

PLAYBOY'S PROGRESS



ALSO BY TIMOTHY SHELLEY

STORIES WHEN LITTLE: GROWING UP UNDER MK-ULTRA

WONDER WOMEN: GROWING TO MANHOOD UNDER MK-ULTRA

SUPERMAN: FATHERHOOD UNDER MK-ULTRA

RAGNARÖK: FIGHTING AGAINST MK-ULTRA

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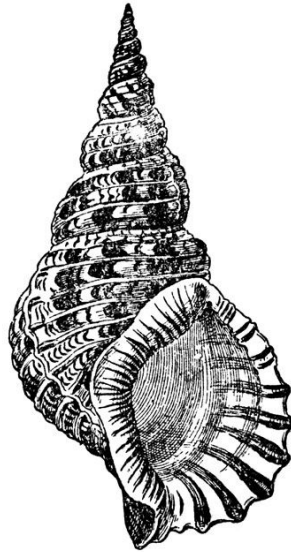
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PLAYBOY'S PROGRESS:
COMING OF AGE UNDER MK-ULTRA

BY

TIMOTHY SHELLEY, J.D., PH.D.



HOKAHEY BOOKS

SIT NOMINE DIGNA

UNIONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

TO

MY DAUGHTER

LILY

Hokahey!

It is a good day to fight!

It is a good day to die!

Cowards to the rear!

Brave hearts to the front!

Attributed to Crazy Horse

before he destroyed the Seventh Cavalry

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PART ONE

SURVEYING THE FIELD

*The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil
is for good men to do nothing.*

Attributed to Edmund Burke
by President John F. Kennedy
before his murder

FOREWORD: LOOKING BACK

This book is the second in a five-part series regarding my abuse under CIA PROJECT MONARCH, ARTICHOKE, and MK-ULTRA in connection with world history.

The Illuminati and their dogs in the so-called intelligence community do not concern themselves only with world events, countries, and resources but also with the minutiae of our lives.

We are dealing with satanists, they do drugs, and they are insane. The New World Order wants to destroy everything in sight—everything good, noble, strong, and beautiful.

My original conception was a twelve-chapter epic to cover the fifty years I have spent on the planet, but that quickly proved unworkable; so I expanded the scope of my magnum opus. I revised my book as a twenty-four chapter epic, with pictures, but that was too big. Thus I have split the first part of this series into two books, which I am publishing together. Stories When Little: Growing Up Under MK-ULTRA follows my life to age sixteen, from 1969 to 1986, and the volume you are holding goes to age twenty-one, from 1986 to 1991. You should start with Stories When Little before reading this book, just as you should start The Lord of the Rings with The Fellowship—not The Two Towers.

Nonetheless, by way of background, Stories When Little describes the abuse of my family for three generations, on each side,

under the mind control programs put forth by the Tavistock Institute. I grew up in a satanic cesspool masquerading as a cute little town, Westfield, New Jersey, where I was drugged, hypnotized, implanted, electro-shocked, and sexually abused with the methods described in the appendices to this book. Thence my family moved to Unionville, Pennsylvania, in the shadow of institutions run by the DuPont and Harriman Bloodlines. Programmers entrained my sexuality through Playboy, and they attempted to entrain my sexuality through Wonder Woman, as the trash at Central Intelligence tried to direct me to rape, to stop me from reproducing, and to destroy me otherwise. White Africa played an important part in my training, as my would-be masters sought to inculcate racism.

Just as they used Timothy McVeigh or Ted Kaczynski, like provocateurs in Joseph Conrad's Secret Agent, CIA hoped I would blow up the United Nations, or maybe the Olympic Games, as I blamed my troubles on globalists and black people, giving the New World Order the excuse it needed for a crack-down against the true heirs of humanity and the free people of our country, while they staged yet another false flag—much like 911, the mass shootings, and the germ warfare leading to martial law.

None of this would work. The scum would never drive me to rape, racism, or violence; and, although they have killed and tortured many of my family, friends, and pets, they haven't got me yet.

Still, it took forty-seven years to remember what lay behind the amnesic walls caused by trauma, and I never would have woken up had the degenerates not chosen to rouse me.

They are just that stupid. Rather than leave me alone to drink wine, smoke cannabis, tend my garden, travel the country, date women, and bring my daughter up, watching films and reading books, the trash gave me back my memories as they intensified a campaign of microwave harassment and gang-stalking against me.

Through Zersetzung, the Department of Homeland Security thinks they can bully me into submission because they judge others as themselves. They are cowards who give up easily, just as they are liars who live in delusion; so they cannot understand the response of a brave, good, and truthful person.

Like their affiliates in the National Security Agency, the imbeciles at Central Intelligence and the United States Air Force would pay any price to make me suffer, but they fail even at that. It gives my heart joy to fight and destroy the enemies of humanity, teaching and entertaining others, while I turn the satanists against each other.

That's not hard to do since they are always fighting anyway.

My awakening would not come until the weekend of my forty-seventh birthday, September 29, 2016, on Michaelmas, when the trash sought to drive me mad, to frame me for their crimes, and to discredit me in my community, while they struck at my family, person, and livelihood.

Earlier I lived in happy oblivion, failing to hear the call of battle.

I hope this book wakes you up, so you can fight! There is nothing more important, and there is no advantage to ignorance.

Failing that, I can promise you will find this series an entertaining read. If you can't think of me as an investigative reporter who fights a luciferian conspiracy, then regard me as an unreliable but fascinating narrator who describes his own humorous and picaresque adventures in the manner of Miguel Cervantes.

Go back and read Stories When Little, if you have not already, so you know better what's happening at the beginning of this book.

Also, you may wish to visit my website, Fighting Monarch, which now has more than one million hits. Ask yourself why it would get visitors from Red China in its first week or from Iran, Greenland, and Antarctica today. There I have written more than two hundred articles against the Illuminati and their slaves.

Then you will know how attacks on my family culminated in August, 1986, when an agent of British Intelligence, Rick Creole, who abused my family in the West Country, and in London, appeared as a business associate of my father, purporting to have served as a colonel in the British South Africa Police during the Rhodesian Bush War.

That's where this book picks up.

PART TWO

COLLEGE LIFE

*I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand:
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant land.*

From Milton by William Blake

BOOK ONE: HAREM SCARE'M

In the summer before my senior year, I was reading pulp fiction about Africa. I do not remember the title or the author of the book I found in the library; but it concerned two white hunters, Van Zandt, who governed his ranch like a small kingdom, and a younger man who learned from the rancher since he was new to Africa. Van Zandt kept women in slavery, and he had them wait naked at his table. Did he recall Count Zaroff from "The Most Dangerous Game?" At his visitor's request, the host lent one of his wives; and together they freed a white woman who became the slave of the younger man. Surely, he would be a better master to her. After rescuing the woman from her former owners, he bathed her in the river, standing naked with his prize, soaping her body. I was often in the high school library, the novel was a new arrival, prominently displayed, and I am sure the scum put this book in my way.

CIA wanted me to correlate the book with the Creoles' visit, while they suggested that I buy the Playboy featuring Rebekka Armstrong, still on the newsstand; but, although I found the book, I did not buy the magazine. If I imagined the white woman whom Van Zandt allowed his friend to keep, then she was Kathy Shower, the Playmate of the Year for 1986, a thirty-three-year-old mother of two. Mrs. Shower bore no resemblance whatsoever to the female degenerate that called herself Margaret Creole, except for her unusual marital status, her

perceived age, and her two children. I had been hypnotized to associate a Playmate with a superheroine, like Wonder Woman, like Jane, and Playboy referred to Mrs. Shower more than once as Supermom. Kathy Shower had excellent taste in film, listing Kubrick's Dr. Strangelove as one of her favorites. Unfortunately, she would later star in a film called Robochic, signalling her cybernetic implantation; and later she would appear naked draped in a fishing net, not unlike the postcard I had seen in Normandy.

There Mrs. Shower stood, sultry, blonde, and naked. She leaned against a simple narrow pillar in our bedroom, wearing only wristcuffs jangling on her right arm, which may have suggested an ivory pair my father gave my mother, taken from the bodies of murdered elephants. Her lips parted in a snarl, to reveal her teeth, while her nipples jutted from her aureolæ, her wide womanly hips framing her matted blonde bush. My eye went to the round muscles of her stomach, surrounding her large navel, the focus of my attention, a stand-in for her labia, just as much as on the famous poster of Raquel Welch, advertised in the back of every comic book. For some reason, as with no other Playmate, my eye went to her fingernails, and I imagined the experienced woman tracing her nails over my chest, then my leg, then my balls, then grabbing them, massaging them, while her free hand stroked my erection. I stood facing her, naked, before I rubbed against her belly, her bush, her thigh, and softly, insistently, I thrust my manhood deep inside her strong body, taking her, over and over again,

standing face to face as she gasped, moaned, and grunted with pleasure. Later I would throw her on the bed, and we would romp naked together until, after many sweaty encounters, the woman would return to her initial position, standing at the concrete pillar, thoughtful, remembering our bouts of gentle, thorough love-making, before I stood behind her again, pressing into her flank, my face against her hair, tangled from our activities, both of us breathing together, lost in our bodies, ready for more.

Back in Pennsylvania, when I wasn't in my bedroom with the Playmate of the Year, I was in the backyard, soaking in the summer sun, drinking iced tea, and reading books in preparation for Eileen Byrne's class, A.P. English. Unlike the A.T. Program, where students were gifted to the cartel, anyone could sign up for the advanced placement class. It felt good not to be in J. Robert McCullough's class anymore. I had him for three years. Mrs. Byrne not only taught me to write, but she liked me, even though Mr. McCullough told her I was trouble. Later a family friend, she wrote me glowing references for college, something CIA tried to stop.

I admire Janie Perry for pushing her way into Mrs. Byrne's class. Her stepfather made a statue for the Reagan White House, and she lived in the nearby horse country. Janie had a bit of a reputation, but she had done nothing to deserve it. Usually those stories are made up, and they are always indicative of targeting. I don't believe she had a boyfriend senior year. One time she had a party before a high school

dance, but she forgot to invite me. Janie felt so bad when I saw her at the dance. Blaming herself, over and over again, she kept asking, "Why did I forget to invite you?" I told her not to worry, and we danced a bit together. I did not think anything of it at the time, but it's obvious to me now that she had been hypnotized to forget. That night, or was it another, I gave her a ride to her girlfriend's house, where the A-set was hanging out; and her hostess invited me to stay, but I did not. We often ate lunch together. One day, Janie was out of school, so I asked her story. She told me she was having intestinal problems, and she had just come from a doctor's appointment, where they stuck a big tube up her butt. Later I would see others, including my father, who had physical ailments, especially with their gastro-intestinal tract, caused not only by physical sodomy but by implants and directed energy weapons, as described in the appendices to this book. The trash hurt Janie, a healthy young girl, who should have had no problem with her body, implanting and sodomizing her. CIA loves to do that to people. They don't know what real sex is, let alone love, and they get off on causing damage.

Meanwhile, the Byrne victims, as Amy Korban jokingly called us, were reading books for Mrs. Byrne's class, which promoted a variety of New World Order themes. She was huge on T.S. Eliot, another victim of Illuminists. Just as Ezra Pound fought the Illuminati, for which he was institutionalized, Eliot put his own wife in a mental hospital. Writing poems like The Waste Land, Eliot engaged in self-destructive behavior, leaving a promising academic career to work in a

bank. Also he wrote Murder in the Cathedral, where four tempters beleaguer Thomas à Becket, who is murdered by four knights when he fights back. My copy says it was a gift of Yale University with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation. That's as New World Order as it gets.

In addition to James Joyce, whom the Jesuits educated, we read William Butler Yeats, a favorite poet of mine. At one point, Yeats was associated with the Order of the Golden Dawn, a society founded by freemasons, although it admitted women on an equal basis. The group inspired occult practices like Wicca and Thelema, and the satanist Aleister Crowley associated with them. The Order strongly disowns Crowley, saying he was an operative of the British Secret Service, who was sent to scuttle the nascent Golden Dawn and was sued by the organization's founder, S.L. MacGregor Mathers. CIA could not get me into this stuff, and their suggestions continued to misfire. In hypnotic sessions, the degenerate female programmer gave a command about the class:

There's a poem about a swan.

I'm in there.

You'll like it.

Find me in the swan poem.

For me, the swan poem was "The Wild Swans at Coole," which I really liked, not "Leda and the Swan," with its promotion of bestiality and rape. I did my research paper on The White Goddess by Robert Graves.

Not for the last time, the scum were pushing paganism, hoping it would lead to satanism.

CIA also tried to push fascism through Mrs. Byrne's class. One of the books I read over the summer was Six Characters in Search of an Author. I glommed onto the fact that the writer, Luigi Pirandello, had supported the fascists. With Mussolini's patronage, Pirandello directed and owned the Teatro d'Arte di Roma, and he won the Nobel Prize. Pirandello supported Italy's annexation of Abyssinia, giving his medal to be melted down for the Abyssinia Campaign. Little did I know how Italy attacked Abyssinia, spraying it with poison bought with Pirandello's gold trinket, or that Abyssinia was Ethiopia, a country I would come to admire. To me, like the poet Ezra Pound or the philosopher Julius Evola, Pirandello was a man who could think for himself, and his fascism derived from high standards.

The reading for A.P. English was also heavy on W.H. Auden, to whom I found myself strangely drawn. As usual, CIA was trying to push homosexuality, although none of us saw it in the poems. Auden was the lover of the writer, Christopher Isherwood, who went to Repton School, a horrific scene of abuse, which I describe later in this book. Auden later regarded Chester Kallman as his wife or husband—I'm not sure which—as the two collaborated on opera librettos for the cacophonous stylings of Igor Stravinsky, a composer whose music gives me a headache. CIA used Stravinsky to torture my father, who loved classical music, working to cause conflict in his marriage, while they

made my mother admire The Firebird Suite. Although Auden sought fidelity from Kallman, Auden and Isherwood had an open relationship, as they each engaged in a string of meaningless homosexual encounters. The poet's erotic interests focused, as he said, on an idealized Alter Ego. As Auden wrote, "Words so excite me that a pornographic story, for example, excites me sexually more than a living person."

Still, none of us could see homosexuality in Auden's poems, and none of us felt attraction to, or could even see, perversion. As Amy Korban said, "I'm trying to figure out how this one's even about sex." The one I remember, thirty years later, is "The Unknown Citizen," which ironically celebrated a drone in the vast machine of the corporate state. No one wanted to be anything like JS/07 M 378, as the title character was named, anymore than we wanted to be the horrific rapist in a poem by e.e. cummings. We couldn't even figure out the poem concerned rape. As Mrs. Byrne asked us questions, we could only say, "He's torturing her," "He's destroying her," "This man is evil," "I want to kill him for this," and things of that nature.

CIA pushed rape through A.P. English, but it bounced off. Over the summer, Mrs. Byrne gave us a reading list from which we could choose ten works. I got an old one, with Pirandello, which no one else read, so we never talked about Five Characters in class. Old and new lists contained plays by Tennessee Williams, a drunk, drug addict, and homosexual, whose sister was lobotomized. My tormentors thought I would like this guy, so they told me, in a hypnotic session,

Read the one by Tennessee Williams.

By this they meant Streetcar Named Desire, which culminates in the rape of Blanche DuBois by the brutish Stanley Kowalski. Like many victims of trauma-based mind control, Blanche goes insane after her sexual assault. Andy Schmidt, who won a ROTC scholarship, to serve as an officer in the Marines, loved the play, saying, “When Blanche was raped, I was cheering.” Whether I would have had a similar reaction we’ll never know. My list contained a reference to a different Williams play, The Glass Menagerie, which describes a lonely lady who lives in a world of her own, symbolized by her collection of tiny glass animals. Her favorite breaks when a clumsy young man, her last hope for a romantic relationship, bumps into it.

Catch 22 was another book, which only I read from my list, since we never talked about it. The trash that hypnotized me told me to associate this book with Mr. Irwin’s class at Andover, hoping I would connect the scenes of gang rape in Clockwork Orange with a similar scene in the book. Certainly, it made me think of the possibilities for prostitution in a war zone, a theme picked up by the Kubrick film that screened the following summer, Full Metal Jacket. More than that, however, while depicting the double binds and false choices in which the programmers seek to trap us, Catch 22 shows the idiocy of war and the corporate bureaucracy of Dr. Strangelove, the film we watched at Andover.

On my own, I was reading books that glamorized drug use, the main suggestion that took. The high school library had a big book on marijuana, which I read while I sunbathed. Listening to Jim Morrison, I read The Doors of Perception by Aldous Huxley. I was taken by descriptions of opium dens in Sherlock Holmes or The Picture of Dorian Gray. Even Bayard Taylor, a local figure, spy, and diplomat, after whom the town library was named, wrote a description of hashish as he travelled in the Levant. Then, of course, there was the influence of drugs in Charles Baudelaire, Arthur Rimbaud, and Samuel Coleridge, who went to my college at Cambridge.

While the victims of the A.T. Program were cordoned off, away from fellow students, even as the program officially ended, and we switched to A.P. English, I completely forgot my earlier interest in metalwork. The tale of Mimer the Master in Lara Smith's book, Stories from around the World, had spoken to me when I was a boy, so, before I set my sights on an academic or a legal career, I dreamt of becoming either a librarian or a blacksmith. Siegfried forged the sword Balmung, and fire and metalwork inspire me. I am proud to say my nephew, Wyatt Shelley, recently completed a blacksmithing course at the New Agrarian School at the foot of the Swan Range in Montana's Flathead Valley. Back then, however, my father told me there was no future in metallurgy, and metal shop was full of white trash, losers, and no-hopers. The shop itself lay at the end of a long dead-end hallway, so

there was no reason to go down there. It did not even cross my mind that I could learn to work with metal in our school.

Along with Jordie McConnell, Sharon Niemkiewicz, and Amy Korban, I was working at Kendal-Crosslands, an exclusive retirement community, behind the Longwood Meeting House. They had a long waiting list and a hefty admission fee. There we waited on tables, in three-hour shifts, in the main dining room. The residents came from a different generation, and some didn't realize our background, so it was amusing how they would sometimes address us, as an old gentleman would imperiously snap his fingers, beckoning to me, and say, "Boy, move that chair." Or an elderly lady would politely ask if I were the new boy. Other generational differences showed up when the staff dressed for theme nights like the Roaring Twenties, for which I was Big Bill Tilden, or Christmas in July, when my silly boxer shorts with red kisses accidentally showed through my white duck trousers. Then it was not uncommon for a well-meaning resident to compliment a waiter on his dress, saying, "My, you look gay tonight." It was a great first job, and we used to stay there, shooting the breeze, after we clocked out.

Amy Korban, a blonde classmate of whom I was very fond, taught me how to snap my fingers, just like the old man. I could never snap my fingers properly, except for the time she showed me. We slightly disagreed about Janie Perry, whom Amy thought was a bit of a dunce; but we totally agreed about Ayn Rand's Fountainhead, thinking everyone should be like Howard Roark. One night I playfully swatted

her backside with a spatula, and she didn't mind at all. Amy and I would jest about the plural form of Mercedes, which we figured was Mercedi, pronounced MER-SAY-DIE, as her father, recently divorced, bought himself a Porsche. I am very sorry I did not react with an appropriate sensitivity when her friend Jeff Hauser died in a skiing accident. She was happy to drive me home from an outdoor gathering when I had too much to drink, and I was happy to drive off her unwanted suitor, Bill Swain, at a party hosted by Michelle Lyster. That night she joked about her rescue, as we stood on the wooden deck in the hot summer night, and she called me Super Tim. I had been programmed to Wonder Woman, and apparently I was not the only one receiving comic book suggestions. I last saw Amy at a party over Thanksgiving, in 1987, after we both started college, and I briefly dated her neighbor Ella Richardson. When I saw her over college break, she expressed sincere pleasure at our meeting, remarking that she hadn't seen me for the longest time, but I never followed up with her.

