was commanding. I reached up with great effort and opened the front door and crawled out onto the front steps. I opened my cell phone and dialed 911 and when they answered I told the operator that I thought I was having a heart attack. The ambulance got there quickly and took me to the hospital but I was still getting hit the whole time just not as bad.

They wheeled me into the ER and started to work on me. My muscles began to contract violently as the attackers sat in the parking lot or across the street and continued to fry me just not as hard as they had in the first few minutes. There were about 4 people standing over me and working on me while my muscles continued to clench violently. They injected me with something and told me to relax and I passed out. I came to in the morning and the doctor immediately asked me if I had anything to drink. "Yeah". He acted like he had his answer and was very dismissive of me. I offered no explanation. After nearly two years of this I knew better than to try and explain. The next day I took a marker and wrote on my right thigh, MURDER CLASSIFIED MICROWAVE WEAPONS UNAUTHORIZED USE. What I had experienced that night I referred to as the death ray. In case I suffered the same attack and did not survive I wanted someone to know about it. It was late January and I went to go sleep in my car in a national park for two hours and then went back to work in the lab. Nearly everyone had heard that I was nuts by now and they acted either scared to talk to me or laughed in my face. The male scientist who I respected very much was mad at me for taking up space in his lab and wouldn't even look at me. I was now persona non grata in the lab which had been my church. I immediately went to my professor and asked that she send me to Tbilisi, Georgia where there was a phage lab and where she had sent several other students. I was relatively new and inexperienced compared to the people who had been working in her lab for several years so this was a tall order. I told her that I was being "mobbed" by people on campus in an effort to drive me out. It was the only term on the internet I had found that was part of a scientific study. The study was set in the work place in the UK and it said people were being harassed in a systematic manner in other countries as well. It was the only science I could find that was close to what was happening to me and being a scientist I hoped she would give it credence. She was very thoughtful and kind and even if she had believed I was crazy she would have had the wisdom not to say so. She promised to try but said it would take time and suggested I apply to a phage lab at a Florida university that a good friend of hers ran. I told her I preferred to try Tbilisi, Georgia and she said she would do her best.

For a couple of weeks I had been having another premonition that was in the form of one word, tsunami. I asked my landlord if there had ever been a tsunami in the fjord at the mouth of the river but he said no. This feeling persisted for several weeks and at one point I decided to try to do something about it. I knew that I would not be able to stop it from happening but if I remained silent as I had during the first two major premonitions then I would consider myself an abject failure. The attacks had driven me from my home and I was at the point where I considered my days numbered. One night I purchased a can of red spray paint and went to the campus. I expected to be murdered at the rate things were going but first I would have my say. In 8 different locations on the pavement or the sidewalk I wrote TSUNAMI and MICROWAVE MURDER 2/13/62 which was my birth date. One of my classmates got off the bus the next day and saw the birth date and gasped out loud. She looked at me and realized that I had written the graffiti but I pretended not to notice her reaction. The red lettered messages were visible for about 4 days until the maintenance crew cleaned them off. I considered it another failure and went on day to day trying to survive. About four more weeks went by when the massive earth quake hit Malaysia and a tsunami struck shore in Aceh and India. A quarter of a million people died but since I was severely traumatized and fighting for my life I could not mourn them well. Every day and night had turned into an endless nightmare of torture and harassment. At this point I moved out permanently from the beautiful house in the woods because the attacks

became too incredibly painful. The last time I was there an older male voice of about 35 used the weapon and told me, "Get the hell out, now". He made it very clear by turning up the heat to an intolerable degree that they had decided that it was time for me to leave the house for good even though I had been living in my car most of the time for the past three months. The gang stalkers used teenage boys or young men for most of the day to day vocal harassment and attacks. Often the voice seemed to be so repetitive that it was a recording because no one would have the discipline to repeat the same 3-4 phrases over and over again for 12 hours straight. The voice that must have been a recording was very interactive in a sense that it responded to my threats and curses as one would in a conversation. At other times I could provoke or upset the teenagers who were obviously live voices by my own responses and stories I told them to "mess with their minds". When it came time to drive me out of the house or come onto the property and install some kind of booster for the signal strength the perpetrators had used a 30 year old man judging from the voices. The person who had used the death ray on me was not fooling around like the teenagers who usually burned and taunted me all day and night. This individual by his voice was a Hispanic gang member about 25 years old who had been in the criminal justice system and was mentally prepared to kill me using the microwave weapon. I could tell by the sound of his voice that he enjoyed his work. I still went to the lab every day but now I was just going through the motions. I put all my belongings in a storage shed at the home of a classmate and stayed on their couch occasionally when I could. As soon as I began to spend time at her house the gang stalkers approached the neighbor and brought them the device used to taunt and cook me. I saw a Hispanic man visit the Hispanic family living next door and when I began to be attacked I approached their window and saw the man and his 13 year old son and the visitor sitting at the dining room table intently learning how to use the technology. It may have been a device similar to a laptop but all I saw was their faces lit by the glow of an LCD screen. When the adult neighbor used the electronics to attack me he said nothing but when the young boy later learned to use the weapon he spoke occasionally and I could tell he was in about the 8<sup>th</sup> grade and learning to become brutal and sadistic. He was very aggressive in using the weapon to burn my body. The burns characteristically were sub-dermal and resulted in the gradual reddening and discoloration of the outer skin of my neck and upper chest. I was being cooked from the inside out the exact same way that a microwave oven cooks your food from the inside out. I told my classmate I was staying with that I was being stalked by a gang. She was very concerned for me but there was never any overt evidence for her to see. I did however give her roommate a ride once and he noticed that I sat on a lead brick to protect my genitals. He was a nice guy who did not say anything overtly hostile but I'm sure he told other people. Two weeks after the attack with the death ray it occurred again. I was driving about two blocks from their house when the attack became so intense that I thought I was going to lose consciousness so I stopped the car and got out and started walking away from the car. The same voice came through again, "I'm not messing with you". "You better get the fuck out of here". He kept repeating the message and the power of the attack increased. The burning pain in my upper chest was much more than normal and I started to have labored breathing and couldn't go any farther. I was very dizzy and afraid I might pass out so I sat down on the curb and since I couldn't walk away from the attack I gave into my fear and called 911 again. They showed up in a matter of minutes and took me to a different hospital ER as the attack seemed to continue while I was in the ambulance in all its ferocity. In the ER there were about six people standing all around me working feverishly and I could still hear the voice of my attacker nearby telling me, "You better get the fuck out". "I'm not messing with you". Under the intensity of the microwave attack my

muscles again began to contract violently and I felt myself losing consciousness. I was getting fried with six doctors and nurses standing all around me or nearby and none of them could tell. I felt the attack begin to subside and as the violent muscle contractions slowly stopped I slipped into unconsciousness. In the morning a male doctor asked me if I had been drinking. "I had two beers". He shook his head in disgust and said I had low potassium which to him explained my symptoms. As I began to walk feebly out into the waiting room to leave a female doctor approached me. "I've been doing this a long time and I've never seen anyone pass out like that and not move for eight hours". "What happened to you, what was going on?" She seemed to be genuinely interested and she had probably seen the writing on my thigh so I told her. "I'm being stalked and targeted with classified military technology, some kind of microwave weapon". She blinked but didn't reject what I said out of hand. "Have you ever heard of Anne Sexton?" "I've heard her name a lot but never read her work". "She killed herself by putting her head in a microwave oven". "That is why they make them now so that when the door is open the power is automatically off". She was smart and attractive and seemed to like me and I genuinely needed a friend but after the last two relationships I had while under microwave assault and gang stalking I realized that it not only would not work, it was morally wrong to bring anyone else into my life and subject them to danger. I wasn't going to evade their tracking network in populated areas and these people were not going to get bored and go away. This would either end in some sort of man in the woods alone scenario, or I would wind up dead. I smiled and thanked her and called a cab to go find my car. My health had kept me from going off into the woods to seek refuge but now I was running out of options. Before I had sworn to myself that I was through running. The perpetrators had run me out of two houses in Lubbock, I'd run from Houston to Washington D.C. and back again and now I was in my third residence in Olympia. My belongings were in storage on all three coasts now and my life was in shambles. The second attack with the death ray and the obvious glee of the man's voice as he kept repeating, "Die mother fucker, die", had brought me to a crossroads. The bacteriophage project was dead in the water and my reputation around the lab was ruined now. I called my business partner who had decades of experience working with national defense drugs and the NIH. He told me that he had never had any problems getting money for research in the UK or the US until he started applying to the NIH for biodefense grants. "They rejected all my grant applications and said the idea was without merit and then a year or two later an employee at the NIH applies for a grant with my exact idea and gets approved". "So they're denying grants so they can steal your intellectual property", I asked rhetorically. "Looking on the bright side", he continued, "Your drug idea will probably get made in the future just by someone else". "That is if they don't mess it up because a lot of these people who steal intellectual property don't exactly know what they're doing". "In that case you may get another shot later on". He knew what he was talking about so I just took it for granted that they would wait two years and then try to make the drug themselves. I was in pretty bad shape by now after the physical trauma and sleep deprivation and I would hear myself saying out loud, "What will it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his soul". I had sworn not to retreat from this ground but now I had to reevaluate the situation. It was February, 2004 and I had been gang stalked and attacked with electronics for almost two years. I had fought a losing battle the entire way but to be perfectly honest I had been confronted with unlimited manpower and high technology. The individual fighting alone had virtually no chance. I had no money, a car, poor health, and I was running out of places to run to. I took my camcorder to the pawnshop and then I approached a local business owner who owned a restaurant and bar. I had gone there for the food but the live music and friendship had kept me coming back. I didn't have the title to my car

and would have to apply and wait eight weeks but I didn't have eight weeks. I didn't even have two weeks before they tried the death ray again. I approached the business owner who had been kind to me and tried to help me and asked him to help me again. I was really going to miss Olympia very much. These last six months had been the hour of my darkest night but wherever I went in this area I had met incredible people who even though they did not and could not understand what I was going through could see that I was suffering and in trouble and they had been kind to me and done what they could to help me. Even though legions of people were gang stalking me and not a few people were cooking me to death with horrible weapons I had found human beings who reaffirmed my belief in the redemption of the human race. There were saints walking the earth and they were ordinary people. The business owner agreed to let me sign my car over to him and he would sell it for me and forward me the money. I told him to keep \$2,000 for his trouble. I only had \$200 but I had enough frequent flier miles to get to Anchorage, Alaska and from there I would take a bus to Seward, Alaska population 3,000. It was the off season still and if I could get a job before the tourist season I could manage to stay alive in the middle of nowhere. I researched the locations and techniques of gold mining and talked to people who had gone north and panned for gold all summer. I was going to try to get as far out from civilization as my money and health would allow. My friend who was an exchange student from Japan gave me a ride to the Seattle airport and I took my backpack, my laptop, and my exhausted carcass and got on a one way trip to Alaska. When you are being gang stalked the airport is about the last place you want to be because the airline employees and lots of civilians are only too happy to stick verbal barbs into your skin. During the flight the microwave attacks continued but did not burn me just the endless stream of verbal excrement spewing out into your conscious mind. How they managed to continue targeting me on the plane I had no idea. When I landed there was a heavy snow falling and the large airport was fairly devoid of people. I waited around until all the people that had arrived on my flight left and then I called a cab and went to the library and got on the internet. There were a few people around who participated in the gang stalking "game" but not that many. I found a bus service that went to Seward, the only one, and walked a mile or two in the snow. My body felt good in the cold temperature and I was looking forward to a different environment. I hoped to get a job in the fishing fleet and get offshore and away from the electronic attacks. The shuttle bus arrived an hour after the coffee ran out and I got on board with six other people. The man who dropped off the shuttle bus looked at me like he recognized me. I was totally exhausted and it was a long drive so hopefully I could sleep on the bus. We got out of town and then it began. Similar to the experience of driving my VW with the electronic hardware that delivered a microwave attack to my upper chest at point blank range this bus was wired. The intensity was almost too much to take but since I had paid \$40 and we were already out of town there was no good answer to the newest nightmare. Besides, the shuttle bus was the only one that went to Seward. I felt like I was dying as the weapons hit me in the head and I felt like my skull was expanding and my brain was being cooked. I tried sitting in different seats and in different positions but it did no good. I wished I would pass out and miss the torture of the next few hours but I never did. My heart rate jumped up as usual and my breathing was labored and my tissues began to heat up and burn deep inside. No matter what I tried to do it seemed like these people were always one or two steps ahead of me. It was so pervasive in every part of the country I imagined my only escape was either far off shore or in death. After being tortured for years you begin to become very fatalistic and eventually to welcome whatever end may come. The microwave weapon induces feelings of panic and hysteria when you realize you can't get away but I had to settle in and ride it out. The

shuttle arrived at Seward in the evening and I found a small bed and breakfast with five rooms and three occupants. I immediately passed out in my room and woke up the next day and walked around in the cold trying to get a feel for the small town. The locals I talked to were friendly but there were a few who knew who I was and gave me the usual treatment. "Get the hell out of here". The first night I went to a local bar and listened to live music and talked to people who had lived there all their lives. There was a yearly invasion of cruise ships and tourists about to begin in six weeks and if I could find a job and a place to live I would be doing well. I was starting to recover from the hellish frying I received on the shuttle bus into town. The next morning I met a guy who had spent eight weeks on a crab boat and was full of information. It was back breaking work and no sleep but if the ship did well you could make a lot of money. He told me that two ships in the fleet had gotten iced up and rolled and disappeared without a word in the last three weeks. His ship mate had taken exception to his personality and tried to kill him by crushing him with one of the giant steel crab traps. I wondered what my chances would be of finding a crew where no one played the "game". I tried to find an outlying camp or cabin where I could get far enough outside of town where no one would bother me. The grizzly bears were coming out of hibernation and were hungry enough to eat anything so even walking at the edge of town could be hazardous if you weren't carrying a fire arm. I walked around as much as I physically could and looked at maps and realized that the entire peninsula was surrounded by massive glaciers and the only way to travel in this country was by air and that cost money. By the third day in Seward the gang stalkers had installed electronic hardware in the fisherman's car and had installed hardware in the hotel next door that towered over the two story bed and breakfast I was in. It was like shooting fish in a barrel. I could no longer rest in my room or drive anywhere without getting hit point blank in the chest and head with the microwave weapon. I had already been getting sick when I got on the plane to come to Alaska and the stress of the being burned and tortured again made it worse so that I realized that physically I was at the end of my rope and I was out of money. There were no jobs to be had to speak of for another six weeks and I was in no condition to do the hard manual labor that most of them required. The gang stalkers had demonstrated to me that there was no place I could run to and escape the reach of their stalking network and the daily torture of being slowly cooked alive. For the ninth time I was forced to admit that I was beaten in place and I had no choice but to retreat in failure. After only eight days in Seward, Alaska I paid the fisherman \$40 to drive me to the airport in Anchorage and flew back to my parent's home in Houston. I was sick and burned and at a loss to figure out what to do next.

## X Time to Fight Back

My father picked me up at the airport and he seemed glad to see me and a little apprehensive. I tried to act like everything was normal and that the semester went well but he knew that I had been to Alaska and he smelled a rat. I tried to pass it off as sight-seeing and then told him that the grant had been turned down. I stayed with my parents for a few days until my father told me I had one week to find a job or else. I was fairly sick and traumatized at this point so I just nodded numbly. I used my time to do research on the internet about the weapons that had been used on me. I reasoned that I couldn't be the only victim of this kind of insanity because there were just too many people who were involved in the gang stalking "game" and the methodology was too highly evolved. There was a nationwide network that functioned like an elaborate dragnet and the weapons themselves were classified military hardware. I needed to find out

about the technology but more importantly I needed to find the other victims like myself. In the beginning when I had been driven out of Lubbock I looked up several websites that were talking about mind control. Some made sense while most had a look and feel that was nothing short of psychotic. I had dismissed most of them as the products of disturbed minds because of the recurrent use of the term mind control. I now went back to the websites of these victims and tried to understand them a little better but they still put me off. A few of them were sober explanations that had aspects of what I was experiencing but the majority struck me as plain crazy. I read over them for a few days but the terminology they used was confusing and it put me off yet again. I found a toll free number and called up the person named Krissi. I told her some of what I had been through and she assured me that there were lots of people going through the same thing. It was a tremendous relief because I knew that I was not the only victim and she was the first person I spoke with who really understood what I was talking about. She was in Dallas, Texas and when I told her I was in Houston she suggested I call Dr. G. I called Dr. G at his home in Houston and told him my situation and how alienated my parents were and he said he would come down and talk to them and straighten it all out. Then he mentioned that he would need some money for expenses and I agreed to pay him whatever he wanted. When my parents learned that I had invited a stranger to the house to talk about my gang stalking problem they freaked out and said absolutely under no condition would they meet this person so I was right back where I started. The week went by very quickly and my father told me to get all of my belongings and get out of the house. It seemed that their concern and horror at my mental instability had turned to anger and hostility. He offered to drive me to the local YMCA. It was March, 2004 and I was right back where I started exactly one year ago when I began my bacteriophage project except that now I had no money and no home. I called my cousin and he agreed to let me stay with him for a while. He has a certain attitude about house work that makes living with him difficult. He doesn't do any. Considering that he was 25 and a bachelor this is not necessarily abnormal but he took this maxim to new heights. I slept on his couch and found it necessary to clear trails in the trash piles so that I could navigate to the bathroom and to the front door. I tried to pick up the trash he deposited on a daily basis but a mere mortal tires and eventually despairs at this goal. All that being said it was the nicest ash tray I ever lived in. I joined him in his family plumbing business and spent my days using a pipe wrench and a shovel instead of a pipette and a petri dish. The nights were spent drinking beer. To be honest I spent every spare moment at the local library trying to find books on the subject of gang stalking and vigilante organizations and high tech weapons. I couldn't find much on the classified technology at the local library but I began to write a book about vigilante wars in the American past and gang stalking organizations like the KKK and how they related to this new "game" that the perpetrator who lived across the street from my parents had referred to as "Watch Him Run". The internet eventually began to reveal aspects of the technology but in that first month of research I concentrated on the gang stalking aspect, past and present. My cousin lived in a working class Hispanic neighborhood (of course). It took about three days for them to "set up on me" by bringing the equipment to a house very near my location. The attacks that sent my heart racing, heated my body, made me feel faint, and spewed verbal garbage into my mind all day and night continued but since I had retreated to the humble work of a plumber the attacks initially were not as vicious. The book about vigilante wars and gang stalking was nearly finished and I posted it to a website on the internet. I got an email from a person who identified himself as Victor and he said that he was a victim of electronic harassment and gang stalking. He lived in Houston and wanted to meet for lunch. I hadn't met another person with my experiences yet and

in fact I had only talked to the woman named Krissi on the phone. We went to lunch and he told me that the technology was extraterrestrial. I told him that I seriously doubted it which he didn't take so well. He asked me what I wanted to accomplish. My plan I said was to make a documentary film, a website, and a national organization, all in six months. By making a documentary film the truth about the stalking and murder campaign could be brought to the attention of millions of people. The website would spread the word to victims and non-victims alike and promote educational materials like the film. The national organization would grow out of regional organizations that could spring from the website and our outreach programs. The people in the south would have one or perhaps a state by state organizational structure and map so we could all find each other and use that structure to form a national organization. I asked him what he wanted to accomplish. He said the same thing. He said he liked my book that he had read on the internet. I looked at him skeptically and he gushed that he wasn't after sex or anything creepy he wanted to keep things strictly business and he would help get things started. Here was the first victim of gang stalking and electronic harassment that I had ever met and he was offering to help me on my projects. It was just too good to believe. It turned out that Victor was overly cautious to a fault, a control freak when it came to getting the ball rolling, and he was obsessed with his belief that the ultimate key to the technology lay in the existence of extraterrestrial beings who controlled the fate of the world. Either to my credit or to my detriment I decided to give lip service to his belief in extraterrestrials and to work around that and his decidedly anal need for complete control of everything. Nothing is ever as good as it seems and if it seems too good to believe, it usually is. Meanwhile I began reading about military intelligence personalities and their programs to develop these classified weapons systems. It had been six weeks since my father threw me out of the house when I finally hit pay dirt. I still didn't understand all aspects of what I was facing but I had found one of the main perpetrators of this enormous crime. I found NSA General Michael Aquino. This master of psychological warfare had many things to suggest him as a person of interest. Not only had the famous general been involved in MKULTRA operations and the Phoenix Program in Vietnam he had written a paper called Mind War. This paper advocated using extremely low frequency weapons (ELF) to target foreign and friendly populations in time of war and in peace time. He was once a member of the Church of Satan and had started the Temple of Set. He had been accused by parents of running an organized child molestation ring while at the Presidio in San Francisco that counted nearly a hundred victims. One of his closest comrades in arms was a certain Colonel John B. Alexander who was in charge of developing "non-lethal" microwave weapons at Los Alamos national laboratory. Alexander had been part of the Phoenix Program as well and he had been essentially "Dr. Microwave Weapon" for more than 25 years and still running. Between the two of them they encompassed nearly every aspect of the program I had been subjected to. I gradually came to realize that this subject was so complex and shrouded in the lies of psychological warfare that the truth would be very hard to ferret out. If I was to understand and explain this program of mass torture and death I would have to read at least 40 books, probably closer to 50 books. It was a daunting task considering that I was being cooked to death slowly as microwave hearing beamed 24 hour a day "chatter" at me that couldn't be blocked and while thousands of people practiced active gang stalking on me that included everything from verbal harassment to attempted murder. This was going to take at least a year. I became enraged at the idea that a serial child rapist and satanic church leader could be empowered by tax payer money to build the perfect beast that kills with invisible bullets. All the anger accumulated in two years of concentrated torture and slow murder spilled out of me and I

screamed in rage at the voices that tormented me. “You people work for some child rapist satanic mass murdering bastard?” I had found the key and the future vindication of that which had been endured. All I needed to do was to follow through with my strategy and make the film, build the website, and organize all the victims. I estimated it would take at least year to 18 months complete. To tell a story well you have to understand it completely. What could possibly go wrong? I found another target in Houston and we made arrangements to go to our first meeting of victims in Kansas. Terri was a married 46 year old mother of two teenagers who had just had major surgery. We piled into her minivan and headed north to Wichita, Kansas. On the way we would stop in Dallas and pick up the woman named Krissi that I had talked to on the phone before. My companion had tubes coming out of her and would need me to give her an IV every night for the five day ordeal. Her energy level was lower than mine but she was a fighter. I learned from her that she had lived on the edge of the drug culture nearly twenty years ago. The house where she lived was used to sell crystal meth but she was just a user not the big time dealer. Apparently she had gotten cross ways with these people and had been “sold” into some kind of program of torture. She claimed she had been implanted with some kind of device in the thick bone behind her right ear and that is when the incessant voices had begun to torment her 18 years earlier. The drug gang had stalked and threatened her off and on over the years and she had raised two children while going through a living nightmare. Her right ear appeared to have a hard object behind it but I couldn’t be sure. There was a lot of tissue that was being shed in the form of dead skin compared to the left ear. In her very descriptive words, “You can scrape the cheese off that ear with a putty knife”. She wasn’t half wrong about that part. I judged this woman to be of sound mind and colorful disposition. Krissi turned out to be an attractive 44 year old single gal who worked as a secretary and said she was harassed by constant voices and tormented by being called derogatory names that lowered her self esteem. She described a trip to Mexico long ago and a drugging incident followed by what sounded like hazy memories of periodic serial gang rapes. She was not crazy but there was something she was ashamed of and was holding back. Both of these women were sane sober and very religious after having been rather wild in their youth. When we got to Wichita we were greeted by about 10 other people who were there for the meeting. Our host was a man named Perry who said he had been harassed and terrorized by voices of several young people for about two years. He was 46 and had a Masters degree in a social science and was very accomplished at organizing and running non-profit organizations for the poor. Perry was a good sane person and a closeted gay man with a generous and kind disposition. He opened his home to all of us and we slept in our sleeping bags on his floor. David was a 42 year old divorced father of a ten year old boy. David was not college educated but he was highly intelligent. His father was a wealth steel maker. David had been dealing large amounts of crystal meth and had run afoul of some bad characters in his business dealings. He described very intense microwave attacks that had left him in terrible daily agony for eight years. He had been unable to work or to be a decent father to his child. He also described the harassment by voices as fairly constant. He had been in touch with a lot of scientists and was very knowledgeable about the technology involved. He was also very religious and from his perspective the “program” was satanically inspired. He said that his perpetrators were two retired military men who lived in a trailer several miles from his home. Lynn was an attractive single 44 year old woman who had only gang stalking for several years. She had converted to Buddhism and had gone on numerous pilgrimages to Tibet, India, and China. She had also met some shady characters in the US who practiced various religions as a cult to gain power over individuals. As she tells it on her trip to China a young intelligence asset

belonging to the CIA had accompanied the group. He had recruited potential agents in gay bars and the Chinese authorities had expelled the entire congregation and had imprisoned or executed all of the young men that the CIA agent had been in contact with. Lynn was highly intelligent, well educated and very credible. Carla was a 38 year old woman who had been taken from her parents and given to a Hispanic family who were pastors in an obscure Protestant sect that terrorized and traumatized her in a systematic manner. She contends that she was sold into the program as a child and her targeting was electronic only. She had already had multiple surgeries and was going to have another soon. Many of the female TI's that I met had developed serious health complications after ten or more years of targeting with the microwave technology. She was a very kind woman who had had a very awful life but she was not crazy. Between her health situation and her obvious emotional distress she was destitute. I worried about her ability to survive the next few years. Barbara was in her 40's and single. She had been an air traffic controller who took pride in her work. About the time of the air traffic controllers strike she had become a target of electronic harassment and gang stalking. Observing her it was clear that she fit into the "heavily targeted" category because she was tortured mercilessly and it was destroying her health quickly. She had great difficulty in even walking. A couple of years previously she had attempted suicide by taking sleeping pills but had woken up in the hospital and the first thing she heard were the microwave voices that told her, "When we want you dead we will kill you but until then you belong to us bitch". It appeared that she was now trying to eat herself to death because she was completely alone and severely depressed but she was very lucid and intelligent. Our host Perry was starting a mid-western regional organization of targeted individuals and suggested we all chip in \$10 to the cause. He seemed overly cautious about revealing to the world that he was a target in fear that he would lose his job. I wondered just how far \$100 was going to take us. On the second evening of our meeting Dr. G. made a much awaited arrival. Many of the targets put a great deal of faith in this man because he was the only non-target who had ever believed in them. Dr. G. arrived and talked expansively about his plans to march on Washington D.C. and get us our freedom back. He was a very slick preacher who had been in a member of Army intelligence during the Vietnam War and had said that "they" asked him to be a part of their program and that when he, "Felt the thoughts go into the computer and back out into him he didn't want any part of it". He prayed over us intently and then solicited funds from the group to cover his travel expenses. I judged him to be a con man because of the way he was short on specifics, never stopped talking and was always gauging the effect of his verbal stream on his audience, and the way he emphasized money. He had made a lot of promises to a lot of people and had never come through on any of them. These people around me holding hands in a circle were not mental cases but they were extremely traumatized and desperate for some kind of help and that made them vulnerable. Early on the third day Terri, Krissi and I left and drove back to Texas. I had liked all of these people but Perry seemed very content to take years to build an organization. I didn't agree with that because people were dying. When I got back my cousin had switched from chain smoking cigarettes and drinking beer to hard liquor and crystal meth that became progressively worse in a matter of months. I knew in the back of my mind that somehow I had brought this insanity to his doorstep but I had not imagined the perpetrators would bother to try to manipulate or destroy the people around me who had nothing to do with this program. He had also picked up a new roommate who was a very attractive girl. She had been the victim of childhood abuse and now she was a 20 year old woman with a meth habit and lots of emotional problems. She was a good person who loved animals and had brought her two boa constrictors and her Yorkshire terrier with her. The dog

was highly intelligent and had a very sensitive set of ears that seemed to be able to pick up the sound of the microwave attacks that were directed at me. The Yorkie would perk up his ears and rotate them together in radar dish fashion to locate the direction of the attacks. He became very fond of me and would jump on my lap when I was attacked and assume a defensive posture. If anyone who did not live there came near me the dog would mock charge them in an effort to defend me. When he went outside he would go from house to house in an effort to find the source of my torture. I found out that certain animals were the only ones capable of hearing or detecting the attacks and would often try to find their source. That little dog had the heart of a lion and since he tried to protect me I became very fond of him. I had brought trouble to a member of my family and it was clearly time for me to move away from him in order that he might survive. Before I left on several occasions the girl who had been traumatized as a child said, "Better get the fuck out bitch". I reacted angrily and said she should shut the hell up. She immediately got her feelings hurt and I realized that both times it happened she had no idea what she had said or that she had even spoken to me at all. It reminded me of the young scientist in Olympia who had taunted me but was unaware of what he had said. On one occasion she asked, "Do you hear those voices?" It was clearly time for me to leave.

In May I got an apartment and moved my furniture out of storage and into the new apartment. I began to research full time on the internet and read books and watch the occasional film on the subjects that were related to this "program". What were these men trying to accomplish? To understand where this was headed I had to go back to the beginning and the beginning of this torture program was project MKULTRA. Prior to the internet it would have been nearly impossible to secure all the research materials and books needed to tell the story. The libraries of America have been largely sanitized in a systematic manner to remove all books and related materials that cover the topics of MKULTRA mind control operations. By using the internet I was able to read the works of Martin Cannon, Gordon Thomas, Jim Kieth, Alex Constantine, Mae Brussell, John DeCamp, Nick Begich, Jerry Smith, John Marks, Colin Ross, Kathleen Sullivan, Brice Taylor, and other courageous authors who made this book possible such as Armen Victorian, David Guyatt, and Greg Szymanski. In WWII the Nazi scientists had used inmates in concentration camps to perfect the techniques of breaking the human mind in order to control it. The process goes back to the scientist Pavlov who was from the behaviorist psychology school and was famous for the operant conditioning of dogs. What most people don't know is that when Pavlov stressed (tortured) a dog enough it would spontaneously present with an entirely different set of responses and behaviors. The significance of this in human behavior is that often if you torture a human being enough eventually you split the mind and create a multiple personality (MPD). This is what Pavlov had done using dogs. The Nazi scientists had used children and found that when the child is subjected to stress (torture) in the form of starvation, electroshock, sensory deprivation, hypnosis, mescaline, LSD, rape, and other means of instilling trauma that the mind is broken or split into a second or multiple personality to shield the mind from the memory of things too terrible to endure and not be destroyed by madness. Once the mind is fractured in this manner then the scientists are able to hypnotically implant triggers that will control the behavior of the new personality. A newly created personality is referred to as an alter personality. Repeating these tortures could further split the mind into more and more multiples that could be used for entirely different purposes. These separate personalities were unaware of each other and could be used for special behaviors and tasks without the conscious memory of the original personality or any of the other multiples.