While Amy and I worked at Kendal, I put my paycheck to two uses. I saved a large portion to serve as spending money for college, and the rest I spent on drugs. One of the management, Greg Kuhn, who had gone to Woodstock with his brother, where they left their VW bus in the mud, did nothing to discourage me. Often after I finished work I would light up a joint in the staff parking lot before proceeding to Willowdale, where I would park in what was then an unused and hidden sidelot on Route 926. There I would smoke another

reefer, listening to a cassette in my father's Volkswagen, possibly the English Beat, to whom I still listen, or Falco, to whom I do not. I remember smoking to "Louie, Louie" by the Kingsmen, thinking of the strange insanity of the FBI, who played this music at different speeds, looking for secret messages, planted to corrupt the youth. Little did I know they were on to something.

Today it strikes me how the English Beat, whose music and words are largely superior to those of the Police, do not enjoy the same popularity. The Police were a psy-op, but the Beat weren't. Still, much of their music touched on themes relevant to this series, as David Wakeling, who later announced his bisexuality, struggled against his programmers, writing songs like "They're All Out To Get You." "I'm Your Flag" satyriized jingoism and foreign wars, while "Stand Down Margaret" addressed England's prime minister. "Dream Home in New Zealand" made fun of cold war spies, while "Big Shot" addressed programming:

You're a big shot.
You want the whole lot.
And if I like it or not,
You still control me.
You tell me what to think and what to be.
You look like a government minister
Or a higher ranking military officer.
I doubt if you care.
You're just a big shot, yeah....

No wonder I liked this stuff. As David Wakeling later said, of America, "I have a nose tuned to the smell of the death of an empire, and I smell it now." Still, although his lyrics are excellent, I quibble with his choice of words. Although Rhodesia fell while the Beat surged, they had already left the Empire, just as South Africa left the Commonwealth. It was more the welfare state that Wakeling saw destroyed, just as our republic, not our empire, stands in jeopardy.

One day, after school, I discovered the aphrodisiac properties of cannabis. I had smoked some low quality weed, shake not bud, and I did not feel its effect until I went to my bedroom. There I lay on the floor, dreaming of Rebecca Ferratti, Miss June, who had appeared in Playboy over the summer, naked and bareback, leaning forward astride her horse, her hair feathered indian-style. Although they had destroyed my desire to ride, and to meet real horsewomen, my programmers were still pushing horses as they had for many years, from Lady Godiva, to breaker Dianne Jamison, to jockey Ruth Guerri, to Bo Derek in Bolero, and later that year to Marina Baker.

Rebecca lay on the ground, her back arched, her nipples erect, as her hands traced her sides, and I mounted her, our arms around each other's backs, shoulders, my face brushing against her hair, as we lost ourselves in ecstasy. The desert floor transformed into a lunar surface while we made love. I had never been interested in Rebecca Ferratti before, but cannabis enhanced her attractiveness and my experience of what passed for sex.

In the years to come, my programmers would use cannabis heavily on me. At first only smoking, then smoking and drinking, I would move into a fantasy world involving consensual sex with Playboy Playmates. Decades later they would send me to vigorous rape with superheroines depicted in underground comics, like those online at Dangerbabe Central, or porn stars acting scenes out. The scum at the agency will not leave you alone with Playmates, beer, and weed—even when this sidelines you from life, relationships, and political activism. They want to push you to depravity and destruction, no matter the cost to themselves. They could never make me do anything bad, and I would never hurt anyone; but, in cannabis, they had the perfect tool to sensitize my body, to send me to an imaginary world, and to cloud my judgement.

Speaking of imaginary worlds, not only did Rebecca Ferratti, with whom I had fantasy sex on the moon, have her own comic book, Dinosaur Mansion; but, before she posed for Playboy, she appeared as Talena, the warrior princess in Gor and Outlaw of Gor, movies based on the science fiction works of John Norman. Miss Ferratti is an excellent horsewoman and a martial artist, who beat out 365 other women for a place on the original American Gladiators, so the rôle came easily to her. This actress would ride horses, swing broadswords, shoot arrows, and fight hand to hand, as the sexploitation movies were filmed in South Africa.

Gor was not worthy of this beautiful lady. A thirty-four book series, written by Dr. John Norman, Gor got worse as it went. They say the first few books are okay, involving rape as a crime of passion, and sexualized fantasy worlds similar to those of Edgar Rice Burroughs, who went to Andover before he wrote the Tarzan and John Carter books. However, as the scum pushed Dr. Norman deeper and deeper into depravity, the series degenerated into extremely sexist, sado-masochistic pornography involving the ritual humiliation of women. Aliens govern the planet as they abduct and enslave human beings, doing disgusting things to them, and the slaves allegedly come to enjoy their submissive state.

Gor is full of cartel signalling, through which the trash that hurt us advertise our abuse. The sexual enslavement depicted in the books depends on the use of advanced technology, just as our own enslavement derives from the cybernetic implants, microwave transmissions, and drugs described in the appendices to this book. The author writes,

One of the premises of the Gorean series is that a race of aliens, whom we might speak of as the Priest-Kings, have a technology at their disposal compared to which ours would be something like that in the Bronze Age.

Slavery is signalled in various ways, some subtle, just as the cartel use everything from leopard prints, to tattoos, to piercings, to signal sexual programming. Likewise, just as CIA uses color programming, especially

with gems, Gor uses rings and homestones, as people transport from one world to another, much as the holodeck is used in Star Trek programming, as drugged and hypnotized victims dissociate, moving from one trance state into another.

Like me, Miss Ferratti must have done this, phasing out and in, as she lived in Phoenix, Arizona, a hotbed of masonic mind control, from which my favorite Playmate, Patty Duffek, the lady who played Wonder Woman, Lynda Carter, and some of my friends from college hailed. Also, Miss Ferratti's father was career military, which means she would have grown up on bases, where treasonous scum, unfit to wear the uniform, torture and brainwash American children.

Although Miss Ferratti would appear in some movies that were just plain silly, like Three Amigos! and Ace Ventura: Pet Detective, other productions signalled abuse. Aside from slasher films like Cheerleader Camp, where beautiful women were simply murdered, and Silent Assassins, which concerns a biological weapon, Miss Ferratti played a violent pleasure unit in CYBORG 3, mirroring her own cybernetic implantation. As for men like me, similarly implanted, administering ourselves doses of mind control through Playboy, CIA mocked us by having Miss Ferratti appear in a video where she hypnotized a man to think she was his bride-to-be. Few of us would find actual brides, as we disappeared into a fantasy world of increasing ugliness.

Miss Ferratti was a single mom with two sons, a Christian, who espoused family values and initially found it difficult to pose naked. She had real compassion for others, and she hated Hollywood. This lady wanted to do real films with positive messages, but she had to make ends meet.

I'd want to move away from violence and exploitation films, and do films with a message about love, life, sincerity, romance and pain.

I think everyone should experience other people's pain to learn something from it.

Basically, I hate Hollywood and the Hollywood scene, but the fact is that beautiful films come out of Hollywood and I would like to be a part of some of those films.

Rebecca Ferratti had her family's support, as she posed, and her dad even joked, "At least it wasn't Penthouse...." As this athletic and beautiful woman said, "I really can't do something I feel cheapens me as a person." Even when she played a call girl on Vegas Vice, she only did the sex scenes with her boyfriend as her partner.

At one point, Miss Ferratti entered the harem of Prince Jefri Bolkiah, the younger brother of the Sultan of Brunei, and the former finance minister of the oil rich nation. She was one of his thirty mistresses, who lived in the palace. After she returned to the States, she did an interview in which she made an impassioned defense of her

choice to accept this arrangement. While she lived in the Sultanate, Miss Ferratti learned to play polo.

The lady's experience may not have been that bad, and I hope she did well from it; but the sultan's brother seems a thrall to the Illuminists, more than the thirty ladies who awaited his pleasure. Jefri Bolkiah ibni Al-Marhum Sultan Haji Omar Ali Saifuddien Sa'adul Khairi Waddien, known to his mistresses as Robin, spent fifty million dollars a month on a series of extravagances he could never enjoy. He owned more than two thousand luxury cars, eight airplanes, and a helicopter. He owned more than five hundred properties, including the New York Palace, the Hotel Bel-Air, the Plaza Athénée, and the former Playboy Club in London. After he bought Asprey, the jeweller to the Queen of England, he commissioned pornographic fountain pens and jewel-encrusted watches depicting couples having sex, each worth more than a million dollars. A real classy guy, he named his yacht Tits with lifeboat tenders called Nipple 1 and Nipple 2, and he spent a million dollars on statues of him and his fiancée having sex.

Jill Lauren, who, like Rebecca Ferratti, lived in the prince's seraglio, wrote a book about her experiences: Some Girls: My Life in a Harem. Like Dr. John Norman, the author of Gor, her writing would become more lurid over time. Later she would write EXIT SANDMAN: The True Story of America's Most Prolific Serial Killer. To write this book she would do extensive interviews with Samuel Little, who beat,

strangled, raped, and murdered ninety-three women over nineteen states.

Ms. Lauren's family plainly suffered under MK-ULTRA. Like me, she grew up in the satanic hotbed of northern New Jersey. I may have crossed paths with her, since, like some of my college friends in California, we each vacationed at Beach Haven. Ms. Lauren lived in Livingston, twelve miles away from the town where Playmate of the Year, Marilyn Lange, and I grew up, and six miles away from the town where Joy Booth, who figures in this book, lived. She went to Newark Academy, playing squash racquets, while her brother moved through a series of boarding schools, doing drugs, and listening to Phish. Fishing is cartel slang for the rape of young women, while Phish replaced the Grateful Dead as a CIA operation to make teenagers vulnerable. As Jill Lauren wrote of her brother,

My parents were concerned because the volume on Johnny's Obsessive Compulsive Disorder had apparently turned way up since I had seen him last. My mother had told me during our previous phone conversation that she had a hard time getting him out the door because he had to complete so many rituals just to leave the house. He lived locked in a private world of tics, outbursts, exclamations, touching doorframes, spitting in puddles, tapping spoons against the sides of bowls.

Meanwhile, Jill and Johnny's dad worked as a stockbroker. Like me, he appears a good man who often drank and lost his temper.

True to form, the scum worked to destroy Jill Lauren's family. Loyal like mine, her parents did not hold her sex work against her. When she came back from Brunei, overjoyed at the safe return of their daughter, the Laurens put on the fatted calf. As her mother cooked dinner, her father embraced her, rocking Jill's body back and forth with enthusiasm. Her mother presented her with a jade necklace that her grandmother had worn, and she gave her mom a Cartier watch, one of many expensive gifts from the Prince of Brunei. It should have been a happy reunion, but the satanic trash attacked the young woman with obscene technology, described in the appendices to this book, making her feel bad, awkward in her mother's embrace, and slamming the lady with a migraine, "as if someone had thrown a fishhook into my eye from behind and started to yank."

Jill Lauren's life has mind control written all over it. She was adopted on the grey market, almost certainly abused by CIA before her natural mother sold the baby to her adoptive parents. Just as I would later look compulsively under my bed, before I slept, sensing the presence of my abusers, so did Ms. Lauren.

In spite of my outwardly bold
existence, when I was alone I literally looked under
the bed for monsters each night, consumed by
irrational panic. I checked the locks on my doors
and windows three times a night....

I often woke from night terrors,
a constant in my life since childhood, in the early-
morning hours and lay there frozen with fear,
reminding myself to breathe, unable even to get
up and go to the bathroom.

When Ms. Lauren first moved into sex work, her girlfriend and colleague took a class in Dianetics, always a sign of mind control. She became a drug addict, and she had a series of eating disorders. In high school, CIA used her to promote its depraved political agenda, as she marched in “pro-choice” rallies, to support the right of women to kill unborn children, and “gay-rights” rallies, to support the normalization of sexual deviance.

Predictably, the palace in which Miss Ferratti, Ms. Lauren, and Prince Jefri lived showed signs of MK-ULTRA interference. Ms. Lauren writes,

I wasn't the only one who was haunted.

Rumor was that the guesthouses had
resident ghosts.

There was even a night when mass
hysteria had sent four of the girls in house six
running out the front door in the wee hours,
insisting that they each had been visited by a
weight, a presence, something or someone who
had crawled into bed with them.

Aside from the suggestion of sexual abuse, haunted houses are always the result of illegal wiring and mind games. Many of the houses in

Chester County, Pennsylvania, where I live, are haunted. I later rented an old farmhouse used as a hospital during the Battle of the Brandywine, where my daughter's mother heard voices and ghostly presences appeared. Likewise, the house on Wollaston Road, which my brother rented from Katie and Cuyler Walker, scions of the Harriman Bloodline, to which I was kidnapped, had a similar reputation. There my sister-in-law once woke, hag-ridden by the nightmare, feeling something press down on her chest. In my family's house in Unionville, too, my friend Dan Mariani and I witnessed a green flash we took for an energetic or spectral apparition. Courtesy of Central Intelligence, it's part of the internet of things.

Ms. Lauren describes not only her own unhappiness in the harem, as she cycled through fits of depression, but also the ennui that underlay Prince Jefri's addictive behavior. The prince's favorite mistress depicts a shopping spree leading to surfeit as follows:

Chanel, Hermes, Versace, Dior,
Armani, Gucci.

We exhausted the first mall and went to the next and yet another until everything, even the most expensive things—especially the most expensive things—started to look cheap and nauseating.

Likewise, she writes of her employer and boyfriend:

It was the kind of hunger you could never really feed, the kind that keeps you up until

5:00 a.m. every night, the kind that drives you to
fuck girl after girl, to buy Maserati after Maserati.

As Ms. Lauren wrote, the prince was always famished behind the eyes. All his spending never made him happy, and the only cool things he seems to have done were to hire Joe Montana and Herschel Walker, at over one million dollars each, to teach his son football. Even when he was collecting impressionist masterpieces, spending time with beautiful women, and giving them diamonds, rubies, emeralds, or other jewels, his life bespoke *tædium vitæ*. It is hard to believe the sultan's brother enjoyed himself.

The Illuminati had turned Prince Jefri into a spending machine, and, even with all his money, he still embezzled almost fifteen billion dollars. Why? Not only to destroy the man, and any chance he might have at happiness, but also to destroy Brunei, a beautiful country rich with oil, south of the Spratley Islands, targeted by the Red Chinese. Maybe they wanted to make the royal family look bad, so violent radicals would depose them—a fate they may now plan for Saudi Arabia. Certainly, they sought to turn the sultan against his spendthrift sibling, destroying their family as they destroy so many others.

As the scum made Prince Jefri into a worthless and unhappy playboy, they inspired his brother, the sultan, to crack down on vice, imposing sharia law on the hapless people of his country. Sultan Hassanal Bolkiah made Brunei the first and only country in East Asia to introduce sharia law into its penal code. Now, the following are

considered criminal behavior, punishable by fines, jail, public flogging, amputation of limbs, or death by stoning: absence from Friday prayer services; becoming pregnant out of wedlock; wearing indecent clothing; refusal to wear a hijab; employing a non-moslem baby sitter; the use of the word Allah by Christians and the discussion of faith by non-Moslems; publicly eating or drinking during Ramadan; homosexuality; and adultery. One bad apple spoiled the bunch, and no one's allowed to have fun in Brunei any more.

Something similar happened in America because of our crazy eighties parties. Back at Unionville, where I was dreaming of Rebecca Ferratti, one of the wildest was hosted by Jill Vanderburg, whose dad was the school guidance counsellor. Jill worked at Kendal with me and Amy; and, when her parents left for the weekend, she invited everyone to her party a week in advance. I think she even handed out printed directions. There she quickly drank past the point of inebriation, and we carried her, one person holding each limb, off to her bedroom, where she slept safely, while her guests enjoyed the hospitality of her parents' house. Jill must have had a raging hangover the next day; but the little damage that was done was repaired by one of the guests, who had his brother fix a broken window the following afternoon. We were all in it together.

Everyone except Kenny Riggins that is. Earlier that year, Kenny had obnoxiously and repeatedly yelled at me, trying to call me out, at a party hosted by Will Crosley. I just ignored him, although,

when I left the party, the redneck ran, down the gravel road, and sucker-punched me in the back of the head. Turning, arms flailing, I proceeded to beat the hell out of him, until three of his friends pulled me off. After that incident, from time to time, I would see the fool, the would-be bully, doubtless abused by his own family, taunted by his social circle, and he would run his mouth about how I got lucky in that fight. I had no problem fighting Kenny Riggins again, if need be, but I didn't want to be ambushed by five of his friends. He started this nonsense again at Jill Vanderburg's party, so I canvassed the room to see who I could depend on if things got rough. Everyone was sympathetic but useless except for Matthew Mariani, a family friend, and a tough customer. One time Matt punched out a police officer with a single blow, an act that earned him fame on the streets of Philadelphia, so I knew I had nothing to worry about from Kenny's friends. Some people you can count on, but most you can't. Ask yourself, in your own life, can you tell the wheat from the chaff?

Jordie McConnell and Sharon Niemkiewicz, along with her brother Tom, also worked at Kendal, and CIA tried to use Sharon, Craig, and Jordie to make trouble. On New Year's Eve, Craig Horvat came over to my house, insisting that I come along with him to Sharon's. Sharon was a nasty thing, although superficially good-looking, who had it in for me, although I had never given her offense. I didn't want to go to Sharon's, but I didn't know how to say no to Craig; so we went over there. No one was there except for Jordie, Colin, and Colin's girlfriend,

and Sharon told me I was not welcome. I asked her why she always had to be such a cunt, extremely unusual language for me, doubtless driven by hypnotic suggestion and possibly by forced speech. Jordie took offense, but we sorted it out as friends. Also, Sharon's brother Tom confronted me the next day at work, firm but polite; so I made a short apology to her. Still, CIA had gotten into me, as it had gotten into Sharon, and I am ashamed to say I briefly indulged in some rape fantasies about her.

Meanwhile, CIA was pushing vampires. Sting had come out with Dream of the Blue Turtles, which featured, among other compositions, "Moon over Bourbon Street." Just as Sting encouraged me to read Jung's monograph on Synchronicity, which provides an alternative explanation for events arranged by CIA, and he hawked Nabokov's Lolita, advertising child-molesting, now he led me to The Vampire Lestat by Anne Rice. Stewart Copeland's dad was in the CIA, which gave the Police their name, as the agency ran them for psy-ops. Rice also wrote erotica, but I never read it, nor did I read Dracula by Bram Stoker, which concerns rape. The following summer I would see The Lost Boys at the movies, in which Corey Feldman, now a whistleblower against the sexual abuse of children, so rampant in Hollywood, appeared.

On the way to the movies, as I drove, high on weed, through the woods, along the curves of Route 842, before we passed Allerton Farm, I accidentally ran over a possum. I had sought to lose myself in

fantasy, smoking cannabis, escaping into the cinema, but the needless death of the innocent marsupial, caused by my stupidity, took me over. In the darkness of the theater, I wept. I still feel terrible about the whole thing. It was not the last animal I killed accidentally with my car, but I have always tried my utmost, since then, to drive more carefully.

I don't know what I was listening to as we drove to the movies, but it could well have been David Bowie. NWO was pushing Bowie through the eighties, as, oddly, he attained mainstream success. Bowie had Tavistock written all over him. He adopted a series of alter egos, from the androgynous Ziggy Stardust to the fascist Thin White Duke. Inventing a style he called plastic soul, Bowie said he heard God in "Tutti Frutti" by Little Richard:

Tutti frutti, oh Rudy,

Tutti frutti, woo....