These techniques were eventually codified into a standard methodology for achieving an MPD that could be used for espionage operations. MKULTRA documents and sources reveal that the technique works best when the child is tortured and raped at or before the age of three years old. This horrific process of instilling trauma works best when the torture event is repeated around six years of age. A few years later the child's IQ and personality tests are evaluated to determine if the child may be used in intelligence operations such as drug courier, sexual slave, human computer, or Manchurian Candidate assassin. The child as an adult can be hypnotized easily and used for operations without their knowledge and they would only be consciously aware of the sense of missing time. After WWII the US military and intelligence agencies brought thousands of Nazi scientists and technicians to the US to help the US destroy the USSR. Some of these scientists were experts at breaking and controlling the human mind and they were referred to as programmers. The MK in MKULTRA refers to the German words for mind control. The US Navy, Army, Air Force, CIA and others learned from the Nazi programmers and began their own programs dedicated to mind control and specifically horrific experiments on children. The fact that US intelligence agencies were subjecting thousands of people unknowingly to LSD came out in public testimony in Senate hearings in the 1970's. What never did become public knowledge was the fact that hundreds and eventually thousands of children were used by these programs to experiment upon and to perfect mind control. The MKULTRA archive was destroyed by Richard Helms and the truth about the ghastly nature of what was done to these child victims never became public. The creation in these child victims of MPD still goes on today but the process has been taken out of the government laboratories by the 1960's and now takes place in government created or infiltrated cults such as the Church of Satan or the cult started by Michael Aquino in 1972 called the Temple of Set. Many of these fake religions and start your own cult operations are government sponsored mind control operations that can be used and disavowed by the government intelligence agencies. These organizations are referred to as cut outs and confer plausible deniability to the US intelligence agencies. One of the most striking examples is the People's Temple cult started by Jim Jones. The cult was actually financed and run by Dr. Lawrence Laird Layton who had been a chemist on the Manhattan Project and was later head of the US Army Chemical Corps in charge of illegal LSD experiments. The cult took charge of the inmates of the Mendocino State Mental Hospital and relocated them offshore to Guyana on land that the CIA used to train mercenaries to fight in Angola. There the followers of Jim Jones were forced to take experimental drugs and be used as human guinea pigs perfecting the techniques of trauma and mind control methodology. Congressman Leo Ryan was investigating the link between the People's Temple and MKULTRA operations when he was assassinated and then the entire 900 member "congregation" was killed or forced to commit suicide. The use of apocalyptic cults as fronts for government mind control experiments was the perfect cover because there were no direct links to the US government intelligence agencies and if the operation was ever in danger of being discovered the unwilling and unknowing participants could be disposed of in a mass suicide event. Cults and fake religions that fit this paradigm of apocalyptic vision are the Church of Scientology, Aum Shinrikyo, Heaven's Gate, Order of the Solar Temple, and The Children of God to name but a few. The rise of the modern satanic movement and apocalyptic cults can be traced to the founding of the Church of Satan which was infiltrated by Aquino and his later founding of the Temple of Set during the same period that he was the executive officer of an elite psychological warfare battalion. A police intelligence report dated July 1, 1981 reads, "The Temple of Set is a group with hundreds of members that operates on a national level. Aquino is

the official head of the organization and rules through a council of nine, who are in fact, his Lieutenants." At least two members of the "council of nine" at that time were members of army intelligence. The Mind War paper that advocated using extremely low frequency (ELF) on civilian populations as a form of mass mind control was written in 1980 at the beginning of the Reagan administration while Aquino worked at the Presidio, headquarters of the 7<sup>th</sup> Psychological Operations Group. It can be argued that the rise of the use of "End Times" prophecy in many current evangelical mainstream religions is an aspect of psychological warfare operations concurrent with the present mind control programs. The negative impact on American society of these ongoing operations cannot be over emphasized. The apocalyptic philosophy of the Manson Family stems from its origins as an offshoot of the Process Church which later moved to Utah and infiltrated the Mormon religion. The Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) that kidnapped Patty Hearst was led by an inmate of the Vacaville State Prison who was trained in mind control techniques by CIA asset Colston Westbrook. The fallout from the crimes of the Manson Family and the SLA effectively discredited and ended the counterculture movement. The government use of these cults hinges on the traumatization of thousands of children who are subjected to what is now referred to as Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) which is in fact the original methodology of the criminal Nazi scientists who perfected the use of trauma to create multiple personality disorder and to use that as an opening to hypnotically take control of a concentration camp inmate's mind. The end result of decades of systematic and near industrial production of trauma victims is to have many thousands of unknowing people in society who are subject to being used hypnotically to commit antisocial acts that they would not willingly commit. The use of these human resources for operations makes them the perfect agents because if they are used in the future to commit assassinations or other crimes they are not consciously aware of their actions and have no direct links to the intelligence agencies. MKULTRA documents show an intense interest in using hypnotic subjects as human computers specifically the effect of having heightened mental abilities that can be used for any number of purposes that are not the individuals own of which perfect recall is only one aspect. The hypnotic courier that was perfected by Dr. George Estabrooks in WWII is the perfect messenger who will be hypnotized and given a secret message and sent overseas where the recipient will hypnotize the unknowing courier again and give the secret "key" or trigger that is known only to the sender and the recipient before the courier will divulge the secret message. The hypnotic courier is the perfect messenger because he is unaware himself that he has classified information and cannot even reveal it under torture. This technique was perfected over 65 years ago and used operationally during the war. The original MKULTRA operation emphasized sexual blackmail using young female and male mind control subjects (slaves) to entrap powerful men and women in government, academia, and business so that when Congress eventually cut off funding the flow of money would continue. These hypnotic subjects of sexual slavery are also used in very lucrative prostitution operations to fund the intelligence agencies. The Children of God and The Finders are perfect examples of current sexual blackmail operations. David "Moses" Berg who founded the church in the 1970's advocated using sex to entice new members to join the church. Berg's own children and former members have stated that they were forced into sex between the ages of 4-10 years with high-level church members. The victims also testified to a sexual blackmail and infiltration campaign aimed at some of the most powerful men in Europe, particularly "in the media, legal community, and government". Powerful figures of support for the COG or The Family include Libyan president Kaddafi, Chilean dictator Pinochet, and King Juan Carlos of Spain. The cult says it has 300,000 converts in 60 countries. In 1992 The Family

children's choir sang in the White House for Barbara Bush at a Christmas show. The cult also sang for George H.W. Bush after he toured the damage of Hurricane Andrew. The Finders first made the mass media in the late 1980's when police were called to examine a case of possible child abuse. The suspects were two male members of the cult who were driving a group of children cross country in a van. The children were covered with insect bites and most of the children were not wearing underpants and all of the children had not been bathed in many days. The men stated they were the children's teachers and were traveling to Mexico to establish a school for brilliant children. The children had no knowledge of telephones, television and toilets and said they were not allowed to live indoors and were only given food as a reward. The Cult consists of at least 40 people that are led by Marion Pettie. A Washington D.C. police raid on The Finders warehouse discovered reams of evidence that hinted at what the Finders were all about. Documents revealed detailed instructions for obtaining children for unspecified purposes. The instructions included the impregnation of female members of the community, purchasing children, trading and kidnapping. There were pictures of nude children and adult Finders, as well as evidence of high-tech money transfers. There were references to activities in Moscow, Hong Kong, China, Malaysia, North Vietnam, North Korea, Africa, London, Germany, and the Bahamas. One such telex ordered the purchase of two children in Hong Kong to be arranged through a contact in the Chinese Embassy there. There was also an advisory to the participants to keep the children moving through different jurisdictions and instructions on how to avoid police. The State Department and CIA stopped all further investigations in the name of "national security". Marion Pettie interviewed in 1998 said that in World War II he kept house mainly with intelligence people in Washington and OSS people passing through. Gordon Thomas reports in his book, *Journey into Madness*, that former CIA pilots testify to child smuggling operations from Guatemala to the US for the purposes of sexual slavery and use as unwilling organ donors to wealthy elderly Americans. According to the sources the more experienced pilots used Beech 18's because of their maneuverability and greater payload capacity. It is clear that what had humble beginnings is now a worldwide operation by US intelligence services to use these children who are kidnapped or born into cults without documentation for mind control operations that include sexual blackmail, prostitution, organ "donation", human sacrifice, and other sinister purposes. The ability to carry out a conspiracy of this nature without the whole thing unraveling is difficult and the standard mantra of those who say conspiracies can't happen here. The examples of the Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment and the Human Radiation Experiments are two brief and glaring examples of large scale conspiracies that took place in the full light of day. The cream of the medical scientific community participated in both programs. In Tuskegee about 300 African American men were not treated for a disease that consigned them to a slow and horrible death. The public government experiment ran from the 1930's until the 1970's with the results published in medical journals. Two generations passed before a single medical professional raised a public objection. The Radiation Experiments are less well known to this day but involved crimes such as injecting unknowing people in hospitals with deadly plutonium, needlessly irradiating the bodies of patients, giving pregnant women radioactive isotopes, and exposing soldiers to deadly doses of nuclear fallout. The experiments used terminally ill patients, people with chronic diseases, minorities, poor white women, retarded children, orphans, soldiers under military discipline, and prisoners. This spectrum of people was chosen because basically they were unable to defend themselves using the legal system or other means. This criterion for choosing experimental human subjects was repeated in the MKULTRA experiments. The Radiation Experiments were carried out on hundreds of thousands of US

citizens beginning in 1943 and supposedly ended in the 1970's. Public hearings were held in March, 1995 but these were a whitewash of the crimes for which we tried Nazi scientists at the Nuremberg trials and hung them. The final report allowed the individual scientists and institutions involved to plead ignorance. None of the scientists or institutions involved were punished. Largely because of this outcome these experiments involving radiation on unknowing citizens continue to this day. In order to contain the fallout from having CIA and military intelligence operations become public it has been standard practice to purchase the major media outlets to muzzle them. The extraordinary nature and scale of the current mature MKULTRA operations could not be possible without equally elaborate precautions to avoid their detection. Besides the strategy of the intelligence agencies to purchase the major media outlets there is an organization dedicated to damage control has been created and staffed to refute any public dissemination of stories about current operations. Occasionally ongoing cult mind control operations are briefly made public or victims of mind control trauma are able to break through the programming and recall childhood memories of trauma from laboratory experiments or CIA sponsored cults. The False Memory Syndrome Foundation (FMSF) was created to deny the existence of cult mind control and child abuse and is staffed with psychiatrists connected to the CIA and their mind control experimentation. Many of the psychiatrists who founded the FMSF are the perpetrators of the original crimes of MKULTRA such as Martin T. Orne, and Margaret Singer. FMSF founder Ralph Underwager and his wife openly advocate pedophilia saying that it was "God's Will" adults engage in sex with children. He told British reporters in 1994 "that scientific evidence proved 60% of all women molested as children believed the experience was good for them". Dr. Underwager is the world's foremost authority on false memory but in court is repeatedly revealed as a charlatan. Numerous other members of the FMSF have connections to pedophilia, covert operations, and black psychiatry. Peter and Pamela Freyd are the executive directors of the FMSF and have been accused of sexual abuse by their daughter who is a professor of psychology at the University of Oregon. The relentless production of FMSF stories in journals, newspapers, and TV have shaped public opinion. The late Dr. Martin T. Orne was an original board member of the FMSF and a senior CIA/Navy researcher at the University of Pennsylvania's Experimental Psychiatry laboratory, as well as a close friend of the hypnotist Dr. George Estabrooks. Orne was an original MKULTRA contractor and one of the experts known as programmers who are skilled at creating MPD and using hypnosis to induce mind control subjects into committing antisocial acts that they would normally not commit and acts for which they would retain no conscious memory. Dr. Douglas Besharov is the director of the American Enterprise Institute and former director of the National Center on Child Abuse and Neglect and in 1986 Besharov published, "Unfounded Allegations-A New Child Abuse Problem. This is one example of cover stories promoted by CIA sponsored academia in order to confuse the issue and to cover up reports of mind control operations. Besharov is closely associated with CIA psychological warfare specialist Irving Kristol. The concept of children being coached to invent tales of abuse or make up such stories does exist but comprises a small minority of the reported cases of child abuse (2-8%). One survey found 88% of therapists consider ritual child abuse to be a real social problem. Only 5% of all child abuse cases enter the courtroom and half the time the child is returned to the custody of the abusive parent. It is clear from these statistics that child abuse cases are some of the most difficult of all criminal cases to prove in a court of law. Combine this fact with the invention of the concept of "False Memory" by CIA funded organizations and individuals and the process of controlling the flow of information is almost complete. The example of the McMartin Preschool case is one example of successful damage

control among many. Approximately 389 toddlers were interviewed nearly all of them described abuse at the preschool. Some 80% had physical symptoms including blunt force trauma of sexual areas, scarring, rectal bleeding and sexual diseases. Paul and Shirley Eberle published the only two books available on the case (*The Politics of Child Abuse*, 1986) achieving national status as child abuse experts. In courts of law their work is frequently cited, they lecture widely to receptive audiences and have been speakers at a conference held by Victims of Child Abuse Laws (VOCAL). These two individuals ran an underground tabloid (*Finger*, 1970's)) which delved heavily into sadomasochistic sex, sex with children, and sex acts involving human excrement. It is clear from an examination of the organizations and individuals involved in the cover-ups that the ties lead directly back to the CIA. Anyone who tries to come forward publically with accusations of these kinds of crimes will be buried under an avalanche of newspaper stories, television news, books, and even movies designed to create the impression in the casual reader or viewer that the accuser is simply a hysterical individual or an opportunist. Those victims that do come forward are often targeted for further harassment and elimination as an example to all others who might attempt to follow in their footsteps. These victims do appeal for help to therapists and organizations that are dedicated to helping them. A poll taken of the American Psychological Association from 2,709 members yielded reports of 2,292 cases of ritual abuse. In 1992 ChildHelp USA logged 1,741 calls pertaining to ritual abuse; Monarch Resources of Los Angeles logged 5,000; Justus Unlimited of Colorado 7,000; Looking Up Maine 6,000; and Real Active Survivors 3,600 calls from ritual abuse victims. These calls for help reflect the true numbers of victims and begs the question why have so many children been traumatized in an industrial manner. Clearly the use of the victims of mind control for espionage and criminal operations to make vast sums of money is historically one of the aims of mind control but that is not all. US Army intelligence came to depend on the Mafia during WWII to help in the Italian campaign and later to deny the unions and the docks to the Communists. The practice of cooperating with the Mafia and using heroin smuggling to finance covert operations became a means to its own end and continued through the Vietnam War at up to the present. Heroin dollars and other criminal enterprises were not the focus of mind control, merely a very lucrative illegal sideline that left them hand in glove with organized crime. The intelligence agencies might have dabbled in these illegalities for fun and profit but to engage in a concerted continuous program that spans several generations is not the stuff of tinkering for fun and money on the side. Neither was it merely a means of defeating the Communist menace. The mature MKULTRA type operations must have an over arching strategy and an ultimate goal or else they simply would not have gone to such lengths to engage in the industrial production of traumatized individuals in American society and the larger world. One clue to the ultimate aims of mind control is present in the development of microwave "nonlethal" weapons and the use of extremely low frequency (ELF) to manipulate human behavior. The science of the study of electromagnetic fields and their effect on human behavior go back to Nikola Tesla. The Russians were working on the techniques of putting people to sleep with beamed electronic signals in the 1930's. The first major American break through was made by Dr. Allen Fry who worked for G.E. and was partially funded by the DOD. Fry found that there was a phenomenon of microwave hearing that bypassed the human ear and it was achieved at very low power densities. Fry found that human subjects exposed to 1310MHz and 2982 MHz microwaves at average power densities of 0.4 to 2mW/cm<sup>2</sup> perceived auditory sounds. The peak power densities were on the order of 200 to 300 mW/cm<sup>2</sup> and the pulse repetition frequencies varied from 200 to 400 Hz. Fry referred to this auditory phenomenon as the RF (radio frequency)

sound. The frightening thing about these power levels is that they represent less than one thousandth of a percent of the amount of power that is used to make a 60 watt light bulb work. Fry wrote two papers, "Microwave Auditory Effect and Applications" and "Human Auditory Response to Modulated Electromagnetic Energy". Fry's work could be used for covert operations. He synchronized pulsed microwaves with the myocardial rhythm of a frog's heart and induced the heart to stop beating. Fry had perfected the induction of heart seizures by beamed electromagnetic energy. He microwaved cats and found that stimulation of the hypothalamus had a powerful effect on emotions. The apply named Dr. Fry discovered by 1958 how to remotely manipulate human emotions, drive a person crazy with a sound attack that could not be blocked, or kill invisibly by causing an enemy agent to have a heart attack. It was no coincidence that in 1960 the CIA dropped their singular reliance on the use of LSD to discredit and disable their enemies and instead turned to the science of remote influence using microwave weapons. Invisible bullets that manipulate behavior and kill are the perfect crime and unlike LSD or other chemical or biological weapons this technique leaves no trace. Dr. Stephen Aldrich took over the office of research and development (ORD) from Dr. Sidney Gottlieb in 1962. Under his direction the CIA behaviorists carefully studied every aspect of the occult underground. In 1972 the Scientific Engineering Institute (SEI) sponsored a course at the University of South Carolina in rituals of demonology and voodoo. SEI was a CIA cut out that had been set up in 1956 to study radar. In 1962 SEI set up a lab to study the effects of electrodes deep in the brain. Aldrich focused on remote brain manipulation and the occult, the threads that run through SEI. In 1963 a CIA manual focused on Radio-Hypnotic Intracerebral Control (RHIC) that was developed by the Pentagon. "When a part of your brain receives a tiny electrical impulse from outside sources, such as vision, hearing, etc., an emotion is produced-anger at the sight of a gang of boys beating an old woman, for example. The same emotions of anger can be created by artificial radio signals sent to your brain by a controller. You could instantly feel the same white hot anger without any apparent reason." The term Electronic Dissolution of Memory (EDOM) refers to the ability to erase memory at a distance. It is clear that when the CIA decided to "go electronic" they simultaneously decided to "go satanic". The creation of government inspired satanic cults and fake religions began immediately after this time period. If the CIA was going to be in the business of using technology to remotely influencing the thoughts and feelings of select individuals or large groups of people then the idea of "satanic power" or "satanic possession" was going to provide the perfect cover, but not the only one.

Remote viewing programs were an attempt to spy on the USSR using psychic powers to find hidden Russian bases and gather intelligence information. The military intelligence personalities involved in remote viewing often have ties to development programs for microwave and radio frequency radiation weapons designed to influence the central nervous system referred to collectively as psychotronics. They often have ties to religious cults as well. Remote viewing began with Operation Scanate and Project Grill Flame run by the NSA and INSCOM at Fort Meade. Project Grill Flame leaders Ed Dames and Albert Stubblebine began Psychotechnologies Corporation, a private remote viewing company which holds the Smirnov patent for a psychotronic weapon that remotely influences human behavior. Remote viewers Dr. Harold Puthoff, Dr. Russell Targ and Major Ed Dames have counseled the traumatized victims of death cults and mass shootings such as the Jonestown mass deaths and the Columbine shootings even though they are not councilors but physicists and military intelligence officers by

training. Dr. Harold Puthoff exemplifies the contradiction. He is a former NSA officer who developed a tunable microwave laser. Besides being a scientist involved in development of directed energy weapons he is also a remote viewer who claims to possess psychic powers. As if this combination were not strange enough he is a high level Scientologist. Finally this physicist who is not a psychologist likes to council traumatized victims of apocalyptic cults. These same bizarre combinations of unlikely interests are repeated over and over with other members of the "mind control fraternity". The same people involved in remote viewing programs for the NSA and INSCOM at Ft Meade and Psychotechnologies Corporation are also closely tied to psychotronic weapons development and religious cults that use MKULTRA methodology to induce MPD. The concept of remote viewing is being used as a cover, a psychological warfare operation, to screen the development of directed energy "nonlethal" weapons and conduct MKULTRA mind control operations. Strange threads such as non-lethal psychotronic weapons development, remote viewing operations and cults engaged in ritual abuse suggest that MKULTRA and nonlethal psychotronic weapons development have evolved an elaborate psychological warfare operation with a hidden agenda. Before I could continue my research and tease out an answer to the ultimate aim of these strange bedfellows the demands of building a website and a national organization of targeted individuals called me away.

The search for a TI who could serve as a webmaster had yielded a name. I made contact with a TI in Dallas, Texas who had nearly finished his computer science degree at North Texas State University before he had become a target of electromagnetic weapons. Nathan was a 24 year old student who lived with his parents in the suburbs. He was so intelligent it was almost scary but his life had been derailed at a very early age and this was unusual. Clearly his IQ was nearly off the scale in some intelligence factors. He was raised in a devoutly religious family and he had never experimented with drugs or even had intimate relations with a girl. He was very religious. Initially this and his high IQ were the only risk factors I could identify that he had in common with the other targets. He was very dedicated and a hard worker and the only drawback to his personality was the certainty that he knew more than anyone else. In conversation he would talk very rapidly in nonstop staccato fashion and when I or anyone else tried to respond he would almost hyperactively cut you off in mid sentence and supply your answer and begin refuting your argument or point without even letting you make it. He was a good kid and I liked him but I told him it would be impossible to even have a conversation with him if he refused to listen to what I or the other person had to say. Like me he had been driven out of school and back home to his parent's house and when I visited him the tension between he and his parents was palatable. He slept on the floor and said he was receiving microwave attacks to his skull from two discrete directions. Like most TI's he had some shielding materials but used them sparingly in deference to the presence of his parents. He told me that he had purchased \$60 worth of peanut butter and stacked it around his body at night because the consistency of peanut butter was very close to that of the human body. It had worked he said for 3-4 days until the perpetrators had adjusted their attacks and been able to pass through his "shield" and reach his body with impunity. I understood completely but I didn't mention my lead brick or sleeping with my head in a microwave oven. Nathan also described the microwave hearing aspect of his attacks for me. The voices were from several teenage girls who engaged in what he described as seduction psychology. He surmised that these young women were living in some sort of institution and being guided and trained in the use of the technology by adults in a controlled setting. My voices were young Hispanic men who were taunting and cursing me and I asked him if he

wanted to switch torture programs. A sense of humor under the continuous onslaught of trauma is absolutely essential to maintain one's sanity. I convinced him to come to Houston and work on the elaborate website together in hopes of completing it in a couple of months and he agreed. Victor and Nathan did not get along very well at all since Victor was a control freak and Nathan already knew everything. I figured I could work around it just like the alien belief system that Victor tenaciously clung to. Nathan wanted to establish a religious based organization for the TI community while Victor wisely argued for an organization based on secular humanistic values. The use of microwave weapons to attack women and children had a decidedly satanic flavor and I freely acknowledged that there was a spiritual dimension to our struggle but it should have not been based solely on religion. Many of the TI's became extremely religious under the influence of this torture program and I wasn't sure if this was in reaction to the satanic nature of the perpetrators or if this was part of the programming that they were being subjected to. Nathan mentioned that he was born and raised in Omaha, Nebraska and that this was the location of the Franklin Conspiracy written about by author and Vietnam War hero John DeCamp. This was also a primary location of these mind control operations by networks that had been set up by Michael Aquino. Nathan said that he may have been "showcased" as a young boy by possible pedophiles. Now I began to understand why he may have become a TI. He was born in the midst of one of Aquino's largest mind control and political infiltration operations in the world (Omaha). Looking at his photographs he had been a very cute blond blue eyed little boy that pedophiles favor. His family was religious in the extreme as was he such that he listened to recordings of his favorite sermons. His IQ was extremely high. It would seem that the perpetrators of this insanity may have been following him much of his life and so he became a TI at the tender age of 23. I had read the book The Franklin Conspiracy and the idea that this young man may have barely evaded such victimization made me shudder. I was 42 years old and had been an overt target for two years. I had a rather hard life at times but I had led a good life. At least I had a chance at life but his had barely begun in my eyes. I had only met one other person who had become a target at such a young age. Kris was in her early twenties and a petite and vibrant young woman when she was first targeted. She was living with her parent in Houston and decided to attend school in San Diego, California. Her boyfriend was the American born son of a Cuban refugee who had an unstable personality and was very fond of electronic gadgets from spy stores. He once told her that he planned to conceal a device in the bathroom of a local restaurant that would make all of the patrons physically ill. The owner of the restaurant had offended him in some way and he wanted to ruin his business in revenge. The boyfriend sold crystal meth and that summer she had been using a lot of the drug. One evening she was visiting him at his apartment and looked at his computer when he was out of the room. What came up on the screen was a series of remote cameras showing her apartment labeled "Kris's bedroom", "Kris's bathroom" and so on. He had placed hidden cameras in her home and was "selling her" on the internet. After she broke up with him she said he "went crazy" and had some kind of break down. It was a short time later that she began to be gang stalked at work and in public places and she also became the victim of microwave attacks. After sustained attacks she was forced to move back to Houston to live with her parents. I met her on two occasions and she was really struggling to survive. The perpetrators were torturing her mercilessly and had attacked her vocal chords and ended her promising singing career. She told of waking up in the morning and discovering that she had eaten most of the contents of the refrigerator or had done bizarre things like take her clock radio completely apart. The only other significant risk factor for her that I could find was that her brother worked for the NSA. Kris cut off contact with other TI's shortly

after she joined a local church that sounded like it had aspects of a cult. Her parents had forced her onto antipsychotic drugs but she got no relief from her gang stalking or targeting with various electronic weapons. Her targeting was quite brutal but her spirit may sustain her. The tragedy of these two people just starting out in life pales in comparison to other stories of children and infants as targets which is not uncommon. Nathan came to stay with me and he worked diligently on the project and I helped where I could. He was planning a very elaborate website with a lot of interactivity and features that would allow the creation of data files on the TI's who filled out the questionnaire. If someone responded on the questionnaire that they were in need of funds then a designated worker who handled that kind of problem would automatically receive an email telling them to put things in motion for the TI. Immediately after we started the process of building this elaborate website my dial up internet connection became blocked and was useless. The next day we switched to a wireless connection to work from the apartment and within a few days someone in the area was able to block this connection as well. No problem, we hopped in the van and went to local coffee shops. In a few days a scenario evolved where 20 minutes after we entered the local internet café a young man of about 27 would appear with a laptop and shortly afterward our connection would be blocked at the queue. This happened wherever we went. Finally we were forced to drive to the parking lots of local apartment complexes that offered free wireless internet and sit in the car while we built the website. It was a surreal experience. Nathan had compiled a vast database on mind control and related topics after 6 months of intensive research on the internet. He had CD's that contained the research that the foundation could give away free to new TI's that would save them months or years of research trying to understand what was happening to them, who was doing it, and why. He was way ahead of me in some respects and I took the opportunity to ask him lots of questions and to pick his brain about what we were facing. Nathan was very good at deconstructing the philosophy and the methodology of the program that we were under. I decided to try and learn as much as I could from this gifted young man. Eugenics was the "science" of good breeding and it was clear that this mind set of eliminating certain races and promoting others was in evidence. It took about two weeks for the people who were following and targeting Nathan to move into nearby apartments just as mine had. He stated that he was often used as a training program much like target practice. "They use young people on me who they plan to move up in the organization just like they are grooming mid-level management". I had only seen legions of Hispanics gang stalking and torturing me with the weaponry. About 70% of my perpetrators were Hispanic and about 20% African American and the remainder Caucasian or Asian. I watched carefully and observed that the people who followed him were cut of a completely different cloth. I was amazed to discover that he was absolutely right. Just like my stalkers his were a mixture of types of people but the "theme" of my gang stalking was Hispanic while the "theme" of his were exactly as he said they were. Many of the people who shadowed him were being groomed to form the middle management for future government operations. The males were ALL Caucasian young men in their mid twenties over six feet tall. They had played sports like football and had good upper body development and were in good physical shape. Their IQ was about 110 or in that general range of average to above average intelligence such that they could be taught to use equipment or to do functionary tasks but they would not be so intelligent as to rebel. They were probably law enforcement or finance majors who might someday be fodder for the FBI. The females were not uniformly Caucasian but they were mostly Caucasian and there were few or no African American or Hispanic females in evidence. I did notice an Asian and East Asian female. The females were all approximately 24

years old and working on a Masters in psychology or similar field. These young couples did not actively use the weaponry to target and assault people. It was left to lower level functionaries to get their hands dirty. The female psychology students were instead concentrating on the experimental aspect of the program. The TI is first and foremost an experimental subject that is used to perfect how to manipulate things as basic as perception of the five senses and things as complex as how to manipulate human belief systems in terms of subjects like the existence of God or aliens. These women were helping to visually observe Nathan in public and in private using the technology in the same manner that Jane Goodall would observe the great apes to understand their inner lives. The main differences were that Jane Goodall never tortured or tried to manipulate the behavior of her subjects. Plus these people were working with technology that literally allowed them to look into the perceptual and physiological workings of the human mind. "The training program also functions as a breeding program not unlike the SS breeding program". He spoke with a certainty about them as we watched the pairs walk around us and sit at the edge of the restaurant or coffee shop and subtly take notes or just do a "walk by". I found it incredulous but the more I watched the "breeding pairs" circling around us in public and walking past the apartment window I realized he was right. I had been a TI for two years but had never seen anything like this. Nathan was in a different aspect of the "program" and many of the people following him around were the future of that "program". I wondered why him, he was young and highly intelligent with a strong moral religious belief system and he wasn't about to attack anybody in anger. I surmised that the psychology majors were out to manipulate his unshakable beliefs. "How do you get people to agree to something like that?" "All you have to do is tell the girls that they are special". "If you just tell them that they are special and that we want your genes then they pretty much roll over and join up". "They don't tell them that they are in a breeding program they just pair them up with their mental and physical match and then let it happen on its own so that if they have a child then it works out for the program". "These people are the middle level management for future operations". "Who the hell is running these breeding pairs around?" "They join the program and their supervisor is their professor who is probably a PhD psychologist that they are supposed to sleep with to make their grades and secure their future". "They don't tell them when they sign up but it is one of those things that are probably unstated". I had to hand it to him the kid had done his homework and knew what he was talking about. I would have to read more about Eugenics and the general philosophy behind the minds that ran this nightmare. "The philosophy of the program is Hegelian". I had heard the name and perhaps read some of his work but I was a John Paul Sartre fan so I wasn't sure what he was talking about. "What is that specifically?" "Hegel was the German philosopher who believed that the individual was subservient to the state". "People are essentially cogs in the wheel and the machine that they are a part of gives their life meaning". "So human beings are no more than nuts and bolts to be used and discarded?" He went on further. "The philosophy behind this program is gradualism as well". "What does that mean?" "It is the science of gradualism". "They change things very slowly so you don't really notice it happening". My eyes widened and I said, "You mean like when you put a frog in a pot of boiling water it will jump out but if you put one in a pot of water and slowly increase the temperature to boiling the frog will stay in until it is dead?" "Exactly, they can't outlaw the civil liberties in the Constitution but they can slowly wear away at it over time and take away one basic right after another until the constitution is essentially dead". The kid had a point. After 9/11 there had been a slow erosion of civil liberties under the cover of a campaign of fear and terror. It was now clear to me that they were working

in a systematic manner to slowly undermine and take away our rights we had enjoyed for two hundred and twenty years.

Nathan gave me a list of authors to read and a copy of video tapes and interviews by such people as Kay Griggs and others. I watched the six hours of the interviews done by Kay Griggs and the former FBI agent Ted Gunderson and I was stunned. The information was so powerful and disturbing that it took me several days to get over it. Gunderson had deconstructed the intelligence agencies use of satanic cults that systematically were traumatizing children in an industrial manner to create many thousands of people with MPD who were now susceptible to manipulation. Hypnosis of a human subject was very easy if they had been traumatized as a child. I remembered the young scientist in Olympia who had been born in San Francisco and the girl who lived with my cousin that had been a child victim of sexual abuse. Both of them had seemed to be wide open to manipulation with the ELF microwave technology that was being used on me. Kay Griggs had been married to one Colonel Griggs who was part of a very high level conspiracy that reached to the highest levels of our military and our government. Colonel Griggs had been recruited into one of these secret societies at a very young age and now he was an assassin for a cabal of evil men who it appeared were trying to take over the world and destroy the United States of America in the process. It had been going on for so long and had progressed so far that I wondered if there was any way to stop it. In South America for hundreds of years these countries had been in the grip of a fascist cabal that featured the fabulously wealthy families who owned most of the land and industry and they were allied with the hierarchy of the Catholic Church and the military officer corps. It functioned as a kind of triad to keep the poor peasants uneducated and pacified. Anyone who objected to them or their actions were publically smeared and assassinated to maintain the status quo. This arrangement had been at work virtually since the Conquest 500 years ago and continued to this day. Now it seemed that this basic arrangement would become married to technology that could influence and control the human mind on an individual and mass scale. What humanity was facing was no less than the total loss of freedom in any sense of the word. The TI community that was being gang stalked and microwaved to death was perhaps the last best hope of the human race to escape this fate but we would have to be well organized and determined. It looked like it was going to be a long war. The quote by the Nazi Hermann Goering was fresh in my mind. "All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same way in any country".

At Nathan's suggestion I read a book by Dr. Nick Begich (*Angels Don't Play This Harp*) who was an accomplished researcher on the subject of microwave and radio frequency weapons. Begich catalogued the history of scientific irresponsibility by the Department of Defense and the US intelligence agencies in their efforts to manipulate the weather and the atmosphere for the purposes of warfare. He described the work of some very prominent scientists who had worked on microwave weapons and mind control technology that was largely classified but the part that was not classified sounded very terrifying. I was very startled to read about the HAARP (high frequency active auroral research) project that had been built in Alaska. This giant complex of antennae was owned by Raytheon and the public patents stated that it was capable of sending billions of watts into the ionosphere. It could be used for all kinds of Dr. Strangelove like weapons effects that the Reagan era Star Wars program was supposed to accomplish and much more. The patents now held by Raytheon could be used for an entire spectrum of war related

activities. The patents descriptions read, "A Method and Apparatus for Altering a Region of the Earth's Atmosphere, Ionosphere and Magnetosphere". "Cause total disruption of (all forms) of communications over a very large portions of the earth... missile or aircraft destruction, deflection or confusion... weather modification... by altering solar absorption", also altering composition of the atmosphere. "Power Beaming Systems", "Artificial Ionospheric Mirror Composed of a Plasma Layer", "Creation of Artificial Ionizing Clouds Above the Earth", "Defense System for Discriminating Between Objects in Space", "Nuclear-Sized Explosions Without Radiation". The main idea behind HAARP that allows this to be accomplished is the ability to direct electrons along the naturally occurring magnetic field lines of the earth and accelerate them to near the speed of light to form a protective shell of highly excited particles that not only block communications worldwide, but destroy missiles in their trajectory as they descend from space. The effects can be localized by punching a hole through the Ionosphere to super heat an area of 30 Km in diameter into a plasma shield. Any missile or aircraft would be destroyed that tried to fly through the plasma, which is the fourth state of matter. A hole in the Ionosphere over an enemy country could kill by allowing solar radiation to strike the surface unhindered. Weather modification could also be used as an instrument of warfare by manipulating the electrojet and the jet streams that dictate climate. The publicly stated aim is C3, or communications. The margin of victory in war is to block or intercept enemy communications and to secure your own. Signals in the ELF range can be generated by HAARP and heard anywhere in the world, and are used for earth-penetrating tomography, basically finding enemy submarines or underground bases. The HAAP project manager describes the "experiment of earth penetrating capability using frequencies of 10 to 20 Hertz" (pulses per second). This frequency range is the same dominant frequency within which the human brain normally operates. Scientists that Dr. Begich interviewed stated that this all purpose Star Wars weapon could be used on the entire human race to influence their thoughts and emotions just as the perpetrators were using smaller systems to attack and manipulate the TI population. Once the techniques were perfected on these few thousand TI's they could be used successfully on the entire human race with this large scale system. When a new medication is tested first it is given to an experimental group of 100 individuals. If this phase is a success then the medication is tested on 1,000 people. Finally it is brought to market and taken by millions of people. The TI population of several thousand people represented the cohort of experimental subjects that preceded the final step. We were going to have to organize and take on the Minotaur to stop their final solution.

A TI meeting was scheduled for Houston in June and we posted the information to the many TI websites and forums. A working group of TI scientists was suggested and tentative plans to get 4 bona fide scientist who were targets to work together on the technology of detection and shielding from the attacks was planned. The meeting which had been planned for June was days away when Terri who had volunteered to organize and plan the meeting failed to follow through so I completed the arrangements just in time. Our first meeting had 15 TI's show up and we considered that a success. The speakers were not terribly exciting but adequate. We handed out CD's and print outs of information about TI survival skills. Perry had come all the way from Wichita but most of the participants were from Texas. Perry had received a call 2 days before the meeting from a TI in Atlanta, Georgia who asked permission to attend. All the TI's stayed at the same hotel except for the newcomer who insisted on staying at a different location. His name was Thomas Cross and he was an oil field worker who told the story of waking up in a

drugged state and finding someone in his room at night wearing some kind of strange camouflage gear who then ran away. He was about 30 years old and was in good physical condition and seemed bright, lucid, and engaging. After the meeting a number of the TI's decided to get together at the home of a TI who lived nearby. I was convinced that if we could surround a perpetrator who was carrying the electronics used to attack us that we could disarm them and use the device as physical evidence. I made this suggestion and no one seemed too enthusiastic except for Thomas. He repeatedly would become vocal and declare, "We need to do something now we need to get these guys". But then when I agreed several times in a row he would turn the question to me. "What do you have in mind?" He kept agitating for aggressive action but wanted others to commit to making the plans to attack or kidnap our gang stalkers and torturers. Our webmaster Nathan became suspicious of the newcomer and began to ask him detailed questions about his employment history and about the nature of his targeting. A few minutes later Nathan took me aside and explained that all the answers the man had given were all companies that were no longer in business and could not be checked out. At first I was willing to give the man the benefit of the doubt because he seemed like the only other person who wanted to take aggressive action of some kind. Many TI's who have been traumatized for years become very mistrustful and suspicious and the TI community itself seemed to have an affinity for attacking itself. I went back outside to join the group and observed Thomas for about 30 minutes. He was too young for an average TI by 15 years but this was not completely unheard of. He had short cropped hair that was almost military regulation length. He had a tan from an indoor salon and his build was very muscular and fit. The type of muscles he had were not from manual labor but were round bulky muscles that you get from lifting weights. I made a point of shaking his hand once or twice and realized that his hands were smooth and soft as if he worked in an office. It was clear to me that this man was not an oil field worker. We discussed his performance among ourselves later and realized that this man had showed up at the last minute but had never been on the TI forums on the internet and no one had heard of him. He had stayed at a different hotel when we could have gotten him a room for free. He had agitated for aggressive action like assault or kidnapping but had pulled back in conversation at the last minute and tried to get other TI's to make suggestions that were in effect, against the law. None of his work history or personal information were things that we could look up and verify. He had lied about being an oil field worker. All the TI's I had ever met were in mediocre or terrible physical condition but he was in good shape. He had the money to fly into town on short notice and rent a car and then fly out of town the following day. All the TI's I had met were deprived of work in a systematic manner and were destitute. The only one who had money was Victor and that was an inheritance. Much later I was reminded of an antiwar group in the northwest which held meetings at the local library and consisted mostly of retired people. One of their members had been a young man whose picture showed up one day in the newspaper under a different name. He had been killed in motorcycle accident and he was identified as a Georgia Department of Public Safety officer. This state police officer had been loaned to the federal authorities to infiltrate an antiwar group in Washington State that consisted mostly of little old ladies. He had gone to all their meetings and rallies and marches in order to spy on them. This is the exact scenario of "Thomas Cross" who was probably a state police officer on loan to the federal government to infiltrate our organization and act as an agent saboteur. The idea behind an agent saboteur is not only to act as a spy but to create dissent within an organization by using false rumors and to encourage group members to take unnecessary legal risks. This was a text book case. He never showed up at another meeting. After half the TI's left Terri began to

interrogate me about my documentary film and all but accused me of colluding with Vince to infiltrate the TI organization and of being a perpetrator. The foundation had just had its first meeting and the TI's were already attacking each other. After the meeting Terri and Nathan began to call each other back and forth for a few days. Victor and Nathan began to argue at our next informal strategy and planning meeting about the nature of the organization we were building as secular or religious based. Nathan had a sense of his own superiority and the moral superiority that came from his religious convictions. He all but said that he was willing to use people to get what he wanted accomplished. Vince quite correctly interpreted this to mean that Nathan was just using the opportunity to build a website for himself and not for the foundation. I tried to salvage something of the situation and convince Nathan to stay for a week or two more and finish what he had started. Over the next few days Nathan began to ask me questions that made it clear that he was suspicious of me as well as Victor. It seemed to him that I knew too much about intelligence operations and methods which was ridiculous because I had just read a couple of books on the subject. I had invested about four weeks and several thousand dollars into the effort to build a website and was loath to write it off. The next day the targeting with the microwave weapons began to increase to the point where I was forced literally to walk from room to room to avoid passing out or getting a physical burn. It was clear that they were trying to drive me out of the apartment. My body was heating up to an incredible degree and my heart was racing as I gasped for breath. I had to try to stand my ground and finish building the website and the national organization of TI's. It was our only chance. Nathan walked into the apartment 20 minutes after the terrific microwave attack had begun and announced that he was going to stay with Terri and that the website project we had been working on was over. He intended to make it his own now and he and Terri were going to start their own religious based organization for the TI community. He made it clear that he considered Vince to be a perpetrator and either I was a perpetrator as well or I was doing his bidding for access to his considerable wealth or perhaps I was under his control due to the use of the technology. I asked him to try and stay in contact and not to jump to conclusions. He had already made up his mind about me as a bad actor so I was wasting my breath. He left as quickly as he could with all of his belongings and jumped into Terri's car that had been waiting outside. I was rather shocked at the abrupt turn of events. I speculated that considering the timing of the tremendous assault I was undergoing the perpetrators had known before hand what was about to transpire. In all possibility it was they who had engineered the dissent in our ranks and the defection of our webmaster. I tried to be sanguine about the defeat but it seemed that defeat was all I had experienced for the last two and a half years of relentless stalking and microwave attacks. The force of the heating and expansion delivered to my skull were driving me completely out of anything like equilibrium. The torment and pain was more than I could stand. Clearly the plan now was to drive me out but what were my options. I tried to regroup mentally as I walked from room to room in an effort not to pass out or sustain too much damage. I had been working on a website and that had just fallen through. I needed to complete a documentary film for public consumption and to organize the TI's into regional and ultimately a national organization. I made a few quick phone calls and some emails. Lynn, who I had met in Wichita at my first TI meeting lived in a small town in northern California. She was trying to sell her house but was getting lots of gang stalking and other interference. The local police had arrested her when she was filming her gang stalkers and when she angrily protested they charged her with resisting arrest and assault. I had called her several times before and asked her how the sale of her house and the legal situation were progressing. Since she only had gang stalking I tried to talk her into moving out to the country

before the microwave weapons phase could start. If I had been able to relocate to a remote area before the microwave attacks began the perpetrators might have forgotten about me. She had sounded worried and distraught over her situation and she needed help but was too proud to ask. I offered to come out to California and help her sell her house and relocate to a more remote location and she agreed. California has more TI's per capita than any state in the union. I decided to try to start a regional organization in California first and then make one on the east coast. Perry was the president of the Midwest Regional TI organization. Next came California and then the east coast would come last. I called a number of other TI's in California and told them what I had in mind and they encouraged me to visit them and try what I had in mind. I had been frying mercilessly for many hours so the next day I loaded up my camping gear, my laptop, and some food and water. In less than an hour I was on my way. I was driving a minivan with the stated purpose of transporting TI's to meetings. The friendly man back in Olympia who was selling my car for me had sent me \$300 for my car promising to send me more but after that he refused to take my phone calls and pocketed the rest of the money for my two year old VW beetle. That was just how things went when you were a TI. I wasn't getting used to it but I was starting to expect events like that. It was July, 2004 and I was being driven out of my apartment in Houston again but this time I had a purpose on my mind and still retained hope that something good could come out of all this torture, madness, and death. It was a long and dangerous drive to Lynn's house in northern California but I had reached a dead end here for the time being. I was being hit mercilessly from point blank range in the chest in the van. The car had been fitted out at the dealership with the electronics that turn your car into a microwave oven on wheels. I didn't know if I would make it but I was going to try. The van allowed me to try to sleep in the back and this was usually a fruitless exercise but at least I wouldn't be spending money on hotel rooms. I had packed a .44 pistol and ammunition that Victor had given me for personal safety. He had been a TI for nearly 20 years and described getting run off the road and shot at over the years. Consequently he owned enough fire arms and ammunition to start a small war. I didn't see how it made him any safer from microwave attacks but if someone tried to break into his house they were in for a big surprise. His council to me was not to sleep in the van because you were wide open to being killed so I brought the .44 revolver along for insurance. I made plans to meet as many TI's as I could along my journey and capture the commonalities of their stories. I called a TI in Conroe, Texas north of Houston and headed that way. Gordon was in his late 40's and spoke with a very deep and serious voice that sounded like everything he said was to be paid close attention to. I had spoken to him on the phone a few times and knew he was well organized and activist minded. He said that his targeting had begun when he had refused to rent several of the houses he owned to a series of Hispanic people who had bad credit. He described appealing to the FBI for help and getting none. His next move was to go to Alaska and work as a cook on a fishing boat but he was unable to escape his gang stalking. Gordon had been to Washington D.C. numerous times and had very professionally lobbied Congressional representatives with press releases that started slow with information about his tracking by the FBI and technical information about the microwave hardware available. He had gradually written press releases that got more and more to the point so that he established a track record before launching into the more bizarre information about the nature of mind control and microwave torture. He did not claim any success with Congress but he said he had recently seen people who seemed to be following his stalkers. He described them as the good guys but could not say if they were law enforcement or not. After this turn of events he said that his targeting with the electronic weaponry had diminished in intensity. He was very calm and collected and

obviously intelligent. I liked him and wanted to talk more but I had other people to meet so I wished him well and went to my next appointment. I drove 10 miles down the road to a restaurant to meet a prison chaplain who was not a target but he had been talking to the men inside the Texas Department of Corrections (TDC) for the last ten years and he had been hearing the same basic story with consistency for years from men who had never talked to each other. He realized something very wrong was going on and being a man of good conscience he was trying to figure out what to do about it. We talked for several hours and I really liked him because he lived his religion and did not wear it on his sleeve. He had children and he knew he had to take action so their lives would not be under the vice grip of the people behind this program but he didn't know what to do. I told him all the relevant information I knew but I didn't have any answers for him. The TDC had been a very active node for experimentation for a long time and prisoners were being implanted and experimented upon to create a prison without wall for years. I left him with the quote by one of the early MKULTRA researchers who had a conscience and stated that despite the technology of control that was evolving there was something inherent in the human spirit he believed that in the end could not be subdued and conquered. Next I turned west and headed to San Antonio to meet a woman I had spoken with on the phone many times. Her name was Elizabeth Navarro and she was a friend of Ramona Ayalla. We met in front of the Alamo and she gave me the most complete picture yet of who the TI population was and why they had become targets. She was the picture of human resistance and resilience against monstrous technology and impossible odds. We talked all afternoon and then I headed on to California.

## XI California Dreamin

I drove straight through and stopped in Roswell, New Mexico. I liked the irony of visiting alien central even though I gave it absolutely no credence. I was exhausted and so I decided to sleep in a real bed. No sooner had I settled into my hotel room than a vicious microwave attack by a local perpetrator drove me out after 3 hours of concerted effort. Along the way I had gotten some harassment from other drivers and truckers but it was not as bad as it had been in Olympia. The effective range of ELF waves are approximately 300,000 miles and science says that they penetrate any material and can actually go straight through the entire length of the earth. I decided to test this proposition by going down 800 feet to the bottom of Carlsbad Caverns and see what happened. It was about 11 a.m. when I drove up and people had already filled up the parking lot. The lobby was full of people and 3 or 4 of them were doing the gang stalking routine. I got on the elevator and went deep down into the earth and walked around the many scenic rooms that had taken eons to form. The microwave hearing technology that carried the voices of my harassers was somewhat muted but still present. There were dozens of people down there with me and it was impossible to tell if I was still vulnerable because of the incredible range of the technology or if some of my fellow travelers were carrying the hand held versions of the technology that were in effect nothing more than circuit boards that could be incorporated into devices that resembled cell phones or anything else for that matter. The cavern is 800 under solid rock but there was an impassible opening to part of the structure that only the bats used and this could have been all the opening needed to reach me with ELF. The experiment was a failure and I was tired. I got in the car and continued west. In Arizona I stopped at the meteorite crater that Dr. Eugene Shoemaker had first described as being an impact crater. At times the only real way to tell a volcanic remnant from the central peak of an impact

crater is to take a rock sample and examine it under a microscope. The tell tale sign is known as shocked quartz. The tremendous forces unleashed when a meteorite traveling at 30-60 km a second impacts the surface of the earth are incredible. All the energy of the mass and speed is transferred into heat energy and for one or two seconds it turns thousands of tons of rock and earth into liquid. The shock wave fractures the brittle quartz crystals in the rock at a microscopic level and looks like someone took the symmetrical ordered molecules of quartz and shattered them like broken glass. The meteorite that hit Arizona many thousands of years ago was quite small but it blasted a hole in the earth approximately a mile across and a quarter mile deep or more. The giant hole and any large remnant of metallic rock from the meteorite create a magnetic anomaly on the earth's surface. I wanted to see if this had any effect on the RFID or ELF tracking technology. The RFID chips are about the size of a grain of rice and can locate you to within a foot anywhere on earth. (Verachip and SMART: satellite monitoring and Remote Tracking device-Pro-Tech Monitoring Inc.) The park was about to close so I hurried in and went to the observation platform at the lip of the enormous crater. It is a breath taking sight to behold. Normally the forces of erosion such as wind and especially water very quickly fill in the crater, at least in terms of geologic time. This crater was not filled in quickly because it is in an arid desert and largely free from the forces of water. I noticed that the ELF attack was thrown off and the voices seemed to be coming from about 8 feet to my right. There appeared to be some adjustment in progress but the usual exact placement on my cranium was never fully achieved. I felt like I had a partially successful experiment which for me was a novelty. The park was closing and I was asked to leave. Back in the van the ELF was as solid as ever. From the behavior of many of my gang stalkers it was clear to me and other TI's that we were being eavesdropped on in real time and broadcast in some manner in our local areas to give amusement and ammunition to the armies of voyeurs and harassers. Most disturbing was the fact that since 1971 a technological breakthrough at the Stanford Research Institute had allowed the inner voice or inner dialogue of a human being to be captured and sent to a computer and demodulated into speech. This meant that all of our thoughts both voiced and unvoiced could be captured remotely and then broadcast at will to be used against us. Not only was everything we said in the clear to each other broadcast but so were the inner most thoughts and feelings of every TI. This concept is very hard to believe but after strangers around you begin to comment on the contents of your private thoughts to confuse and disturb you is when you are finally able to give this intellectual concept credence. I had already identified the people who I considered the "gang of four" who were the evil military intelligence minds behind much of this mind control program. On occasion I had verbally accused them and chided them in an effort to provoke a reaction. Colonel John B. Alexander, General Michael Aquino, Janet Morris, General Albert Stubblebine were the main perpetrators of these crimes, at least to my mind. These human beings had been instrumental in developing the technology of nonlethal weapons, and I didn't believe in aliens. The effect of being constantly cooked by microwaves leaves the human body in a state of perpetual dehydration. To save money I used gallon jugs of water instead of smaller more expensive containers. Inevitably I left these containers in the car after I opened them. That day I had been guzzling huge amounts of water as usual but I had detected a funny taste that I could not quite discern the nature of. What had happened was that some of my stalkers who had followed me from Houston out to California had gained entry to my car and placed pesticide in my open gallon water container. The pesticide is odorless and colorless and in dilute concentrations it is fairly tasteless. In order to taste it in the half gallon of water I drank from I must have been drinking quite a bit of it. I wasn't feeling too well by now and it was very late at

night, around 3 a.m. when I pulled off the side of the road in the middle of nowhere and thought about crawling into the back seat to try to sleep. There was a line of squalls moving towards me and I stepped out into the fine night and waited for them to arrive. The rain storm turned off to the right and I just caught the edge of it and the cool spray felt good on my perennially burned skin. When the rain passed I lay down to attempt to sleep. My stomach was hurting badly and I interpreted that as the microwave attack directed at my diaphragm and stomach so I turned my back to the dashboard and assumed a half fetal position. I was really suffering as I lay down and closed my eyes. I had been lying there no more than 45 minutes with my hands over my eyes when I began to see a human being staring at me as if I were looking at him face to face from 3 feet away. The image was very clear and rather disconcerting but I was not afraid. I could not immediately identify the man I was looking at. I was struck by his slow blinking eyes, oversized glasses, and oval face that made him look rather owl like. He was staring at me without hate or love or any overly strong emotion at all. He was rather placid and calm but not serene. He was looking at me rather intently for a couple of minutes. His black hair was cut very short and his hair line was receding. He may have had an olive complexion but it was slight. He was about 60 years old or maybe a little bit older than that. He was in good physical condition but not muscular. I had the impression that someone was standing off to his right just out of camera. It did not seem like a recorded image because he was regarding me so intently. After a few moments he tilted his head back and gave a kind of howl or scream and his features transformed into a half man half demon like creature at the same time that his visage seemed to turn luminescent green like a computer animation program of some kind. The glowing green image of the transformed howling demon man rather quickly dissolved as if it were a sand painting and the wind had come up and blown it away. Very quickly another human form appeared before my eyes staring at me and leering with his chest leaning forward and his head tilted towards me at an angle of 30 degrees or more. Even though he was sitting down I could tell he was taller than the first man with more angular features and a definite European heritage. He was younger too, perhaps in his late 50's but it was difficult to tell because he was one of those people who look younger than their actual age. His hair was cut short and light brown to blond. He had a fairly large nose. He was bobbing up and down slightly as he was laughing at me with an enormous grinning evil leer on his face. He seemed to be experiencing much more emotion than the first man and later I had the impression he was more in control of events and perhaps in control of the first man as well. He may have been in the Navy or Air Force. He held my gaze too as if this were a direct real time contact and not a recorded image of some kind. He looked at me in this manner for about half as long as the first man when he too was transformed into a demonic man beast like image that was emitting a long howling scream at the same time that the entire image seemed to now be made up of the same translucent glowing green particles. He too grew in size and visage in the green transformation that disintegrated into particles as the howl faded. His scream had been even more intense and his transformation more likely to terrify than the first image had been. If I had been the least bit superstitious at this point I would have been absolutely terrified. What followed were two more images but these were different than the first two. The next two images were silhouettes that transformed into the same green translucent or luminescent material but these were less bright than the first two had been. I had only an impression that the third image was the silhouette of a woman which faded out and the last image was the silhouette of a large man that was seated. Then the visions/transmissions of the four human beings were gone. The first man may have been Michael Aquino but it was not easy to tell since the only photographs I had ever seen of him at that time were two decades old. I had

been taunting the main perpetrators and calling them out by name but it was impossible to tell if that was who I was really looking at. The second man I had never seen before and was definitely not General Stubblebine. The last two images had chosen to hide themselves. It may have been Janet Morris and John B. Alexander but that was pure conjecture. If the first man was Aquino he had lost considerable weight since his photograph in the early 1980's. Aquino has a very distinctive widow's peak but this man's hair line had receded at least 3-4 inches and had been cut very short. The only thing I could be sure of was that the technology was capable of projecting imagery in real time before my waking eyes that was crystal clear. The transformation into demonic visages was done with computer animation in real time and had been designed to terrify the recipient. I was rather impressed with the quality of the live transmission and the animation but that was all. This was the first time that I had seen what they could do in terms of projecting visual imagery directly into the human central nervous system. Clearly this technology that was 60 years in the making had matured to the point that one human being could be overwhelmed in all their five sense. I had been through two and a half years of torture and constant verbal death threats delivered subliminally and with audible voice using the microwave technology. I had been through too much to be scared or to back down now. In the morning I woke up with a terrible pain in my abdomen and with limited ability to walk. The perpetrators seemed to like to hit the TI with a one two punch of experiences that would have a magnified effect on their ability to encompass and understand what was happening to them. I didn't feel like I would be able to drive anywhere. I imagined that they had used the directed energy weapon to tear my abdominal wall or my diaphragm. I didn't yet realize that I had been poisoned. I got out of the car cursing and mumbling an accusatory, "What the hell did you do to me?" I saw the ruin of a house down a dirt road only 100 meters away that I had not seen in the dark of the night. I stumbled as best I could over to the house and then collapsed against an adobe wall in the sun. It was quiet except for the occasional passing car and the ever present background hum in my ears. I passed out from the pain and exhaustion and woke up two hours later and stumbled back to the car. My stomach hurt terribly but I had more muscle control and was better able to walk than when I first awoke. I was forced to pull over again and pass out from the effects of the poisoning. Such was my exhaustion that I slept for 4-6 hours and woke in the dead of night and began to drive again. I crossed the state line and headed in the general direction of Los Angeles but as I approached the city in the first hour of light a man and a woman in a compact car merged onto the freeway near me and began to laugh and stick their fingers in their noses and do the usual gang stalking theater that you would just have to see to believe. I became rather angry because I was still in a great deal of pain and I knew they both could hear everything I said so I told him, "I've got something for your ass", meaning the .44 caliber revolver on the seat beside me. "I'm willing to die today, are you?" He lost his smirk and looked straight ahead and then took the next exit. I decided against going to L.A. after all and turned north on highway 5 and headed through the valley and towards Lynn's house over eight hours away. Part of the ritual in gang stalking on the freeway is to form lines about a quarter mile in front of and behind a TI so that no cars are near them and they feel isolated and cut off. I knew that I was being broadcast on local AM radio or similar means so I decided to state my case as best I could under the circumstances. "I may sound crazy because I lose my train of thought but that is because I haven't slept in four days... actually more than that". "To understand what this is you have to understand MKULTRA". "Mind control is about trauma". "MKULTRA was the program that was begun to help the US destroy the USSR but instead it is a technology that has been turned against the people of the US". "The Nazis perfected mind control in the concentration camps". "In order to