Tutti frutti, oh Rudy,

Tutti frutti, oh Rudy,

Tutti frutti, oh Rudy.

A whop bop-a-lula a whop bam boo.

In 1962, Bowie was hospitalized for four months, coming out with a permanently dilated pupil in one of his eyes, the result of ocular and cybernetic implants. As Bowie said,

Offstage I'm a robot.

Onstage I achieve emotion.

It's probably why I prefer dressing up as Ziggy to being David.

Albums like The Man Who Sold the World contained references to delusion, paranoia, and schizophrenia, while Bowie posed in a dress on the original cover. Born with the surname Jones, he renamed himself for a knife. As a bisexual drug addict, Bowie advocated trans-sexualism in songs like "Changes" combined with miscegenation through his partnership first with Grace Jones and then with the model Iman, which may suggest "I man." Bowie had a homosexual relationship with Mick Jagger, and he wrote songs like "Queen Bitch." On stage, he pretended to give a blowjob to his bandmate's guitar, and he stripped down to a loincloth. He planned to write a musical based on 1984 by George Orwell. Bowie was detained at the border between Russia and Poland for his Nazi paraphernalia, he told reporters that England could benefit from a fascist leader, and he called Adolf Hitler one of the first rock stars. He died at the age of sixty-nine, a number used to indicate the simultaneous and mutual practice of oral sex, two days after his birthday and the release of his final album, Blackstar. I cannot help but wonder if, like George Bush, he had entered into a luciferian soul contract.

Bowie was one of many musicians to push a homosexual agenda along with his contemporaries, The Village People. Taking their name from Greenwich Village, which then had a large homosexual

population, the Village People were oddly accepted by the mainstream, and I had all three of their cassettes when I was nine years old. On those cassettes, they sang songs like “Macho Man,” posing a series of questions, commands, and observations about the singer’s body.

Body, wanna feel my body?
Body, baby, such a thrill, my body.
Body, wanna touch my body?
Body, baby, it’s too much, my body....

Body, it’s so hot, my body.
Body, love to pop my body.
Body, love to please my body.
Body, don’t you tease my body.
Body, you’ll adore my body.
Body, come explore my body.

Likewise, the group promoted the YMCA, then a men’s boarding house, saying its advantages included many ways to have a good time. Thus the singer described a place where you could do whatever you feel:

They have everything for you men to enjoy.
You can hang out with all the boys.

Either owning up to its reputation for rampant homosexuality, including man-on-man sexual assault, or simply not getting the joke, the United States Navy considered using the Village People’s song, “In the Navy,”

for a recruiting campaign. Top brass provided the group access to the San Diego Navy Base, where the USS Reasoner (FF-1063), several aircraft, and the ship's crew were used in the video. In between visits to San Francisco's bathhouses, the group sang about the need to join your fellow man in a branch of the armed forces where you could find pleasure and search the world for treasure. The words speak for themselves, as did the death of Jacques Morali, the founder of the ensemble, from AIDS.

Another popular group when I was at Andover was Frankie Goes To Hollywood. The inside of their album, Welcome To The Pleasuredome, featured a drawing of the head of someone's penis with an animal sniffing and entering its urethra, while around it others mated in a variety of positions, engaged in oral sex, or paraded with their anuses clearly visible, while a horned beast with jagged teeth, and his mate, presided over the festivities. This horror appeared only once you opened the album cover, and I am sure many, like me, were surprised by it. God knows why I looked for Venus in Furs, by Sacher-Masoch, in the Bayard Taylor Memorial Library, except at the album's recommendation. Next to the cover art, the hit single, "Relax," was nothing. Its video featured a house of sado-masochism, where the band was admired by leatherclad musclemen, a bleached blonde drag queen, and a Roman emperor. The song itself, featuring a simulated ejaculation, was banned from English radio, in 1984, but not until it hit number six in the charts. The late ban by the BBC, a branch of MI-7, closed the barn door after the

horse was gone, drawing attention only to its presence, gallivanting, in the fields. The British Broadcasting Company caused people to buy an album of which they never would have heard otherwise. I used to think these kinds of actions stemmed from incompetence, but now I know an unseen hand lies behind them. After the ban, the album hit number one in the U.K., and the BBC lifted its own worse-than-pointless embargo less than one year later.

George Michael was nothing next to Frankie Goes to Hollywood, but he also enjoyed significant popularity in the 1980s. I remember dancing to his hit, "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go," at the disco in Diepholz, West Germany, surrounded by strobes, designed to induce trance, when we travelled there for a school trip. Years later my daughter and I would laugh at the video after she was exposed to the song through Zoolander at our cabin on Echo Lake, Mount Desert Island, Maine. Neither of us had any idea that we had been terribly abused the day after her birthday, June 17, 2015, when Dylann Roof shot up a church in Charleston as part of GLADIO C, after writing his manifesto, The Last Rhodesian, only two weeks before; and we happily laughed at the mind-control scenes and bizarre sexuality of the film without realizing our enemies mocked us.

CIA was pushing perversion at me from every angle, but it wouldn't take. Another example was their obscene attempt to interest me in anal sex. One night I slept over at Craig Horvat's, with Colin McConnell, and we talked through the night. Craig oddly said, in his

mind, he could tell whether a girl was hot if she would still look good “taking a shit.” Colin thought the test was if one would go anal without hesitation. But this was merely strange talk I overlooked. People do that when they can’t process something. These things never worked for me, and I have never had any interest in sodomy. Still, they try; and courtesy of the implants in my body, and the microwave networks around us, the trash at NSA constantly attack me. Using directed energy weapons and voice to skull, as discussed in the appendices to this book, they induce itching, burning, or other unpleasant sensations in my anus and my genitals, expressing incredulity that I am not aroused by this, saying foul words, and sending obscene suggestions at low frequencies.

MK-ULTRA’s object is always to spread perversion, to destroy things, and to move people to crime; and, on one occasion, in 1986, they moved me close to group sex, trying for rape and scandal. Fortunately, nothing happened.

As a senior, I went to a dance at Unionville High School, but shortly after I arrived I left with Pete Ernst and Toni Perry. Pete was a freshman with whom my brother was friends, a good fellow, intelligent, who surfed and skied well. He used to race to the beach whenever a hurricane blew in, because of the good waves, and my brother told a story of Pete swimming closer to a whale they all were a little scared of. I know Toni only from that night. She was a freshman from a neighboring Catholic school with black or dark brown hair. We drove off in my parents’ station wagon, parking at the same convenience store

where I bought cigarettes for Dick Somerville, which sat at then a rural crossroads, Willowdale. I had often smoked cannabis there by myself and with others. That's how little sense I had.

Toni and Pete sat in the backseat, and Pete asked me to give them privacy. Because I had been given a hypnotic suggestion, I spoke Toni's name, leaned over the backseat and began kissing her. She pulled me to her, and I slid into the back and on top of her body. We kissed for a while, with her back to our friend, and then I broke free, fondling her breasts, struggling clumsily with her bra, while she kissed Pete. After a while, I came up to kiss her again, and she responded to me. We kissed, and after a while, I broke free again, to return to her chest. To my delight, Pete had unhooked her bra, freeing her breasts. Gently, I touched her, happy for her and Pete to kiss as long as they wanted, fondling her breasts, tonguing her nipples, and caressing her muscular stomach, sliding one flat hand into her tight pants, grazing against her pubic hair, while I suckled at her breast. After an eternity I broke free again, and we kissed, my hands massaging her breasts, while Pete unbuttoned her jeans. Possibly prompted by V2K, as I had been in my house, or through forced speech, Toni complained, "You're hurting me," but it was only the position, as the buckle of the seat belt dug into her back, and she had no objection to us. I broke free again, admiring her naked body. My hands traced over her belly, her thighs, stroking her bush, and she moaned softly, erotically, in response. It was too much for me. I went to take off my trousers, but Pete stopped me. "This isn't

cool," he said. I listened to him. This could have gone badly for all of us, and he had more sense than I. Thank God.

We decided to go back to the dance, but Toni was too drunk to go in. That's odd because we shared only one bottle of wine and a small amount of cannabis. Whether her controllers had made her more sensitive to the effects of alcohol, either by the ingestion of pharmaceuticals or by the use of an implant, whether the wine just hit her, or whether an alter was triggered, I don't know. But Pete went in, and I drove Toni to my parents' house. That way, he could tell her parents she was drunk, and they could pick her up at my home, but no one would get in trouble with the school.

Toni sat on the front seat, next to me, telling me her sexual history, particularly with respect to a blowjob she'd given an ungrateful boy, and I wanted badly to resume our encounter; but I couldn't find a place to park. You'd think I would have just gone back to the old spot, or parked at the elementary school, to which I drove up; but no place seemed to afford the right amount of privacy. I wanted to have sex, and I wanted us to be undisturbed. Meanwhile, the clock was ticking, so I drove back to my parents. On the way, Toni grabbed the steering wheel, hard, and tried her best to turn it wildly, this way and that. I held tight to the wheel and drove on. Her parents picked her up without incident, and I called her the next day. She thanked me for bringing her home safe, and we wished each other a Merry Christmas. Oddly, I asked her if she remembered the evening, and she said she didn't. I took this as a

signal she wanted to forget the whole thing. I wanted to see her, but I did not follow through.

CIA was trying to set us up. It was a miracle none of us got busted for drinking, marijuana, or drunk driving. In Pennsylvania, we were all the age of consent, so statutory rape was not a possibility, and neither Pete nor I would ever force ourselves on a woman; but my programmers did not know that, as they sought my destruction through sex. Still, it would have been scandalous if we'd had relations, as I wanted. Sometimes mysterious forces will intervene to save us from ourselves, our programming, and those who seek to destroy us. I'm glad it happened that way. I wish I had more education as a teenager to avoid grey areas. Toni was willing, but she was drunk, and sexual activity just isn't right between more than two people—not to mention I had no protection. Pete kept his head, while I didn't. I hope he and Toni are both well today.

Still, I lusted for Toni, dreaming of her body over the following months, and my programmers thought they were close to pushing me not only to rape but to group sex. *"Soon you'll find another woman like her,"* they intoned. But I didn't want to rape Toni. Our encounter was consensual, if inadvisable, and Pete Ernst was there only by accident. As for that woman like Toni, I found her in the pages of Playboy.

Aside from her large black bush, Marina Baker's body bore little resemblance to Toni's, so it seems curious I would associate the

two. The scum wanted me to move into group sex or rape, two things that would never happen, but instead I went back to my own personal take on old suggestions. Pulling off her riding britches, or standing in the hall of a great house, did Marina Baker, Miss March 1987, recall Jane from Greystoke? Certainly she picked up suggestions regarding horsewomen, as she posed not only in deshabelle but wearing a Barbour jacket, nuzzling a grey.

Then my fantasies were clean, but, almost thirty years later, they would sail on a different tack. In July 2013, the police arrested Marina Baker while she bravely protested fracking. Although I stood against fracking in Pennsylvania, I would never engage in any sort of sexual assault, and I would fight and die to protect a woman, I am embarrassed to say I fantasized about raping Marina Baker. Under the influence of large amounts of cannabis and four decades of programming, I saw the busty Playmate carried away, bodily, by the police, and I surrendered my will to my programmers. I had gone online simply to look for photographs of Playmates, planning to imagine consensual sex; but, using hypnotic suggestions relayed by obscene technology, the scum edged me over.

After years of taking Wonder Woman by force, the sight of Marina, manhandled, against her will, her magnificent rack jutting against her tight yellow tee shirt, lean stomach exposed, framed by the inner arc of her pelvis, was too much for me. As we closed and grappled together, my hands pulled at her shirt, fondling her body,

mauling her jugs, while she fought back. My muscular arms held her torso tight against mine, my hands around her back, and I sucked her enormous nipples. Then my right hand seized the waistband of her jeans, while my left descended to their buttons, fumbling, ripping them open, and pulling them off her wriggling hips, while she shouted. I could hardly overpower the amazon, as she struggled against me, but still I pushed her knees apart, thrusting my penis clumsily against her thighs, her belly, her bush, and finally deep inside her vagina. My hands grabbed her legs, her shoulders, and the strong woman wrestled, screaming, striking me with her fists, as I raped her savagely.

Then I thought I was alone, that it didn't matter because it was only fantasy, but I was very wrong.

Marina Baker turned out to be a real Bond girl, dating my favorite James Bond, Daniel Craig, before she married to become Marina Pepper. As a teenager, she travelled widely, on her own go, visiting France, Corsica, Italy, Greece, Switzerland, and Ireland. Unlike many Playmates, who felt shy about taking off their clothes, Mrs. Pepper felt totally comfortable getting naked for the camera. She appeared in serious films like Man from China and Casanova. There she played opposite Richard Chamberlain, a graduate of my college, with whom I lunched at Pomona's centennial. When she wasn't running a community theater, Mrs. Pepper acted in musicals like Forever Elvis, and she played Nina on stage in The Seagull by Chekhov. She went back to school to earn a bachelor's and a master's degree, and she

worked extensively as a journalist, writing for The Independent, The Telegraph, and The Guardian. She became a politician, chairing the Lewes district council, and serving as the mayoress of Telscombe. Mrs. Pepper is an environmental activist, who has organized school walks for children to take the place of busses, set up a community recycling scheme for a local preschool, and run fairs to promote sustainable living. This is the woman I dreamt of taking by force.

Of all the Playmates, Mrs. Pepper seems to have come through the cleanest, which makes me very happy, and I can see our enemy use her in only one way. This brave, independent, and intelligent lady actively promotes witchcraft, taking it to be a pagan feminist activity, without realizing that CIA uses witchcraft to edge people into satanism just as they use Playboy to edge people into harder stuff. Mrs. Pepper's mother, Margaret Ayrton, is a witch, and she attributed her comfort in posing naked to her hippy upbringing. Later she wrote several children's books on witchcraft, including Spells for the Witch in You, Spells for Teenage Witches, Marina Baker's Teenage Survival Guide, and Spells for Cats. In 2001, she worked as a magic consultant for a BBC documentary about the Harry Potter books, which, unfortunately, are used to promote boarding schools, Oxbridge colleges, and, indirectly, satanism.

Aside from Toni, who doesn't count, my first kiss didn't come until the spring of senior year, when I was seventeen. Georgetown University accepted my application, so I went there to visit. At that

time, Washington, D.C., had just raised their drinking age from eighteen to twenty-one; and you could easily order beer without i.d. A young woman whose name I forget, from Bronxville, New York, stayed up all night with me, as we walked Georgetown together, planes roaring by in their close flightpath. MK-ULTRA was at us even then, since we met two recent graduates of the university over beer, and Clockwork Orange came up. But the suggestion bounced off, as usual, and we continued a friendly and romantic evening. At sunrise, when we parted, we exchanged addresses so we could write letters, and I asked my new friend if I could kiss her. She said yes, and I felt the tiny explosion of her tongue in my mouth.

That was the exception. During high school, I remained immature in my interactions with the opposite sex; and I was not unusual. Very few of us had boyfriends or girlfriends, and almost all of us were virgins. People didn't date. Suggestions worked in me to destroy my sexuality, and they misfired, causing me simply to avoid realistic sexual thoughts about teenage girls.

In class, I found myself hanging out with others, despite the hypnotic prohibition against making friends. Sometimes this hurt my grades, although that owed itself more to a second prohibition against studying or completing assignments. Although I smoked cannabis often, and I seldom studied, I always got good grades, graduating near the top of my class.

Calculus was the exception, where our teacher, Mr. Eshleman, would give a brief lecture from time to time and then let us work at our own pace, not caring if we talked to each other. I hung out with Heather Koch and Cassie Housch, two very pretty girls, and we would often spend time together. Sometimes, they would need to return to work, but I usually wouldn't even do the problems then, choosing instead to read books from the library. I got a D the second marking period, but I spent a couple hours studying before the midterm to earn a 97. It was that easy if I applied myself.

Cassie was a cheerleader, short, with ash blonde hair, and she probably would have gone out with me, but I didn't even think to ask. Once I saw her at the drive-in, near the Dilworthtown Inn, and she was wearing what looked like a varsity jacket. I asked if it belonged to her boyfriend, but she told me she wasn't seeing anyone. It was a perfect opening—or at least an indicator she was available. We had A.P. English, Government and Economics, Calculus, and Physics together, but I regarded her only as a classmate. Years later I heard she married a boy from our class, but I was surprised she did not do better. If you're targeted, you're lucky to have anyone.

Cassie and I, like most of us, had Mr. Buckwash for Physics. Buckie, as some called him, was a character, an old man who could hang out with us, just as I do with my students today. His son, Anthony, was in our grade, so he knew all the gossip, and he would often crack wise. Anthony listened to Bruce Springsteen, who sang, in part, of how hard it

was for him, growing up, but as Mr. Buckwash said, "I tried to tell him the same about my life, but he didn't want to hear it." Another time, Craig Horvat was studying for a test in Spanish. Bucky told him it should be no problem. "That stuff is easy," he quipped. "There are kids five, six years old in Spain who speak it perfectly." Later he did a demonstration with a cigarette, and, although he smoked cigars, he asked the class who had a pack, so he could bum a smoke. He knew I smoked cannabis, so he said, "I don't want one of yours, Shelley. I have to work after this." Everyone laughed. This was better than the science class taught by Lieutenant Colonel Hank Dietering, recently retired from the Marines, although Dietering was a good man, too.

Sometimes Buckwash flirted with the senior girls. This seemed all right to me then, but now I wonder about it. I remember one time when he invited Cassie up to the front of the class for a demonstration, asking her to sit on a stool, which he spun to demonstrate a principle of Newtonian physics. He said, with a mischievous grin, "Now, I'm going to torque her." After spinning my friend around, he helped her down, extending his arm in a courtly gesture.

Mr. Buckwash was very popular. He was one of only a few teachers left from the opening of the high school in the late fifties. Before then, Unionville had a single school for kindergarten through twelfth grade, called the Unionville Consolidated School. It was the country, and there was still some of that left thirty years later. In the

1960s, Bucky had an x-ray machine in his equipment room, until he had to surrender it because of the ambient radioactivity. Students would put their Christmas presents under the machine to try to figure out what they were getting. Buckwash had a host of stories from the old days, not only from Unionville but from history.

One day, he introduced me to Tycho Brahe, a Danish nobleman, who works on my imagination. Brahe lost part of his nose in a duel with his cousin, over who was the best mathematician, but had it replaced with a gold and silver prosthetic. He lived on an island given him by the King of Denmark, where he built a research institute, large astronomical instruments, and a paper mill to publish his research, including the sighting of a supernova. Johannes Kepler was his assistant. Kepler used Brahe's observations to develop his three laws of planetary motion.

Mr. Buckwash's elder son, Vince, was a character, too.

One time he saw my dad, me, and my brother in the old Pizza Gallery, on State Street in Kennett Square, picking up a Sicilian with sausage, green peppers, onions, and mushrooms along with a two-liter bottle of Dr. Pepper. We didn't notice Vince Buckwash, but he used it as a prank, joking about the affair he was having with my mother, saying she had called him right up on Friday after she sent us on a fool's errand since she needed a real man.

Vince would also joke and flirt with Helen Martin, a science teacher who delivered a yearly lecture to her class on why she was

proud to be a virgin. Miss Martin ran a satellite tracking station for the school, and, in the summers, she sometimes travelled to England to do research on her hero Sir Isaac Newton. She was an old maid who lived on a farm on Route 926 and Lamborntown Road, across from Jonathan Sheppard, the Englishman who became one of America's best steeplechase trainers, just down the road from Hugh Lofting, a timber framer whose father wrote the Doctor Dolittle books. My brother worked for Sheppard with the foals on Buttonwood Farm, where Rocky the Rooster would chase him at his work; he built houses with Hugh, in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas; and he took Miss Martin's class on Earth Science. So did Vince Buckwash.