control the human mind you have to induce severe trauma at a young age and create MPD". "According to MKULTRA documents rape applied at the age of three causes the mind to split or dissociate in its attempt to shield itself from an experience too horrible to endure". "Later sources say that the age of two and a half is better". "Apparently the age of three was deemed not young enough". "They do it again at the age of six and then evaluate their test subjects for talents that they can use and track the child throughout their lives". "Ramona Ayalla says that her young niece wakes up every morning with a red swollen vagina". "What kind of human being uses a microwave weapon to sexually torture a three year old girl, what kind of human beings are they using". "The government has infiltrated pedophile organizations and takes people from prisons and trains them in the use of this technology and then releases them to use in operations". "Do you like that story?" "Elizabeth Navarro is a fairly typical target of this weapons development program and mind control subject for psychology experiments to deconstruct the human mind in order to learn how to control it". "The first entry into her file was probably in the 1960's when she gave a ride to a hitch hiker in uniform who turned out to be an army deserter". "When she got home her sister was waiting at the door and said, "The FBI was here looking for you", so that was her first strike". "In the same decade she was a civil rights activist who helped desegregate the movie theaters in Dallas, strike two". "Years later she got a job with Chevron and a security clearance and moved to Iran, strike three". "She learned the language and lived with a local family and that was when she first noticed that she was under some kind of surveillance, strike four". "More recently she moved to San Antonio and got a job with the state and was injured in an elevator accident and received disability, strike five". "She is a religious person who lives out her strong religious convictions, strike six". "All of these risk factors are given a weighted score by a computer program that is tied to a giant data base with everyone's name in it and this program functions as an elaborate three strikes and you're out program". "The higher the score a person gets over their lifetime the farther up the list they move until they are entered into this program". "CIA cut out employees with no direct connection to the agency move into her building and every day as soon as she leaves the house they break into the home of this 70 year old woman and steal what they want, destroy what they don't and practice psychological warfare on her by doing things like rearranging the furniture." "Every minute of every day these people target her with microwave weapons that rob her of sleep, it fries her hypothalamus and makes her emotions go haywire, it destroys her face and her skin, and it slowly cooks her to death". "She goes to the police and her Congressional representative every week and every week for the last seven years she is given lip service either out of fear, indifference, or collusion". "Foreign nationals are brought into the country that have no criminal records here or records of any kind". "The CIA uses satanic cults and one of them is part of the gang stalking and microwave assault on Elizabeth". "These ignorant people believe they have magical powers because the technology is so advanced it appears to the superstitious mind as if it were magic". "Every night these members of a satanic cult use the technology to slowly kill her while they are chanting over her". "But this isn't about Satan or aliens or any of that hocus pocus crap, this program is about perfecting the technology of control over the entire human race". "The Phoenix Program was an assassination campaign aimed at civilians in Vietnam and it relied on creating a state of terror to control the outcome of the war and it worked very well". "If your name showed up on a list spit out by a computer then you got a visit in the middle of the night and two bullets in the head and this is what happened to 60,000 civilians, the innocent with the guilty". "The same people who dreamed up Phoenix and participated in it also designed and built this new Phoenix Program here in America". "The basic idea is to turn

political dissidents and potential enemies into human guinea pigs to be used in a weapons development program, but it is much more than that". "The program functions as an infiltration operation by using sexual blackmail to entrap powerful people in politics, corporations, the mass media, and the legal profession in order to exert control over the entire society". "Politicians who are filmed having sex with minors or doing illegal drugs are not about to jeopardize their careers by refusing to do as they are told". "Psychology artificially breaks down human personality into several dozen personality types and this program functions as a psychology experiment to learn how to control and defeat certain types of personalities". "It resembles a war game in that certain personality types will resist in different ways so that they learn your tendencies and in the future apply the techniques that work against people who are like you". "In this manner it is used on people from all walks of life including different races, religions, and language groups because mind control is not a one size fits all technology". "This is why the program is being applied to people all over the world from African American children living in New York City to elderly Persian men in Tehran to young Hindu women in Calcutta". "Ultimately this technology of control is being perfected to be used on the entire spectrum of humanity because the program is targeting the entire world not just the United States". "This program is clearly a counter insurgency, an infiltration operation, and a psychology experiment but it much more than that". "Just as the victims of the attacks are experimental subjects so too are those that attack them". "The program functions as a training program to motivate private armies of assassins armed with invisible bullets that can kill without a trace". "The perpetrators are part of the learning process to see what it takes to get ordinary people to commit antisocial acts like torture and murder". "MKULTRA spent large sums of money to study teenage boys and the psychology of their behavior in groups such as who they follow and why". "Teenage boys are being manipulated and trained in the use of these torture and murder devices to harass targets but also to brutalize and indoctrinate these young men so they will become desensitized for the future". "This training aspect is so important that some people are enrolled into the program merely out of convenience to be used as target practice and for no other reason". "The program is also a criminal enterprise that is closely allied with elements of organized crime in order to make money". "Many people become targets because they have angered someone who has paid money to sell them into a torture and murder operation". "One target left his wife for a younger more attractive woman which so angered his wife that she appealed to her father for revenge and he paid thousands of dollars to a group of perpetrators that have literally cooked the target to death for the last ten years such that now the victim is legally blind and has a speech impediment and is covered in radiation burns". "Tracy has suffered horribly every day and has nearly died several times and although he is still alive today his life has been ruined". "Tracy is a victim of revenge incorporated or murder incorporated if you will". "Scientists who have intellectual property that would be useful to these operations or that may be very valuable in their own right have been targeted with these weapons in order to steal the ideas or patents". "Dr. Robert Duncan invented novel means to track Russian submarines using satellite based technologies and soon became a target to deny him his intellectual property and to neutralize Robert as a potential enemy who might be able to interfere with their larger plan". "The wealthy and the children of wealthy individuals are often targeted to usurp the great fortunes and use these vast sums and private foundations to fund their own nefarious projects in the same manner that early MKULTRA used the Rockefeller Foundation, the Josiah H. Macy Trust, The Carnegie Endowment, the Harriman Family Trust and other great sources of wealth to pay for LSD and electroshock experiments in the 1950's and 1960's". "Another means of making money is by

broadcasting the targets in the media as one would make money from a reality TV program”. “Just a few years ago the most popular show on TV was one where dozens of hidden cameras in a house allowed viewers to voyeuristically watch the trials and tribulations of the people who lived there”. “Spy store devices like miniature cameras and microphones are put in the homes of targets and the video is edited to cast the victim in as unflattering a light as possible”. “The gang stalking groups are shown the video to motivate them in their collective hatred of the target”. “The gang stalking group is told whatever lie that they will respond to the best”. “A church group may be told that the target is a drug dealer, a child molester, or an abortionist in order to motivate them to follow and harass the subject in public places”. “The technology can be used to influence and manipulate the targeted individual’s speech or behavior to provoke the gang stalkers such as making the target fly into a rage and curse God or organized religion”. “Video of this episode can be shown to the church group and they may be told that harassing this person in public is a way to make them break down and accept the lord”. “The target can be packaged and sold as an entertainment product on the internet or satellite TV”. “The people who first began to bring large amounts of cocaine into the country had a marketing strategy that can be summarized as follows”. “Bring in the musicians and movie stars and everyone else will follow”. “This is the exact methodology of bringing about participation of the general public in this program”. “The selling of the targets as media projects akin to a reality TV show has been used to bring in the media personalities and when these people began to participate then there was a greater acceptance of the program among the larger society”. “The history of the CIA exerting control over the media goes back to the 1950’s and Project Mockingbird which paid reporters as agents and bought television networks, movie studios, newspapers and radio stations to flood the air waves with stories to build support for US government military and political objectives”. “One third of the CIA budget has always been dedicated to propaganda operations at home and abroad and the only advertisers with similar domestic budgets are the big three auto makers”. “Even more important than controlling the media has been the current objective of buying up strategic businesses and technologies such as biotechnology, computer software, minerals and mining, electronics, communications, aviation and satellite technology, pharmaceuticals, and other key industries to exert greater corporate hegemony”. “Eschelon is the NSA program that uses satellites and ground stations all over the world to vacuum up every electronic signal in the atmosphere. Computers are automatically searching for key words in every conversation and when they are detected the conversation is recorded and analyzed”. “For decades Eschelon has been able to monitor every electronic communication on earth including all phone calls, faxes, telex messages, and every other kind of electronic signal to search for topics that it wants to monitor”. Encryption software no longer works to guard communications and the only means of avoiding Eschelon theoretically is fiber optic cable transmission. “If I get on the phone and say the word bomb then the communication is automatically captured by satellite and sent to a ground station that records and analyzes the conversation”. “This technology is used not just for national security issues but for industrial espionage and tracking domestic political enemies”. “The US brought in member nations such as the UK, Canada, Australia, and Germany and later China and other unlikely partners”. “The US will spy on their citizens for them while they record the conversations of US citizens of interest and share those with the NSA”. “In this way the NSA does not violate the letter of the law that forbids it to engage in domestic spying on US citizens and can evade prosecution”. “Eschelon is technology that is decades old but new breakthroughs allow for something radically different since the early 1990’s” “The NSA now uses the work of Dr. Michael Persinger to monitor the 10hz range of

electronic signals and is able to do to the human mind exactly what Eschelon has been able to do to electronic communications for 30 years". "This capability functions like a giant vacuum cleaner that is potentially able to monitor the electronic 10 hertz output all six billion human brains on the planet". "If your thoughts are on subjects or keywords that the NSA finds threatening then you will be individually monitored and a campaign of psychological warfare in the form of thought manipulation and emotional manipulation can be tailored to a specific targeted individual to neutralize them". "I traveled to Guatemala and Cuba and other activities that made me a person of interest. The intelligence agencies put me under surveillance using this new technology". "They determined that my activities and then later my very mental thoughts and experiences made me a person of interest to the NSA subject to covert mental manipulation". "They began to monitor me using this Eschelon type technology that functions in the frequencies of the human brain". "I was the subject of a series of attacks that can only be described as suicide campaigns designed to bring about a forced suicide". "This technology can be used on persons of interest to target them and bring about their neutralization and destruction". "Whether this ability extends only to suspect individuals or is in fact capable of directly intervening into the thoughts of all living creatures in real time is only a matter of time and computing power". "Once this line is crossed and it is possible to monitor and intervene in all six billion brains of the human race in real time then there will be no going back and the earth and all its inhabitants will remain a controlled system for the remainder of its existence". "In the future you can envision a scenario when your bodily functions will be interrupted so that you don't go to the bathroom during working hours in order to increase production and work output". "Keep in mind this technology is just software and software has no compassion or mercy for human beings". "If there is a glitch in the software or someone somewhere pushes the wrong button then everyone might defecate in their car on the way home". "Diaper sales will go through the roof and the controllers will consider it a mixed blessing". "Ultimately things will only get worse from there on out until the very mental and physical nature of human beings is genetically manipulated and changed forever". "This may be your last chance to avoid this fate for your children and all future generations". "Why did I become a target?" "I've been to some places and I have gained from that experience...but I paid for it". "I had imagined that I was in that place alone looking out at all of you". "It is a place both beautiful and terrible to go if you are not ready to be there". "Perhaps they were monitoring me in my journey to more places than just Guatemala and Cuba". "I had imagined that I was alone there". I grew silent in pensive thought and fatigue and then I continued to talk non-stop for four hours on aspects of the mess we are in that included the industrial production of MPD in children using trauma, the Eugenics programs and the Nazi Holocaust, radiation experiments on US citizens, neo-Nazi organizations and Mafia participation, the role of the Catholic Church and other religions in the program, manipulation of the US and world economy and trade, Allen Dulles, Bill Casey and other intelligence agency personalities, MKULTRA programs from the 1950's and 1960's, mind control scientist like Dr. Jose Delgado, Allen Fry, Michael Persinger and the technology they invented, in short all the books I had read and people I had interviewed in the last four months came spilling out of me as I drove north on highway 5 towards that small town in California called Dunsmuir.

Lynn was glad to see me because she was isolated and in distress as were all TI's. She told me that she was only subjected to organized gang stalking but one look at her face and listening to her stories of an inability to sleep and I suspected that she was being targeted with the microwave technology as well she just didn't know it yet. Her eyes had the dark circles of sleep

deprivation and that shell shocked look that screams night time microwave attacks that feature dream intervention. When I had first met her in April she was confident and mentally sharp but now in July she was confused in her thinking and exhibited hesitation and reversals in her decisions from minute to minute. I was shocked at the difference that only three months of subtle directed energy attacks had wrought. She had been so vibrant and now she was like a different person. I told her that if she liked I would stay until she was able to sell her house. The local real estate agent had seemed to be sabotaging her plans to sell by limiting the listing and showing to mostly undesirable people who had bad credit or no real intention of buying. I advised her to find a different agent and she did. It was a beautiful old two story house on a wooded lot with basement and a large front porch with a swing. After I had been there for two days she seemed to recover some of her old personality traits of a dynamic and intelligent person. The third day of my visit she pointed out the man next door and said the he was a “major perp” who was on the phone all day chain smoking and giving and taking orders. The man was late 50’s 6 foot tall and slender. He lived with his elderly parents and worked for FEMA. He always seemed very agitated and upset as he talked on the phone and chain smoked all day long. The house on the other side of Lynn was owned by a volunteer fireman who was also a “major perp” according to Lynn but “lower on the food chain”. “Both of these guys have been harassing me for years”. “The creepy FEMA guy is always hitting on me and trying to date me and when I wouldn’t have anything to do with him he became enraged and started stalking me and really trying to make my life difficult”. “The volunteer fireman does nothing but gang stalk people all day long”. “Sometimes three or four times a day he will come tearing ass out of his house and jump on his motor bike and go racing off to the freeway to gang stalk every target that drives down route 5”. The guy did just that very often while I was there. I walked and drove around the town the first two days and noticed an inordinate number of people sitting around doing absolutely nothing. Many of these residents who acted like vagrants appeared to be strung out on crystal meth. Lynn told me, “There was a perpetrator guy who lived here a few years ago that used the technology to attack people...I left for two years and came back and he had aged at least ten years”. “The weapons they are using blow back on them somehow and they age very rapidly then get sick and die”. “That guy’s father died and then he died from using the electronics”. Later she told me, “That FEMA guy is up to something because he always gets a call and says yes sir and then he turns around and calls people here and barks orders”. “He bosses the people in this town around and they all jump when he squeaks, even the cops let him tell them what to do”. The third night I lay down beside Lynn and tried to rest. Almost immediately my heart began to race, my breathing rate shot up and I felt my body heat up. I was under attack and it was coming from the FEMA guy’s house next door. It had been fairly quiet until then but I realized that the federal employee next door who she had rejected, the one who told everyone in this strung out crystal meth town what to do, was attacking her every night in her sleep and causing her nightmares and sleep deprivation. Since I had arrived he had stopped for two nights to avoid detection and because of this she had recovered quickly but since I had lain down beside her he was jealous and now was cooking me too. I observed him closely for several more days and surmised that he was in charge of the town’s meth sales and just like the man at the end of the street at Terry D’souza’s place, this man was the source of all manna from heaven. The attacks from his house began to grow in intensity and it was clear he was trying to drive me out of town so he could continue to target her with impunity. For nearly a week I was being fried mercilessly and stayed away from the house as much as I could. The handy man who came to work on Lynn’s house was elderly and outwardly friendly and he was helped by his teenage

grandson. He knew the score and enjoyed the idea because he often laughed at me and tugged on his nose. After he left I smelled a strange odor and checked and found a gas leak that had not been there before. The 70 year old handyman or his teenage grandson had purposefully loosened a gas pipe in her basement. It was not an old leak because I had been down there using the second shower and slept down there as well. This town was a noxious little meth town that had no industry and no hope. Lynn said that when the timber industry dried up and the trains no longer stopped there what had once been a vibrant railroad town had died from the inside out. I was really getting torn to shreds by the guy next door and I had no intention of letting him drive me out but I needed some rest so I had Lynn drive me up to Mount Shasta and I walked up the snow covered slopes to a point half way up the face of the mountain and off the beaten trail. I was still getting attacked with microwave hearing but the physical heating with the microwave weapon wasn't happening and I took the opportunity to get 3-4 hours of rest in the cold clear air. When we drove through the town of Mt. Shasta there were lots of people who knew me from my four hour monologue on route 5 that seemed friendly but were hesitant to interact. There were also plenty of people driving around and engaging in the theatrics of gang stalking in a half hearted kind of way. She told me that a lot of strange things happen in the area and from the temperature on the set that I picked up on I believed her. There was something strange about this area and this town in particular that I couldn't put my finger on. I woke up on the mountain and felt better for not being cooked alive for a few hours but the sleep was fitful as always. The snow fields on the mountain face were pristine and I slowly made my way towards the top and gazed down the back side of the eastern face of the peak. It was no quieter here so I hesitated as I ran low on food, water, and physical energy. I looked back at the top of the peak a quarter mile away and admired the series of openings in the mountain that made crude faces, one with only one eye. I christened the feature "Cyclops" and then another one nearby "The Old Man". Victor had become a target while living in San Diego and had visited Mount Shasta often. He had told me that the mountain would transform before your very eyes into the images of gods and demons such as one revealed to him as the Hindu god Ganesha. He said he had been looking at the mountain face and it had morphed into the seated image of the elephant god Ganesha. I took all of this with a grain of salt coming from a man who believed that aliens were at the root of all of this torture and murder. Victor was a very intelligent man who had been raised as a Jehovah's Witness and he had an identical twin brother named Ben. The risk factors of being a religious dissident and an identical twin were common among targets. I liked Victor and considered him a good man who had been bamboozled by mind control and had created a complex cosmology to explain something very complex but very down to earth. As I was ruminating on these thoughts I began to make my way back down the mountain. The snow was still fresh and a hard crust had formed over the powder in the morning sun. I took long looping strides and let gravity pull me along and to rest I would get up a head of steam and skate on the hard surface or slide in a seated position. I was tired but I was having fun. Halfway back down the mountain I looked off to the right at the reddish brown basalt face of broken rock 300 meters away that rose up some 80 meters high above the snow. I froze in surprise at the image that was before my eyes. I was looking at the image of a giant owl in the rock face as one would look for images in a cloud but this one was clear as if carved by some ancient civilization. I squinted again and saw fitted perfectly above this theoretical carving was the angel of death with wings spread wide and skeleton face grinning at me. The two images fit together perfectly and used every inch of the 80 meters of jagged rock. How was this possible that I had passed here yesterday afternoon and did not see any such thing. Was it a trick of the light the first time that obscured it from my eyes.

No, of course not, it was not there yesterday and today there it was in all its clarity and definition. The owl and the angel of death held no particular significance for me but it mattered very much to other people. These “rock carvings” were satanic imagery that was used to instill fear and terror in the believers but I was no such person. I stopped and admired the images and marveled that I knew that the megalithic carving before me did not really exist and that due to decades of study of the workings of the brain my perceptions were prey of such fine and convincing manipulation. I kept waiting for the image to fade out and dissolve into a random rock face but the owl and the angel of death never wavered for an instant. These technological capabilities seemed to be without limit. I wondered if I would soon see one of the “lizard people”. I have to admit that I was somewhat stunned at the manipulation as I turned and left the mountain that had seemed so innocuous and friendly only a few hours before. Once back in Dunsmuir the sadistic cooking of my head began again in earnest. I was finally driven to the point where I felt like I could take no more. I sat on the porch and loaded the revolver in the cool of the evening and told the man next door (speaking silently to myself or in a low whisper) that I could kick in his back door and be in his house and out again in less than two minutes. He was nowhere in sight but if I was being broadcast and he heard me he would react. In less than an hour his house became a bee hive of activity as several cars came by and at least one young man came over and stayed. This was the same young man who moved in what appeared to be very large stereo speakers just before the heavy targeting began. The teenager had brought at least one large “speaker” to the 60 year old man and his elderly parents but there was no stereo and later no music was to be heard. The man was still nowhere in sight. I just sat on the porch and fumed. Just before dark the volunteer fireman who never went to a fire except 4-5 times a day on his motorcycle moved himself and his entire family out of his house for the night to parts unknown. The next morning I awoke with a severely “burned” groin. It was similar to a bad sun burn or a severe rash but it was due to a microwave attack. The FEMA man who lived next door had burned me in my sleep and then either left town or moved into hiding at a different house in town. I didn’t bother looking for him. He had left his elderly parents in the care of the teenage boy in the house by themselves. Now the microwave attacks were coming into her house from two or three different directions and my provocations could only make things worse for Lynn as well. I made some phone calls and made arrangements to meet other TIs. Lynn was kind of relieved to see me go either due to the increased targeting of the house and her with it or just the general aura of chaos that seemed to follow me around. We parted friends and I headed south on route 5 again.

Davis, California was a busy little college town and I liked the energy of intellectual ferment and big dreams. The street theater and gang stalking was a drag but there was a lot more friendly theater now than unfriendly. My four hour lecture on route 5 had really gotten them by their hearts and minds. Davis was very close to Vacaville State Prison where mind control experiments had been going on for 40 years. The People’s Temple once had an office there and there were a number of suspect quasi religious organizations in town. I met a TI named Mike at a local coffee house and he told me his story. Mike was a forty something guy with a 5’11” frame and kind of soft body and features. He has a nasty surgical scar below his jaw line that looked like he had some lymph node problems. Mike had been a hot shot computer programmer working for the Intel Corporation in the early 1990’s when his girlfriend had fallen under the sway of a local psychiatrist. The psychiatrist soon had both of them and half a dozen others sleeping on his living room floor and taking their medications and selling them on the side.

Mike called the feds (DEA) and the psychiatrist was charged with a dozen felonies. The man was released in 18 months and Mike's long nightmare of high level electronic torture and perception management began. Mike is very intelligent but due to his targeting it takes a second for things to compute so it is like talking to someone on a satellite delay. You have to wait a few seconds. He is no longer able to work in his chosen field but unlike most TI's Mike has a girlfriend that works and supports him although she is constantly ill. Somehow they manage to muddle through. Mike has held many conferences for TI's since the early 90's and even made a film to educate the public about mind control technology. The station manager in Davis committed suicide at the completion of the production and just before the airing of the program. Mike doesn't have gang stalking but his electronic targeting is very high tech and that more than makes up for what he is missing. Mike was able to talk to me about a lot of personalities and fill in the blanks on people like Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff who are two very high level Scientologist/scientist/remote viewers. Once again there were strange goings on such that while I was there three different homeless men all "committed suicide" by going to sleep on the train tracks and being run over by the train. This is a complete statistical impossibility. Whenever I meet with a target who does not get gang stalking the perpetrators delight in showing up in force in the hopes that I will mention them and the other TI will not know what I am talking about and think I am crazy or paranoid. As we were sitting in the plaza a cell of six individuals who had followed me from Houston out to California chose to show themselves. These were the same people who presumably managed to poison me. First a Hispanic man about 35 years old with a long pony tail who had been in the criminal justice system "displayed" himself. Then the entire crew sat and stared at me starting with a 45 year old man and his 25 year old son. Both men were extremely thin due to addiction to crystal meth and both had been in the criminal justice system. They both wore long hair in a pony tail and the same kind of clothes and campy jewelry. There was a 40 year old Hispanic woman sitting with them. None of these individuals had gone beyond a high school education and all had been in prison. There were a couple of others but the only one who intrigued me was a Hispanic man who was a Mexican citizen and had been trained as a military officer. He was not a drug addict nor had he ever been in prison. He may have been an officer in the Mexican special forces or some other elite unit. He was intelligent and capable and there was no question that he was the boss. I was surprised they had shown themselves and pointed them out to Mike but he was groggy and uninterested. The operation was supposed to intimidate me but I was unimpressed except for the Mexican military officer. Mike gave me an entre to meet with Cheryl Welsh who had been an activist TI for 16 years and who singlehandedly had been in contact with thousands of victims over the years. She had given these people information and emotional support that no doubt kept many of them alive. Cheryl was a law student who was activist minded and going to school in Davis which had been a focal point of mind control (one of many) for a long time. Cheryl had daily organized gang stalking and was targeted with the electronics that constantly deluged her with the voices that spewed taunts and curses and threats 24 hours a day. As far as I knew she did not receive the microwave attacks that cooked people. I offered her a position as a director on the board of the foundation. Cheryl was polite, intelligent and not interested in trying to devote her energies to organizing the TI population anymore. She had spent 16 years in the trenches and she was burned out. The average TI is as suspicious and as angry as they are traumatized. The effects of gang stalking, sleep deprivation, microwave hearing and microwaving of their hypothalamus has a tremendous effect on their emotional stability. Many of the TI's are manipulated to have feelings of paranoia in order to isolate them as a part of the psychology experiment and render their efforts to fight

back against their torturers impossible. I had been in the business of trying to help TI's for a few months but had already had several people turn on me and accuse me of being a "perpetrator". I would learn over time not to take these attacks personally because their origins were the technological subliminal control exerted by the Smirnov patent and Malech patents that manipulated ideation and behavior. Cheryl was going back to school to try to finish her law degree under nearly impossible circumstances and I admired her for it. We spoke on her porch and she told me she didn't want to get involved. I respected her decision and gave her privacy. For the next two months I traveled across California and met with TI's and brought TI's together who had never met or had only spoken together on the phone for several years. I visited with Ramona Ayalla, Terry D'souza, and many others in an effort to motivate people to network together and form a west coast TI organization. Ultimately I was looking for a target who was executive material namely a person with the fortitude to take these traumatized people and form an organization that could fight back. Eventually Vince flew out to California and we put together a meeting in Davis that went fairly well. We both took notes on personalities and compared to see who we thought could take on the herculean task. We both decided that the best idea would be to continue trying to recruit Cheryl Welsh. On my last night in Davis I stayed in a hotel and late at night began to receive a merciless microwave assault that was terrifying and disabling. In an effort to get some relief I climbed into the shower and unable to stand up I spent the remainder of the night lying down in the shower being tortured with microwave energy. In the morning when I stumbled out of the room to attempt to drive back to Houston the people in the rooms on either side of me emerged at the same time. These were the people that had fried my brain all night. Out of one room came a young man of about 20 who had long curly blond hair. He stared at me for a minute with a glare that communicated anger and outright hatred. He did not approach me but left by the stairs opposite the door to his room. The door to the other room had opened at the same time the young man departed and a tall man with a ruddy face and a woman emerged. Both of them were about 40 years old and the man reminded me of a fireman or someone who tried to join the police department but failed to get in. The woman was rather short and angry with short cropped hair. The failed fireman and the angry woman got in the elevator with me. I had my revolver and I could have shot my tormentors but I had different priorities these days. The very high level personalities in military intelligence were the focus of my hunt. This was the second "display" I had seen here in Davis where perpetrator cells had shown themselves to intimidate or provoke me. I was unimpressed with them but I wondered at the young man who seemed to have been rather programmed to hate me. Was he an MKULTRA child who had been raised literally from birth and traumatized and programmed to torture and murder people. The young man I had been looking at in that hallway who had burned me up all night was perfectly capable and willing to commit murder. As soon as I got back to Houston I began to be poisoned in my apartment on a regular basis. I very quickly learned the hard way to not drink or eat from any opened containers in my apartment that were left unattended in my absence. When I left the apartment my clothing was being destroyed by putting axle grease on it or by cutting holes in my shirts and pants. Objects like pennies or trash would be left just inside my door to let me know that they had entered in my absence and were capable of coming and going at will. Subtle acts of sabotage took place like placing dirt in the washing machine. It was at times both juvenile and deadly. I bought food and drink in smaller containers and if I opened something I took it with me during the day. Never the less I continued to have poisoning events and through research I was able to identify the type of pesticide used. One of the breakdown products of the organophosphates was phosgene gas. I read about women therapists who worked

in a clinic for victims of ritual abuse in California (L.A. Commission for women's ritual abuse task force 1992) who had been getting progressively more ill and finally went to the doctor and discovered that they were being poisoned with organophosphates. Their energy levels were very low, their hair began to fall out and they had difficulty concentrating or remembering. When they tested the food in their refrigerators it tested positive for organophosphates. There were two mysterious cases in emergency rooms in California where patients who were in critical condition due to an unknown illness were being treated and when the doctor made an incision in the patient's body an unknown toxic gas was released that overwhelmed the people in the room and from which several of them never recovered sufficiently to work again. Both of the patients had died in the ER. The strangest thing about these cases was the official effort to have the physical evidence destroyed before it could be examined. In the two cases of the mysterious gas in the ER and the workers at the ritual abuse clinic the major press had only limited coverage or put out stories that can only be described as a disinformation campaign. A reporter from the L.A. Times interviewed the women at the clinic who had been poisoned. These psychologists and councilors had doctor's affidavits and multiple test results to back up their claims of poisoning. The reporter published a story that omitted the scientific results of a crime and instead did an ambush article that painted the women as hysterical and crazy eccentrics. I interpreted the ER events to mean that the breakdown products of massive organophosphate poisoning had been released in the ER's and that the culprit was probably phosgene gas or something similar. My reading indicated that project Mockingbird had succeeded in buying up the major media outlets over the last 60 years and planting friendly reporters on the staff of TV and newspapers who would execute cover stories when necessary to cover up domestic crimes by the intelligence agencies. The last poisoning event I experienced laid me up in bed for several weeks and the repeated events of poisoning made me begin to wonder if I was going to be effectively neutralized or even killed by a succession of events that would destroy my health. I continued to do research and at one point I made a short video about the HAARP program that was shown on local access cable TV. I was reading lots of books now and I began to write a book about the mature MKULTRA program that we were under. The long journey to California and the repeated poisonings took me about two months to recover from. I was trying to stay in the game and stay relevant to events. After the four hour long lecture I had given on route 5 in California many people who recognized me on the road and in public began to give me "positive theater" by tilting their heads forward and other benign signals. The people who had been just watching the show and not knowing what they were watching now realized exactly what was at stake. The good people seemed to outnumber the bad but it was the bad people who were on the payroll and it was the government agencies that held all the deadly technology and all the cards. All the good will that I saw in the public sphere was manifest in both friendly theater and in media interaction on TV and radio that let me know that people were watching and were sympathetic and supportive. At the same time I was getting a tremendous amount of dream intervention. The technology was used to attack the human mind at its most vulnerable point. When a human being goes to sleep their psyche is wide open to attack and manipulation. What I now experienced for the first time were constant dream simulations. The general theory of the perpetrators is that by controlling the dream life of the personality the target will succumb to an instilled psychology and their waking life can be heavily influenced. The first vivid dream simulation I remember experiencing was in the course of falling asleep immediately feeling like I was watching a movie. The faux dream began as if I were driving down a twisting road in a dreamscape that was something out of a Tim Burton horror movie. The landscape was full of sinister twisted trees