One time Miss Martin asked, on a test, "What did you learn from the slide lectures?"

Mr. Buckwash's son had the perfect answer: "I learned you look beautiful against the snow-capped Pyrenees."

I don't know how she graded him, but it made us all laugh.

Today Mr. Buckwash's son, Vince, teaches second grade at Anna P. Mote Elementary School. I am sure he does an excellent job, just like his dad. I saw him on YouTube sharing a Polish recipe with pictures of his family and polka music in the background. Then, pretending to eat frog soup, he played a prank on his niece. Clearly he hasn't lost his sense of fun.

Otherwise, we had Kristin Webb to teach us Government and Economics. Mrs. Webb was a beautiful woman who had black hair

and blue eyes—not to mention a fiery manner. Sometimes she harangued the class, telling them how worthless they were. I am sure CIA wanted me to conflate Mrs. Webb with Wonder Woman, whom I was entrained to rape, but I never felt that she directed her diatribes at me; and we always held each other in high regard. In her class, as in American Studies, we learned about the Constitution and we read the Federalist and Anti-Federalist Papers. As Frank Zappa, himself a victim of MK-ULTRA, pointed out,

Civics was a class that used to be required before you could graduate from high school. You were taught what was in the U.S. Constitution.

After all the student rebellions in the sixties, civics was banished from the student curriculum and was replaced by something called social studies.

Here we live in a country that has a fabulous constitution and all these guarantees, a contract between the citizens and the government. Nobody knows what's in it....

And so, if you don't know what your rights are, how can you stand up for them? And furthermore, if you don't know what's in the document, how can you care if someone is shredding it?

The senior lounge of my high school contained a mural of Frank Zappa, a true American, who hated drugs, preferring red wine and coffee, and

who stood up for the principles that Mr. McCullough, Mr. Heller, and Mrs. Webb taught us. Zappa was far from perfect. In his personal life and his music, he sometimes took open-mindedness too far, but he understood the value of liberty. If only politicians like Ocasio-Cortez, Bush, or Obama, who seek to trample our rights, were held accountable under the Constitution, which contains provisions regarding not only limited government but also treason.

While I felt nothing sexual for Mrs. Webb, the spitfire who resembled a diminutive Wonder Woman, I had a crush on Paige Crichton, who had red hair. My feelings were romantic rather than sexual, and I couldn't find the guts to ask her out. My theory is I was subconsciously dodging suggestions regarding brunettes, like Kim Holliday, and blondes, like Cassie Housch, by falling in love with a redhead. One time, my friends and I visited her, singing carols at her door, across from the Kennett Golf and Country Club, where I had learned the fox trot, cha cha, lindy hop, and waltz, just a few years earlier. I remember being determined to ask out Paige, at least to the prom, after school, but I always chickened out. I did call her more than once, when I was drunk, and we talked. I remember her describing the Moulin Rouge to me after she visited Paris. At the end of the year, we exchanged addresses, and I wrote her a ridiculous letter nine months later, confessing my undying love. She answered it, but I moved on. Writing Paige rid me of my crush, and it gave me confidence, helping me express my feelings to other women.

Meanwhile, I played tennis with Aude Martin, a beautiful French exchange student, whom I definitely found attractive. Aude lived with Polly Nyquist, another victim of the program, who could never stop talking. That's always a sign of mind control and neuro-linguistic programming. Polly went on to study at Duke University, to get a law degree from Harvard, and to work as a senior vice president for Fannie Mae and Capital One. But back then, she was just a mildly annoying girl in my classes with whom Aude lived. Aude and I played tennis at least once a week. Sometimes we played in senior gym, where I chose racquetball and bowling off grounds for two marking periods, and tennis at Unionville for the other two. We would also meet after school to hit balls and share a large bottle of Perrier between sets. I enjoyed making Aude run, back and forth, across the court, so she would sweat until her nipples thrust against her damp shirt. It was sexy. We also spent time together on our senior trip to Florida, rubbing suntan lotion on each other's shoulders, and I definitely noticed when her bush peaked out from the bottom of her bathing suit. I asked her to go to a party with me once, but she declined. Later, at graduation, she asked me if I knew of a similar party, but I didn't. Nothing was going on, no one dated, and we needed an activity to share.

One of those activities was drugs, and I remember smoking reefer and doing nitrous oxide with Michelle Lyster, Craig Horvat, and Colin McConnell, having parked at the rural crossroads of Willowdale, the site of the unfortunate incident with Toni Perry. After senior trip,

Michelle bought some cocaine, which she and I divvied up together. She would go to the city to buy it from strangers, as CIA sought to set up her rape. I did that cocaine at another pull-off by the Olde Ridge Village, surrounded then by fields, along with Mike Slack and Myra Velasco. Recalling Michele Weldon, I thought to myself, "Why are so many pretty girls named Michelle?"

One time I wish I could have been a better friend to Michelle. When we went to Disney World for our senior trip, Michelle's boyfriend, Tom Walsh, broke up with her, and she was distraught. She cried, and cried, at the airport. I left her girlfriends to comfort her, but I wish I had said something. Later, when we partnered up in crime, I expressed my regret, and I apologized for not speaking. Michelle was over Tom by then, so it was cool; but, by causing her boyfriend to break things off the morning of our senior trip, CIA had ruined her vacation. That's them all over.

I enjoyed hanging out not only with Michelle Lyster but with Kristin Herbster, whose husband later taught at Stanford, a hotbed of mind control, and who remains a friend. Then there were sparks of sexuality, like when Michelle and I stripped down to our underwear, soaking in the hot tub at Mike Slack's party, or when Kristin and I swam at a waterpark in Florida, and I could see a spray of wiry hair peak out of her one-piece suit. A wonderful flirtation for us all on the senior trip was to rub suntan lotion on each other's shoulders. Earlier I had made a tape of the English Beat for Kristin, and I gave her my old green jacket,

which she admired. I wanted to play tennis with her over the summer, after we returned from Disney World, but she was always busy working. Still, in August, she came by, drinking iced tea and hanging out, so we exchanged addresses, writing each other at Colby and Pomona Colleges. Kristin probably thinks I'm crazy, and we've had our rocky moments, but she remains a true friend.

On our senior trip, I am ashamed to say we went to Sea World, where we saw Shamu, the orca, perform. I didn't know any better, and it was fun to sit in the splash zone, especially since it was so hot. Years later I would learn the true story behind the orcas, who are taken from their families, or bred in captivity, then forced to live in small tanks, false social groupings, and chemically altered water. Over four-fifths of the males have their dorsal fin collapse, an event that seldom happens in the wild. Some fight back, becoming aggressive, as Tilikum killed his trainer and Kasatka dragged her trainer under when she heard her baby crying for her. Sixty-two orcas have died at Sea World—and not a single one from old age. These include Chappy, Jumbo, Zero, King, Caren, Freyja, Maggie, Wolfie, Sarah, Shamu, Kanduu, Kilroy, Orky, Nootka, Winston, Kona, Frankie, Canuck, Shawn, Bjossa, Baby Shamu, Splash, Sumar, Ramu, Sandy, Kenau, Gudrun, Kalina, Taima, Nyar, Kahana, Kotar, Haida, Samoa, Katerina, Taku, Halyn, Kayla, Tilikum, Kyara, Kasatka, and Unna. It is criminal what Sea World does to these majestic creatures, whom my daughter and I would see, years later, swimming wild in the San Juan Islands.

As horrible as the imprisonment of orcas at Sea World is, it is nothing next to the wanton destruction caused by the United States Navy. The Navy has caused mass cetacean strandings, so that the Natural Resources Defense Council sued this association of homosexual degenerates for conducting exercises in violation of several environmental laws, including the Endangered Species Act, the Marine Mammal Protection Act, and the Environmental Policy Act. Consequently, the Court of Appeals of the Ninth Circuit restored a ban on the Navy's use of sonar in training missions off Southern California until it adopted better safeguards for whales, dolphins, and other marine mammals. The war criminal, traitor, and child molester George Bush attempted to exempt the Navy from the court's ruling, but the Court of Appeals came back to say, no, it really meant what it said. Then the United States Supreme Court overturned the Court of Appeals in a five-to-four decision. Let's hope that ruling changes with the composition of the court.

Let's not forget the Navy develops things like sonar, and the microwave technology used to harass us, at the Naval Weapons Center at China Lake, where treasonous scum rape and electro-shock thousands of babies as part of their obscene mind control programs. No wonder we see outright satanic use of sonar, gamma rays, and HAARP that kills whales not only accidentally but deliberately. On March 22, 2018, the first day of the Illuminati's obscene Season of Sacrifice, celebrated in the logo of Skull and Bones, more than one hundred and fifty short-finned

pilot whales stranded themselves at Hamelin Bay. Tell me that's an accident.

Meanwhile, senior year, my family stayed at Beach Haven on the southern end of Long Beach Island. Our house had a flat roof on which my brother and I would play hacky-sack while we listened to the Doors or Led Zeppelin on our boom-box, which we also took down to the beach. We had just gone to see Bob Dylan and the Grateful Dead play at JFK Stadium. Now sports arenas are named for banks, but then we named ours after a great man, honoring one of several presidents whom the Illuminati assassinated. Even though I had an unpleasant experience taking LSD at the Dead Show, I took the drug several more times, hoping for the psychedelic awakening described in books. I had a few tabs with me at the beach, and I remember taking one, watching a strange tattooing appear on my mother's face, filled with love as she looked at me, or seeing the grain of the bathroom door transform into a dancing Maya Indian. As always, I read books, including one by Ken Follett on Afghanistan, and I strongly felt we supported the wrong side. It was very obvious that the Moslems were extremely sexist, while the Soviets sought to bring civilized values to the region. The men in my family played golf on the mainland, shot pool in an old billiard hall in Atlantic City, and went to the movies and the arcade. In the morning we ate sticky buns from the bakery, as we watched the sun rise; in the evening we ate steamers, as we watched it set on the bay. With my grandparents, my aunt and uncle, my cousin, my immediate family, and

my friend, Sean Shotzberger, we sunbathed on the beach, and we jumped waves, swimming in the ocean. Back at the house, we worked on our jigsaw puzzle, and we played cards, sometimes venturing out by foot or bicycle, to hit the waterslides or engage in a round of miniature golf.

One day I rode my bicycle to the bookstore, where I bought that month's Playboy. It contained pictures of Sharry Konopski, whom I have sought to honor in the third part of the prequel to this book, Stories When Little: Growing Up Under MK-ULTRA. Was she just another Playmate? Were they trying to make me associate her with Sharon Niemkiewicz? They both had the same first name, a Polish last name, and they did not look dissimilar. I almost never had rape fantasies about Playmates, and I quickly dropped unhealthy fantasies about Jordie's girlfriend; so, as an English gentleman once said to me, whatever they were trying for, they failed. But still Miss Konopski struck me with her beauty, I often fantasized about her, and now I feel a special affinity for this beautiful and strong lady.

Did the enemy later want me to associate Miss Konopski with other Polish-American women?

Certainly, I have always had a thing for Poles—for their physical beauty, their strength, and their independence. When Poland was invaded by the Nazis and the Communists, Polish cavalry charged enemy tanks. Later many Polish gentlemen flew in the Royal Air Force for the country that sold them out to Stalin. John Paul II, born Karol

Józef Wojtyła, stood up for his people when the Soviets threatened to roll in tanks against the Solidarity Movement, telling the premier he would fly home so the Commies would have to arrest the Pope if they wanted to smash the union. No wonder CIA tried to have him killed, as he took a bullet from a brainwashed assassin in broad daylight. Morons told ethnic jokes about the Polish in the seventies and the eighties, while the country produced geniuses like Copernicus, Chopin, and Madame Curie—not to mention Joseph Conrad, a sea captain who, using a foreign language, wrote some of the greatest novels in English.

Today the scum abuse me with microwave harassment, so even a fantasy of Sharry Konopski becomes impossible. Still, that is nothing next to what the trash made this heroic woman endure. I take my inspiration from her, and I hope you take a moment to read about her life at the end of Stories When Little.

Back in the summer of 1987, I was fantasizing about Miss Konopski, having imaginary sex with her, when I could have had a real girlfriend. At Kendal, a blonde co-worker, Donna, who was pretty, pleasant, and kind, had an obvious crush on me, but I never asked her out. At the beach, I tossed a frisbee with a girl who lived a block over, playing in the surf, and I could feel our mutual sexual interest, but I never reached out to her. At Old Bay Village, where we went at night, another beautiful young woman picked me up, talking with me and giving me her phone number, but I never called. I was behaving exactly as I was programmed, isolating myself, lost in a fantasy world.

Years later, I remembered the words of my friend Blair Hickey's mother, Jess Hendrickson, to mine.

Tim's really handsome.

I'm surprized he doesn't have a girlfriend.

It would take a while before I figured that one out.

BOOK TWO: DIONYSOS AND APOLLO

In May of 1987, I was accepted to three colleges of my choice: Georgetown, Middlebury, and Pomona. My dad often flew for DuPont, so he racked up the frequent flyer miles. We could easily fly to California to check out the Claremont Colleges.

Daddy taught me how to travel, as I later taught my daughter. How to stand with one's suitcase between one's legs, or at least touching it, so a crook could not easily steal one's things—and, more important, so a thief would pass on, looking for an easier target. How to speak with someone from the airlines to get an upgrade or to reroute one's flight: polite, friendly, and firm.

I learned a lot from my father, and he did a lot for me. He always coached our teams. When I played lacrosse, my father stood, smoking his pipe, on the sidelines. When I was on the academic team, much like college bowl, in which a group of bright students fields questions, Dad would take off work to see me compete, calling encouragement from the audience. I took this for granted, but, at Pomona, I met people who had a very different experience. Kenji Nakano, from Honoka`a, on the Big Island of Hawai`i, told me, when he paddled for Punahou School, his parents never went to see him once. That was not my dad, who felt happy and proud to spend time with me, and to make sacrifices, even when I was ungrateful.

Together we flew out to Los Angeles, waiting in the Clipper Club, before our flight took off. Dad was reading Wilbur Smith, and I remember looking over his shoulder, thinking I could read much faster than he, as I glanced at a page containing threatened rape in Rhodesia. What a coincidence. Of all the pages in that book, that page, and only that page, was the one I looked at. Using remote control, the scum had turned my head at just that moment, for just that passage, while they filled me with a sense of false superiority toward my father, who supported my independence and my education, all with the technology described in the appendices to this book.

At Claremont, we both fell in love with what would become my college. I sat in on classes with Brian Stonehill and Stephen Erickson, who would later become my teachers. Having seen all we needed to see, we left Pomona College; and we drove to the coast. There we saw two prostitutes standing on a corner, on whom my father commented, calling them working girls. Did the scum actually think we would pick them up? Daddy went on to speculate how mixed up the teenagers in another neighborhood must be, given the obvious wealth on display. Perhaps this too was the result of a V2K suggestion, which misfired, as the trash encouraged him to think ill of me. They were failing left and right, and we were growing closer together. For supper we had oysters and mignonette, so good my father indulged my request for seconds, washed down with Pouilly-Fumé. A silent film, The Thief

of Bagdad, played on t.v. in our hotel that night. The next day, on the flight home, we flew business class, the only time I have done so.

While I was enamored not merely with Pomona but with California, little did I know the land of which I dreamed, like America, stood on its last legs. The New World Order targeted California, once the greatest state in the union, long ago, so it is now the worst—unrecognizable from what it was the year of my birth. The conspirators have unleashed wave after wave of undesirables against the Bear Republic, first the degenerates of Hollywood, then the white trash from Oklahoma, then the hippies brainwashed to promote drugs and promiscuity, and finally the illegal immigrants. CIA started riots in 1965 and 1992, using misleading footage from the Rodney King arrest, omitting his attempt to strangle a police officer, and trying a similar trick with the trial of O.J. Simpson, whom they blamed for the murder of his white wife. Today the state is bankrupt, with a real debt of three trillion dollars, but somehow it counts as one of the world's greatest economies. Meanwhile the Air Force uses directed energy weapons to burn people's houses down, herding them into FEMA camps, so land can be cleared for a high-speed railway, in which Senator Dianne Feinstein owns an interest, eventually to connect to world-wide rail, a \$250 trillion project, sponsored by the Red Chinese.

Pomona is a well kept secret. A beautiful college, with Spanish architecture, immaculately landscaped, it is always rated among the top five liberal arts colleges in the country. It sits adjacent to the

other Claremont Colleges, which include Scripps College (for women), Harvey Mudd (for scientists), and Pitzer College (for people who didn't get into Pomona). All have beautiful grounds, some share sports teams, and students can enjoy all the facilities of the sister colleges. If you live west of the Mississippi, Pomona is harder to get into than Harvard. I guess that's why they let me in: I lived east of that river.

It goes without saying that many intelligent people attend the school. Professors often send their children to Pomona, and famous alumni include historian Paul Fussell, choreographer Twyla Tharp, and Judge Stephen Reinhardt, the Liberal Lion of the Ninth Circuit. Although not officially a student, Frank Zappa, the civil libertarian who decried the switchover from teaching civics, in which high school students learned to exercise their rights as Americans, to learning social studies, with its moral and cultural relativism, used to hang out with one of the music professors. Many from Hollywood have attended Pomona, and I am ashamed to say the college has more than its share of Illuminati trash.

Perhaps it is significant that Pomona is the Goddess of the Harvest. The Illuminati's Season of the Harvest runs from the Autumnal Equinox to Samhain, All Souls Day, and the Day of the Dead, which are preceded in New Jersey by Mischief Night, known in Michigan as Devil's Night. My friend, Dr. Katherine Horton, has spoken of her Oxford college, Hertford, where the sign of the hart marks those hunted by the Illuminati just as gifted programs mark those gifted to the

scum. If anything, Pomona's name may indicate that its students will be harvested.

Roy Disney went to Pomona, and Disney World, along with Disneyland, provides the venue for horrific abuse. Cisco Wheeler and Fritz Springmeier describe the rôle of Disney in CIA's obscene MK-ULTRA program. Cathy O'Brien calls Disney "a programming epicenter for MK-ULTRA mind-controlled slaves from military intelligence, special forces, spies, and even entertainers." Susan Ford, writing as Brice Taylor, tells ghastly stories about her childhood meeting with Walt Disney, Roy's uncle, and her associated abuse. Disney introduced her to a man who gave her viewmaster goggles with pictures of "cut up bodies, dead cats skinned with big eyeballs and their tails cut off, people cut up." During the Alice in Wonderland Ride, he stuck needles in her, saying, "This is not really happening." Often he raped her on Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, hurting her badly and programming her sexually. As a man at the Swiss Family Robinson Tree House told her, "Your mother is not your real mother, your father is not your real father. You are made of much greater things, so great in fact that Walt Disney would claim you for his own."

Kris Kristofferson is another Illuminati scumbag who went to my college. Like Bill Clinton, Kristofferson was a Rhodes Scholar. With the exception of Dr. Naomi Wolf, and perhaps a few others, you can bet anyone who receives that scholarship is bad news. At minimum, they have been heavily programmed. Also suggestive of Kristofferson's

programming is his father, an Air Force major general. Air Force is always bad. Although the branch contains good people who don't know what's going on, it is run by a satanic movement called ORION, and it participates heavily in the ongoing torture of American citizens, called the Mission. Kristofferson's controllers marked him for fame in the 1950s, when he appeared in Sports Illustrated, for playing at my small college, which is Division III. It's pretty unusual for Sports Illustrated to feature a Division III player.... After receiving flight training as a helicopter pilot and completing Army Ranger School, Kristofferson became a singer-songwriter and an actor, a force in outlaw country music. He also became a slaver for the Vatican. Cathy O'Brien tells how he raped, tortured, and electro-shocked her along with Lieutenant Colonel Michael Aquino, a satanist who molested children at Army bases. Kristofferson almost killed Mrs. O'Brien, strangling her with his penis, an act that excited him, late in the summer of 1987, just when I started at Pomona.

Little did I know how much Illuminati trash had gone to my college, but maybe the worst is Lynn Forester de Rothschild, the wife of Sir Evelyn de Rothschild, to whom Henry Kissinger led her at the 1998 Bilderberg Group Conference. I don't even know where to start with this female degenerate. She is a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, the International Institute for Strategic Studies, and Chatham House, where the destruction of Rhodesia was agreed. Rothschild's company owns The Economist, and she founded a billion-dollar

broadband wireless venture, used for microwave harassment. She supports Hillary Clinton, who is involved in human trafficking, who raped Cathy O'Brien and was sexually excited by her mutilated privates. The Rothschild Crime Syndicate financed both sides of every European war for the last two hundred years, and they have caused countless financial disasters. They are satanists who have purposely destroyed the fabric of civilization, spreading their perversion through society. This alumna's husband, Sir Evelyn de Rothschild, is the financial advisor to the Queen of England, whose crimes I describe below, rumored to be worth over twenty billion dollars. No one should have that much money—especially not these scum.

At all of seventeen years old, I felt a false sense of independence, which my parents fed through their unwavering support. I thought I was owed a college education, at the best college, although I also felt an obligation to make grades. I really wanted to learn, and I was keen to read as many books as possible, take classes from the best teachers, and become a cultured person. I could see other students knew more than I did, so I wanted to learn from them and catch up. For the first time, I was not effortlessly the best student in class.

Brainwashed to isolate myself, I wanted to have a single my freshman year; but the college required room-mates. We lived in Walker Dormitory on North Campus, although almost all the other freshmen lived on South Campus. That's the best CIA could do to isolate me at the time. Freshmen in Smiley, the oldest dorm west of the Mississippi,

lived in crowded quarters, so they all became friends. You could see them eating lunch together at a single table in Frary, under a fresco of Prometheus painted by José Clemente Orozco, one of the three great muralists of Mexico.

Located in what were once the orange groves of Southern California, Pomona has many Latin touches; but, with a few exceptions, almost all the students were Anglo-Americans. The staff, on the other hand, from the dishwashers to the gardeners was almost entirely Mexican. Stucco buildings with red tile floors and rooves decorate the beautifully landscaped grounds. Nonetheless, for reasons of its own, Hollywood regards the campus as having an eastern look, so directors film there to evoke eastern colleges.

The first week we attended a dinner at the home of the president, David Alexander, another Rhodes Scholar who served as the U.S. National Secretary for the Rhodes Trust, overseeing the selection process for American Rhodes Scholars. Oddly, he even graduated from Rhodes College in Tennessee. I don't know what to make of that one. I would later see Alexander at a luciferian programming session off campus, whose memory drugs and hypnosis blur; but, otherwise, that night, the centennial celebration, and our graduation were the only times I saw the president of our college. That's probably because he took his work for the Rhodes Trust more seriously, and, like most presidents, he was a fundraiser, who measured his success by increasing the endowment by a factor of ten. (It's now more than two billion

dollars). Alexander probably made sure Lady Rothschild went to my college, and guided her later movements, just for that purpose. The Queen of England, whose satanic associations I describe below, and whom the Rothschilds advise, made him a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

Once, one of the other first years told David Alexander off. That guy's probably more targeted than I. As everyone stood in line, waiting to enter Frank Dining Hall, Alexander asked a student if he could cut in. The student read him the riot act, saying, "This is a line. You wait. You go to the end. Just like everyone else." What could the great man do but walk to the end of the line? He probably spent more time talking to students that day, as he waited, than he did the rest of the month.

All I knew was there was a mariachi band and some pretty good chow at President Alexander's house. On the way out, my roommate, Scott, had the sense to spot a table of uneaten food. He asked the president's wife if we could take it with us, so we made our way back to our rooms with two trays of fajitas and an uncut pineapple. Score! This was college living.

My room-mate Scott Patten was a great guy, his family was really cool, and I trust he still regards me as a friend. His parents were super outdoorsy, and they were on their honeymoon in Alaska during the Good Friday Quake. Lasting four minutes and thirty-eight seconds, the earthquake hit 9.2 on the Richter Scale. It was the most powerful

earthquake recorded in North American history and the second most powerful earthquake recorded in world history. When my daughter and I visited Alaska years later, the maps were still out of date from the geologic event. As we rode in the dome car between Seward and Anchorage, past the Cook Inlet, and Turnagain Arm, spotting porcupines and moose, Lily and I saw ghost forests, dead trees poisoned with salt, where the ocean was thrown inland.

Scott's father, Duncan, was a botany professor and the director for the Center of Environmental Studies at Arizona State. He later became director of the Montana Water Center and a research professor with the Department of Land Resources and Environmental Sciences at Montana State. He was senior scientist of the Bureau of Reclamations Glen Canyon Environmental Studies, overseeing the research program evaluating effects of operations of Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado River ecosystem. He was founding president of the Arizona Riparian Council, president of the Society of Wetland Scientists, and business manager of the Ecological Society of America. He is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Ecological Society of America. He has been a member of the National Academy of Sciences/National Research Council Board on Environmental Studies and Toxicology; the NAS/NRC Commission on Geoscience, Environment and Resources; and eleven NAS/NRC committees, chairing two. He served on the National Science Foundation Environmental Biology/Ecological Sciences Panel. He

participated in the development of the Heinz Center's State of the Nation's Ecosystems Project, and he was a member of the EPA Science Advisory Board.

I remember Dr. Patten as a really good fellow, Scott's dad, who took us out to dinner at a local steakhouse. He had just taken his family to Hawai'i, and next summer they went on a photo safari to Kenya. He drank only white wine, because anything stronger gave him a headache, and he was very kind to me. I was a teenage idiot, terribly hungover, as I sat through dinner that night. He could tell I was cold, so he gave me his jacket. That didn't stop him from having a word with his son, however. I had recently pierced my ear, so Dr. Patten told Scott privately, "I just want you to know. If you pierce your ear, I will treat you like a homosexual. I know young men do this nowadays, but I expect you to have more sense than Tim."

Scott's mom, Eva, was a real lady. Like her husband, she took an active rôle in land conservation—not the phoney-baloney environmentalism espoused by the New World Order described in Rosa Koire's book, Behind the Green Mask: U.N. Agenda 21. Mrs. Patten did a lot to promote the blazing of trails, conservation easements, habitat preservation, and historic preservation practices. She believed in fostering a love of the outdoors by spending time in nature, and she loved to hike. In Montana, the City of Bozeman named her Woman of the Year. She served as board president of the Gallatin Valley Land Trust and on the campaign committee for the Gallatin County Open Space

Bond campaign, raising funds to help ranchers and farmers donate conservation easements to protect open land and wildlife habitat while making it available for outdoor recreation. In Arizona, she worked on regional conservation with the League of Women Voters, she worked for The Nature Conservancy, and she helped lead an initiative to create a state program funding conservation. She even served on the Board of Directors for the Grand Canyon Trust. No wonder, with Senator Barry Goldwater, whom the Pattens supported in his 1964 run for President, Mrs. Patten was inducted as an inaugural member of the Arizona Outdoor Hall of Fame.

Scott must have picked up some of his parents' ideas about Senator Goldwater, since he wrote a paper comparing Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal to policies enacted by Adolf Hitler. Goldwater rejected the legacy of the New Deal, as he fought against the expansion of the federal government. The Pattens supported him, my dad voted for him, and the New World Order closed ranks against him, backing Johnson for president and painting Goldwater as a madman. They didn't kill Kennedy so some cowboy Episcopalian Jew from Arizona could steal the presidency back for the American people.... Like the John Birch Society, Senator Goldwater strongly opposed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, because he believed it was the thin end of the wedge, needlessly expanding the government's power at the expense of our rights. He had a big impact on the libertarian movement. Goldwater distrusted the government. He believed the Air Force was withholding

information about UFOs, and he served as vice chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence that investigated MK-ULTRA. I wonder about Goldwater's connection to freemasonry, as he belonged to the York Rite and was awarded the 33rd degree in the Scottish Rite; but he strikes me as a fundamentally good man. Maybe you have to join the masons to move forward in Arizona politics, and maybe some, even those who have high rank, just don't know what's going on.

My friend Scott Patten was as much a victim of the program as I, although we did not know it. Scott hailed from Tempe, Arizona, only ten miles from the masonic stronghold of Phoenix. He was a great guy, the captain of the football team, who played piano, and he introduced me to some good music. Because of his older brothers and sisters, Scott was listening to the Allman Brothers, Pat Metheny, Les McCann and Eddie Harris. The exchange went both ways. I like to think I introduced him to some good music, too. Back then, I listened to a lot of classical, as I built my record collection, so we would sometimes sit, quiet, listening to an album.

Scott and I always got along well, as we each did with our room-mate Noah. One time we worked together, so I would not wake him as he slept, tired from football practice. With him in our bedroom, and me in the front room, we experimented with the settings on the stereo system until we found the number on the dial where music was inaudible through the closed door.

A classmate, Max Brodie, from neighboring Scottsdale, Arizona, was already a studio musician, an eccentric genius who later became known as the drummer and saxophonist for Ministry. He told me Scott had good taste in music, and I believed him. Max, who lived upstairs from us, showed heavy signs of programming. He was cousin to Joy Booth, whose ancestor shot Lincoln, and whose family was riddled with luciferian abuse. More than most, he did his share of psychedelics, and he worked on some avant garde music projects. I remember his brother, Doug, doing a multi-media show called Two-Dimensional Billy, where a woman danced while a slide projector shot pictures of flames on her body. What strikes me now is the names. In college, Max played saxophone in an amazing jazz ensemble called Uncontrollable Sphincter. Later, he played in bands called Insect Sex Act, Areola 51, Shit Sherlock, Test Apes, Suffer Robot, and Rapeman. Those names scream MK-ULTRA.

Leaving aside Max Brodie's group, Rapeman, Scott received rape suggestions from the trash at CIA. I remember discussing Civilization and Its Discontents with him, and he agreed with the thesis, telling me he sometimes imagined strangling people in his classes. I had the same experience in high school when, for no reason I can understand, I would imagine strangling my social studies teacher. This had to be a hypnotic suggestion. Later in college, Scott said of someone, "Wouldn't you just love to hate-fuck her?" At the time, I could not admit rape as a fantasy, but the phrase struck me as secretly attractive.

There was no intent to harm the woman, and neither of us could even think to call the hypnotically implanted desire rape; but our minds were on the same track. I know that Scott would never force himself on anyone, nor would I; but that didn't stop the scum from pushing rape on us.

Later, I would really get into rape comics, especially with respect to Wonder Woman, eventually convincing myself of their harmlessness since they involved only drawings on a page or, later, images on a computer. I saw the first such drawings because of Scott. Freshman year, after I returned from Spring Break, I found a hardbound copy of Druuna by Paolo Serpieri sitting on a desk in our room. Druuna is a sexy, black-haired woman who lives in a post-apocalyptic world, appearing naked, having sex, and suffering rape. More interesting are the books' constant references to trans-humanism, cybernetics, artificial telepathy, drugs, hypnotism, amnesic walls, splitting, sleep paralysis, déjà vu, and mind control. Druuna has sold more than a million copies in twelve languages. Scott's brother picked this one up in Paris. Given his background in Tempe, not to mention my own MK-ULTRA experiences, I have absolutely no doubt that CIA used him to introduce me to the graphic novel.

People can fight suggestions even in their sleep, so Druuna didn't take. I found her sexy, intermittently, for about a month, but then she lost her power. The last time I looked at her, my friend, Monica, came by my room to get something, and she saw me reading the graphic

novel. She asked what it was, and I casually showed it to her, saying it was a pornographic comic that belonged to my room-mate. She asked why anyone would ever look at that, and I thought she had a good point. The incident strikes me as curious since it is the only time I can remember Monica visiting my room. We were often in hers but never in mine. The fact that she showed up then, while I read the erotic book, seems suspicious, especially since I immediately lost interest in Druuna and Monica after that day. Effortlessly I had rejected another of the buffoons' suggestions.

Monica was a resident advisor, or R.A., of Walker Dormitory. She had dark brown hair, and we spent a lot of time together, smoking reefer in her room. CIA was pushing suggestions at me, comparing her to Wonder Woman. At the beginning of freshman year, I had a slight crush on her, and we hung out a lot. I was extremely clueless, and prey to a lifetime of programming, so I remember the first time I sat next to her, on her bed, wondering if I was expected to kiss her. In the first month of college, she sent me to her room to get something, and I looked in her underwear drawer, as I had with Tina Henoch. Monica resembled Tina in that we hung out on a daily basis for almost a year, and then we inexplicably lost interest in each other, having no further contact.

Monica advised me as to teachers, and I listened to her, so we took four courses together: Human Ethology, Philosophy in Literature, Classical Mythology, and James Joyce.

The class on Joyce was taught by Brian Stonehill, whom the agency targeted and murdered. Joyce went to Jesuit schools, at which so many are programmed and where so many suffer. Like Vladimir Nabokov, who wrote Lolita, an exploration of child molestation, and Pale Fire, an exploration of homosexuality, which I would later read in Stonehill's course on contemporary fiction, Joyce became famous for writing a dirty book, Ulysses, banned for many years in the States. In the novel, Molly Bloom cheats on her husband, masturbates, and goes into an erotic interior monologue. Stream of consciousness is a fraud. It's not the way people think; it's how they're made to listen to chatter broadcast by V2K. Nothing says MK-ULTRA like the constant talk with which they plague us, voice to skull, combined with jibberish and obscenity. In Joyce's realism, we see things that no one should see, and that's supposed to be deep. In the book, Molly's husband, Leopold Bloom, wipes his ass with a newspaper, as he sits in the outhouse, later to peep at a statue's anus. Here I describe obscenity to expose it, like Dickens, Molière, or Suetonius; but Joyce does so for its own sake. Meanwhile, Stephen Dedalus grows alienated from his father, reads books, and drinks until he cannot stand up. Joy Booth, who became important to me, was subjected to Ulysses by her boyfriend. Greg Liegey, who was brainwashed by Jesuits, read it at Regis. The trash wanted me to hang out with Liegey, our upstairs neighbor, whom they held in their thrall; but we spoke of the book, along with The Stranger, which describes the senseless killing of an Arab, only once.

CIA wanted to push me into perversion, but my ignorance protected me. I felt a fool because I had not read Hamlet, which I determined to read later. For the first time, I began to feel modest about my intelligence and my reading. I explored the classical past, through my first exposure to The Odyssey, which I read in tandem with Ulysses. I had so much to learn! I felt inspired to read every great book I could find. And I needed to be more modest—not to mention a better son. In this regard, I felt struck by Bloom’s kindness to the undeserving Stephen Dedalus, as he played the patient father to a drunken pseudo-intellectual fool, not to mention by his patience with his difficult wife. My own life, like my relationship with my dad, was echoed in Ulysses, which picked up with an immature young man who resented his father for being proud of giving him the best education money could buy. As I began to overcome this attitude, fostered by the scum at CIA, I rhapsodized, occasionally, on Bloom’s humanity, to my father, Joy, and others. It was a subject on which I wrote my final paper. My teacher, a genius who studied under Joyce’s biographer Richard Ellmann, said my essay was deceptively simple, and he gave me an A.

It’s funny how people give each other nicknames. We all had one, as our neighbor Chris Todd handed them out.

Chris was a victim of the program if ever there was one, which makes sense since he came from an Illuminati family. John Jacob Astor, James Madison, and Abraham Lincoln all married Todds, and many, like Mary Todd Lincoln, had the mental health issues that come

from intergenerational abuse. The Todds are a branch of the Collins Bloodline, which was also represented at my college, by a frat boy who later became party to a homosexual and interracial marriage, and the family is frequently associated with satanism. The first time I ever heard of Aleister Crowley was through Chris Todd, and my neighbor often listened to satanic heavy metal. Still he was a good guy, vehemently anti-rape, with an all-American persona. A genius who came from Mount Vernon, Washington, a remote area near the San Juan Islands, Chris was an All-American soccer player. You'd have thought he'd be a world-beater, but he was targeted. He never had a girlfriend in college, his grades were middling, and he drank far more than the rest of us. Abuse took a terrible toll on him.

Most indicative of MK-ULTRA, Chris constantly spoke nonsense. Especially when I smoked reefer, I used to do that a lot, but Chris was fluent in jibber-jabber, without the aid of controlled substances, while I was merely proficient when on them. If you asked him what he said, you would just get the same phrase in jibberish, slower and louder, still slower and still louder, until you figured out what he meant. It was his idea of a joke.

Upon graduation, Chris became a hot-shot firefighter, jumping from airplanes to extinguish forest blazes, like in the book Young Men and Fire. Later he would adventure as he backpacked through Thailand or drove a potato harvester combine in North Dakota. Thus he struggled against the scum that sought to use him, while they

reduced him to a life of mediocrity, but eventually the New World Order brought him to heel. Today the man works as a managing partner of Hammer Haley, an executive search firm.

That means NSA uses mind control on him, so he can make sure either that people don't get jobs or that they go exactly where NSA wants them to. He's not in on it, but that's how they use people. I know because I dealt with those firms in my twelve years as a corporate lawyer in Wilmington, Delaware, the home of the premier business court in the country, the Court of Chancery, in the state where two-thirds of the Fortune 500 are incorporated and a majority of private equity firms and hedge funds are formed.

Chris Todd and our mutual friend, Britton Shepard, spoke something akin to Cockney rhyming slang, with one word substituted for the other. Some Cockneys will say "nuclear sub" instead of "pub" or "apples and pears" instead of "stairs," or even drop the rhyming word so "mate," which led to "china plate," becomes "china." Right, me old china? Likewise, Chris and Britton began to speak in a similar fashion, calling the library "the Leibniz," quarters "quagmires," and so on. When introduced to my room-mate Noah's girlfriend, Elsa, over the din of a party, Chris heard her name as "Osa," and Dave Osaki was someone he had heard of but couldn't place, so he referred to Elsa as Dave, until Noah told him to stop. Neither Britton nor Chris associated this speech phenomenon with Cockneys, and they weren't smoking

cannabis. It made no sense whatsoever, but neither does Cockney rhyming slang.

Given what I saw of mind control at Pomona, my own experience of V2K oppressors, and what I saw in England, I think Cockney rhyming slang is a product of the Tavistock Institute. Certainly, whenever you find yourself using a ridiculous expression, it is almost invariably the scum substituting their drug-induced nonsense for your thoughts by artificial telepathy or for your words by forced speech. Whatever the reason, MK-ULTRA loves puns. Remember how they put Wacky Packages before me, Chrissy, and Alicia? Ask Cathy O'Brien, who blew the whistle on PROJECT MONARCH, writing a book called Trance-Formation of America.

Everyone had an odd nickname. In college, people called me "Myrrh," which came partly from Timmer and partly from me sounding my barbaric yawp. My room-mate Noah called me "Yahweh," Hebrew for Jehovah, because I had purported a familiarity with the Old Testament I did not have. Britton was called "Blarot" from the mispronunciation of his name when he lived as a boy in France or "Brittar" from the nearly illegible post-script to a note his girlfriend had hastily scrawled as an afterthought, after their break-up: "Hi Britton!" We called Chris "Criqui;" and, because he introduced Days of Our Lives to us, we called newcomer Dave Aafedt "Days."

What also strikes me as strange is the presence of two Scooters in my life. Back at Unionville High School, we called Craig

Horvat “Scooter;” and, just a year later, we called Scott Patten, who now goes by “Scoobanks,” “Scooter.”