and a menacing dark sky that translated into a feeling of terror and dread. I'm not sure if it ended there or what happened next I was only sure that the dream was not organic in nature. It had the feel of watching a movie and that is exactly what it was. This was not any movie I had ever seen before and it was like no dream I had ever experienced in my 42 years. The next dream intervention that I remembered vividly was an elaborate animation dream that resembled a crude version of a cross between the TV show South Park and a video game. The animations were similar in color but the characters were smaller and resembled an elaborate simulation game. There did not seem to be a script like the dream intervention of the evil landscape that I had seen before. By usurping my dream life I felt the perpetrators were trying to take away or deflect my purposeful behaviors in my waking life. Every time I awoke from sleep over the next two years I would feel as if I had not slept and all. There was no sense of rest and replenishment that REM sleeps gives you in the morning. Instead there was always a general feeling of weariness and exhaustion that was a function of interference with the brain's organic activity at night that recharges the central nervous system and repairs the body. Often I suspect I was being shown video of children and adults being assaulted and murdered. Many of these memories I suspect I blocked from my conscious mind but the feeling of waking up angry and upset was very intense. The video of people being harmed instilled a feeling of anger and resentment in my waking life and was an effective means of leaving me angry and upset. I believe that these were not elaborate movies but real film of real children and adults being raped, mutilated, and murdered. The anger I felt was palpable in my waking life and affected my dealing with people on a daily basis. In the morning as I first came to full consciousness there was a period of a few seconds where the constant electronic hum of the ELF attack was missing. These few seconds of silence were quickly followed by the increasing sound of the electronic hum as it grew and regained a "lock" onto my EEG waves that corresponded to my conscious waking brain waves. Over the space of a few years the ELF attacks change the physiology of the human brain so that the interface between the artificial ELF signal and the EEG is smoother and these few seconds of quiet in the morning are no longer in evidence. In the first couple of years when the ELF wave struck my skull in full assault it was possible to tell by the interruption of purposeful thought. I would be thinking about a subject and following the logical train of thought when suddenly the initial attack would jolt my thought patterns abruptly. It was as if I had received a jolt of electricity or some kind of impact on the electrical signals of my central nervous system and the train of thought would abruptly be thrown completely off. It resembled a kind of mental Tourette Syndrome. This sensation was followed in 3 seconds with a physical sensation of heating to my skull and the increased electronic hum that signaled that a remote assault had been initiated. These assaults came with greater frequency and eventually happened every few minutes as a means of disrupting the purposeful thinking of the target (me). The fact that the recorded voices and the periodic blasts of directed energy to my skull were often brought on by my thinking patterns and subject matter of my thoughts was a clue as to how the attacks were initiated. Dr. Jose Delgado had first perfected the use of a feedback mechanism to modify human behavior in the early 1960's. The EEG of the target brain was transmitted remotely to a computer and when the EEG pattern matched that of a behavior or a thought that the scientist wanted to interrupt then the computer program automatically delivered an electrical shock or other stimulus designed to discourage the behavior. Initially this was done with brain implants that transmitted over a distance of miles to a computer that responded in real time to deliver a punishment to modify the undesirable EEG pattern. By the 1960's Delgado perfected this feedback loop without resorting to the use of implants. The basis of a prison without walls, a

prison of the mind if you will, had been perfected. These remote microwave attacks were designed not only to interrupt my thinking processes every few minutes but to attack me when my EEG corresponded to thinking about high level perpetrators who were involved in these crimes against humanity. The assaults were also attacking me when I was in a defiant state or when the perpetrators wished to erase memory and interfere with my attempts to write about what was happening to me and others. This pattern of stimulus and response and behavior modification made it very difficult to write a book. My mind was being raped virtually at every minute of the day and night and these attacks would tend to build up in what I now termed suicide campaigns designed to get me to attack a low level perpetrator or to kill myself to escape the constant torture. The typical campaign would begin with a period of “softening up” the target. The microwave heating and physical trauma combined with sleep deprivation would drive me to the edge of physical and mental collapse. After 2-3 weeks at the point of greatest trauma the behavioral and intellectual modification would begin with the goal of instilling a new psychology or driving the target to violence and suicide. The next few years would be characterized by this living nightmare as I tried to follow through with my original strategy of writing a book, making a documentary film, building a website, and organizing the TI community. The last visual memory I have of a high level perpetrator was shortly after the intense dream interventions began. I started to go to sleep in my apartment lying in bed on my back with eyes closed and before I dropped off completely my visual field began to be painted with lines that scanned from left to right as if a TV screen was forming a picture one line at a time. The lines began scanning in at the top of the “picture” and took about one minute to completely fill my field of vision. There I was lying in bed a few weeks after my California “adventure” with my eyes closed and I was confronted again with a perpetrator who was displaying himself. This man was Caucasian probably late 50’s and about six feet tall sporting a five day growth of stubble that was mostly gray. He was seated in a dark room at his computer screen staring at me very intently in real time. This was not a recorded image. The lines of the projected image between just above his chin and just below his eyes were omitted to obscure his identity. This man was college educated and probably a government employee who worked at Los Alamos National laboratory or a similar installation such as Lawrence Livermore. He had a PhD in a technical field of science and had absolutely no empathy whatsoever with his human subjects of experimentation. We stared at each other for several minutes and I tried to discern his facial appearance even though the lines that made up the middle of his face were missing. Unlike the first two high level perpetrators who had displayed themselves to me on my journey to California this man did not want to be identified. He was trying to intimidate me and demonstrate his power over me by projecting images into my visual field. When I was awake I was usually able to break visual contact of this kind at will when the perpetrators tried to send visual imagery to disturb me. I let this one linger as long as he wished in an effort to learn more about this man but he was careful not to give me too many clues as to his identity. Very soon after this event another important clue emerged. I was waking up in the morning and there before my eyes was what is known as a hypnotic disk. The blue disk shaped object was rotating and humming in the manner characteristic of film I had seen of these objects. The disk quickly grew more distant and then faded from view as I regained consciousness. The literature says that these hypnotic disks can be white, black, or blue. The scientist who had displayed himself while obscuring his appearance was attempting to hypnotize me for some such purpose as programming me to think or act in a certain manner against my conscious will. This was the

period of heavy poisonings and intense physical trauma after the California trip and I was unsure if the man ever succeeded in his efforts to affect my mind.

I imagined that I was eventually going to succumb to the repeated poisonings and so I talked Victor about getting a roommate for security reasons. Vince suggested his twin brother even though he was not an overt target. The twin, that I will call Bob, was very intelligent as was Victor but he had what I considered strange ideas about what was happening. He shared his brother's view that the ultimate nature of this program was extra terrestrial in nature. He also viewed himself as something of a superman. In his mind the people that were being attacked and tortured with microwave weapons were victimized because, "They didn't know how to handle it". He informed me that he was capable of repelling any type of psychic or technological assault and that these victims of such assaults were merely weak minded people. Victor was an overt target who tried to convince his brother that, "If someone puts you in an oversized microwave oven and you try to block it with your mind, no matter how hard you try you will fail". Bob was being manipulated by the perpetrators without his realizing it to change his beliefs and to disrupt the organization we were trying to build. Victor once told me that they had gone to a mountain top in San Diego that is popular with hikers and that while he and his twin brother Bob were there dozens of other twins had arrived at the mountain and began to hike to the top at the same time. It was clear to me that just like Dr. Joseph Mengele who studied twins at Auschwitz the perpetrators of this monstrous crime had a fascination and focus on twins. Victor had been a teenager when he was in a car accident and had severe damage to his face and skull. In the hospital in New Orleans he said he was first implanted with an experimental implant to manipulate him physically and mentally along the lines of the work of Dr. Jose Delgado. His medical records would have shown that he was a twin and a Jehovah's Witness which are both major risk factors to being "enrolled in the program". Both of the twins had lived in San Diego in the past and this is when they came to the conclusion that the program was extraterrestrial in origin. The ability of the psychological warfare campaign to manipulate the belief systems of human beings should not be underestimated. Typically the perpetrators will set up a scenario of synchronic events and manipulate the target into walking through the scenario they have set up for them similar to the seemingly impossible gathering of the dozens of sets of twins at a certain location on a certain day. The psychological manipulation of individuals is even capable of inducing personality changes or changes in sexual orientation. Victor is what is termed the experimental subject such that he is overtly targeted with the microwave attacks and the overt assault of his five senses and his consciousness with the recorded voices to usurp his consciousness and manipulate his body and mind. Bob is the experimental control used to measure the baseline health effects. Victor will have his life shortened and his physiology changed by decades of microwave attacks that heat up his body and deteriorate his brain and his internal organs. Bob is his exact physical duplicate and the difference between their life spans and the state of their internal organs will supply the answers to the questions such as how many years has Victor's life been shortened, how much have the microwave attacks altered his brain and internal organs and cellular functions. Victor will die first from the cumulative stress of being tortured and physically and mentally neutralized. His body will be collected after his death and evaluated for his pathology from the level of the cell up to the level of the state of his organs such as his brain. Bob will die second because he has not been microwaved every day for decades and has not suffered the morbidity and subsequent mortality inherent with continuous exposure to non-ionizing radiation. The difference in their lifespan and cellular function and

even the weight of their brains will supply the answers to the questions such as what are the gross effects of the technology on the human body. With all this in mind I moved into the house with Bob. He had struggled for years and had lived in his car while in San Diego and in rundown apartment complexes in Houston where he worked as a home health care worker. Bob resented his twin very much because Victor had not struggled as much and had taken care of a wealthy man who became very ill and left Victor a sizable amount of money upon his death. Victor was wealthy and “successful” while Bob was not. This scenario was very common among siblings in families that were targeted. It was a means of creating resentment and dividing people that I would see repeated over and over. Bob was very much like Victor in that he was a control freak who needed to control all aspects of his environment or his internal stress became unbearable for him. Both Bob and Victor were in a constant battle for dominance. Within four months of living with Bob I tried to avoid interacting with him too much and concentrated on reading all I could about the program. Victor had been heavily targeted with the microwave weapons until the fourth year at which time he reported the attacks became less damaging. I interpreted this to mean that when Victor invented his quantum mechanics theory and his unshakable belief that extraterrestrials were involved it was at that point that the mind control experiment was largely complete. Often when a TI is neutralized by an elaborate mistaken belief or basic psychological change then the microwave assaults are turned down to a less torturous level. The mind control aspect of the program is designed to change people’s unshakable beliefs and substitute new ones and when this is done the psychology experiment is complete. I lived with Bob as a roommate for 18 months under a microwave assault that can only be described as extreme. There was always someone at the house and having a roommate who obsessively locked doors and owned about 40 firearms meant that I was no longer subjected to poisoning. The perpetrators made up for this in other ways. At one point it appeared the perpetrators were attempting to either blind me or to disable me mentally with intense attacks to the face and head. The house became an environment that was extremely hazardous to me. In order to avoid being disabled in this manner I purchased \$600 worth of lead sheeting and constructed a lead box that was large enough to sleep in. It helped to some degree and allowed me to try to sleep in the house but the attacks still debilitated me. I suspect the real meaning of the exercise was to make me waste time and money and alienate the people around me. The perpetrators had always shown an ability to quickly adjust their attack to thwart any countermeasures. If I attempted to stay in the house after I woke up then within 2-4 hours of being in the house I would pass out from the intensity of the microwave attack. I was literally being cooked to death. When Victor came to visit and would sit within six feet of me he could feel the hum and “blowback” of the non-ionizing microwave radiation bouncing off of my body and affecting him. The effects were even worse when I tried to sit in front of the computer and create a documentary film, power point presentation, or work on my book. To avoid passing out every day and to increase my work output I would take my laptop and go the coffee shops and continue to move periodically during the day from coffee shop to coffee shop. It generally took the gang stalkers and microwave perpetrators about 10-15 minutes to enter the coffee shop or restaurant and set up on me and attack me with the technology. The attacks were often quite intense but seldom as bad as trying to work at the foundation office. When I was able to find a location where the attacks were not too intense to think clearly I would be able to read the literature and to write my book. I continued to use this methodology to read and write for approximately one year. During that rather long year Victor and I would often travel all over the country to meetings with TI’s that we or other people had organized. Our efforts in recruiting

TI's to form regional organizations and enlisting scientific personnel to study means of detection and shielding were continuous and took up much of my time. During these travels I was often heavily targeted and occasionally mutilated with the microwave attacks that left me temporarily unable to see or to physically function for days at a time. In the first year over the course of my research I learned about the origins of the incessant harassing voices as an artificial intelligence (AI) program and learned not to respond to the taunts and threats and the voices gradually faded into the background. I was getting more friendly theater from citizens who were monitoring my progress and were sympathetic but the attacks with non-ionizing radiation were still relentless as were the monthly suicide campaigns. The organized gang stalking and 24 hour a day microwaving of my body was wearing me down. The sleep deprivation and continuous pain had stretched into its third year and my mental functions were being severely tested and degraded. I re-evaluated the state of my book and was shocked at my lack of progress. In my first year of electronic targeting with the hypersonic sound system I had been able under duress to conceptualize a novel idea for a bacteriophage drug, do the scientific research, build a compelling website, find and convince world class scientists to be my business partners, complete a complex NIH grant application, and find work in a world class phage laboratory. These herculean efforts had taken me approximately 130 days to bring to fruition. Two years later I found that after 12 months of researching and writing a book that what I had produced to date was what I considered terribly substandard. The microwave attacks had reduced my effectiveness to the point that I considered myself more or less completely neutralized in place. These people didn't have to kill me to stop me because I was ineffective as a resistance fighter. What was worse it appeared that everyone around me was equally ineffective. I had attended about 12 meetings of TI's and even though we all pledged action and organization in the end absolutely nothing had ever come of it. The TI's retired to their respective locations and sent each other emails about the torture they were undergoing and communicated their considerable rage and pain but nothing ever came of this. The TI individuals that were recruited as leaders typically either did little or nothing or became paranoid and hostile to us personally and left the foundation. My work was continually sabotaged by the others. I would agitate to create a website but was counseled that the time was not right. It seemed that Victor and later Bob were both neutralized by their inability to make decisions and follow through or worse yet were fearful of moving too fast and making a mistake. It took both of them an entire year and a half to put up a website. This could have been done in a matter of weeks but it had taken 18 months or more. In the beginning I agitated for quicker action and for more responsibility and when Victor agreed to let me lead the formation of a scientific initiative I got right to it. I called the 3 scientists who were targets and requested they submit a plan of action. I made arrangements to fly the scientists into town so they could meet and we could evaluate and prioritize their ideas for equipment to buy and experiments to run. I made all the arrangements and made promises to all the individuals involved and reported my progress to Victor. He immediately reversed his previous decision and told me now was not the right time to make moves to organize scientists and run experiments. These themes of setbacks and indecision and reversals seemed to characterize all of our collective endeavors. The twins spent most of their time either buying and repairing houses for investment purposes or going to retail outlets and buying supplies. It was classic poor boy done good psychology in that Victor loved to buy things and this was the focus of much of his and his brother's time. By this now I had been living at the office for one year and I made the mental calculation to work on my project and avoid contact with the twins who seemed incapable of completing their own plans and were engaged unconsciously in sabotaging

mine. I continued to rise early every day and move from coffee shop to coffee shop to read and write. The friendly theater continued to grow and it seemed that progress of some kind might be possible but the reality of the situation was still not conducive to confidence. Finally in August of 2006 Victor suggested we part company. This had been over due for a long time and so I got in the car and decided that I would head for the center of the action.

## XII Ground Zero

Washington D.C. seemed like the place to be because if they were going to kill me I wanted to lay my corpse right on their front doorstep. It was late August, 2006 when I arrived to stay with my mom who was a federal employee. If I was going to succeed it would be through motivating the military and political leadership that decisive action had to be taken, no matter how painful or fraught with peril. The attacks on 9/11 had enabled a new war to replace the Cold War and this new war without end in our lifetimes was meant to funnel trillions of dollars to the 12 major defense contractors. It was clear that I was having some effect on the perception of events. If I succeeded in putting the program in jeopardy then I calculated that there was a very good chance that the high level perpetrators would sacrifice one or more major American cities to complete their gradual building of a national security state. The process had been a gradual one but now there was a statistical possibility that these men would feel threatened and would try to cover their tracks with a new atrocity. If they were going to destroy a city to cover their tracks and eradicate Constitutional government that city would probably be Washington D.C. I had anticipated several momentous events before but had failed to communicate them effectively. I reasoned that I was being closely monitored now by friendly forces as well as the perpetrators and that I would either anticipate the strike on D.C. before it happened and somehow stop it...or I would perish with the city. I couldn't afford to fail again. When I first got to Washington I was in very poor physical condition and was still being attacked ferociously. I finished my book in October and began to sell it on the internet. At the same time I began to use the internet channel youtube to make short videos to describe the program. I had been riding out the intense microwave attacks for over three years by now and it seemed as if they were intent on driving me to suicide or murder no matter what. It is impossible to adequately describe the day to day hell on earth of ELF and microwave harassment that is in fact the ultimate torture. My sleep was either interrupted from achieving REM stage sleep or it was precluded altogether with dream simulations and interventions that turned the normal human dream life into a circular maze that featured repeated dead ends to the normal resolution that dreams supply to the psyche. Most often I was awakened at the same time every night for weeks on end. I would be forced awake and then the microwave attacks would begin in earnest by using the 60Hz electricity in the walls all around me to draw power from and to begin to vibrate my body so hard I could feel it in my bones. Any appliances plugged into the wall would cycle loudly as the electricity was literally pulled from the walls and used to fry my body. I would be forced to flee the house as soon as possible or the microwave attacks would sap the last of my physical energy and I would be forced to lie helplessly in bed as the assaults literally squeezed the life out of my body and I passed out. The effects on the human thought process and emotions break the normal flow of thought with jolts or spikes that completely divert the line of reasoning into negative and self destructive lines of thought. Human emotions are manipulated so that anger and fear and all the negative emotions are accentuated and personified to literally take over the personality over time. The term I used to refer to the effect of circular negative thinking was, "chewing on your tail".

Circular thinking in general was “chasing your tail”. Behavior manipulation became “bringing cake” after a Smirnov experiment that sent an inaudible message to “bring cake”. The targets of the EM subliminal messages actually brought him cake. The psyops that confused reality were referred to as “worm holes” such that once you entered into the intellectual realm of aliens and the like you would be lost and the truth obscured. The perpetrators are capable of delivering any level of pain and distress to the targeted individual that they wish to deliver no matter where the TI may run to try to escape the microwaving of their mind and body. The techniques of pain induction are very highly developed over decades of research and the perpetrators literally hold absolute power over the target. Marconi scientists had reportedly produced a catalogue of EM frequencies that corresponded to all the tissues and physical structures of the human body that allowed for very fine control of the manner and location of attacks on TI’s. It is only because the TI represents a very large investment in tracking and torture and manipulation that they are not viewed as totally expendable. The TI may be tormented into suicide but the murder or death of a TI signifies the loss of years of experimental research and must be replaced just as a laboratory animal that dies must be replaced and the experiment begun again. Then again to the minds behind the program we human beings are all expendable, TI’s and non-TI’s alike. Their efforts to force my suicide reached such a fever pitch that I spent considerable mental time contemplating how to best accomplish destroying myself. The ultimate question was how to deny them my body because the body and brain represented an investment in the study of the effects of non-ionizing radiation and microwave effects. If I cut my own jugular vein and died a relatively painless death in 8 seconds then the perpetrators would be able to collect my body and study my brain and other organs and garner their experimental results. If I jumped from a very high bridge over the Chesapeake Bay then my body would be drawn out to sea and deteriorate rapidly in the salt water of the Atlantic Ocean. The use of an RFID chip that had been implanted in my right nostril and accounted for my extended nose bleed could be one of the ways they tracked me and if this is what had really happened then this RFID chip would lead them right to my corpse even in 80 feet of water in the bay before the tides could draw it out to sea. These are some of the daily thoughts of the average heavily targeted TI as they wake every morning and try to decide whether to endure one more day of unimaginable torture from the evil minds and their flunkies behind the program. Many days I was unable to rise from bed and on other days I tried to walk but after traveling a few hundred yards was unable to continue. For several years I had been trying to provoke the cowardly torturers into killing me but no matter how I might taunt them they never initiated a lethal attack. I often drove my van in the city trying to get away from the torture of the house and to get distance between me and the thousands of perpetrators and the hundreds of transmitters that intensified the signals that cooked me from the inside out. Often on these long drives in the city the tracking game would surround me with a dozen cars or more over just the course of a few miles. My mind set was alternating from homicidal to suicidal and I drove dangerously at high speeds daring the stalkers in their cars to risk their lives with me. “Who’s not afraid to die?” “I don’t have anything to lose do you have anything worth dying for?” The spectacle was alternately humorous and death defying. It appeared that the police were shadowing me in order to protect me from an attempt on my life. It would seem at some point there was a price on my head but considering the stakes I didn’t think if anyone followed through that they would live very long after they managed to collect. In the paper there was the story of a mob hit in Israel carried out by a former police detective and he had fled the country and been found dead in a hotel room in Mexico City. If someone was foolish enough to take me out I doubted if they would even get that far. People in the community wanted to let me know

they were watching and supportive but if anyone tried to help me or give me any emotional support at all they were subject to becoming targets of the program themselves. In June of the previous year an astronaut had tried to give me emotional support through the media and had paid a terrible price. In six months she was splashed all over the media for stalking her romantic rival and trying to spray her with pepper spray. The astronaut had driven from Texas to Florida non-stop while wearing a diaper to avoid the necessity for frequent stops along the way. I had developed a nomenclature for various effects of the program and the term that meant being targeted and driven to discredit oneself or embark on a foolish course of action due to covert or overt ELF manipulation became the phrase, "wearing the diaper". There is another term I use frequently. If I contemplated a certain kind of attack or action on the part of the perpetrators they would supply it. If I said out loud or to myself that I thought the microwave attacks were destroying my eyes the next day or even moments later the program would parade 3-4 blind people past me to instill and reinforce the fear. I referred to this as the "Domino's" effect. You call and we deliver. The beauty of this kind of manipulation is that they could have prompted me subliminally to think about going blind in the first place and then reinforced the induce fear with the presence of lots of blind people. The female astronaut had given me emotion sustenance and for that she became a covert (unknowing) target and in six months she went from being at the pinnacle of her profession in orbit around the earth at an altitude of 150 miles to a person in jail charged with attempted murder who had lost her family and her job. This sabotage of her life was done as a demonstration to others that the cabal of evil men armed with this technology had the power to destroy anyone. Before I became an overt target of gang stalking and microwave torture I had been a covert target of manipulation using these same technologies and I walked away from saving the world from an atrocity and two wars. My memory had been erased using infra sound and the technique of EDOM, electronic dissolution of memory. It does not matter that it was not of my own free will. Just like the astronaut I will carry the scar of that covert manipulation as if the fault were entirely my own because that is just how we human beings are made. I toured the great city and gazed upon the great monuments of our nation while being gang stalked and slowly cooked to death. These monuments to patriots and the spirit of Democracy were like prayers made out of bronze and stone that rose up to heaven in the silent prayer that the Republic would continue. My favorite place to attempt to seek refuge was Arlington Cemetery where I would lie down and rest among the graves. The memorials to the sacrifices made in war reminded me of how much it had cost to secure the future of the Republic over the last two hundred and thirty years. All of our sacred places were places of my torture that never ended. I read the inscription at the top of the Jefferson Memorial with the hum of death in my ears, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man".

It seemed clear that we had lost our way and that the national security state was being used as a spring board to take over the world and impose a fascist dictatorship that would enslave humanity forever. All of these monuments and sacred places were like silent prayers but I could not hear heaven's response, only the voices of my tormentors. I began to drive myself mercilessly to complete a documentary film at the same time the perpetrators were intent on driving me to suicide. In the midst of the battle about February of 2007 the intensity of the attacks diminished for the first time and I was no longer being tortured completely out of my mind and praying for a swift death. I finished the documentary film in April and began to sell it on the internet and show it for free on youtube. Now I had a book and a film that described

fairly well the complexities that we were all facing. I continued to receive feedback from the friendly observers and tried to coordinate my efforts with theirs. It seemed that as more time went by the less motivated the gang stalking people were. To be sure they were always shadowing me but more and more they seemed to be trapped in their routines and it was clear to me that they were just going through the motions trying to collect their money and not become targets themselves. After I finished the first documentary film I made copies on DVD and tried to mail them out to the TI community. After I mailed about 100 disks I was ambushed by the police in Arlington, Virginia and my computer and cell phone and van were impounded as “evidence” for two months. The charges were based on an illegal search and so the prosecution did not succeed but it chewed up two months of my time and plenty of money. In the past I had used marijuana as a vehicle to my “visions” that gave me something of an edge. I had been able to keep my perspective about what I needed to do and at times in the past it had allowed me to foresee what was going to happen before it happened but now this was largely denied to me. The visions I had before were symbolic in nature. One vision was of a giant disembodied head wearing a turban that came from across a body of water (Atlantic) to the coast and blew a huge breath like a zephyr across the land that turned everything from living green to a dead gray landscape. I felt that some kind of attack was imminent. About two weeks later a massive power outage plunged the entire east coast into darkness and panicked millions of people. I interpreted this to mean that my visions were the product of a collective unconscious made up of millions of human minds and that the symbolism was a derivative of their first frightened thought as all the lights went off and they experienced the terror of being attacked again as on 9/11. At other times my visions sprang from my own unconscious mind. One vision was of a giant wave that was building and would eventually destroy the giant black cathedral of evil that symbolized the program of torture. Another vision was of a giant stampede of a herd of buffalo that covered the earth from horizon to horizon. I was riding my horse and was engulfed in the mass of wild beasts and to survive I found a small promontory and was able to restrain my horse from panic in the midst of the turmoil around me and in this way the masses of buffalo passed and I survived to mount my horse again and ride in freedom and victory. I took these visions to mean that if I could restrain my impulses to flee or to panic then eventually I would emerge alive and victorious. The vision of the wave had the same meaning to me. If I could retain my balance and stay up on my board then I could ride the wave all the way in and destroy the Black Cathedral. I had depended on these visions to retain my equilibrium in the darkest moments but now my visions had been denied to me for several months and the infra sound attacks that erased my memory took away my perspective and undermined my determination. I was playing chess blindfolded and the only edge I had was the ability to see what was coming before it happened and now this ability was gone. I was flying blind and just holding on to hope. I wrote a second book and then made a follow on film. This process took me over four and a half months to complete. It was September and I was at a loss for what to do now. It was only at this point that I anticipated being capable of following the feedback from friendly forces and to start making music to cut through the fog of words and to use the international language of music. It was impossible to use my vision successfully while in an extremely degraded condition but I hoped this would change soon and that I would stay true to my visions and find my way out of the maze. In order to make a tentative blueprint for how to defeat the program I drew up a plan that would use local authorities to arrest low level perpetrators when the time came and use federal authorities to arrest the high level perpetrators and hopefully between this bottom up and top down approach the program would become public and the power of the perpetrators would be

broken. I referred to this plan as the “End Game” part of the scenario. Following the “end game” scenario I tried to draw up a credible plan of prosecution, reform and restitution that I referred to simply as “reform”. I was groping my way in the dark still without much feedback from the friendly forces and it was clear that everything was still up for grabs.

### XIII End Game

A tentative plan to guide the rapid disarmament of perpetrators was necessary and a 12 page outline however imperfect was the result. This plan was written in November, 2007 and is subject to revision as conditions change. I’m attempting to play chess while blind folded and the stakes are for the next thousand year. If there are errors or omissions that result in failure or unnecessary loss of human life the fault is entirely my own.

End Game: Execute all of the following steps simultaneously. (1-5)

I Disable Means of Attack:

II Guard against attack:

III Detain hostile command and control (personalities):

IV Disperse information about the nature and scope of these crimes, especially perpetrators names and cells, domestic and foreign.

V Transfer National Command Authority (immediately)

VI Public Hearings

VII Uniform Punishment

VIII Passive Resistance Campaign

IX Dissemination of information in case of EMW and WMD attack

A: Kinnecom NSA computer complex cut power and physically disconnect computers. HAARP locations (all) cut power and physically disconnect antennae and power source.

Disconnect **ALL** Ionospheric Radiation Instruments in a similar fashion, (Tromso, Norway) (Russia: Sura, Vasilurk, Nizhniy Novgorod) (HAARP: 3) (SuperDARN) (Platteville) (Arecibo, Puerto Rico) (Europe: EISCAT) including high power radars (OTH) and antennae that may be used for offensive operations: “woodpecker signals”, others. These include any antennae used in project Sanguine and Sleeping Beauty or other experimental projects involving electromagnetic ELF transmissions. Traditional directional radars may continue use for EW self defense, however local civil authorities are empowered to cut power to any facility they deem a threat. All ELF transmissions are prohibited. If ELF attacks in a major metropolitan area are detected and result in mass casualties it may be necessary to cease microwave tower transmissions, radio,

and TV transmissions in major metropolitan areas in the event of wide area hostile ELF operations. Turn each system off and back on in succession for two hours, MW, TV, radio, to determine source of carrier wave. Cell phones may be used in this instance for emergency transmissions. Briefly turn on the cell phone towers, transmit a text message instruction to friendly forces, (police or all subscribers) then turn off cell towers. This should be accomplished as quickly as possible. If cell towers are the source of ELF attacks then short term use of radio , TV or internet is in order. After 24 hours of monitoring radio, TV, and microwave communications may resume continuous broadcasting with special emphasis on a speedy shut down should ELF attack again be detected using the communications network as a carrier wave. It is advisable to have ELF detection capability in all major metropolitan areas to locate sources of ELF attacks.

A: Amendment: Shutting down the communications networks is an opening for hostile forces to declare a hostile ELF attack and shut down ALL communications to thwart friendly forces use of TV, radio, cell phone, or other transmissions. Shutting down communications to US citizens and others by using the Emergency Broadcast System (EBS) or the above mode is a clear sign of a false flag operation. Any attempt to shut down communications in the first days of the operation of disseminating information to the public and particularly to debriefing of high value targets in the clear is a hostile act. Any plausible shut down of communications must be isolated to a particular city and occur only after there is a legitimate body count of civilian casualties. The practice should be limited to turning off transmitters for two hours and then resuming operations again for at least two hours. There is no reason to take down the entire communications grid either nationally or locally at the beginning of operations. This strategy signals a false flag operation.

B: NRO/NSA satellite and ground stations should be under strict monitoring and control such that offensive operations cannot be mounted and they may be terminated at a moment's notice. Any automated satellite platforms used for offensive operations should be decommissioned and destroyed. Outside independent third parties should be on site, acting as watch dogs capable of immediately shutting down the facility on their own authority. Special attention should be given to monitoring for ELF transmissions worldwide from these ground stations and from any other facilities capable of such transmissions. These facilities may stay online to monitor for hostile forces attack, i.e. internal or external terrorist activity.