Later, on the world stage, Lewis “Scooter” Libby, who went to Andover and Yale, was an advisor to the war criminal and traitor, Dick Cheney, who savagely raped Cathy O’Brien under the auspices of the program. Libby was convicted of obstruction of justice, perjury, and making false statements, and his law license was suspended, in connection with the leak of CIA officer Valerie Plame Wilson’s identity. His buddy, George W. Bush, or Dubya, who raped Margie Schoedinger, a woman who was suicided after she sued the president, commuted Libby’s sentence. He went by “Scooter,” too.

So what’s up with all the Scooters? Maybe nothing, but I can’t help but notice certain names and nicknames recur. My father called my mother “Bee” for no reason I understand. Years later, I would meet Barbara Rowe, who worked for CIA and Air America in the Secret War in Laos. Her husband, Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Rowe II, of the Air Force, called her “Bee,” too. In the first two books of this series, no fewer than four Scotts cross my path. Maybe it’s noise, or maybe it’s signal. Maybe it has something to do with MK-ULTRA, or maybe I’m just being paranoid. That’s how they want us to be. Either way, it makes me wonder whether something’s going on.

Aside from James Joyce, Monica directed me to a course called Classical Mythology, which we took together. This was full of stories about rape, but they didn’t work on my imagination. I was

simply taken by Professor Glass's lectures. Still, the only time he asked a question to the class, it concerned rape. Our professor, who also fought suggestions in his sleep, had us buy The Golden Ass by Apuleius; but he never assigned it on the syllabus. This work contains cartel signalling in a broader sense in that it depicts magic and metamorphosis, while it employs the nesting technique of hypnosis. Meanwhile, it describes unspeakable filth including bestiality, pædophilia, incest, rape, homosexual group sex, animal cruelty, kidnapping, and murder. Thank God I never read this trash.

Some of the stories concerned heavenly bodies. Later I would take a course at Scripps College, Ancient Near East (Text and Image), in which I would write poems in blank verse, hymns to Ra and the solar disk, as I sunbathed in Harwood Court. Likewise, my friend Britton Shepard and I were struck by the story of Phaëthon, the son of Helios, who rashly asked to drive his father's chariot, a wish the god was bound to honor, only to lose control of it, as the horses got away from him, scorching northern Africa; so Apollo and Artemis, who strike from afar, had to shoot him down. As Britton said, Phaëthon's dad should never have given him the keys to the sportscar.

Inspired by our course in geology, Britton and I saw, each for the first time, that the stars have colors. Betelgeuse, the red giant that sits on Orion's shoulder, burns red, just as Rigel, the blue giant at his foot, burns blue. In Professor Glass's course, I learned the story of the hunter who raped Merope, in his cups, and threatened to kill every

beast on earth. Little did I know that ORION is a satanic group within the Air Force, just as the Temple of Set, founded by Colonel Aquino, lies within the Army.

The Air Force bears as much responsibility for treasonous and obscene attacks as the Central Intelligence Agency. From Schriever Air Force Base, and its double, not to mention Peterson Air Force Base, the home of the North American Aerospace Defense Command, or NORAD, the satanic traitors use their supercomputers to attack our bodies, hearts, and minds with the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP).

The Pyramids of Giza mirror the stars in Orion's belt, so I suspect the same is true of these three bases. We all stand "under the three stars." Flyboys mock the so-called airmen, calling them gnomes, as they live under fluorescent light, hidden from the sky, playing with their toys, deep in the Magic Mountain. Like my friend Britton, like my friends the Dunns, the scum live in Colorado. The gnomes infest the Rocky Mountain Empire, but I doubt their masters let them ski or hike the woods. Meanwhile, their slaves, with robotic movements, and sparkly dead eyes, roam the earth.

I was struck not only by Orion, and the surrounding constellations, which I began to learn, but by the planet Venus, seen in Babylon as Ishtar, and in Sumer as Inanna, the goddess of light, furious war, and sexual desire. My programmers blasphemously sought to interest me in the story of Inanna's rape by the gardener Shukaletuda,

who finds her sleeping under a poplar tree; but I saw her, correctly, as the enforcer of justice who turns the seas to blood, strikes the mountains with storms, and unleashes plagues upon the earth, before she kills her rapist. Inanna avenged the murder of her mortal husband, the shepherd Dumuzid. Once the Queen of Heaven smashed Mount Ebih, earning the name Destroyer of Kur. In her lighter moments, she entered into a drinking contest with her father, Enki, the water god whose daughter Ninkasi invented beer, so she could steal the sacred mes and bring them back to her city, Uruk. (The mes are gifts from gods to humans, and they create civilization through tools, cultural institutions, and life patterns). I admire Inanna as a beautiful survivor and avenger. She is the Star of the War Cry, the Lady of the Field, furious in battle, the blaze kindled against the enemy, who appears as the first star in the sky and the last to leave. Here I invoke her aid!

Perhaps the imbeciles meant to interest me in Inanna's descent to the underworld. Making the hero's journey, like Hercules, Aeneas, or Jesus, Inanna dresses elaborately for her quest, wearing clothing and carrying accouterments that embody the mes. She passes through seven gates, and she is required to lay one item aside at each, until she stands naked before her elder sister Ereshkigal. Inanna is killed, and her body is hung on a hook. Her father, Enki, makes two figures from clay, just as he sculpted the first humans. These are sexless, just as sexual activity ceases on earth during Inanna's absence. The

emissaries appease Ereshkigal, and they return to earth with resurrected Inanna.

Oddly, while we read these stories in my class on Mesopotamia, a beautiful lady from East Germany sat next to me, every day, at the conference table. She had the white blonde hair and cold blue eyes prized by the scum, and her presence in California alone was suspicious. In the 1980s, East Germany was something like North Korea is now; and its secret police, the STASI, severely oppressed the people while they restricted movement outside the country. The beautiful Katarina Witt, who skated in the Olympics and posed in Playboy, was one exception; and the student in my class was another. Still, the Ministry for State Security kept a three-thousand-page file on Katarina Witt; and I am sure, with the CIA, they were watching me and my classmate. Later, Markus Wolf, the head of the East German secret police, would work for the Department of Homeland Security to deprive Americans of our liberties.

I would imagine the story of Inanna, known in Babylon as Ishtar, was used to program my classmate. She came from East Berlin, where the Ishtar Gate stands, adorned with golden lions on bricks of lapis lazuli, which I had seen four years earlier on a school trip. The City of Inanna, Uruk, was born seven thousand years ago, but the gate comes only from Babylon, a mere two thousand and five hundred years ago, when the Roman Republic, founded on the killing of the rapist king, Tarquin, sprang into being. In Babylon, whence the Illuminati

claim their descent, there was a procession, every year, to the Ishtar Gate. The date? You guessed it: the First Day of Spring, which begins the Season of Sacrifice. God knows what strange rites took place in Communist Germany, at the Ishtar Gate, where women stripped naked, travelling through a seven-step journey of hellish transformation; but I suspect my classmate, the beautiful daughter of an East German dignitary, allowed the unheard-of privilege to study in California, must have taken part in them.

This lady walked home with me, from class, since we were the only students to come from colleges other than Scripps. The scum may have wanted for us to hook up, but I did not feel sexual desire for her. At the recommendation of my teacher, I had read Gilgamesh the King, by Robert Silverberg, which emphasized the tension between the palace and the temple, the king and the priestess, just as it described the sacred marriage in which they coupled, once a year, atop the ziggurat, to ensure the fertility of the crops. My programmers may have given me a suggestion to associate a woman I knew with a character from that book, or the ancient past, but I would not go to the priestess, whom Silverberg portrays as a dangerous rival to the king. Likewise, in The Epic of Gilgamesh, which I read in Scripps Library, the year before, at Professor Glass's recommendation, the demigod refuses the sexual advances of Inanna, saying she abuses her lovers. This enrages the goddess, who sends the Bull of Heaven against him. The fools wanted me to regard the East German lady as Inanna, as Ishtar, or as her

priestess; but, as I read Silverberg's book, I thought only of Wendy Johnson, with whom I had nearly had sex the spring before, and with whom I would have sex in the coming spring, as Gilgamesh's first sexual partner, the daughter of a commoner.

While Inanna would speak to me, as would the other gods, common sense tempered my attitude. Programmers use new age nonsense to mislead people, as they did with Atlantis, Edgar Cayce, and the Nazis who travelled to Tibet thinking it represented a link with Atlantean bloodlines. You have to be careful with this stuff. The blaspheming shitbags that work for the agency have stupidly tried to imitate Inanna to me, by low-frequency voice-to-skull as I write, they have successfully misled a friend of mine to believe the Virgin Mary speaks to him, and they induced a lady I dated to feel guided by the spirit of her dead aunt. From Professor Glass's lectures, I could see the gods were real, or a real way of understanding natural and social forces; and I could also see that Atlantis, a myth to which Plato refers, derived from the explosion of the volcano at Santorini, or Thera, home to the magnificent dolphin fresco and octopus vase, fine examples of the art of Minoan Crete, as much as the bull-leaping fresco and the snake goddess. Perhaps the aftermath of the cataclysm destroyed the Hall of the Double Axes, home to Minos the Bull, his daughter Ariadne, and the inventor Dædalus. But there was no lost continent.

Although my programmers had no success promoting rape or perversion, they managed to interest me in paganism. Our professor

used The Greek Myths by Robert Graves, whose White Goddess I had read in high school, even though he did not have a high opinion of it. As Professor Glass said, it was the only show in town and better than Bullfinch. That spring I bought a book on modern pagan practice, and over the summer I read books by Starhawk while I danced outside in a thunderstorm, thinking of the sacred marriage between the earth and sky. Like the works of Carol Christ, who taught as a guest professor at Pomona, Starhawk's books promoted feminism, and the immanent divinity of the Goddess, while disowning any connection to satanism. As Starhawk wrote, satanism was a form of inverted Christianity, and the pagans recognized no such thing as the devil. The worst the programmers could do was to make me see the cosmos as beneficent and to refuse to acknowledge the reality of satanic forces. This was a far cry from what they sought.

Paganism would continue to resurface, and I still regard myself as something of a nature worshipper. I have absolute faith the universe will destroy the scum that use unnatural practices to fight against us. My later girlfriend Wendy had a friend who practiced Wicca, and my room-mate Noah would drum at witches' circles. I would listen to English folk music by John Renbourn and Jacqui McShee and Irish folk music by Clannad. I would attend a Jethro Tull concert, for which Fairport Friends opened, talking that summer with a fellow who had Tolkeinic runes on his jean jacket, and smoking opium. I would take two courses in classics with Professor Glass, plus the one on Egypt and

the ancient Near East. But they could not get me to the devil—except for an odd fascination with a campy horror movie I encountered on the late show, one night after a party, and to watch The Witches of Eastwick that summer, in which three women achieve dominance over their luciferian lover.

A lot of suggestions underlay my watching The Witches of Eastwick on videotape, as I sat on the sofa, drinking iced tea. I had been given a suggestion to associate Joy Booth, with whom I would soon fall in love, with a woman in a movie. The scum thought I would watch porn, but that would never cross my mind. Instead, I skipped class one day to watch Tequila Sunrise in the cinema with my friends, and I decided that Michelle Pfeiffer was the most beautiful woman in the world. This lady would play one of the witches of Eastwick, who embodied fertility, and the power of women, as she constantly became pregnant; and I associated her with Joy Booth. The following fall, right after I saw the film, my friend Britton's girlfriend, Jane Ainbinder, who went to school with Joy, would share a triple, rooming with Lenora Reynolds and Viveca Paulin, one lady blonde, one black-haired, and the third something in between. I was supposed to associate these three beautiful women with the witches of Eastwick; but it never came off, and I didn't spend that much time with them.

Meanwhile, not only did Monica and I study Greek mythology together, but we sometimes dined alone at Yiannis, the Greek restaurant in town. Neither of us considered these to be dates, but we

simply enjoyed a break from college food. The pan-fried cheese was my favorite, and Monica liked the hummus. Was there a yoghurt dip? I remember drinking retsina, although I don't remember the names of any Greek reds. After supper, we would have Metaxa, heated over a flame in the kitchen. I would dine at Yiannis with my family, when I graduated; but, otherwise, no one ever wanted to go there. Monica and I were Yiannis buddies, who talked together; but cannabis often made discussion impossible. Today I cannot even remember her last name because of a hypnotic block; and, although we never quarrelled, we did not exchange addresses when she graduated.

Noah Lerner was my other room-mate, and we both benefitted from Monica's advice on classes. I enjoyed talking about books with him, when we weren't partying.

Noah's father, Murray, was a genius, a real intellectual, who, in his eighties, told an interviewer he was still learning. This man studied poetry at Harvard before he became a director famous for his documentaries. He taught film at Yale, and he made To Be A Man to document its student life.

Murray Lerner hung out with folk, jazz, classical, and rock stars in the 1960s. At Newport, he filmed Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Judy Collins, Pete Seeger, Donovan, Johnny Cash, Hobart Smith, the Georgia Sea Island Singers, Odetta, Brownie McGhee, Howlin' Wolf, Son House, and Mississippi John Hurt for his documentary, Festival, which was nominated for an Oscar. Later he

used outtakes for his documentary on Bob Dylan, The Other Side of the Mirror. Using footage from his work at the Isle of Wight, Professor Lerner made Message to Love as well as more specific films about the Who, Jimi Hendrix, Miles Davis, Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, Jethro Tull, the Doors, the Moody Blues, and Emerson, Lake, and Palmer.

Professor Lerner caught three major historical moments on film: the Newport Festival where Bob Dylan went electric, the Isle of Wight Festival where the Doors and Jimi Hendrix made their last appearances, and Isaac Stern's trip to China.

Although I have no doubt that Tavistock Institute used, brainwashed, and influenced my friend's father, Professor Lerner saw himself correctly as an artist, thinker, and historian. As he said of his work,

I think I have a feeling for what is happening and what is going to happen, and I move towards that moment.

And it's often proved to be right, but there are many other such moments that I haven't been at but I've been to moments that were important like those two festivals.

Isaac Stern in China was another moment. That was actually a big opening in the culture of China.

But the other part of it is, maybe I'm being egotistical, but, to be

honest, I'm making it that moment. I'm describing it in a way that makes it a moment. Not everyone going to China would describe it that way. Not everyone going to the Isle of Wight would do that. Not everyone going Newport would do that either. It's a question of taking what's happening and making something out of it that makes it a historical moment.

Professor Lerner's approach to history through film was expressionistic and creative in a way that, to me, recalls Nietzsche.

I'm portraying what I feel, which is different from just recording a concert. So the difference in that sense is I bring to it my feelings and the photography and the editing. I create a piece of work that shows my feelings.

This artist was true to his subject matter, and he recorded it accurately; but it was never just a matter of turning the camera on and letting it run. In his own words, Professor Lerner used history to create ideas.

When people learned his father was a film director, they would sometimes say to Noah, condescendingly, "Maybe some day he'll win an Academy Award." Then Noah would be forced to tell them that he already had one. Professor Lerner had won an Oscar for his documentary on Isaac Stern's trip to the People's Republic of China, From Mao To Mozart. He did not regard his Academy Award as important, saying,

People worship these awards.

It's good publicity, but that's all
I think about it.

That award may have held most importance because it helped move Noah to Pomona College. When his father accepted the prize, Richard Chamberlain, a Pomona alumnus, served as presenter. My friend denies it, but I believe that somehow this must have factored into Noah's decision to attend our school.

From Mao to Mozart portrayed the famous violinist and music teacher, Isaac Stern, as the first American musician to collaborate with what became the China National Symphony Orchestra. During his trip to the People's Republic, Stern lectured before the Central Conservatory of Music and the Shanghai Conservatory of Music. This was a groundbreaking development since less than ten years earlier, when Mao forbade western music, during the atrocities of the Cultural Revolution, a conductor was imprisoned for playing Beethoven.

Noah's dad reached out to young audiences throughout his life. He began his career with Secrets of the Reef, which was later divided into thirteen half-hour productions called Wonders of the Sea and distributed for years to schools and media within the United States. I would imagine this early documentary may have had some influence on Jacques Cousteau. Later my friend's father made Magic Journeys as a 3-D short to depict the world through a child's eyes. This was the first

3-D picture to feature computer-generated animation, which has been shown for years at Disney theme parks.

The collaboration with Disney, like the promotion of China, was not the only evidence of programming in Professor Lerner's work.

In creating The Other Side of the Mirror, about Bob Dylan at Newport, the famous director made an obvious reference to Through the Looking Glass, which figures large in MK-ULTRA, as he spoke of the need to pass into a different world, through the glass, in order to appreciate the film. Alice in Wonderland always shows programming.

Even worse, my friend's father spoke not only of technology but also of hypnotism, mesmerism, trances, splitting, gateways, new worlds, and dissociation as he described the sixties scene he experienced close-up and firsthand when he worked and partied with the Ayatollahs of Rock and Roll-a.

I felt that electricity was needed to distribute the music on a wide basis, radio and television.

Then once it happened, the hunger for the feeling that electricity gave people listening to it was more than volume.

I think electric music gets into your body and enters into your nerves quite deeply--almost puts you into a trance.

It's hypnotic.

I've always felt this and that was the feeling I had when I watched Bob [Dylan].

And I was excited by it. I not only appreciated the changes: I loved it!

I really was mesmerized and hypnotized by "Maggie's Farm" and "Like A Rolling Stone" on many levels. I was both in the pit and on the stage as I was filming it.

I knew it was a gateway to a new culture...and I thought this was it.

I was mesmerized by electric music, and when Dylan went electric it got into your bones.

Wow! That statement applies not only to Dylan but to the electric effects of the counterculture's chosen art form. Like his son, Murray Lerner combined a strong and healthy physical nature, deeply anti-intellectual, and enormously fun, with a brilliant analytical mind. Unfortunately, our enemies knew how to turn these qualities against us, as we dissociated. When you're hypnotized, you're under someone else's power. Thus I begin to see my friend's father not merely as Zarathustra but as the superman in the thrall of the magician.

Only fool, only poet!

Bob Dylan, like so many, shows heavy signs of mind control, from his attack on the John Birch Society, to his introduction of marijuana to the Beatles, to his bizarre behavior throughout his life, to the motorcycle crash on the eve of Lammas. The Illuminati love to stage accidents, they love to implant people, and they often switch one person for another. They did it with Peter the Great. They made Paul Faul. And they did something with Bob Dylan. Whatever accounts for the change, the man who came out of the hospital was not the man who went in.

Certainly, Dylan's iconoclastic switch to electric amplification at Newport bespoke programming. Dylan took the stage, and was paid, with the understanding that he would play acoustic music. Instead he played the disruptive child. Rather than speak to the organizers ahead of time, as a man would have done if he wanted to challenge the ethos of the festival and the expectations of the audience, Dylan decided on a whim to play with a fully amplified band. He showed up under the influence of drugs, and his performance was unprofessional. He didn't even bring the right harmonica on stage, so he had to ask the audience for an E-model. The sound quality of the bard's electric debut was terrible. You'd think if he wanted to surprize the audience with a new form of music, he would want it to sound good. No wonder Dylan did not return to the Newport Festival for thirty-seven years; and, when he did, the Tamborine Man, for reasons known only to himself, wore a fake beard and a wig. Through his

bizarre mind-controlled antics, Dylan's programmers threw a wrench into the works of a well-functioning American institution, damaging years of goodwill carefully built up among the organizers, the artists, and the audience. What was attendance the following year?

People booed Dylan, but no one knows who or why. They're still debating it. Professor Lerner noted the odd reaction of the audience.

When Noah's father showed his film, The Other Side of the Mirror: Bob Dylan at the Newport Folk Festival, at The New York Film Festival, one person stood up and said, "About this booing...I was sitting right in front of the stage. There was no booing in the audience whatsoever. There was booing from the performers."

Professor Lerner, who had filmed the performance, replied, "Well, I don't think you're right."

Then another person stood up and said, "I was a little further back and it was the press section that was booing, not the audience."

Professor Lerner, who had worked with his memories, film, and mind for months to make the motion picture, replied again, "Well, I don't think you're right."

Then a third guy stood up and said, "I was there, and there was no question: It was the audience that was booing and there was no booing from the stage."

As the film-maker summed up reactions to Dylan's performance, "It was fascinating. People remember hearing what they thought they should hear."

This seems a classic example of mind control. In my childhood gift from Lara Smith, Stories from around the World, "The Emperor's New Clothes" concerned people's inability either to see reality or to admit they saw reality. Instead, they shaped their answers to fit an existing paradigm. They said they saw what they thought an intelligent person would see. Here it was the same thing. Some had the idea that only the press should boo, others felt that only performers should boo, and a third group insisted that the hostile reaction arose entirely from the audience. How probable is that? Of course, there must have been boos from each of the three segments.

The mind control boys still use Bob Dylan's immature antics to turn people against each other. How could this be important to anyone? Who cares who booed fifty-five years ago? A lot of people do, and they feel strongly about this idiotic subject. No wonder Dylan is a favorite of the New World Order. He's still doing their work, as he makes people fight over stupid things.

Unlike his subject, Bob Dylan, Professor Lerner viewed the relationships among artists, film-makers, and audiences as collaborative. As he once said, "I become part of the band when I film a band." He attributed a similar rôle to the audience. His attitude reminds me of the

South African concept of ubuntu in which people exist not in themselves but in relationships with others.

The Who was one of my room-mate's father's favorite bands because they had a sense of their relationships with their listeners. As Professor Lerner observed,

They connect with the audience in a way very few groups do because the audience is part of their concert.

Pete Townshend thinks of them being part of the audience and the audience being part of them....

They recognize that that's what's happening. A lot of groups don't. I think there's always a connection but a lot of groups don't understand it.

Murray Lerner appreciated Pete Townshend's ability not only to connect with the audience but to have awareness of himself, others, and the event both as individual parts and as a whole. It is easy for me to imagine how, as fellow intellectuals, the two men could relate to each other.

Still, I see the terrible danger in Murray's Dionysian approach to music, as in the Who's. Let's not forget this band got into fistfights with each other, and their drummer killed himself through lack of self control. As brilliant as he was, in an Apollonian capacity, capable of hard work and sharp analysis, Noah's father liked to lose himself in

the performance, in the moment, just as Noah and I lost ourselves in revelry. There was an aspect of dissociation in his approach. As he said, “My thought about filming music, or filming anything that has sound or motion, has always been that you have to put yourself into it and then forget yourself.” Isn’t that the point of sex, drugs, and rock and roll?

Noah had one of the Who’s albums in our shared collection, to which I listened one day. Inside the album cover was an old schedule of tour dates in England—theaters, clubs, and train stations—with typed lyrics to “My Generation,” where Pete Townshend famously imitates the palsied speech of a Mod on amphetamines; but that effect might not have made it into the song. Someone had written in the margin, “Lose the stutter.” That thing was probably worth a pretty penny, but it was just lying around in our messy dorm room.

Just as Scott would later work on many Hollywood films, building sets, Noah followed in his father’s footsteps, making films for HBO, ESPN, and SHOWTIME; but back then, CIA didn’t know what to do with him. I hope that’s also true now. I saw Noah on stage with a hypnotist a few years later, and he broke a suggestion. I remember also a hypnotic session, where my programmer said, “I can’t do anything with the other one.” Later they would say similar things about me.

CIA did manage to make Noah bring a copy of Nabokov’s Lolita into the dorm room; and, for a few months, that book sat out on a desk just as Druuna sat there later. Lolita, which should be burned, concerns an older man’s lust for an underage girl—when consummated,

that's called rape and child molestation—and it is referenced in the Police's songs. I was given a series of hypnotic commands:

Read it when you're alone.

Read it by yourself.

Don't read it in the library.

Read it somewhere else....

But this misfired. I went to lunch in the village a few times by myself, where I sat at a sidewalk café, eating a turkey, bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich, on whole wheat toast, drinking a glass of lemonade. Each time, I brought Lolita with me, but I never read more than a few pages. I didn't know it, but I was spitting suggestions out.

CIA had better luck with me, Noah, and Monica by leading us to Steve Erickson's courses on Philosophy in Literature. Professor Erickson was another Yale, who specialized in Nazi philosopher Martin Heidegger. Later he wrote on the breakdown of traditional institutions and medicine's rôle in altering human identity, trends promoted by the Illuminati, although I doubt Erickson saw it. He was a terrific lecturer—popular, brilliant, and unpretentious—whom I once saw fold a paper airplane as he taught. At the end of the class, he climbed atop a table, took bets on its success in flight, and sailed it across the lecture hall. The airplane's performance was middling, but his lecture on Nietzsche was fantastic.

Erickson's classes contained all sorts of programming. I did not see it until years later, and I am sure he does not see it now. Books

like Hermann Hesse's Demian suggested the spirit world, to which people attribute the effects of mind control, while they describe a secret society, telepathic powers, and the demon ABRAXAS. In Italo Calvino's Invisible Cities, Kublai Khan and Marco Polo seemed to be smoking opium or, at least, cannabis. Robertson Davies, who was extremely popular among teachers and students, put forward Jungian mysticism, alchemy, and strange beliefs—not to mention marker days, similar to satanic holidays, on which CIA schedules events. Sigmund Freud suggested we all had terrible things in our minds, and this was perfectly normal. Albert Camus wrote of an empty world where people shot Arabs for no reason. Milan Kundera wrote of laughter, forgetting, and sex. Nietzsche was a strange dude who wanted to beat women with a whip. R.D. Laing's Politics of Experience and Robert Pirsig's Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance eulogized madness. And Jean Paul Sartre described hell as endless conversations with undesirable people—something I experience every day as the subhuman garbage torment me with voice to skull.

CIA was working on me. They broke into my room not only in February but earlier in the fall, when I came down with a bad case of the flu. That wasn't hard since Scott insisted we never lock the door. I must have been drugged when that happened, just like Creole's daughter the year before. No one else came down with it.

I remember an earlier hypnotic suggestion on the telephone. Noah mentioned to me, at one point, that someone called from Africa.

That fall, I had an odd afternoon, where I remember feeling pleasant, having the idea we had played football and someone's mother made hot chocolate. None of these things happened, but they were some programmer's stereotypical idea of an autumnal day.

I have since remembered a fragment of a hypnotic session regarding my room-mates. As usual, I looked to the woman for direction; but, to CIA, female programmers are slaves even more than their male counterparts.

"What do you think of my friends?"

"Why do you want my opinion? You should ask him. He tells me what to think."

"I just want to know, I guess."

"Scott I get. He reminds me of someone I know. Noah I'm not sure."

"Why are you not sure about him?"

"I don't know. There's just something about him I don't like. I guess he's Jewish. Maybe that's it."

"What's wrong with being Jewish? Aunt Kay's Jewish. Wait. I remember you. You sat at the table next to me. We had the same conversation or something like it."

"Tim, we have to stop. I'm going to hand you over to someone else. Okay?"

A strange tone filled my ears, as my programmer sent me deeper into trance and later brought me out.

BOOK THREE: ÆTHIOPIA

CIA tried to split me and Noah apart the one time he was away with Scott, travelling to a football game. His girlfriend, Elsabet Querin, hooked up with me that night. Elsa was a light skinned woman of color, whose father was a French diplomat and whose mother came from Ethiopia.

The scum at CIA wanted us to spend time together, for me to be very drunk, for us to quarrel over African politics, and for me to rape her. That would never happen, and it took me years to see their plan.

Elsa lived at Oldenburg, which we called the Borg. The Oldenburg Center for Modern Languages and International Relations is arranged by hallways devoted to different languages, and it contains its own dining hall, with foreign language tables, so students can practice their language skills. Oddly, the college website states, “Oldenburg provides a variety of language programming.” Likewise, the college newspaper described the dorm as follows: “Oldenburg was constructed in 1966 as one of the first-of-its-kind immersive language-learning residence halls and international programming hubs.” That’s telling since CIA refers to MK-ULTRA as “the program” and neuro-linguistic programming, or NLP, which I discuss in the appendices to this book, forms a significant part of the program.

Since a lot of Pomonans write for Hollywood, Oldenburg gives its name to the Borg on Star Trek. On the show, it is a large cube

that assimilates people, implanting them with technology, destroying their individuality, and making them part of a collective. Seven of Nine is one of their survivors, a beautiful woman kidnapped from her family at a young age, who strives to regain her humanity and her memories. I used to lust for her, but now I feel only deep sympathy for this character, who reminds me of myself, my daughter, and my friends.

There's a lot of cartel signalling on t.v., where you can learn about the program, although CIA will try to confuse you. Some shows like The Prisoner, from 1967, tell you everything you need to know about MK-ULTRA. Others, like X-Men or The Six Million Dollar Man, which I watched as a child, obscure the matter, making the CIA and the program look interesting or benign.

Quantum Leap is only one example in which a physicist travels between different worlds, suffering partial amnesia on each trip, as part of a top-secret government program. The physicist's friend, an admiral, helps him by tuning into his brainwaves, sending him messages with the aid of artificial intelligence. I am sure people were programmed to this, mistaking the scum that controlled them for friendly helpers. Once, at Pomona, the show filmed on campus, forcing me to detour around their set.

I knew two people who lived at the Borg. One was David Whedbee, the son of a Professor of Religion, who taught me and Noah a course on the Bible. David was a couple years older than the rest of us, he had lived in Europe during a gap year, and he had a Saab 92, which I

found extremely cool even though an inner door panel was missing and the thing could barely make it around the block. Like my friend Don Walcott, David was an All-American soccer player. He is a great guy and very intelligent, a Phi Beta Kappa like me, who spent his junior year in Nepal. Seven years after we graduated, it saddened me to learn he lost the use of his legs in a mountain-climbing expedition in Scotland, but that didn't stop him from taking up scuba diving, where he can enjoy a fuller range of motion in the beautiful world beneath the sea.

David became a civil rights lawyer, fighting injustice in Seattle, a hub of NWO activity, and later a judge, and I became a corporate lawyer, at least for a while, but that didn't stop us from breaking into the swimming pool one night. It was one of three times I used the pool in college, and now I see it was the result of a suggestion planted by the scum at CIA, who constantly tried to destroy my life. The hypnotic suggestion comes back to me:

Tim, I want you to do something dangerous.

Do something illegal.

Break into some place.

It'll be fun.

David must have gotten something similar. His father was a Yalie, who slept four hours a night, an otherwise healthy man, who died at sixty-five from cancer caused by microwave harassment. We were all victims of the program, although none of us knew it, and most of us still don't. Still, you can't make shit from gold. They wanted us to do something

dangerous, and illegal, but all we did was engage in some teenage hijinks, where David led a mixed group of young men and women into the swimming pool and then off-campus to a drunken meal at Benji's, a local truck-stop, in the early morning.

After we climbed the fence to break into the pool, I did a flip for the first time off the diving board. The scum's suggestion misfired, so that was the "dangerous" thing they programmed me to do. I grew up swimming constantly, earning swimming and life-saving merit badges in Boy Scouts, and spending every day each summer at the local swim and country clubs, playing games like Beaver in the deep end, where you catch or evade your opponents, wrestling, and trying to pull each other up to the surface or to make it underwater to the other side. Despite my background, I was afraid to try a flip off the board until that night. The experience was positive, but I would not do another flip for twenty-five years.

The scum that programmed me hypnotically, pretending to be my friend, laid in a series of suggestions.

"Tim, you were lucky to get away with that. You could have hurt yourself. Don't do it again. You've proven you can do it. You don't need to do it anymore. Don't go back to the pool. Find something else to do with David."

Meanwhile, his bitch chimed in, "Honey, listen to him. He knows what he's talking about. I don't want you to get hurt. I care about you. Do it for me, please?"

So I fell asleep, mumbling, over and over again, “No more flips. No more flips. No more flips.”

Years later, I would overcome my aversion, breaking the suggestion in my sleep, as I grew fearless on the board. The diving board is a great place to work on fear. The longer you put it off, the longer you stand on the board, the more the fear will strike you. Just do it! If the well is deep, unless you try a gainer, jumping back toward the side, what’s the worst that could happen? You’ll do a belly-flop, and people will laugh. It happens to me all the time, as I try to perfect a one-and-a-half, turning 540 degrees. Often doing only one-and-a-quarter, I hit the surface with a resounding slap. I do back-dives, back flips, and front flips. I remember my daughter saying, “Watch, he’s going to do a dive,” and an old friend, Leslie Mariani, told her children, “Mr. Shelley has guts.”

Back in Fall Break of 1987, Elsa called our room, extension 2116, at Walker. She was looking for her boyfriend, Noah, but I told her he was away for the weekend with the football team.

“Why doesn’t he tell me these things?” she asked.

“He doesn’t tell me things either, Elsa,” I replied. “He disappears for days at a time, presumably with you, but we always know he will resurface.”

“Yeah, Tim, but I’m his girlfriend. You’re his room-mates.”

“Yeah, that’s true,” I responded. “So what are you doing this evening, lonely lady,” I teased. “Do you want to hang out?”

Elsa came over, although she didn't stay long. "You guys need to clean this place," she said.

"Yeah, Noah should have his mother send that maid back," I joked, referring to a cleaning service Mrs. Lerner hired to scrub our rooms first week.

Usually we drank beer, but I had bought a fifth of whisky for the evening, which I had started before Elsa called.

"What should I do with this?" I asked.

"Bring it," Elsa commanded.

"Do you want to do a shot before we go?"

"Tim, you've been hanging out with Tre too much," Elsa replied.

"I have some marijuana, too. Do you smoke?"

"I thought you'd never ask. That we can do here."

After we enjoyed a few hits of cannabis together, I took Elsa's suggestion to return to her place, so we walked south through the chill evening air. Pomona sits in the desert, at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains, so it is always cool in the evening. Before my time, orange groves surrounded it, and scent filled the air. We didn't have that, as developers destroyed the surroundings and smog became a problem. Still we had the five colleges, hundreds of acres of beautifully landscaped grounds, enmured against the outside world, maintained by an invisible army of Mexican gardeners and an automated sprinkler

system. We quickly became accustomed to black, cylindrical, plastic sprinklers rising sequentially from the ground to spray water on the green lawns, and you learn to step out of the way when those things pop up. Otherwise you get soaked!

Back in the Borg, we played Mexicali, a drinking game involving dice, with other students in the French hallway. Was someone wearing a sombrero? It's one of roughly three times I played drinking games in college. Once we played beer pong when my friend, Britton Shepard, had mononucleosis. I am sure CIA wanted the cups to get mixed up, so we would all come down with it. Another time, we played Zoom, Schwarz, Profigliano, and ended up chanting, "Hey, hey, we want some pus-say!" across campus, an act for which some of my friends lost their college party privileges for the semester. Now I was playing Mexicali with Elsa. Each drinking game was an MK-ULTRA set-up.

Elsa whispered in my ear, "Let's go to my room," and I followed her.

"If you want to smoke, we can do it in the hallway. I don't mind sharing my reefer with the others," I said, totally clueless, when she stopped my lips with a kiss.

"I'm glad we came in here," I murmured, and we kissed again, our hands gently touching each other's hair, face, and body.

"Tell me about yourself," I asked. "What classes are you taking?"

We compared notes on our teachers, discussing ideas, books, and courses that interested us.

“I was thinking of taking Roman Decadence,” I said. “It sounded kind of interesting.”

“You’re priceless, Tim. My father and I saw that one in the catalog, and he almost fell out of his chair, laughing.”

“Tell me about your father,” I asked, as we kissed, my fingers twining through her hair.

Elsa told me her father worked for the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Yikes! Back then, this sounded glamorous and fascinating. Even in a supportive rôle, it involved the sort of international travel that took my father around the world. It seemed better since it would allow one’s entire family to live in a foreign place for months, if not years, at a time. But, now, I see that Monsieur Querin’s foreign posting was America, and I can’t imagine a better profile for victimization. Anyone who works for the State Department, or the military, or a defense contractor, is bound to suffer cybernetic implants, hypnotic programming, and other abuse by CIA. I can’t imagine it’s different for the French.

“Tell me about your mother,” I asked as we continued to kiss, sitting, lying, moving around the floor of her room, our bodies, minds, and hearts in constant contact.

Elsa told me her mother was Ethiopian, and you could have knocked my socks off. She had absolutely no accent, French or

otherwise. The daughter of a diplomat, my room-mate's girlfriend seemed American in all respects. Besides, I had always admired Ethiopia, the only African country never to be colonized by the European powers.

Ethiopia is the cradle of humanity. There anthropologists found some of the oldest skeletal evidence of modern humans. From this region we set out for Mesopotamia, where humans built the first cities, around ziggurats, as we developed farming, writing, and law. For three millennia, Ethiopia had a monarchy, founded by Menelik I, the son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Solomon thought so highly of his wife, and his child, that he gave them the Ark of the Covenant, which they brought to Ethiopia, where it still resides. In ancient times people called the kingdom Nubia or Kush, and the British called it Abyssinia. Ethiopia had diplomatic relations with England in the 1400s, when Henry IV wrote a letter to its emperor. Ethiopians developed the Ge'ez script, one of the oldest alphabets still in use, and they have their own calendar, which contains thirteen months, and whose day sensibly starts at sunrise rather than midnight.

It is a land I would love to visit, containing many world heritage sites. Tiya has a field of megaliths carved with strange and enigmatic symbols. Lalibela has twelve monolithic churches, each hewn from a giant boulder in the Middle Ages, including the Church of Saint George. Emperor Fasilides built the Royal Enclosure at Fasil Ghebbi, a magnificent castle. And the City of Aksum, now two thousand years

old, contains monolithic obelisks, giant stelæ, royal tombs, and the ruins of castles.

I have mixed feelings about those obelisks, as Illuminati symbols defacing the landscape.

I used to love the National Mall in Washington, D.C., which my daughter and I would visit from our digs at the St. Regis, behind the White House, or the Willard, after which the word lobbying comes because, in the old days, the lobbyists lurked in the public space of the hotel. Before we lunched on oysters at the Old Ebbitt Grill, next to trophies taken by Theodore Roosevelt or the beautiful, dignified, and brave woman who posed naked for the bronze statue at the bar, Lily and I would stroll the Mall, from the Capitol Dome, and the Library of Congress, past the Smithsonian, and the sharpshooters who sit on the roof of the White House, to the Việt Nam Wall, commemorating the war in which American companies poisoned our soldiers, and down to the Lincoln Memorial, marking the life of a president killed by an assassin's bullet.

In the middle stands the Washington Monument, full of Illuminist symbolism, 555 feet, 5 inches, and 1/5 of an inch tall, once topped by an aluminum pyramidion, and now by a blinking red light visible from our room at the Willard. This obscene finger in the sky, some would say a reptilian pindar, mirrors obelisks found in London, the world's banking capital, and the Vatican, home to a billionaire pope, with a library designed to withhold information from the public, head of

a church staffed with pædophile priests, who sits surrounded by walls, while he tells Europe to open its borders to gangs of moslem rapists.

Now that I consider the matter, it seems obvious: obelisks are bad.

Ethiopia's most famous obelisk, the Obelisk of Aksum, was stolen by the Italians, along with a bronze statue of the Lion of Judah, when the fascists occupied the country in the 1930s, and it has only recently been returned. The theft of the obelisk is only part of Ethiopia's historically difficult relationship with Italy.