C: The Nuclear Triad should be placed on lock down for 100 days. All devices in storage or on base shall remain there under strict quarantine. Any attempt to move or use any nuclear device should be treated as an act of treason. Special attention should be given to missile submarines and missile silos that make launching the missiles virtually impossible, up to and including removing the launch keys if necessary. Any attempt to launch a missile in this time frame should be viewed by loyal military personnel as an act of treason. If a foreign attack is mounted upon US soil it will be possible to deliver a massive retaliation in 30 or 100 days regardless of the aggressor or the extent of the attack. In all likelihood such an attack would be from a nation

other than Russia or China in which case it will be necessary to identify the isotopic composition of the warhead and pinpoint the reactor from which the nuclear material came. This in and of itself will take days if not weeks. A simulated launch that registers on US satellites and SAC computers may draw a retaliatory strike by US nuclear forces that is real. The same hostile scenario can be launched at the computer systems of China and Russia that depicts a US first strike headed towards them. If prior to operations these and other countries know that the US nuclear arsenal is under lock down for 100 days then they will realize what they are seeing is a hostile computer simulation. Even after a first strike event the US would retain the capability to execute MAD. The IAEA and NRC should be prepared to place internet accessible cameras and observers at all eight of the Nuclear Powers military storage facilities and civilian nuclear facilities to safeguard existing weapons and materials. This is not an agreement to turn over control of such weapons and materials by these nations rather it is a temporary safeguard against their unauthorized movement or use.

C: Amendments to Triad lock down of 100 days: If the 100 day lock down is unrealistic in its scope another course of action is possible. The use of independent observers present at missile complexes, missile subs, and SAC air bases with authority to assume command in the event of unauthorized access or attempted use of nuclear weapons. This mandate to assume authority extends only to PRECLUDING the use of strategic or theater nuclear weapons and will not encompass the authority to use them. Upon further review it is advisable for the Triad to remain in lockdown for 100 days.

D: All military and civilian labs that hold NBC, nuclear, biological, or chemical weapons should be in the same state of lock down for 100 days. There should be extra care taken in monitoring all materials on site 24 hours a day. Any attempt to move or remove these stocks should be viewed as an attempt to use them for suspect purposes. Independent observers and internet accessible cameras are ideal. Examples: Fort Detrick, Battelle labs, Colorado Springs, Hadron, Lawrence Livermore, Los Alamos, Edgewood Arsenal, Sandia labs, Stanford Research Institute, others. The only strategy to stop a biological weapons attack using a small pox chimera or similar pneumonic plague is to have a working epidemiological response that can sequester first and second tier exposures in a matter of days. If 2-3 weeks elapse from the time of such an attack until response then the likelihood of successful containment is virtually zero. The best that can be hoped for is to have epidemiological evidence by day four (4). The responders must be able to ground civil aviation, quarantine entire states, or cross international borders in search of exposed civilians. Those sick and exposed may be isolated. The strategy of sheltering in place at home for 21 days should be considered the best answer to avoiding casualties. Securing food and water before hand is the only solution, not after an event.

E: Elite military intelligence units associated with known perpetrators should be detained as necessary and placed in protective custody. An example would be military intelligence units associated with Col. J.B. Alexander, Michael Aquino, Paul Vallely, Albert Stubblebine, General Eberhardt, INSCOM, Remote Viewing programs, nonlethal weapons programs, and government

created or infiltrated cults. If these units are housed in bases associated with ELF attacks these bases should have the power cut, the personnel removed, the equipment removed/disabled and the bases sealed.

F: All war games and military maneuvers planned worldwide should be suspended and canceled for 100 days. This includes ALL military operations, foreign and domestic. Historically war games have been used as a cover for coups and domestic operations as well as surprise attack on foreign forces.

G: High value targets should be on alert. Large gatherings of people should be avoided or canceled, example; large sporting events such as football games. Civil aviation should take care to guard vulnerabilities such as GPS manipulation. Civilian nuclear power should be on high alert such that any tests or war game scenarios should be delayed... especially any Red Cell exercises. Civilian nuclear power is advised to power down to a lower level of output where practical. Shipments of dangerous chemicals such as methyl iso cyanate, chlorine, or phosgene by rail or ship should be delayed. If such materials are in route they should routinely avoid populated areas by putting to sea (nitrogen cargo) or leaving cities. Schools should take special care against lone gunman scenarios to the point of canceling classes. Local police agencies should detain all known private individual perpetrators with ELF weapons being used as assets to target individuals. All ELF weaponry under police, fire, and local control should be confiscated and deactivated. It may be used to debrief perpetrators in the clear ONLY. All police chiefs and official local government assets who have committed major felonies such as murder should be disarmed and detained as necessary. Information about official misuse of ELF weaponry at the local level should be made fully public as quickly as possible by local media. These local media outlets should be given complete cooperation by local police authorities including live broadcasts of interrogations on TV, radio, and internet. Failure to execute this SOP is a red flag to internal corruption at the local level. After failure to do so, State authorities should then step in and detain local authorities and deactivate ELF weaponry as necessary.

H: General rules of operation are as follows: Bottom up: City and county police should detain individual perpetrators who have committed rape, murder, or other major felonies. The confiscated ELF weaponry may be used to debrief the perpetrators and broadcast them in the clear without a filter. Emphasis should be placed on the cell leader or handler and major felons. When there is a conflict between city and county authority the city authority with a population over 100,000 people should have precedence. Otherwise the county should exercise the right to detain and debrief suspects first. Ideally both authorities should cooperate. Rule of thumb, share the perpetrators. If the city or county authority is unwilling to exercise its responsibility due to corruption then the state authorities are under obligation to detain the city or county authorities and instigate their own debriefing operation. If a perpetrator who has committed rape or murder, or other major felony, or who is deemed high value, such as a cell leader (handler) is not arrested within 48 hours, or debriefed in the clear beginning within 48 hours (continuously), then this shall constitute omission and the state authority may step in. Any known high value

perpetrator that is a city or county authority that is detained by the state authority must be debriefed in the clear immediately. In the case of uncooperative suspects it is permissible to apply sodium pentothal, sodium amytal or MDMA (ecstasy) in small amounts under a doctor's supervision. All debriefings must be videotaped and be broadcast publically. A feature of ELF technology used on targets is an EEG lie detector and this should be utilized. State authorities should concentrate on assisting city and county authorities **when requested** and detaining corrupt city and county officials who are failing to arrest and debrief perpetrators in the clear (after 48hrs). State officials would be expected to detain and debrief **known perpetrators** in local government such as Police Chief Wadman immediately in the clear. After 48 hours any high level perpetrators who have not been detained or perpetrators not debriefed within 48 hours shall be deemed fair game for state and federal authorities. These perpetrators shall be subject to detention by state and federal authorities. **Very high level** perpetrators such as US military are subject to detention by federal authorities first. If, for example, Aquino has not been **detained and debriefed in the clear by federal authorities within 48 hours** then he is subject to detention by state and local authorities. Federal authorities shall concentrate on the detention and debriefing of **very high level** government perpetrators primarily as well as **known** corrupt state authorities. Example: If known perpetrators such as Chief Wadman are not detained and debriefed by state officials within 48 hours then Federal authorities must detain and debrief Chief Wadman. Any **very high level** perpetrator that has not been detained within 48 hours and debriefed publically within 48 hours is now subject to local, state, or federal detention and debriefing.

I: Graphically:

Government entity	Time frame	Focus of investigation
1. City 100,000+, County	48hrs detention- debriefing	ELF felons, Handlers, Equipment
Failure to execute means authority goes to state authorities.		
2. State-	48hrs detention-debriefing	Corrupt city, county, police, fire
Failure to execute means authority goes to federal authorities.		
3. Federal-	48hrs detention and debriefing	<b>very high value</b> perpetrators
(Military, corporate, political, state officials) Failure to execute a timely detention and debriefing (48hrs) means authority to detain goes to local, state, and federal officials nationwide. If the <b>very high level</b> perpetrator enters a state or local jurisdiction after 48 hours they are fair game. Federal authorities may request help from local and state authorities to detain very high level perpetrators.		

J: High level perpetrators such as those at the NSA, CIA, INSCOM, DIA, NSC, (The Brotherhood) such as Aquino, Vallely, Alexander, Cheney, Rumsfeld, Meyers, Eberhardt, Griggs, Krongard, Shattuck, Winokur, Tenet, Fogo, Stubblebine, Dames, Puthof, Targ, Paul Smith, and others should be taken into protective custody and isolated from communicating with

each other by ELF or more traditional means. These individuals should be debriefed in the clear by ELF in a fully public manner as are targeted individuals such that no information is hidden from the public. Initially it may be desirable to install a few minutes delay to preclude the use of a “dog whistle” or opaque message to co-conspirators in the clear. (Upon further review it is possible that the delay may be used to doctor testimony and will not be widely used.) It is very important that these high level conspirators implicate ALL of their assets, military, political, corporate, in a public forum in very short order (24-48hrs). The possible use of cells and programmers to attack loyal forces means that these cells in their various guises, from cults, military officers, corporate assets, to foreign governmental officials, must be made public and dealt with as quickly as possible. Hostile assets (very high level perpetrators) that remain at large whether foreign or domestic are of grave danger to national security. Hostile foreign assets still in control of nation states or large foreign forces capable of attack should not be moved against militarily in a unilateral manner by US forces. Public debriefing of all information relating to these foreign heads of state or other large offensive capable forces outside US power should be made public in that nation or organization such that these leaders will be unable to motivate their military or civilian followers to use force against the US or its interests. If the US is attacked by hostile foreign national forces the response should be muted or delayed as much as possible as reason sees fit. Vigorous response outside of nominal self defense in the short term may back fire and begin a cycle of retaliation that plays into the perpetrators hands. Whenever possible use information from high level US perpetrators about the foreign political or military leaders to disgrace and disable them in the eyes of their own people. This will only succeed if the information is absolutely true, as in testimony by perpetrators who are debriefed by ELF in the clear. Given a few days or weeks this should be sufficient to end hostilities. Speed and accuracy in disseminating this highly sensitive information as widely as possible is the key. If this fails, joint operations with loyal foreign forces are the only scenario that leads to success. US forces should take a low profile supporting role whenever possible. Example: C3, transport, defensive use of force. Finally, foreign corporate non-governmental entities such as an Italian defense contractor may be more readily attacked if hostile action against the US is imminent and the Italian government is unable to act. Sustained ELF attack on the US that causes mass casualties or imminent danger thereof from Russia or other country that does not end after requests to authorities to disable the ELF facility may be destroyed with conventional munitions using a minimum of force. The greatest danger resides in possible conflict with Russia. VOA, Radio Liberty, BBC, SKY etc. should be prepared to counter hostile internal communications by a foreign power. Under no circumstances should the US attack Russia or other country except for the above scenario. If hostile forces retain control of Russia then information warfare is the only credible option such that very high level perpetrators are exposed and disgraced.

K: Transfer of National Command Authority to the Speaker of the House should be the first order of business, and should be accomplished immediately. It may be necessary to use the information from high level perpetrators to implicate other perpetrators in high crimes and misdemeanors, war crimes, and crimes against humanity. The method of removal should be well

thought out and as quick and painless as possible. Any long drawn out process is likely to lead to a collapse of operations aimed at targeting high level perpetrators and their ability to cause large scale attacks to cover their tracks. The transfer of power must be viewed as temporary and the planned election MUST go forward in November of 2008 or it can only have the most dire consequences for the Republic. Great care must be taken in not alienating either party such that the operation takes on an overly partisan tone. This operation is fraught with peril and must have the support of both political parties. If this means a power sharing arrangement in practice then so be it. A power sharing agreement would have tacit understanding that no major initiatives would be undertaken before the next election in November of 2008. Any scenario that leads to the perpetrators remaining in the executive is the gravest error and will only lead to failure to secure an end to these crimes, and may have the direst consequences for the Republic and the world.

K: Amendment: If the high level perpetrators will accept immunity for themselves and their immediate family members then it is possible that they may step aside in an orderly fashion and allow the operation to proceed free from the fears of prosecution. This will ease transfer of National Command Authority. This is contingent on full cooperation and sharing of information such as names of very high level perpetrators and archives that detail past operations. The immunity offered to perpetrators is such that any subsequent attempts by either party to cover up by destroying evidence or lying in court or similar act negates the deal prosecutors offer not to prosecute both parties. Particular emphasis should rest with securing the archive for intelligence operations that have been ongoing criminal conspiracies using ELF technology in a massive power grab to engineer a one world fascist state. They will be given their freedom and their fortunes in return for stepping aside at the crucial time. This immunity is legitimate and covers all US territory, no effort will be made to vilify them. Prosecution will center on numerous other parties.

L: Corporate management of defense contractors for speed of light weapons, ELF technology, and nonlethal weapons related to these crimes against humanity should be detained and debriefed. Special emphasis should be given to EMP devices, ELF, pulse microwave weapons, bioweapons, private armies, and speed of light weapons in general. Examples: CIA proprietaries such as SAIC, Lockheed, E-systems, Raytheon, G.E., Dyncorp, Blackwater, Interarms, Honeywell, Boeing, Northrup, and other major defense contractors. Remote viewers should be given special attention, especially INSCOM personalities associated with Grill Flame, Sleeping Beauty, Center Lane, Psychotechnologies Inc., example: Stubblebine, Dames, Puthof, Janet Morris, Paul Smith, Russian generals George Kotov and Boris Ratnikov, and others. Cults that have been used for operations should have their leadership detained. These include Scientology, COG, Aum Shinrikyo, Moonies, Finders and other cells that are identified during debriefing operations.

M: The following indicate a false flag hostile scenario, one put in motion by the perpetrators: Any scenario that does not remove the President and V.P. from command authority. Any event

that leads to the President or V.P. being evacuated to a safe location such as a military base and held incommunicado without ELF debriefing in public of very high level perpetrators. Any scenario that does not feature the ELF debriefing of **very high value** targets such as Cheney, Aquino, Rumsfeld, Pearl, Wolfowitz, Poindexter, Reich, Meyers, Eberhardt, Tenet, Vallely, Stubblebine, Dames, Janet Morris, Puthof, Krongard, Shattuck, Winokur, Fogo, Al Gray, (military members of The Brotherhood, The Firm, The Joint), scientists such as Delgado, Persinger and others in the clear. Specifically these very high value assets should be debriefed by ELF in the clear, publically, in the same manner as targeted individuals are publicly debriefed and broadcast. If these individuals and others that they implicate are not debriefed thoroughly and publically such that they name domestic and foreign conspirators, then this operation can only be interpreted as a false flag operation... that is a fake that is aimed at covering up these crimes and future criminal operations. Implicating friendly personalities and hostile personalities together to confuse reality may be a strategy they will use. ELF debriefing in the clear with truth drugs and the use of lie detector capability inherent in this technology will defeat this effort. The use of ELF in conjunction with sodium pentothal or in conjunction with the drug known as MDMA (ecstasy) should be entertained if these very high value assets are not cooperative or forthcoming with the use of ELF alone. This should be done with utmost care under a doctor's supervision and in a public manner. Any level of secrecy or delay in the detention and debriefing of these personalities should be viewed with the utmost suspicion, such that any information filtered and released should not be believed. These crimes may be obscured by the perpetrators accusing both guilty and innocent parties through a filter and then instigating a mass casualty event or other national emergency to cover their tracks.

N: All detentions, debriefings, and initial public hearings should be completed as completely as possible in the first 100 days. Only when all cells have been identified and all very high level perpetrators have been detained and debriefed, will the threat of hostile action against the Republic be unlikely. A state of high alert can only be maintained realistically for 100 days. The capacity for ELF technology to cause mass casualties and internal destabilization should not be underestimated, nor should the willingness of these perpetrators to bring about such chaos be doubted. Once all ELF weapons systems have been identified and disabled, all cells been detained or at least decapitated, and all high level perpetrators have been publically debriefed such that they implicate themselves and their cohorts in their crimes, should this operation be classified as initially complete. After these three goals have been achieved the public and government will have the luxury of relaxing and contemplating the social, political, and scientific long range implications of these events.

O: Special Dangers: ELF facilities that have not been identified and disabled. Military and corporate installations and units associated with ELF attacks that remain undetected (secret bases). INSCOM, the 4<sup>th</sup> Marines, "Cherry marines", and other units capable of hostile operations. Corporate assets that are private and retain weapons outside of government control such as ELF weapons capable of mass attacks (SAIC, Raytheon, Lockheed, Dyncorp) and

existing communications facilities that may be used for mass attacks (MIROS, GWEN). Foreign intelligence services outside the US such as the Pakistani ISI and General Mahmoud Ahmed, KCIA, MI6, FSB, (Italy), (Australia) etc. In short, a conspiracy of military intelligence services across national boundaries. Foreign military and corporate assets, cells, and leaders who may be directed to commence hostilities such as ELF attacks, mass casualty “terrorist events”, or overt military attacks in order to redirect public attention.

P: Special website and toll free hotlines should be set up for information, anonymous tips, names, locations, hardware involved, of perpetrators so that local, state, and federal authorities can locate and detain persons of interest and their ELF equipment in a timely manner. It is important that ELF personnel and equipment that can be used for hostile operations be identified, located, and quarantined within 24-48 hours from the time that operations begin. Cooperative suspects should be classified as such and shown leniency. Uncooperative and hostile perpetrators should be debriefed using ELF in a pain free manner. ELF hardware (weaponry) that is not identified and quarantined within 24 hours can be used for hostile operations against civilian targets and friendly forces. Special attention should be given to people licensed by the American Radio Repeater League who may be involved in targeting operations. Local and state officials should be informed by federal authorities and empowered to act on their behalf with power to detain suspects and their equipment and debrief the perpetrators as necessary. Dispersal of police power will facilitate speedy detention of suspects and make a false flag operation less likely. There is a danger that this operation will be used to detain friendly forces under the guise of quarantining ELF perpetrators. The internet should be used as a platform to disseminate information from local and state authorities about these perpetrators, including photos of the ELF equipment (weaponry) and information on who their criminal associates are. If possible this should include debriefing the suspects in the clear on TV, radio, or other means (SOP) to preclude the sequestering of information that implicates the politically powerful. This bottom up approach will make it less likely that a false flag operation directed from the top of national command authority and high up in the military chain of command will succeed.

Q: The punishment of perpetrators who have not committed rape or murder and have cooperated with authorities should reflect that fact. Establishment of a SIX tiered system for classification of perpetrators and the general level of their expected punishment should be established and codified. The idea is to have fairly uniform punishment and to facilitate speedy trials. The most lenient classification should go to those perpetrators who are cooperative with authorities and actively assist them in ways that may be classified as going above and beyond expectations (A). Perpetrators who are cooperative but do not go beyond normal expectation (B). Those who are uncooperative and do not divulge any information (C). Perpetrators who are uncooperative and actively seek to mislead or thwart authorities (D). Finally those who have engaged in rape and murder of targeted individuals and remained uncooperative should be at the bottom tier (E). Leaders of the ELF program who have not tried to assist or have resisted to the utmost and attempted to carry out mass attacks after these resistance movement operations have gone into

effect should receive the maximum penalty under the law (F). Perpetrators who fit into the A and B category should have every expectation of paying their debt to society in a timely manner and returning to society as a contributing member. Finally, it will be necessary to allow certain very high value perpetrators to escape the full weight of the law. The weapons systems involved make negotiation absolutely necessary to avoid great loss of life. Certain very high level perpetrators in the political, military and corporate spheres of the enemy operation to either plead that they were: 1. Operating blind, following orders, and unaware of the true nature of the crimes taking place. 2. Unwilling assets that were following orders in fear for their own lives and the lives of others, and thus not culpable. 3. Carrying out operational plans under the influence of powerful psychotronic weapons that bend and break the will of human beings or obscure their normal reasoning abilities. These three scenarios will allow SOME of the very high level perpetrators to escape maximum criminal and civil prosecution (murder 8-10 years). A substantial number of hostile assets in the political, military, and corporate worlds will have to be held accountable. Negotiations will determine which perpetrators are allowed to evade full responsibility for their crimes so that large scale loss of life does not result from a stalemate. It must however be acknowledged that many (most) of the guilty parties will have to be held up for public trial and the maximum punishment the law allows so that these activities such as mass assassination, human experimentation, destabilization, social engineering, mass control using ELF, a world dictatorship, ever occurs again. It is paramount in this respect that a comprehensive archive of these crimes be captured. There will have to be a fundamental re-evaluation about the nature of our society, our place among the family of nations, and how to reform and renew our Republic, or risk losing it yet again. An inability to institute fundamental reform and reappportion the control of political, economic, social, and spiritual power in our nation and the world will make this exercise merely a holding action against these malevolent forces.

Q: Amendment: The top tier of perpetrators in what can only be described as a worldwide implementation of a fascist government are very wealthy and powerful men and women. The second tier or upper and mid level management are charged with formulating and implementing the wishes of the top tier. These upper and mid level personalities may include members of the military, the intelligence services, CEO's and politicians. It is important to attempt to exploit a split between these two levels of conspirators, ideally to bring down the top tier. To that end it is should be realized that the top tier will attempt to respond to our operations with a three pronged strategy. One: To orchestrate the media, legal, and political fallout to ensure their own safety and the continuation of their plans in the future. Two: Threaten and bribe those capable to securing this form of damage control. Three: To kill or neutralize the people one or two rungs on the ladder of the hierarchy below them who can implicate them in these crimes. The upper level and mid level management will realize that they are expendable to the top tier and will feel trapped. They will attempt to either One: Remove one or two rungs of personnel below them and to blackmail those above to insure their personal safety. Two: Commence offensive operations such as mass casualty events to cover their tracks. It is important to preclude the

offensive operations of upper level and mid level perpetrators in the military and intelligence community by offers of leniency. Leniency will be offered for the military and intelligence operatives who possess a comprehensive archive that can be cross checked and verified using other archives and EEG based lie detection. The basis of this offer is to preclude offensive operations and to implicate ALL of the top tier personalities and bring them to justice. This amendment is designed to clarify the above qualifications for standardized punishment.

R: Contingencies for a false flag operation: Interference with local and state authorities (bottom up) by federal authorities may be an aspect of a false flag operation. In the event that high level perpetrators in the military, corporate, and political command authority attempt to fake operations by keeping debriefings secret or disseminating information through a filter, or disseminating false information in the form of false debriefings, several responses are possible. A national strike or sick out designed to bring mass disapproval to the awareness of the general public is advised. Special emphasis on transportation nodes, gasoline supplies, mass transit, trains, planes, etc. and critical services that the political leadership depends on may be the key to bringing pressure to bear. **Demonstrations** designed to pressure the legislative and judicial branch, the military and corporate structures, specifically to pressure these individuals to debrief perpetrators in public using ELF and EEG lie detection, hold public hearings immediately that focus on the role of high level perpetrators is desired. An important aspect of this campaign is to inform members of society who have not been aware of the ELF crimes and other related crimes by high level perpetrators. Mass emails, phone calls, and radio and TV broadcasts to inform the general public. ELF attacks may make mass demonstrations dangerous, but refusal to attend to the needs of the elite political and military and corporate branches of society may force their hand. A short term strategy of bringing the economic, political and military life of the nation to a halt will register wide spread dissatisfaction and applying such pressure aimed directly to the most influential members of society may have the desired outcome of forcing legitimate action in defense of the nation against high level perpetrators. After the brief National Strike (sick out) of 3 days it may be desirable to actively lobby the elite of these three branches through passive harassment using techniques developed to target victims of ELF harassment. Specifically low level actions, from failure to pick up the trash from their homes, to blocking their egress in traffic, obeying their wishes in the office environment, verbal barbs in public places from strangers, disconnecting the power to their homes, their phone service may be disrupted, their meals may not be prepared correctly, their clothes may not be cleaned, in short all of the small things in society that people depend on from each other may no longer be supplied to high level members of the political, military, and corporate world that have the responsibility to bring this crisis to an end. After a 3 day sick out and demonstrations, the campaign of focused passive resistance against reluctant or recalcitrant leaders may commence. This focused campaign should be of indefinite duration until the high level personalities are given the message that societal cooperation is necessary for their ability to function. In conjunction with the aspect of low level resistance it will be necessary to keep high level perpetrators under constant surveillance to preclude unexpected attacks on the public using ELF or weapons of mass

destruction. The existing surveillance networks should be mobilized and focused on these high level personalities who have the means to mount offensive operations and traumatize the general public to cover up their previous criminal activity. After the 3 day sick out and after the passive resistance campaigns have commenced there will be a period of time extending to 33 days in total. After 33 days if the false flag operation continues and the dissemination of information to the general public on ELF and related crimes is still blocked or filtered, and interference with state and local authorities trying to detain/debrief ELF perpetrators continues, it may be necessary to commence greater passive resistance and low level non-violent offensive operations against high level perpetrators. These offensive operations should be gradual and continuing until public hearings commence and public debriefings using ELF broadcasting of **very high level** perpetrators are in evidence. It is possible that these operations may take on an aspect of civil war, and this is to be avoided at all costs. It is therefore desirable that high level targets be forcibly detained and debriefed by state and local authorities when they enter their jurisdiction. Great pains must be taken not to engage in hostilities with other official entities, for example, it would be desirable to surround and block the vehicles of a military convoy rather than to engage them in hostilities. Negotiations and passive resistance are to be used whenever possible, such as cutting power to military bases...including taking casualties without firing on low level US military personnel. In the final stage it must be realized that the crisis can only be resolved by the agreement of all parties to disseminate information from **very high level** perpetrators publically using ELF and by high level INDEPENDENT public hearings by the legislative and judicial branches of government. By independent public hearings it means participants should be well informed and respected members of society that are NOT affiliated with the military, political, or corporate arms of the perpetrators. A replay of the Warren Commission, Church Committee, Pike, and 9/11 Commission should be avoided at all costs. The format of a trial where evidence is submitted in an international forum is preferable. These trials make take place at the local level as well. The ultimate prize and goal is to secure the archive of hostile perpetrators and determine the location and constituents of all hostile forces, history of operations, cells, programmers, ELF weapons, names of perpetrators, and names of victims. Besides punishment of the guilty, compensation and medical treatment of the victims, fundamental reform must result.

1. National Sick Out (3 days) to begin three days after operations to detain and debrief have commenced but no **very high level** perpetrators have been publically debrief in real time by ELF, or if public hearings are held that are composed of personalities with ties to the political, military or corporate perpetrators.

A: Transportation stand still: Trains, planes, autos, (no fuel deliveries prior to sick out).

B: Inform Public: mass emails, phone calls, faxes, radio, TV, text messages, fliers, word of mouth.

C: Pressure on Leadership: Suspend critical support services to individual decision makers. (allow normal communications).

D: Demonstrations at court houses, state capitols, federal buildings. (NON-VIOLENT)

2. Passive resistance campaign to commence after unsuccessful National Strike (30 days in duration to begin immediately)

A: Denial of support services to national decision makers. mail, utilities, meals, service industry support, general refusal to cooperate with any of their requests. 1. Refuse 2. Slow down 3. Make mistakes.

B: Monitoring very high level perpetrators: report movements, conversations, communications.

3. Active as well as passive harassment of very high level perpetrators. Increase the intensity of the passive resistance campaign to include active harassment (nonviolent). (day 33+)

A: Public interference and verbal attack. Public shaming in the form of street theater, low level harassment. Blocking decision makers in traffic, parking lots, in stores, standardized methods of mobbing and gang stalking. Continue passive resistance of national decision makers.

B: Cease active and passive resistance campaign after very high level perpetrators are detained and debriefed in the clear and public hearings by INDEPENDENT legislative and judicial entities commence. Reasonable progress towards goals of finding cells, programmers, ELF attack, securing perpetrators archive, punishment of very high level perpetrators, compensation and treatment of victims, political reform.

S: Hostile forces will war game various scenarios to stop operations from succeeding. Besides the false flag operations mentioned earlier it is probable that "terrorist attacks" will be instigated that will engage the emergency broadcasting system in order to stop TV and radio disseminating information when public disclosure information is inserted into regular programming. Very large scale EM weapons attacks using ELF may also be aimed at the entire planet designed to influence the emotional reaction to public disclosure information of EM weapons attacks and war crimes. These attacks may even be carried out on a planetary basis aimed at the entire human race. Emotional manipulation may include anger, fear, confusion, and other negative emotions designed to thwart the cognition abilities of the viewer or listener during disclosure operations. Hostile forces will most likely rely on a combination of strategies to block disclosure. War games will show that an assassination or nuclear or biological event or each in quick succession will instill trauma to population and tie up communications with the EBS. Any use of the EBS will signal a false flag operation. In this case alternative communications such as mass emails or other internet based disclosure will be paramount, combined with other alternatives that evade the EBS, including cell phone recorded messages, text messages, and radio and satellite TV broadcasts not under EBS control. An appeal to population to realize that

negative emotions they are experiencing are shared and are thus not organic in nature and that a focus on the message at hand is crucial. Awareness also should be drawn to the fact that these attacks are capable of memory erasure and to fight this effect it is necessary to write down a few sentences to be used as a memory aid and a prompt to be acted upon by population. In this manner the EBS may be circumvented and EMW attack on a planetary basis may be compensated for as much as possible. The message to be received and written down may be as follows. 1. Intelligence agencies have perfected the ability to use ELF to manipulate human thought and emotion using TV and radio as a carrier wave. 2. Current attacks are designed to block info disclosure and instigate a worldwide dictatorship based on ELF electronic slavery. 3. Friendly forces are attempting to detain high level perpetrators in political, military, corporate arenas. (list several personalities such as Aquino, Alexander, others). 4. Attacks by terrorists using WMD may be real, facilitated by hostile internal forces, take precautions. 5. EBS broadcasts and ELF electronic attacks on human thoughts and emotions are designed to block disclosure and complete treasonous operations. 6. Negative emotions you are experiencing or may experience in the near term are shared by the entire population and are a result of these ELF attacks. 7. Memory may be erased by these attacks so to thwart memory erasure write down or print out this information. 8. Go to alternate means of mass communication such as internet, cell phone, or free radio for instructions on actions you will need to take in the future. (see above; R) These messages may not be sufficient to counter mass attacks by EMW coupled with the trauma of an attack using WMD and may need to be repeated through all available channels. The more information that is disseminated in the clear to as many people the better to counter EBS jamming, WMD trauma, and EMW attacks on population.

#### XIV Drink the Cool Aid

No matter who you are or where you live there is some aspect of this program that has affected your life. The world authority on hypnotism Dr. George Estabrooks perfected the use of the hypnotic courier and the hypnotic assassin. His description of the type of man to use for these operations and how to use him to accomplish the goals of espionage is an exact description of Lee Harvey Oswald. Any intelligent open minded person that reads the literature can only come to the conclusion that the majority or even all of the political assassinations of the 1960's were the work of military intelligence operations. The urge to employ the power of these techniques and technologies to shape American society has proved irresistible to these arrogant and ruthless men. The over arching aims of the industrial production of child trauma victims and large scale ELF facilities has become clear. Dr George Estabrooks envisioned the use of hypnotic subjects created and placed in critical positions of power in a foreign nation in order to take over and control the destiny of that nation. This 80 year old blueprint for destabilizing and controlling a hostile foreign power has been applied to the United States and to the world by our own intelligence services. It is a plan for world hegemony and a one world government that will use the science of control to enslave humanity forever under one banner. Everything that you hold sacred on this earth has been in some way violated by these criminals in their quest to achieve their goals. Whether you belong to the Catholic Church and believe that it is the best hope of humanity, or the evangelical Protestant religion or other organized religion the emotional

and intellectual bridge that you will have to cross is that your church has been infiltrated by these same men who in an industrial manner take small children and rape them, target pregnant mothers and violate the sanctity of their womb and unborn child with microwave weapons. If you believe in your nation as a great and shining example to humanity you must accept that many of the men charged with protecting it have perverted everything it stands for whether you live in the USA or Italy or Russia or almost any nation on earth these criminals have infiltrated the military and intelligence services and used them to torture and murder its own citizens for profit and to serve an evil design. The spiritual bridge that you will have to cross is that everything you have ever believed in or ever held sacred be it your armed forces or the profession of the press or the veracity of your political leaders and favorite political party... all of these things have been infiltrated and manipulated on some important level to perpetrate the crime of the century. The vast majority of people would rather not face these facts and will seek relief in denial. The man who supports the Republican Party at the polls or the Democratic Party will refuse to believe that many of the leaders of that party who are the chosen ones have been either indifferent or duplicitous, or conspiratorial in relation to the most ghastly crimes of torture and mass murder since the Holocaust, if not in numbers certainly in scope. They at the very least have by and large been content to ignore the cries of the dying that reached their ears. If you have always admired the FBI or the CIA or the people who are paid to protect us and guard us in our sleep you will on some level be forced to admit that these organizations have been perverted from their intended duty and allegiance and have instead stalked tortured and murdered their own citizens for generations. If you love literature or music you will have to face and deal with the fact that many of the greatest names in the arts have been murdered to silence their voices as voices for change. Most people would rather hide their heads in the sand and avoid walking over the hot coals of truth. The news man who worked for the television network that was owned by and served the cabal will deny his part in helping to perpetrate crimes against humanity and to cover them up. These realizations about oneself will simply be too painful to the ego and self image. The majority will take one or two steps onto the path of this truth and then retreat back from whence they came. Many will run at full speed and cross over this truth in a perfunctory manner so as not to touch on the truth and feel its pain. What is required is that the newspaper man, the corporate CEO, the cop on the beat, the preacher in his pulpit, the politician, all of us are going to have to slowly walk over the most painful truth that we will ever have to confront. That everything we hold dear and sacred has been violated by this plan to torture and control people by the thousands and millions so that ultimately they could control people by the billions. All of our cherished institutions have at some level and in some manner been co-opted and forever changed by these evil men. At every turn and every bend in the road that lasted over 70 years to get to this point our institutions have failed us. It is only in complete honesty at our gullibility and duplicity and the failure of all our institutions to save us from our own human folly can we begin to salvage our souls from the wreckage. To punish the wicked, to heal the maimed, and to fix that which is broken in ourselves and our world. If this most painful path is avoided out of convenience or utility or ego then we are lost. Without the real reform and hard choices that flow from the truth this same march to Armageddon of the soul, that is the inevitable complete control over the body and mind of humanity, will begin again as soon as we close our eyes to rest.

XV Reform

The ultimate question to ask ourselves besides the obvious one of slavery or freedom is the American question of Empire or Republic. The question will be repeated in many other countries but how this question is addressed in the United States will heavily influence the outcome in a dozen or more other nations. As the US goes, so goes the world...

#### 1: Military/DOD/CIA:

Since the end of WWII defense spending has stayed at war time levels largely in response to external threats both real and imaginary. The Cold War was driven in large part by a desire to continue profitable defense industries that were going broke in a peace time economy. The Great Depression ended in large part due to the planned economy of war time production and begs the question that must be answered, does Capitalism work consistently without the threat of imminent war, and if not is this really Capitalism? The US currently has about 1,000 foreign bases that together with economic subjugation are the pillars of the new empire. If the US decides that this is not a course it wants to follow in the future how may the empire contract without a collapse, economic, military, social, and political. How is the US to divest itself from empire and remain safe and free from "malaise" political, and spiritual? Conversion from a war time economy to a peace time economy has not been accomplished since the end of WWI. It will have to be to some extent gradual. Military spending crowds out investment in other more productive endeavors and in the end produces nothing that can be consumed. You cannot eat a cruise missile and if you use it in the end you only make enemies. The next highest military budget is that of Russia that is 14% of our own. A steady contraction of at least 7-10% a year and probably not more than 15% a year at most is advisable. This may be stabilized at real spending of 25-50% more than our nearest military rival and if coupled with a realignment of military strategy of defensive posture and away from Cold War era weapons systems designed to destroy the USSR, which no longer exists, will yield savings of between 300 and \$400 billion a year (\$100 billion in defense spending a year). After approximately 5-6 years of steady decline in spending at the 15% level it would be advisable to stabilize for 1-2 years and verify that the behavior of other nations is following suit and that the force we have devolved to is functional. If through mutual agreements other countries are also cutting real defense spending then the process might continue if only to depress the capability of our nearest rivals. This strategy will necessitate a true accounting of money spent and absence of fraud, waste, and abuse. The new force will be a mixture of Swiss style home guard with a sustained ability to project limited force without permanent occupation of 1,000 foreign bases. A national service shall be instituted that gives the 18 year old population a choice of military or civilian service. These foreign properties may be sold back to the home country at their replacement value of between 100 and \$120 billion. Projection of force by carrier task force while retaining a fraction of this foreign presence is equally effective considering that most of these bases have little or nothing to do with our defense other than "showing the flag". On some level this is extortion but must be reconciled with 60 years of free military defense. The admonitions of the Founding Fathers about standing armies (Madison) and foreign entanglements (Washington) and more lately Eisenhower and Kennan will have finally been heeded but will need to be replaced with something equally energetic and weighty that is political, economic, and spiritual. Equally important will be a form of collective security between nations that actually works. Collective security is never perfect but can work. The US will have to renounce the "Bush Doctrine" of preventative war, Militarism, Imperialism, economic subjugation and the idea that our system of

government can be imposed successfully on recalcitrant leaders and nations. The superiority of “our way of life” will have to be demonstrated by other means and this model will have to be reproducible without resulting in the destruction of the environment which at present it is not. Our access to natural resources such as precious metals, energy resources, and foreign markets will have to be maintained through good will, reciprocity, and good business. In the end these nations will have to sell their metals/oil/etc to someone. The transformation of our military may have to be accompanied by a societal transformation akin to the magnitude of the one that Japan went through in the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century. Collective security will only be achieved with complete transparency on all sides and a system of conflict resolution that does not lead to a “choosing up sides” scenario that led to WWI. The nature of these increasingly complex, expensive, and deadly weapons systems is heading down a road that leads nowhere. There have always been “bad guys” and there always will be but their impact on functional collective security can be managed and mitigated. The Prussianized military that have employed all manner of a dirty war against friend and foe alike is the greatest threat to our Democracy, not dictators in banana republics. Collective security will have to be robust and “stand up” as we “stand down” to avoid regional vacuums that invite aggression. Collective security that does not fill the void and actually provide security is not a workable arrangement. To avoid the afore mentioned “malaise” it will be necessary to transfer these societal energies and resources into an equally ambitious program that captures the “American Spirit” and channels these resources and manpower into programs that increase our security by making war less likely. Humanitarian, ecological, and spiritual programs that serve others and preserve resources for future generations are the most likely vehicle for realizing these aims. The most common reason that American youth enlist in the military is to escape poverty and to learn job skills and pay for higher education. A national service that takes 2-3 years overseas or in domestic relief operations will supply manpower for lower skill operations in the humanitarian initiative coupled with free education in critical skills like medical technicians followed by entry into overseas service will supply a different career path and the work force to implement the programs of the initiative. A person who graduates high school with certain potentialities is allowed to go to university for 3-4 years and then serve for an equal amount of time. Others who are not prepared may enter national service first after a short training period with critical skills serve for 2-4 years and then attend university for the same amount of time. The university system will have to be expanded through federal funds and student loans largely taken out of the hands of private lenders. The end goal is a society of 50% or more university graduates with domestic or foreign humanitarian experience. The DOD currently funds 80% of university research and this will have to be reversed and replaced with non-military funding such as medical and environmental research initiatives. The world trade in small arms and our involvement in the arms trade in general will have to be suppressed through treaties to foster the overall goals of the operation of demilitarization. The thousands of victims of mind control experiments in the lab, microwave weapons attacks, and ELF manipulation should be the recipients of immediate transfer payments from the DOD contractors involved. The CIA funded many of the early programs through the great fortunes that they control such as the Rockefeller Foundation. The victims of high technology outside the lab were experimented on by contractors for the DOD such as Raytheon. It is desirable that the victims of these organizations be placed on the board of these foundations and corporations in place of the perpetrators. This should be accomplished outside the courts by a war reparations board formed of the victims and progressive members of society who made up the targets of 60 years of harassment and experimentation. The author suggests that the board be

composed specifically of writers, environmentalists, civil rights pioneers, women's rights leaders, anti-war activists, pacifists, academics, scientists, and members of progressive political parties. This composition is the focus of the effort to target and murder personalities in civil society and to infiltrate organizations devoted to change and to destroy them. For three generations the military and the intelligence services have waged a secret dirty war to manipulate the direction and composition of American society. The war reparations board should have a mandate to take all reasonable steps to right these wrongs including confiscation of assets of perpetrator organizations involved in war crimes. The realignment of the great fortunes used to manipulate US society and the defense contractors who profited from and participated in these crimes can best be accomplished in a sweeping manner. A Nuremburg Tribunal should be held and evidence presented in open hearings broadcast live to the world. Personalities involved in these war crimes and crimes against humanity should be tried and sentenced and punished in a speedy trial that is above reproach. These proceedings should commence no later than one year after hostilities have ended and continue for no more than one year for the major personalities. The military and intelligence personalities are to be tried in public by these civilian courts and not before military tribunals. The international scope of these crimes may best be addressed by the World Court in the Hague under the auspices of the international treaty that the US has previously refused to sign. The only major stipulation should be that the progressive elements of US society be represented in the body of the court and that the speedy trial provision is adhered to. The original Nuremburg Trial acquitted the majority of the Nazi defendants and most of those that were found guilty were later pardoned by the US who wanted the help of these war criminals against the USSR. The Warren Commission was led by the intelligence agency perpetrators of the crime itself and was a successful cover up operation. The Church and Pike Congressional investigations in the 1970's were lied to successfully and their reports were edited and suppressed by the intelligence agencies. The Milosevic trial at the Hague was thwarted in major respects such that the perpetrator was allowed to play the victim, the trial dragged on for years, and in the end the perpetrator escaped final justice. The 9/11 Commission was staffed by administration loyalists who classified major pieces of evidence and narrowed the scope of the trial that resulted in suppression of the truth. These precedents for the coming war crimes tribunal are not good auspices for the success and the mistakes of the past should be carefully examined. The composition of the court will have to be above reproach and without association to or under influence of the perpetrator personalities and organizations. The prosecution team must be very honest and aggressive as well as experienced. All evidence and testimony must be public and every reasonable step taken to assure the competence, honesty, and successful drive to uncover the truth behind these crimes. Failure in this respect could mean a continuation of the insurgency/counterinsurgency operation aimed at creating a worldwide fascist state. The US war reparations board should be given sweeping powers to "level the playing field" after 60 years of manipulation and murder practiced on civil society. The scope of this carefully chosen board will be the public identification of perpetrators, the care and recompense of victims, and the redistribution of the assets of the organizations such as foundations, corporations, and government agencies that participated to the victims, their survivors, and the American people. A US tribunal will be created composed of progressive jurists and this court will defer major perpetrators to the World Court but may try those perpetrators not requested by the Hague. These proceedings shall be public (live TV) and evidence shall be presented in open court. No grants of immunity will be given to those at trial from previous debriefing in public. The proceedings shall commence one year from the cessation of hostilities or sooner and adhere to

the speedy trial provision. The war reparations board may present evidence to the court and refer perpetrators to trial as may the prosecution. The power to abolish government agencies that participated in these war crimes lies with the legislative branch of government. It is advisable that the National Security Act be abolished and the mandate for the NSA, CIA, and many of the related organizations be changed or abolished. The organizations identified as conducting illegal activities for generations should be abolished and the remaining organizations be brought under one agency that is under DIRECT legislative control. The resulting intelligence agency (one) of the US should have a mandate (public only) to analyze intelligence and not be used for assassination, blackmail, destabilization operations, harassment, domestic spying, weapons sales, drug smuggling, torture, or other historical activities or to form alliances with those who do. The FBI has been complicit in these crimes as well and this domestic intelligence agency must either be completely purged of all perpetrators or failing that abolished and reformed. The historical functions of assassination, blackmail, harassment, infiltration, illegal spying, illegal prosecution, and other crimes must be addressed, the victims released and compensated and the perpetrators punished. It is paramount that the archives relating to these illegal activities be secured for the prosecution. The use of Congressional oversight must be such that these activities cannot recommence and that if they do action will be taken. A complete reevaluation of security classification must be undertaken and all files marked secret must be made public within one year or the file in question must be brought before the legislative oversight body and validated for that classification. All future security classifications must be brought before the same body to be validated as such. Presidential classification of official secrets are only valid for the duration of that administration. Every 7 years all such files must be reevaluated by the legislative body. No other files may be legally withheld and draconian penalties must apply to violators. It is only by elaborate secrecy and lack of oversight that these crimes have occurred.

## 2. Technological:

Technology is the vehicle that the PLAN sought to use to enslave humanity. The paradigm of a Brave New World and 1984 was to be mated to the ELF microwave frequencies and subliminal audio and video conditioning to perfect a scientific dictatorship of the mind. For anyone who has not been a victim of overt mind control or witnessed the obvious manipulation of the human mind in other people this is an abstraction that does not readily translate. Being the object of microwave attacks and having ones psyche manipulated and destroyed or listening to small children being prompted through ELF to tell you to die is an experience that gives one a glimpse of this future dictatorship of the mind. It is worse than anything you could imagine. The institution of a worldwide fascist dictatorship using mind control weapons would be unbreakable once it became institutionalized. Human society would have very quickly descended into the realm of the bee hive or the ant colony where the worker drones happily work themselves to death for the queen and in the words of one author, "that which is not compulsory is strictly forbidden". The utilitarian nature of this regime would have devolved very quickly into a level of control and inhumanity that would have changed the nature of the human mind and the human body forever. The earth and all its sentient life forms would have become a controlled system from that point until the end of time. The artificial intelligence control programs would have quickly evolved to enslave even the elite and to reap a sadistic vengeance. Even if the current effort at total control is thwarted the drive for greater utility and profitability and the megalomaniacal psychology of certain human beings will try again to subvert the essence of

man. That essence or natural state is quite simply that we are born free. Human beings have always conquered and enslaved each other in order to enrich themselves and this in some form or other will not change. The question of the hour is how to deal with the technological ability to manipulate the human mind that has been developed in secret over the last 70 years. One: An international agreement banning the technology of mind manipulation and a robust verification system that is in the hands of government and private individuals to determine if these crimes are taking place. Two: Ground rules that regiment the interface between man and machine to preserve the intellectual integrity of humanity. Concerning the first proposition the nation state and our institutions have been infiltrated and subverted with ease so that even should treaties be signed and nation guard against nation there is still no guarantee that this treaty will hold. The UN is just another institution that is prone to the same ills as the nation state so that only by independent verification from free individuals in the scientific community and in the greater society can we rest assured that these crimes are not repeated. The nation state and the UN will have to take the initiative but independent means of verification that is dispersed throughout society will have to be a component of any monitoring regime. The prize of controlling others will be so seductive as to invite future attempts so that the penalty for transgressing these boundaries will have to be draconian in the extreme. The frequencies that the human mind operates at will have to be monitored by a variety of overlapping and redundant devices such that no one means of thwarting one technology or device will work to thwart the function of detection in the others. State and corporate sponsored scientific research and development in these fields must be monitored and dedicated organizations outside of state or corporate control must be charged with enforcing these treaties and laws by being given complete access to all laboratories and records that have any bearing on this technology. Nothing can be taken for granted when the prize of controlling the human mind is possible. Two: It is clear that humans and machines will interface more and more and that they will each come to resemble each other in a gradual and evolutionary sense. Any technological interface that crosses certain boundaries in this regard and changes an inherent component of what it means to be human is a line that must not be crossed. The general rule of thumb is that any interface that leads to an extinction of a certain human ability and its usurpation by technological means is to be forbidden. Example: If humans are able to interface with a computer and “recharge” their abilities such that they do not need sleep then this GENERAL practice should be forbidden. If all of humanity spends 5 minutes on a computer interface and no longer needs to sleep then the basic human function of sleep is gone forever. This capability may be used sparingly and forbidden in general practice so that humanity will not be altered forever in this regard. Example Two: If it is possible to perfect human intelligence such that all human beings have an IQ of 200 or higher this will forever change the basic nature of humanity by setting off an IQ “arms race”. This practice in general shall be forbidden so as to preserve what it means to be human. If human beings wish to raise their collective IQ this may be done through reduction of exposure to metals and harmful toxins, diet, learning, and generally a superior nurturing environment. Every reasonable means must be made to forestall the rise of a technological elite and the use of genetics and computer enhancement to these ends must be suppressed such that one faction or group of human beings is separated and unable to communicate with or share the basic tenets of what it is to be human with those who do not share in these genetic and technological enhancements. This being said there is a positive side to the technological revolution in brain sciences that should be exploited to its fullest. The ability of ELF to allow the deaf and blind members of society to regain their normal senses and to perfect the ability to restore normal functions in people that are

quadriplegic or amputees should be pursued relentlessly. The fact that the minds behind this PLAN for world domination had these technological abilities to restore the lives of millions of people for four decades and chose instead to use it to torture, murder, and manipulate is instructive of their collective mentality. The truly biblical capacity to make the blind see, the deaf hear, and the lame walk exists and should be immediately exploited and dispersed to LDN's as well to engender good will. The promise of bioelectric medicine should be fully funded and displace part of the military technology funding. The sequestering of other advanced technologies to use against humanity besides the mind control technologies is almost a certainty. These advanced technologies should be collected as the spoils of war and those that can be put to use in the new initiative such as energy generation and other aspects that advance the positive aims of the initiative should be employed quickly. Most critical are technologies that can generate or save energy and advance the ecological and humanitarian initiative. Dependence on oil is an issue that spans economics, politics, and the environment. The US spends \$350 billion a year that should remain in the domestic economy. The oil fields in the Middle East are our economic jugular that must be protected by spending \$300 billion just for that one purpose. The earth's atmosphere has most of its density below 25 miles and due to fossil fuel use we are embarked upon a giant accidental chemistry experiment. The main goals of finding sequestered technologies are lowering the CO2 and greenhouse gas levels in the atmosphere and reducing human impact on the environment in general. A crash program to replace the internal combustion engine and other major factors of atmospheric change must take place. Equally important are changes in agricultural practices, fisheries, and preservation of species. If our "way of life" is to be emulated it must be reproducible. Political will and technological knowhow can reduce the dispersal of metals and toxins in the environment and reuse materials such that a materialistic society becomes a material-recycle society that is sustainable and reproducible. ELF and related technologies that enhance learning ability and enhance human enjoyment and relieve human suffering should in general be aggressively pursued. It is possible that a human to human world brain link could be established and function as a supra mind. This may allow human beings to realize a collective humanity and shared experiences and values. It is also possible that this supra mind could subvert human free will inherent in our individuality. It may be possible with great care to achieve the former without compromising the later but great care must be taken not to cross the line of subverting the free will of the individual. Access to all human information (virtual world library) and markets (virtual world market) through the internet for people everywhere should be a major goal. Utilitarianism is the logical outgrowth of economies of scale but past a certain point this progresses to an inhuman ethic and clear lines must be drawn between the utility of profit and progress and that which makes us human and life worth living.

### 3. Corporate/Financial:

Historically the source for funding mind control technology has been the great fortunes such as the Harriman, Ford, Rockefeller, Macy, and Carnegie foundations and well connected organizations such as the Scottish Rite. The current attempt to institute a world fascist dictatorship used the strategy of targeting certain industries for infiltration and control. Prominent among these were the weapons and armaments industries in the US and other developed nations. The instigation of current hostilities in the "war without end" was specifically designed to funnel the majority of societal wealth into the 12 major defense

corporations that receive 80% of the DOD contract dollars. The intelligence agencies have stolen many billions and perhaps even trillions of tax payer dollars to fund the purchase of the means of control in the US economy. Control of the major financial institutions, media corporations, and Wall Street has allowed the designs of world control to progress to an astonishing degree. Cutting off the tremendous flow of money to the defense industry is just one aspect of stopping what is in many respects a one hundred year plan aimed at world domination. Historically in South America societal status quo was maintained by an alliance between the military, the wealthiest families, and the church. Even if the military aspect of the plan is stopped and the various cells and cults for mind control are revealed and suppressed there is still the hydra head of the corporate means of control. Corporations and Capitalism have many faults but other systems are even less forgiving of dissent and human individuality. The entrepreneur is a source of positive change and innovation and it behooves us not to kill the goose that laid the golden egg while trying to extricate ourselves from the current situation. Having said this it is clear that the driving force behind the current plan is greed and the main source of its power is corporate control. The wealthy few repeatedly manipulate free markets for their own gain even at the cost of the destruction of the Capitalist system. The men who make up the boardrooms of the transnational corporations (TNC's) and international banking and finance are an incestuous lot who in many instances are the driving force behind the current plan for world domination using a fascist system. In the 1930's the terms Corporatism and Fascism were interchangeable. The current reality brings these terms to the fore. The current problem confronting us is how to identify the perpetrators in the corporate and financial world and to remove them from positions of power and reform the system without long protracted legal battles, financial crisis, and without destroying the Capitalist system itself while assuring a more or less permanent change in behavior. So much wealth has been looted from government that some remedial actions will have to take place to return this wealth to society. It is recommended that a war reparations board be established to expedite this process. The board will have to be granted and exert sweeping powers and as such all of its members must have no connection to the political, military, and corporate establishments responsible for these crimes. There will have to be the equivalent of the corporate death penalty wherein a TNC or bank that has been utilized for operations and is fairly closely held by perpetrators will have to be broken up and sold piecemeal and the liquidated assets absorbed by the victims and the state. Other TNC's may be held by many uninvolved share holders and these may receive partial treatment by having the financial interests of the perpetrators confiscated and the board members replaced and the firm forced to pay reparations to the victims. The nature of who controls the decision making power in publically held corporations may need to be altered. The incestuous nature of the current PLAN that linked the actions of so many companies together was able to occur because the voting shares of stock were closely held and controlled by a small subset of individuals who in essence controlled government and sat on each others' corporate boards. In order that these TNC's reflect the will of society it is advisable that all shares of stock be considered voting shares and that half of the representation of the board members come from the lower levels of the company itself (the employees). The half of the board composed of employees should be drawn evenly (proportionally) from the various pay grades from lowest to highest. In short guilty personalities must be removed from the board and all share holders must then vote regardless of the class of stock they hold. The half of the corporate board drawn from within will be elected from within. If 5% of the company is middle management then 5% of one half of the board will be drawn (elected) from middle management. By law all corporate meetings and internal documents will

be available to the public within one year of their production. Banking secrecy laws and the veil of private business has been used to full advantage in this conspiracy. All financial institutions shall as a condition of their existence be fully transparent and all internal documents shall be available to the public as well within the same time frame. Intellectual property secrets that are stolen will have the burden of proof shifted to the offender and an immediate garnishment of the profits (20%) from defendants will be held in escrow pending a decision. International banking and the use of the IMF, World Bank, WTO, and Import Export Bank have been used to control not only the destiny of the average US citizen but to economically subjugate the LDN's and place them in a permanent state of poverty. These very same institutions or similar ones shall have to be the means of reversing this systematic manipulation of domestic and foreign markets and capital. The largest banks have embarked on a four decade long spree of loaning immense sums to corrupt governments to fund dubious projects that would never pay for themselves. The loans were never meant to be paid back. The giant projects enriched a few closely held construction and banking firms while placing the recipient nations in a permanent state of debt. The largest banks in the world will have to be placed under the authority of the courts and their records examined for these frauds as well as the laundering of massive drug profits over decades. Those banks that have operated as criminal conspiracies consistently will have to be confiscated and sold off piecemeal and absorbed into the state coffers. The war reparations board will make recommendations in this regard to the tribunal. The enormous debt incurred by the LDN's will have to be forgiven and compensation for these losses sought from the secret banking system used to hide the profits (Switzerland, Cayman Islands, etc) and the large banks and private beneficiaries. In the future all banking must be transparent to forestall a repeat of these operations. The EXIM bank, IMF, WTO, and World Bank will have to be reformed or abolished and similar organizations used to collectively fund the new initiative for the LDN's. A new scheme for insuring that the monetary system is not a market for speculation will have to be instituted such that events like Argentina and the Asian financial crisis do not reoccur. The capital markets are needed for rational productive use and not manipulation if capitalism is to survive. The great fortunes that have paid for eugenics, mind control, and other crimes against humanity must pay timely reparations. It may be desirable to simply turn over the management and ownership of these great fortunes to the victims and their families in order to make a powerful statement. The largest and most powerful law firms in the world have been used for operations and the perpetrators should be disbarred and imprisoned. The legal community has failed to protect society and the victims of mind control and like the medical and political community must be held to account. Lowering the fees lawyers may charge and a greater emphasis on mediation and simplifying the process of individual participation and representation in the legal process are desirable forms of adjustment. The FCC has been complicit in allowing a few media corporations controlled by the perpetrators to assume ownership of 90% of the news and entertainment outlets that our free society depends upon. The FCC should implement the rules governing the 10 year limit on conflict of interest and replace the media representatives in the agency and then revoke the broadcast licenses of the most egregious violators complicit with mind control crimes. The laws that were previously in place that denied ownership of a broad spectrum of our news to a few should be reinstated and the giant media conglomerates should be forced to sell off their interests. In short they should be broken up and the sources of news, information and entertainment should be smaller entities without political or corporate affiliation to those involved in this criminal conspiracy. By revoking a broadcast license the company is virtually worthless and so must then be sold at a great discount whereupon the license may be

reinstated. The original patent for the invention of television was stolen by RCA and the inventor destroyed. The same scenario occurred to the man who invented FM radio technology. The present is an excellent time to right historical wrongs and safeguard patents and intellectual property for the individual (not the corporation). If the FCC actions are not robust enough then the war reparations board should step in and take the necessary actions or advise the tribunal in this regard. What is advocated here is the largest redistribution of wealth and power in US society since the perpetrators instigated their frauds and thefts of much of our societal wealth and control of our economic destiny. The war reparations board shall exercise unprecedented power to carry out this righting of wrongs and the creation of a more open and equitable society. The US war crimes tribunal shall exercise parallel powers and the two bodies should complement each other in composition, philosophy, and power. If either of these bodies are stacked with people under the influence or power of the perpetrators, big government, corporations, or other vested interests in maintaining the status quo then these crucial reforms will fail. If there is a conflict between the tribunal and the board then the tribunal will trump in criminal matters and the board shall trump in civil penalty judgments. It is important to emphasize again that these two bodies be composed of progressive elements of society, the very targets of the dirty war. It is inevitable that at some point a reactionary backlash against a progressive movement take place. To avoid the worst of this the two bodies should move quickly and decisively against the worst perpetrators first, avoiding early major controversy, rash judgments, and economic damage to those not involved in criminal activity. Reforms instituted by the war reparations board and the war crimes tribunal should follow the general path of criminal activity first followed by dealing with reform of the great fortunes, corporate, media, legal, and finally banking and finance. Legislative Branch activities of reform should begin with the military and intelligence services followed by government bureaucracy, elections, social compact such as national service and health care, international monetary policy, and finally legislative pay.

#### 4. Social Policy:

Illegal drugs currently account for an underground economy of over a trillion dollars a year. The current conspiracy has controlled much of this underground economy to fund its criminal operations. The criminal conspiracy concentrated on hard drugs such as heroin, cocaine, and methamphetamine. The first American experiment into prohibition only served to create criminal conspiracies and mafias that infiltrated government. Considering the amounts of money involved and the decades of failed drugs wars there is no conceivable way that illegal drugs can be suppressed and that the drug war can be won as it is now waged. If this was possible then victory would have been achieved decades ago. Instead there are more illegal drugs in evidence now than ever at cheaper prices. In a gradual and rational manner starting with the least harmful illegal drugs all of these controlled substances will have to be legalized. It may be desirable to shut down the production of manmade drugs like meth by closing the few (7) factories that produce the precursor chemicals. This production is for a negligible consumer product and is easily suppressed because the chemical process is very complex. Channeling drug use into the types of naturally derived drugs (plants) is preferable to the use of artificial chemicals and these should be suppressed if possible as in the case of methamphetamine. Marijuana may be legalized in one or more states as a pilot project and free or low cost counseling and treatment for drug addiction will be available to all who request it. Drug abuse will be moved from the criminal court system to the medical and psychiatric community. The money spent on

interdiction and prison will now be spent for treatment on demand. It may be necessary (initially) to sequester the use of hard drugs to certain institutions such as clinics or to geographical areas of the country that will lower exposure to others. It is accepted scientific fact that the population of heroin addicts stays fairly constant at 1-2% of the population regardless of its legality and this problem can be managed to defuse the aura of money and mystery to make it less attractive to the youth. Much of the weight of the drug wars has fallen on the minority community as perhaps it has been designed to do from the 1920's. Work release programs that gradually reintroduce inmates from the drug wars back into society should be implemented. It is important to place those returning to society into situations where they are not set up to fail. Support systems such as mandatorily available jobs and housing and group therapy and counseling together with conflict resolution skills and environments that are perhaps rural and accepting or non-threatening are crucial. Temporary agricultural employment may be ideal to remove the person from their original environment. Non-violent prisoners with support systems who are not placed in high stress environments have a greater chance at success. It is time to defund the world's largest prison industrial complex. It costs as much to imprison someone as it does to send someone to an ivy league school and this is unsupportable. Education reform that teaches children the basic skill and how to think for themselves is crucial. Much of current education is designed to make people passive and easily controlled in particular the mass drugging of school children with Ritalin and other dangerous drugs for syndromes that do not exist or are a result of a contaminated environment. Higher education is the preferred vehicle for a just and equitable society and special emphasis should be placed on allowing the children of the poor to attend college through the national service opportunity AND through expanding university capacity and set asides for the poor. Emphasis on socioeconomic leveling is preferable to racial leveling because of the process of Balkanization of races versus the concept of class mobility. This expansion of higher education with a target of 50% or more of our population and concentrating on delivering a realistic path to the poor will open up a path to success for diverse races that a multicultural society depends upon. The original GI bill produced an explosion of human capital and creativity that fueled the economic boom of the 1950's and 1960's. Besides increasing societal wealth and productivity it is generally preferable to live in an egalitarian society of college graduates and free thinkers than the opposite. A criterion for the successful education of free thinkers is the ability to resist the Milgram experiment and refuse to commit antisocial acts at the command of an authority figure. A national health care system along the lines of that of Canada or the UK will raise our collective societal health and make domestic industry more competitive in world markets. To avoid a moribund society of high taxes and a giant welfare state it may be preferable to limit the delivery of services to the 500 medical procedures that give the greatest ROI and fix expenditures as a percentage of the national budget. The greatest ROI for the health care dollar is realized by focusing services on pregnant woman and children. Example: The national health care system will pay for an appendix removal for a minor but will not fund a liver transplant for an alcoholic or a heart lung transplant for a chronic smoker or for a person beyond a certain age. The health care budget is capped at 30% of all federal expenditures or less. Anyone who wishes to go outside the system and pay for their own health care such as the above two mentioned cases are free to do so. The US was formed largely of religious dissidents and the freedom of religion is paramount but many disparate belief systems have been infiltrated and utilized by perpetrators. Educational practices should respect all religions and perhaps instruct students in the tenets all religions but it should be paramount that no single religion be placed as superior to all others or

that the instruction of science be in any way altered by pressures to conform to religious beliefs. Society cannot remain cohesive when the children of a religion are separated and isolated in order that they be indoctrinated. Public education is the best vehicle for maintaining exposure to the greater society and to people from different walks of life. The vilification of homosexuals along with racism was one of the major tents of Nazism and these people were sent to the concentration camps to be exterminated alongside religious dissidents and those considered to be inferior races. Homosexuality is part of the human condition for a significant minority and should neither be promoted nor suppressed merely understood. Basic human rights and legal protections should not be denied to them. The separation of church and state should be adhered to and government funds should not be spent for religious reasons either directly or to promote a religious belief in public health funding. The use of abortion as a form of birth control is bad public health policy at best and otherwise abhorrent. To address this issue it is necessary to approach it as a moral and spiritual issue but primarily as a matter of public health policy. Countries with the lowest incidence of teen pregnancy and abortion have sex education in schools and effective birth control policies. The most effective means of limiting the number of abortions in the US and of avoiding teen pregnancy is real sex education to children prior to sexual activity. Teens who have already received sex education delay their activity until the age of 17 while those who do not receive this information in school typically begin 3 years earlier. Effective and safe birth control measures are good public health policy and should be available on demand. The world population is approaching 7 billion and will double every 40 years. If this occurs again it will be an ecological and social disaster. Safe and effective birth control on demand is good public health policy for the US and other nations as well and should be fully funded as part of the initiative for LDN's and at home. Only in this manner will the number of abortions performed in the US drop to a morally and spiritually acceptable manner, namely when the life and health of the mother is in jeopardy or in cases of major birth defects. These decisions are the right of the mother first and the parents of the child collectively. Elements of the Catholic Church and other major religions have been an integral part of the conspiracy to victimize minors and to enslave humanity under one banner. If it can be shown that the Catholic Church or other major religions have been active participants then a firm and decisive remedy is in order. All church property and funds may be frozen and all church assets in their entirety may be turned over to the victims of abuse and to the laity of the church or absorbed by the state in reparation. The Catholic Church and other major religions do good works but if these organizations have been part of a criminal conspiracy at the highest level this demands action. Labor unions that are entered into freely and are transparent in their operation are the best vehicle for raising the collective standard of living for workers in the US and abroad. Worldwide unions that establish a living wage and exert upward pressure on wages in all countries will have a leveling effect on wages and economies and are to be considered an important tool for the initiative. Countries that suppress unions should not reap the rewards of artificially depressed wages through free and fair trade. If the US opens a segment of its market to foreign products while mandating that a significant portion of these goods and services be produced here domestic industry and wages may remain viable while foreign LDN's will realize functional economies through free trade. Perpetrators have remained in control of US government functions by raising an entire class of people virtually from birth and grooming them to run the operations of government within the federal bureaucracy. This Brahman class essentially goes to the same schools, worships at the same churches, vacations in the same locations, and follow the same basic career paths. These people are largely beholden to the

system they are a part of and their peers instead of the American people. The federal patronage system should be examined and if necessary the current legal protections against dismissal should temporarily be set aside and the Brahman class of apparatchiks should be purged if it can be shown that they have facilitated the functions of the conspiracy or have been complicit. This includes representing the interests of TNC's before those of the American people. Progressive schools of governance that are not insular and that draw students from all walks of life should be the preferred functionaries of government. Secret societies have been a vehicle for infiltration in the conspiracy. Members of secret societies shall be considered unsuitable for public office and future members of these organizations will be required to allow monitoring of their activities under the concept of open meetings laws.

##### 5. Ecological/Humanitarian:

The technological edge the US has achieved is due to our university system that thrives on the free association of ideas and individuals from all over the world. This system is the ideal vehicle for achieving the humanitarian and ecological initiatives that must take the place of military power as a means to an end. The world is currently faced with various humanitarian and ecological problems of the first order. Ecologically the basis for preservation is understanding and the Ride Report by Dr. Sally Ride is the proposal for an earth and space based initiative to use technology to monitor and decode the ecological system entire. The effort to catalogue, measure and monitor all life forms and ecological processes is the first step towards preservation and wise sustainable use. Since these resources are shared it is necessary to implement this effort in coordination with a political, economic, and humanitarian initiative that is comprehensive in nature. This program cannot be imposed and must be in the best interests of the various national populations and governments. What are to be measured are resources and these are to be treated as such and apportioned fairly whether they are minerals, trees, or game animals. A population that does not reap the benefits of their own resources will not preserve them. In the end everything has a monetary value be it oil or elephants. Nations (LDN's) may "enroll" in the economic revitalization aspect of this program by popular vote and in return for monetary expenditures on the part of the US and the international community a certain element of their sovereignty will be temporarily placed in line with the needs of study and preservation of their natural systems and resources. The "rulers" of these countries may be induced to give their consent to "enroll" by what may be openly termed bribes. It is impossible to carry out successful public health or other ambitious programs with a corrupt government in place. To this end the governing personalities will at times have to be bought off. It is the popular will that must not be bought but must be enthused by positive examples in other countries such that they see the advantages of ecological preservation and sharing in the natural wealth of their nation.

Foreign humanitarian initiatives will have to be the focus of the "messianic" or religious energies inherent in the American character. It is important that these be based on medical science and public health and not ideology. People will follow us because of who we are not who we say we are. Once again this initiative must be multinational and comprehensive with ecological initiatives. The current ability of the US pharmaceutical industry to cure the majority of communicable disease must be harnessed. It presently costs approximately \$10 billion dollars to bring a new drug to market and this must be taken into account as to why this capacity has not been utilized. Ideally this entry cost to market should be lowered and the existing patents should

be compensated fairly. Presently these companies seek to maximize profits which is the nature of business. Reducing entry costs on future drugs to 10% of the present entry cost while paying the true development cost of the existing drugs plus a handsome profit is a fair proposal. The potential to cure and eradicate 80-90% of all endemic diseases in lesser developed nations (LDN's) is a key component of the humanitarian program. The general goal should be to take a war torn nation like Sierra Leone (current life expectancy 29) and raise the life expectancy to 90% of developed nations (DN's) level in less than two generations. This entails securing (peace) clean water, nutritious foods, medications, and education for the population of the LDN. These medications should be purchased by the humanitarian initiative and manufactured at regional production facilities that are inspected and licensed by the original patent holder. The first national experiment will ideally be an island, however, Sierra Leone is an ideal example for a first country to implement the initiative in Africa. The war is apparently over and a fairly honest (for the region) government is in power. The ecology has been decimated yet there are still natural resources. The country is fairly small and is home to substantial endemic diseases that will yield to treatment. The population is war weary and ready for a new deal. The gains in life expectancy may be as much as 200% or more in one generation. A success in Sierra Leone will provide motivation for popular enthusiasm in the region and propel the program into the future. One component of the humanitarian initiative is voluntarily relinquishing an aspect of national sovereignty over to the UN or other manager of the initiative. In the past an attempt at public health through the UN has been thwarted by local government corruption. The effort to eradicate malaria in the 1960's failed because the local government did not continue spray programs once the worst of the malarial illness subsided. Instead they stopped spraying and pocketed the money. After a new generation of children grew to the age of 6-8 there was a massive pulse of disease that killed many of these unexposed cohorts. The government then blamed the UN spray program and the spray itself to deflect blame for the mass deaths. A repeat of a variation of this scenario would be disastrous and to avoid this the popular vote must secede public health management and aspects of governmental power to the UN or other body. Again the government personalities must in all honesty be bribed to retire or remain as partial figure heads and the popular vote be decisive (70%). Local people must be trained and worked with in tandem and put in charge of their own programs and corruption must be effectively managed. Programs must EVENTUALLY rely on self help and a Marshall Plan like ethic of letting the population apply for small loans for equipment to drill wells and buy seed and be trained as hospital staff and the like so that the initiative continues on its own momentum after a number of years. The national population should sign up for a discrete plan for a finite time, say 5-7 years. A second vote on the desire to opt out or to continue must signal either dissatisfaction and failure or partial success and the desire to continue until completion. After 10-15 years an entire generation of children will have been educated and cared for to early adulthood and the general population should have realized a functional agricultural system and early small scale industrialization that is self supporting and can mesh with world markets on some level. Equitable trading systems and set asides of a percentage of DN's markets for these goods is advisable. Sustained reforestation and forest/wild life management will have secured a perpetual source of renewable resources that now have a competent and dedicated local staff. The population should have a life expectancy of 70-90% of DN's and a functional mechanism for conflict resolution between tribes and communities that respects existing structures. One component of the program will have to be targets for population growth that are based on positive rewards instead of punishments. Disengagement from the initiative will be a delicate

time due to regional wars, fluctuating agricultural markets, and unpredictable domestic political environments and personalities. This is a primary reason the first test nation should be an island that is religiously and ethnically homogeneous to preclude territorial and internal complications. In the Sierra Leon scenario the territorial integrity of the nation will have to be guaranteed by the UN or other body. In the best case scenario the border countries will vote to join the program at mid point (second vote 5-7yrs) or sooner after the evidence of a successful program and prosperous future are visible. Foreign corporations will have access to these resources but contract management and monetary dispersal will be through the program initiative for the first cycle at least. Accounting transparency will be the rule and the funds will be divided equally between the regional and national government accounts. In the first and second cycle the regional accounts will fund regional projects and the national accounts will fund national projects. It will be customary to continue this openness and equal division of resources after the second cycle and will then be given the force of law unless by a vote the regional population wishes to dedicate funds from their accounts to national projects. Exceptions to this general rule will have to be made on occasion for diamond mines in an eastern province or oil in a southern province. In this case resources may be shared in proportion to population. If the diamond mines are in an eastern state with 10% of the population then in an impoverished country it is reasonable that eastern state should receive 10% of the revenues plus a bonus. This is to avoid 10% of a countries population receiving 90% of its revenue. In 10-15 years it is reasonable to expect a Sierra Leone with a stable population that has a life expectancy of 70+ years and a functional agricultural sector and domestic industry. Free trade with its neighbors and the DN's and transparent sharing of the proceeds of its mineral wealth and renewable resources with its own people will preclude internal strife or foreign interlopers hoping to capture mineral wealth through war. Diamond mines that in the past were a source of conflict will be contracted to international mining operators (TNC's) at a fair price and the corporation will reap a profit while the population enjoys the fruits of the derived wealth and not the government personalities. These profits and the profits from renewable resources like sustainable timber harvests and wild life management will sustain the schools, hospitals, and infrastructure in the future. The conditions necessary to implement this program are peace, absence of corruption, outside monetary and human resources, knowledge and respect for local people and their customs, goals of a self supporting system run by locals (education and responsibility), setting aside as much as 30% of DN's markets for agriculture and other product imports. It is important to note that the US does not help the poorest 30% of its own population to achieve education or health care and that the national service program that sends young people and others to work in foreign lands must also do the same work here. In the LDN's reforestation can be credited for CO2 reductions and in the US over 90% CO2 emissions reduction (1990 levels) should be realized by 2040-2050 by joining the international community in their treaties to limit global warming. Gasoline taxes should be gradually increased to bring the price of gas up to levels equal to that of Europe. All fossil fuels (not ethanol) shall gradually increase in price so that in 5 years the price is at \$6 or above. Coal and other fossil fuels must receive the same treatment either from a cap and trade policy, carbon tax or direct taxes or some combination thereof. A crash program of reduction in consumption is the greatest initial way to save money and cut CO2. All manner of energy saving strategies from home design to appliances to life style should be encouraged as good citizenship in the "war on terror" and the fight against global warming. The goal is to take these taxes and reinvest in solar, wind, fuel cells, nuclear (after review), and other alternatives. Hopefully the sequestered technologies from the PLAN will emerge as important additions to this strategy.

The US shall change over from a gas powered fleet of 130 million vehicles to a completely new fleet in ten years such as lighter battery powered vehicles, hybrids, and mass transportation. CAFÉ standards should rise to European levels as well (45-60mpg). The end result should be a savings of the \$300 billion in imported oil and the \$300 billion cost of securing the oil territories in hostile regions.

## 6. Political:

None of the above initiatives are going to succeed if the internal political environment in the US does not undergo substantial reform. The current Congressman oversees a budget in the trillions but is paid in the thousands. What is more they are beholden to those whom they regulate for their very political survival. It is standard practice to donate \$10,000 in order to steal \$1 billion dollars or more. The main goal of reform is to take money out of the political process as a controlling factor. Public financing of political campaigns must be a cornerstone of this idea. Securing sufficient signatures or polling a set (5%) percentage of electoral support is grounds for public financing and may be supplemented by small INDIVIDUAL contributions by individuals. Any money that is corporate or governmental in origin is strictly illegal and subject to draconian criminal penalties (20-life). There should be some cap on the number of individuals who can run in this manner and the first 10 slots should be reserved for public funds if that many. One of the largest costs to reaching the electorate is paying for TV time. Ideally the FCC manages the public air waves for the public good but in practice its function is to maximize corporate profits. In view of these factors reform should encompass the following. One: All elections should be held for no more than 100 days similar to laws in the UK. Two: All participants who qualify for public funds or secure sufficient verified signatures should be allowed to speak freely on the public air waves to the constituency for which they are running to represent. This ability to reach the electorate should not be limited by the type of TV one can afford. Each candidate (in state/national elections) should be allotted as much as one hour per day in state/national prime viewing time to address the electorate if they wish. This "burden" of free programming for as many as 10 candidates at 1 hour each for 100 days will be spread (staggered) over the entire spectrum of free channels in addition to other medium such as cable TV such that dispersal is complete and no one is denied access on TV or other major medium. If cable TV or free TV must add extra channels this should be considered the price of retaining their license to use the public air waves. Three: Congressional representatives should receive a salary commensurate with their responsibility such as that of a modern CEO (1-3 million). They should receive free air travel for life in the manner and location that most people travel (coach). They should pay for their own health care or if a public system is instituted they should receive free national health insurance and treatment from the same facilities as the majority of people. On one hand the representative is freed from personal monetary considerations for life and on the other they must share the experience of the majority of their constituents. Four: Draconian laws regarding influence peddling and bribery must be enforced. In view of the fact the national representatives receive a salary commensurate with that of a CEO as well as public financing AND free access to the public air waves it is beholden on them to behave in a strictly ethical manner. To this end all of their financial and business matters should be transparent by law and anyone caught trying to bribe a public official for private gain should face an extremely severe sentence (20 to life). The same punishment should befall a high public official (Congressman/Judge) that resorts to taking bribes. Once out of office that official must wait no

less than 10 years before engaging in ANYTHING that might be construed as representing a private interest to Congress for personal gain. The same laws should be applied to ANY federal government employee who regulates an industry or spends public funds in a certain industry such as defense or communications. The highest offices of the regulatory body should be paid commensurate with that of a modern CEO and should wait 10 years before any financial relationship of ANY kind within the sphere of those they have regulated. Specifically, defense contractors and members of the DOD, and the communications industry and the FCC, and more broadly to other agencies of government. Five: Sunshine laws: All government documents and communications including emails and letters and phone calls and private conversations concerning government policy may be considered to be public records and are transparent. Any public records, science or communications that are made using public facilities and monies are to be made transparent within easy access to all citizens within one year or less. Destruction or willful concealment will constitute a felony punishable by no less than 5 years. Sensitive foreign relations documents and records may be kept private only for the duration of that administration (4yrs maximum). Six: Sunset laws: An impartial committee that shall be composed of qualified private citizens and public servants shall meet once a year and review the rationale for existing government programs. Every seven years all existing programs within the various departments as well as the departments of government themselves shall submit their budgetary and other records and reasons for existence. Any government program that has out lived its mandate or is no longer addressing the function or problem for which it was created to serve shall by definition of a majority of this committee cease to exist. The importance of this sunset committee shall not be underestimated and only those persons who are above reproach and without personal interest in matters other than the public finances and the public good shall be considered. Those with a vested interest may recues themselves or failing that be replaced. Seven: ALL citizens are expected to vote and all reasonable efforts will be made to allow them to vote. The vote will take place on a holiday designated for that purpose. The public rolls shall be publically displayed in all reasonable forums including the internet. The ballots shall be a standardized paper ballot that may be counted over night and later checked against the rolls by election officials or by the voter themselves (copy or stub) to verify that their vote was counted correctly. It may be possible to vote by internet for disabled or citizens who choose to do so. Any person who receives a paid holiday and fails to vote may be liable for a small fine or one day of public service. The national vote shall be accompanied by a national lottery and a voter number will be chosen at random and awarded \$1 million dollars.

#### 7. Maintenance of International Peace and Stability: (nature abhors a vacuum)

The UN Security Council will have to expand its membership and function as a collective security platform. The expanded inner council will be empowered to act without 100% agreement among all parties in order to overcome the veto power of a single nation. US foreign policy initiatives to enforce peace among nations will have to be coordinated through the UN such that going to war in the future without a Congressional declaration of war and the support of member nations will be unrealistic. The current structure lends itself to inaction and this must be remedied.

The UN bureaucracy will have to undergo profound changes in many of its personnel such that corruption and incompetence are reduced. Through the reformed UN the US and other DN's

must coordinate the Ecological/Humanitarian initiative to the LDN's. UN ambassadors will negotiate with client states and their leaders to bring about the plebiscites on joining the initiative and those nations for 10-15 years may actually become wards of the international community. Charismatic and inspired leadership will be necessary to bring these very complex programs to fruition. Questions about where to encourage domestic industrial output and where to allow TNC's to sign contracts for exploitation of resources must be resolved ahead of time. The equitable division of resources within the society such that what will ultimately be produced, how much it will be worth, and how the funds will be allocated to whom in that nation must be answered to the satisfaction of the interested parties. Every country is unique so special knowledge of each tribe and culture and government will be indispensable. In short dozens of DN's will eventually be helping over a hundred LDN's and this will take an overarching view of the entire initiative which is generally lacking in the current UN structure.

The proliferation of nuclear weapons and other WMD make it imperative that the US through the UN pursue an effort to secure all nuclear weapons and sources from the threat of theft or sabotage. All nations that have WMD must sign the NPT and other relevant treaties to stop the spread of these weapons and then to gradually have the newest nuclear nations give up their WMD in return for territorial security guarantees and economic assistance. The US must encourage other nations in this regard by cutting their nuclear arsenals in half and then in half again in short order. Since the US has a clear superiority in numbers logically the US will be one of the last nations to in the end turn over the last of their nuclear stock pile. This process can be drawn out over several decades and if after 35-40 years the world remains an environment where the presence of nuclear weapons is the only thing that stops a larger war then these weapons will still work as they were intended. In the mean time a concerted effort at nuclear disarmament and conventional disarmament will theoretically be possible with a robust UN and collective security that works such that aggressive warfare becomes rare or non-existent. In an environment where disputes among nations and others may be resolved through peaceful means and the territorial integrity of member states is assured then war and the tools of war are less sought after. Disarmament regimes that defuse decades long struggles like India/Pakistan or Korea can lead to nuclear disarmament there and then in other places. The US and the original nuclear powers must be seen at the same to be making deep cuts in their own WMD arsenals. The rule of thumb should be for all nuclear powers to join the NPT and declare and then all nuclear powers reduce their stock piles by half and then by half again within 3-4 years. The US might go from 12,000 to 3,000 while Pakistan might go from 20 to 5 warheads. After these trust building measures and regional security agreements that guarantee the territorial integrity of nations like Pakistan then these newest nuclear powers such as India and Pakistan shall be induced to turn over their remaining warheads for destruction. If any nation should attack Pakistan it would be the responsibility of the international community to come to her aid. Financial inducements and political recognition for these countries and their leaders must be included, specifically advantageous trade deals, Nobel prizes and enrollment in the humanitarian/ecological initiative if they so desire. Considering the peaceful uses of nuclear power...ideally nuclear power that cannot easily be turned into weapons or better still a replacement technology for nuclear power in the future will make this process more tangible. The NPT shall be expanded to require standardized designs for safer reactors in terms of accidents and proliferation and these measuring and monitoring schemes may be engineered into the reactors. Suffice it to say that a thorough review of nuclear power is necessary to determine low dose effects (to humans) and

ecological dangers and if other means are available for energy purposes then these shall take precedence. Finally it is only by defusing armed conflicts and runaway weapons spending that the world can realize the success of the humanitarian/ecological initiative.

The current war on terror is a quixotic adventure that has been exploited if not conceived of by the perpetrators. Nearly one hundred years of destabilization and exploitation of Middle Eastern governments and tribes has led to the current state of affairs. It is imperative that the US institute a crash program to wean itself from these energy resources by using conservation, and alternative technologies. To normalize relations and encourage moderate elements in these societies it is absolutely crucial to end the Israeli-Palestinian conflict in short order. Turkey should be admitted to the EU and serve as a moderating force in the region tied to Europe. It will be necessary to curtail all support of authoritarian regimes outside of normal trade and diplomatic courtesy. The example of Egypt is instructive. Our aid has been in the billions per year yet almost all in military assistance that goes to purchase US weapons from domestic defense contractors. In essence the money never leaves our shores. The Egyptian government does not deliver basic services to its people and functions for the enrichment of the elite only. Radical religious parties have exploited this opening and delivered health care and patronage among the poor. Egypt must open up its political system to diverse representation, gradually if necessary, to include these forgotten elements of society and to encourage the growth of civil society. The fears of a radical takeover are used to suppress democratic elements and imprison government critics in the press and from the loyal opposition. Radical religious parties can be allowed increasing participation over several election cycles so as not to constitute an immediate majority and to learn to exercise power within the representational system of government. If Egypt renounces authoritarianism and ceases to suppress normal democratic activity and delivers basic services and hope to the lower classes then moderate elements will eventually emerge to govern. The pressure cooker atmosphere of an authoritarian state propped up by the political and military patronage of the US are a source of continuing dissatisfaction and resentment among the people of Egypt. This example is the norm for the region and this type of relationship with authoritarian regimes by the "lone superpower" is not advantageous. Iran has been attempting for all intents and purposes to surrender for the last 15 years. Until the pronouncements about the "axis of evil" Iran was trying very hard to get some kind of security guarantee in return for an agreement to forswear nuclear weapons and other provocative acts. Normalization of relations with Iran without precondition should commence and if the Iranian government does not moderate in due course it is a very simple step to pass another law curtailing economic and political relations. The harder the US attempts to squeeze Iran the more empowered the hard liners become and the further she is driven into the arms of other nations such as China. Iran has a strong history of civil society that normalization of relations should reinforce. There are many moderate elements in their society that are unable to assert themselves in an atmosphere of hostility with the West. Attacking Iran now to stop them from acquiring nuclear weapons in 8-10 years is an error of the first magnitude. The Iraq war has greatly strengthened the Iranian hand in the region but this is a temporary state of affairs. The Shia majority shares a common religion but not a common language or culture. The Iraqis do not want to be dominated by Iran and any attempt to do so will back fire. Iran controls 11% of proven oil reserves but these will largely be gone in 15 years. Their economy is weak and they need to expand trade and societal wealth. In short they need to join the West. They need us more than we need them. Immediate normalization is in our best interest.

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict is the most intractable political situation on the planet. It is also the one that is most paramount to solve. The military strategy of Hezbollah and to a lesser degree Hamas has been to encircle Israel with missiles and keep her civilian population living underground. Another missile war is only a matter of time yet this one will feature larger payload, longer ranges, and greater numbers. The nature of modern weapons systems and the degree of animosity that Israel has engendered in the region means that it is only a matter of time before a disastrous war or catastrophic event occurs. The last two heads of the Israeli intelligence serves have said as much in public. A continuous state of war has empowered and enriched certain elements of their society and allowed for the gradual expansion of the state into Palestinian territory. Israel is approaching a moment of truth when they will have to debate publically if they wish to achieve a greater Israel by occupying all of Palestinian territory and ejecting the indigenous population or if they wish to live in peace with their neighbors. A return to the 1967 borders and a means of free passage (without impediments) between Gaza and the West Bank will be the territorial basis for a Palestinian state. Free movement within the Palestinian territory will be restored. Only those settlements that Palestine agrees to allow Israel to keep within their territory may be maintained. This may be accomplished by trading land within Israel or through openly agreed to purchases of land that is currently occupied by Israeli citizens. All other occupied settlements shall become Palestinian land and may be forcibly ejected or allowed to stay as temporary citizens/guests of Palestine to engender good will. These remaining settlements may not impede free movement within the Palestinian state. Jerusalem may be classified as an "open city" with control shared by civil and religious entities that live there or it may be possible for the Palestinians to plant their flag in the "suburbs" and call it Jerusalem. The right of return shall encompass a limited number of visas per year of limited duration such that all Palestinians may visit their former homes in Israel within the next 3-5 years. All of the Palestinian Diaspora may take up residence in Gaza or the West Bank and receive temporary support from the international community. Any Palestinians that wish to stay in their current country of residence shall be eligible for full citizenship in that country. Israel will withdraw from all contested Syrian and Lebanese territory. Syria will receive the Golan Heights after a cooling off period of 2 years during which time it shall be occupied by UN forces. Small parties of Syrian civilians will be allowed to traverse the Golan for less than 24 hours at a time with 24 hours notice. Upon its return to Syria the Golan will remain a demilitarized zone. Syria, Lebanon, and Israel will receive security guarantees on their territorial integrity and will normalize trade and diplomatic relations. In return for the establishment of a Palestinian state and making peace with Syria and Lebanon Israel will enjoy normalization of trade and diplomatic relations with all nations of the region as promised by the Arab League. Members of the Arab League and the UN will support the financial recovery of the Palestinian people and Israel will make all reasonable efforts to facilitate same. The new state of Palestine will hold elections upon conclusion of the treaty signing and form a small viable defense force that incorporates standing militias. Whereupon disarmament of all militias that are not part of the Palestinian army shall begin upon the normalization of relations between Israel and the Arab League and when the Palestinian state is formed and free passage within and between Palestinian territories is reestablished. This process shall proceed swiftly such that it is concluded in 100 days. These weapons may be purchased by the funds dedicated to support the new Palestinian state. Any Palestinian civilian in possession of such weapons (rockets, mortars, assault rifles) after the 100 day buy back period shall be subject to arrest by the Palestinian army and civil authority which is required to do so as a function of the treaty. In response to the beginning of

this initiative the Israeli army will pull back 5-10 miles from forward positions on the border of Lebanon and the Palestinian state where practical (where there is no existing base). It is imperative that a crash economic recovery program take place and that the average Palestinian citizen regains a per capita income of at least 50% of the Israeli per capita income (2007) within 2 years. This goal is the responsibility of (in order) the Arab League, the UN, Israel, and Palestinians and is to be considered the yardstick of success of the peace process. Syria will sign a non-interference pact with the Lebanese government upon receiving security guarantees and normalizing relations with Israel. Lebanon in return will agree to hold new elections that reflect the numerical divisions of different religions and parties such that the representatives ratios are roughly equal to the diverse population ratios. After elections Lebanon will incorporate into the army or dissolve all militias and those weapons aimed at Israel shall be removed and either purchased by the international community or placed in storage prior to disposal. If Syria ceases to interfere in the internal affairs of Lebanon as promised then the international community agrees to forego prosecutions for past transgressions in that regard. The above agreements will be accomplished in a regional peace conference and the treaty signed by all parties will have the force of international law. The territorial integrity of Israel will be guaranteed specifically by the international community AND the United States such that any organized and sustained act of aggression against Israel that threatens her territorial integrity shall be due cause for the US to act immediately without further consultation or acquiescence by the international community. The cessation of hostilities in this area is the main criterion for success in the "war on terror" and for integrating the LDN's into the new initiative. Once the Israeli Palestinian issue is resolved and the 60 year war between Pakistan India is brought to a close the possibility of real progress in the "war on terror" exists. Simultaneous reform of authoritarian regimes in the region coupled with an aggressive diplomatic and military effort to capture the terrorist leadership will cut off the hierarchy and dry up the source of recruits that is the result of US support of authoritarian police states in the region.

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