In 1896, the Ethiopians successfully defended their country at the Battle of Adwa. The Italians sent eighteen thousand soldiers against an army of roughly one hundred thousand Ethiopians supported by forty-two mountain guns. The Ethiopians were well prepared, since, only a year before, the Cossack army officer, Nikolay Stepanovich Leontiev, had organized a delivery of Russian weapons: thirty thousand rifles, five million cartridges, five thousand sabers, and a few cannons. Some say Leontiev fought at Adwa, and Emperor Menelik created a special title, which had not existed earlier among the Ethiopian nobility, to honor the Cossack for his service, making him the Count of Abai. Before the battle, supplies on both sides were running low; and if the Italians had retreated to Asmara, the Ethiopian Army would have disbanded. Instead, the Italian general refused to issue new rifles to his troops, because he wanted to use up old cartridges, and he ordered his

army to advance. The Italians had inadequate maps and communications equipment, and they were resoundly defeated.

Emperor Menelik knew his troops had exhausted the ability of the local peasants to support them, so he planned to break camp the next day. The emperor had risen early to begin prayers for divine guidance when the news came that the Italians were advancing. His prayers had been answered.

The Italians had planned to position three columns on the crests of three mountains, but, as they marched overnight, they became separated. As the sun rose, they found themselves spread across several miles of very difficult terrain. Because of their poor maps, they had mistaken one mountain for another, and one brigade advanced directly into an Ethiopian position.

Supported by artillery, the Ethiopians repeatedly charged the Italians' left column for three hours with gradually fading strength. Just when the Italians thought they had beaten them off, Emperor Menelik released a reserve of twenty-five thousand soldiers against them, destroying their forces.

Meanwhile, the Ethiopians cut off the Italians' right column, which marched into a narrow valley to be cut down like wheat by Ras Mikael's cavalry, shouting, as in harvest,

ireap! ireap!

The Ethiopians outflanked and destroyed the remaining Italian Army, piecemeal, with the Europeans leaving all their artillery and eleven thousand rifles on the field. Three thousand Italian prisoners were treated humanely, but black traitors from Eritrea had their right hands and left feet severed from their bodies. The victory secured the Ethiopian Empire's sovereignty for another forty years.

In 1935, Italy tried again, breaking the peace treaty, and invading under the fascist dictator Benito Mussolini. They used chemical weapons heavily, targeting Red Cross field hospitals. The Emperor Haile Selassie went to the League of Nations, of which his country was a member, to ask for help. Although fluent in French, he chose to address the League in his native language to describe the situation:

Special sprayers were installed onboard aircraft so that they could vaporize, over vast areas of territory, a fine, death-dealing rain. Groups of nine, fifteen, eighteen aircraft followed one another so that the fog issuing from them formed a continuous sheet. It was thus that, as from the end of January 1936, soldiers, women, children, cattle, rivers, lakes, and pastures were drenched continually with this deadly rain. In order to kill off systematically all living creatures, in order to more surely poison waters and pastures, the Italian command made its aircraft pass over and over again. That was its chief method of warfare.

Time Magazine named Haile Selassie Man of the Year, but the League let him down. Only six nations did not recognize Italy's occupation:

China, New Zealand, the Soviet Union, the Republic of Spain, Mexico, and the United States. Small wonder since America never joined the League. European countries refused Ethiopia aid and supplies, while helping Italy, which employed chemical weapons against civilian targets. As the emperor admonished the forerunner of the United Nations, "God and history will remember your judgement."

Following their policy of appeasement, the English did not back Haile Selassie up, although he moved to Bath where he lived in exile for five years. During this time, the emperor planned to address the American people, by radio, on Christmas. MI-5 tried to stop him. That day his taxi crashed in a traffic "accident" that broke his knee. Despite excruciating pain, he gave his speech. As the emperor said then, "It is a fact of life that the spirit of the wicked continues to cast its shadow on this world." Upon his return to Ethiopia in 1941, he gave his house to the City of Bath, to be used as a retirement home; and, in 1947, he answered a request from the British government, sending aid when heavy floods struck Britain.

In 1941, the Ethiopian Empire was restored, largely with the help of troops from South Africa, so the standard of the Lion of Judah was raised again.

Aside from the assistance of South African troops, which would not match the expectation of most, some odd numerology surrounds the occupation of Ethiopia. Five is a magic number for luciferians, as indicated by the height of the Washington Monument, the

stars on our flag, and the pentagram. Likewise, at my home, near Greenville, Delaware, I continue to be struck by a Lincoln Navigator which has the antique license plate 55555. Haile Selassie's exile ran for exactly five years beginning and ending on the fifth day of the fifth month, from May 5, 1936, when he left Ethiopia, to May 5, 1941, when he returned. Later, May Fifth would figure in my personal calendar, that of Joy Booth, and Rick Berg, as I discuss below.

Despite my admiration of him, I am struck by Haile Selassie's use of Illuminati hand gestures. He had a habit of standing as though cradling an invisible ball, his fingers sideways steepled, his elbows at his sides. The Illuminati often mark their victims this way, causing them to make hand signs, extending an index and little finger to make the horns of the Diablo, covering one eye or circling a thumb and index finger to make the Eye of Horus, or steeping their fingers in a pyramid, which may suggest a woman's privates. The Pillars of Wisdom is the most egregious example of this tendency, since freemasons like Winston Churchill and Richard Nixon used it to mean victory, while victims of the Tavistock Institute like John Lennon used it to mean peace.

There is no doubt in my mind that Haile Selassie was a good and honorable man, who did the best he could for his people. He said at his restoration,

As Saint George who killed the dragon is the Patron Saint of our army as well as of our allies, let us unite with our allies in everlasting friendship and amity in

order to be able to stand against the godless and cruel dragon which has newly risen and which is oppressing mankind.

Nonetheless, the Illuminati used the emperor for purposes of their own, particularly to promote the United Nations, as a front for satanic one world government, to promote the African Union, now run by the Chinese, and more generally to promote globalism.

Haile Selassie was an idealist, who saw international support as a practical means of defending his country, especially once the British restored him to power. As the emperor said, "We need European progress only because we are surrounded by it. That is at once a benefit and a misfortune."

Under his leadership, Ethiopia became a charter member of the United Nations. He sent a contingent under General Mulugueta Bulli, known as the Kagnev Battalion, to take part in the Korean War in support of the U.N. Command. In 1960, he contributed troops to the "peacekeeping" force in the Congo. Meanwhile, he opposed the War in Việt Nam, which was not supported by the United Nations.

Haile Selassie presided over the formation of the Organization of African Unity, which established its headquarters in his capital, serving as its first chairman. Later this would become the African Union. It was a nice idea, but it wrongheadedly opposed white minority rule, while it did nothing to stop human rights abuses by Idi Amin, in Uganda, or elsewhere. In reality, NWO used OAU to pit independent African countries against each other, turning Ethiopia

against its natural ally, South Africa. This organization set up the African Development Bank, which, like the World Bank, should have brought funding for true development but really lined the pockets of corrupt officials. Of course, the United Nations praised the Organization of African Unity, but astute and honest observers derided it, at best, as a talking shop and, at worst, as a dictators' club.

The Emperor Haile Selassie proposed the formation of the United States of Africa, an idea that Libya's Prime Minister Muammar Gaddafi would later promote. Colonel Gaddafi was another great man, unfairly demonized by the West. Under his leadership, Libyans received free electricity, free healthcare, and interest-free loans. The government paid for half your car, and it supplied you with cheap gas. Unemployed Libyans received the average salary for their profession in benefits. Newlyweds got \$50,000 to buy a home, mothers got \$5000 on the birth of a child, and citizens got a percentage of oil sales. Colonel Gaddafi refused to take dollars for oil, and he sought to create a United States of Africa with a gold standard for its currency. He had 150 tons of gold. Barack Hussein Obama and his bitch, Hillary Clinton, knew it. Continuing the policies of the Bush Administration, Obama and Clinton murdered Gaddafi, as CIA used and destroyed Arab Spring.

The Emperor Haile Selassie did not fare much better. Like Ian Smith, who desperately and over-optimistically made peace with Robert Mugabe, to turn Rhodesia into Zimbabwe, or the South Africans, who dismantled apartheid, leading to the farm attacks and the genocide

against whites, Haile Selassie was foolish enough to believe he could make a deal with the New World Order.

Having used the emperor to bring African nations into the globalist fold, plotting to replace European colonialists with the Chinese, CIA worked to destroy the House of Solomon.

Propaganda laid the grounds for the attack. In 1974, the British Broadcasting Company grossly distorted mortality figures from a famine, reporting the number as two hundred thousand when it was one-fifth of that. These inaccurate reports led to a massive influx of foreign aid that undermined the imperial regime. In preparation for a coup d'état, army officers aired pictures of the famine, intercut with pictures of the emperor on his palace grounds, around the clock on Ethiopian television.

CIA used shortages of food and energy supplies, along with foreign aid, to destabilize the country. The 1973 Oil Crisis exacerbated matters, causing the cost of gasoline, goods, and food to skyrocket. The emperor responded by announcing a reduction in gas prices, a freeze on the cost of basic commodities, and an increase in wages for soldiers, but it was not enough. These measures calmed the public, but they did not satisfy the army, which mutinied.

CIA has written numerous pieces on the weaponization of weather, so it would not surprize me to learn they had created not only the 1973 Oil Crisis but also the famine in the early 1970s as well as the far more severe famines of the 1980s. As early as the 1930s, the Italians

conquered Ethiopia by dropping poison from the sky, and it would have been easy for airplanes to drop toxins on Ethiopia, more than thirty years later, to destroy its ability to feed its people. After all, traitors in the United States government, with the help of companies like Dow and DuPont, were poisoning Việt Nam and our own soldiers at this very moment in history. The war criminals in the government sprayed a rainbow of poisons on our soldiers in the jungle: Agent Pink, Agent Orange, Agent White, Agent Green, Agent Blue, and Agent Purple. Can we really believe they did not do the same to Ethiopia, especially when it had an influential leader who met with Kennedy, whom they killed, and who spoke against the War in Việt Nam, which they started? They wouldn't even need HAARP to do it.

The attack on Ethiopian food supplies grows naturally from a concurrent study by the National Security Council, led by Henry Kissinger, the subhuman degenerate that persuaded the South Africans to pressure the Rhodesians so Ian Smith would step down from power. Kissinger, who horrifically raped Susan Ford and many others, brokered the reinstatement of diplomatic relations between the United States and China, which would support the war criminal Robert Mugabe, along with CIA, in the Rhodesian Bush War. In the New World Order, China would be given supremacy over Africa, to the detriment of its people and wildlife, as the sun set on its former favorite, Rhodes's British Empire. Kissinger, who engineered the fall of Nixon, a president who supported the whites in South Africa and Rhodesia, was behind it all.

Did you know that the Twenty-Fifth Amendment to the United States Constitution, which sets forth the chain of succession when a president dies, is removed, or resigns, and there is a vacancy in the office of the vice president—the one that made the succession of child molester Gerald Ford possible—was ratified one year before Richard Nixon, the only president to resign, took office? Does that sound like a coincidence to you?

Nixon thought the Eastern Establishment was out to get him, and he was half right. The Illuminati were out to get him. His downfall made possible the destruction of Ethiopia, Rhodesia, and South Africa.

Kissinger established diplomatic relations with Red China, and the British handed Africa over to the Chinese, whom they control. The British have run China since the First Opium War, through the Taiping Revolution, and then the Boxer Rebellion. The Rothschilds have been moving gold through China since 1852, when their agents in Melbourne supervised the purchase and shipment of bullion. Jacob Schiff, who represented the Rothschilds, funded not only the Japanese invasion of China during World War II but the rise of communist China, which the Japanese invasion made possible. NM Rothschild and Sons has traded gold with the Bank of China since 1953, as the Rothschilds continue to manipulate China's gold markets. Today Africa ships its gold to China because their English overlords know it is safe in the hands of their slaves.

Mao Tse Tung was one of many. In 1919, at the invitation of the student union of Yale-in-China, Mao took over the editorship of the school's journal. Later, when Mao could find neither funds nor a meeting place for an area branch of the communist party, Yale stepped in to help. The medical college of Yale-in-China rented him three rooms where Mao set up his wildly successful culture bookshop. From this base, he organized a further seven branch stores, using the profits to finance the socialist youth corps and the communist party. As the monster's reputation grew, only because of Yale's help, he was chosen as one of the delegates to the First Congress of the Chinese Communist Party at Shanghai in 1921. From there it was only a small step to becoming one of the founders of the communist movement in his country.

Later Mao's masters would lead him to kill the real revolutionaries, who opposed the heroin trade, in the Cultural Revolution, as he destroyed priceless cultural treasures and his country's best minds. Thirty million people were killed, raped, arrested, and harassed during the Cultural Revolution. After these crimes, which the New World Order directed, Henry Kissinger established diplomatic relations with the Reds. But don't listen to me: Listen to a bloodline Illuminist. In 1973, The New York Times, which CIA runs through OPERATION MOCKINGBIRD, quoted David Rockefeller:

Whatever the price of the Chinese Revolution, it has obviously succeeded, not only in producing more efficient and dedicated administration, but also in

fostering a high morale and community purpose. The social experiment in China under Chairman Mao's leadership is one of the most important and successful in human history.

As Rockefeller spoke these words, approving the murder of millions, Kissinger cozied up to the Yellow Peril, while he targeted not only white Rhodesia but black Ethiopia. Soon David Rockefeller's brother, Nelson, would become vice president under Gerald Ford.

In 1974, the National Security Council completed its classified report: National Security Study Memorandum 200: Implications of Worldwide Population Growth for U.S. Security and Overseas Interests. And, in 1975, Gerald Ford, who became President after Nixon's deposition, who hailed from the mind control hotbed of Michigan, and who raped Cathy O'Brien under CIA direction, adopted the study as official policy. That policy involved a covert plan to reduce population growth in so-called lesser developed countries (LDCs) through birth control, war, and famine. Kissinger's study coyly asked, "Would food be considered an instrument of national power?" And, more specifically, it posed the false question, "Is the U.S. prepared to accept food rationing to help people who can't or won't control their population growth?"

The policy did not differ greatly from that once enacted in our own country, where the government deliberately slaughtered the beautiful and majestic herds of buffalo who ranged across the plains. Thus they destroyed the Indians' livelihood, giving them woolen

blankets, purposely infected with disease, to replace their buffalo skins. Uncle Sam parcelled out the rations of inferior vittles that survived the thievery of Indian agents, replacing the game once hunted by the proud Sioux.

Kissinger's study paid particular attention to thirteen key countries in which the United States had a special political and strategic interest. These countries were India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, Indonesia, Thailand, the Philippines, Turkey, Nigeria, Egypt, Mexico, Brazil, Colombia, and, you guessed it, Ethiopia. China, which has more people than all these countries put together, was notably absent from the list.

How else to implement the plot against Ethiopia? In 1974, there were four days of riots, and later that year there was a four-day general strike. CIA is an old hand at the revolutionary and counter-revolutionary use of riots. Seeking to discredit opposition to the War in Việt Nam, CIA incited riots at the Democratic National Convention, in Chicago, in 1968, just as they seek to infiltrate or discredit the Yellow Vests, in Paris, today. After having used the Civil Rights Movement to expand the power of the federal government, CIA killed Martin Luther King, inciting race riots across the country, leading to more calls for "law and order." (Black Lives Matter is the same thing). All this came not only from the Tavistock Institute but also from the Boston Violence Project, which fell under the larger umbrella of MK-ULTRA.

President Lyndon Baines Johnson, who replaced Kennedy after his assassination, and who escalated the War in Việt Nam,

contributed to this project in 1968, through his response to CIA's assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy, who was running for president and who wanted us to withdraw from Việt Nam. As with JFK's assassination, RFK's killing clearly involved a second culprit. According to the government, Sirhan Sirhan shot the senator by himself with a .22 caliber revolver holding eight shots. But, recently, audio engineer Philip Van Praag analyzed Stanislaw Pruszyński's tape of the event, and he found that thirteen shots had been fired. That's quite a trick, firing thirteen shots with an eight-shot pea-shooter. Of Sirhan Sirhan, a Los Angeles police officer recalled, "He had a blank, glassed-over look on his face—like he wasn't in complete control of his mind." Dr. Daniel P. Brown, a professor at the Harvard Medical School with vast expertise in forensic psychiatry and hypnosis, examined Sirhan Sirhan. As he stated in an affidavit,

I have written four textbooks on hypnosis, and have hypnotized over 6,000 individuals over a forty-year professional career.

Mr. Sirhan is one of the most hypnotizable individuals I have ever met, and the magnitude of his amnesia for actions under hypnosis is extreme.

In the face of this evidence, President Johnson's response was not to investigate the murder of another Kennedy but to create a national commission on the causes and prevention of violence, through

Executive Order #11412. That commission would consult doctors, like José Delgado, who were directly involved in MK-ULTRA. They said it was to study violence, to prevent it, but really it was to incite violence in individual people and in mobs like the ones that rose against Haile Selassie.

At the direction of satanists at CIA, the Derg, a committee of low-ranking officers and enlisted men, deposed the emperor, and they imprisoned him in his palace. The emperor was publicly placed under house arrest, and the coup was completed, on Ethiopian New Year's Day, one day after September 11. Normally, New Year's Day falls on September 11 in the thirteen-month Ethiopian calendar, but that year it fell one day after. Then, on March 21, 1975, one day before the beginning of the Illuminati's obscene Season of Sacrifice, the Derg abolished the monarchy. On August 28, 1975, the state media reported that the "ex-monarch" Haile Selassie had died of respiratory failure following complications from a prostate examination followed up by a prostate operation. Later it was found the emperor had been strangled in his bed. Given the attempt to cover up his assassination, especially to account for injuries to his rectum, I have no doubt that trash run by CIA forcibly sodomized the great man, with objects, while they suffocated him. They dumped his body in a latrine.

The heroic South African reporter, Lara Logan, and our consul, Chris Stevens, would get similar treatment as they were gang-raped with objects in Northern Africa at the direction of the CIA.

After executing sixty high-ranking officials of the imperial government, without trial, the Derg ruled as a military junta, for thirteen years, from 1974 to 1987, establishing a one-party communist state, supported by the Soviet Union. As my friend Andrea Davison, formerly of MI-6, told me, the Cold War was a front, with the same people running both sides. Rape of women and children was rampant across the country under the reign of the Derg, who violated even the wives of priests. In the Red Terror, from 1975 to 1977, they killed as many as 750,000. Eventually, in 2006, an Ethiopian court found seventy-two Derg officials guilty of genocide, including Mengistu Haile Mariam who replaced Haile Selassie as the leader of Ethiopia. Mengistu escaped the hangman's noose fleeing to, you guessed it, Zimbabwe, which was once Rhodesia. His regime is estimated to be responsible for the deaths of almost 2,000,000 Ethiopians. Kissinger's depopulation plan worked.

A lot of those deaths had to do with the deliberate creation of famine in the 1980s. In the famine of 1983 to 1985, 1,200,000 people died, and 200,000 children were orphaned. 2,500,000 people were internally displaced, and 400,000 fled the country. In an attempt to undermine their political opponents, the Derg restricted the sale of agricultural implements to peasants in a deliberate effort to cut food production. According to Human Rights Watch, more than 600,000 of those deaths derived from "human rights abuses causing the famine to come earlier, strike harder and extend further than would otherwise have been the case."

It was no accident that the international distribution of “aid” to Ethiopia caused further problems. The Illuminati love that, twisting noble and generous impulses to help fellow human beings into causes for suffering. Then as now, self-styled international aid organizations, promoted by celebrities, worked with the United Nations to make matters worse. Back in 1985, when I was at Andover, my friend Sean Shotzberger went to the Live Aid concert in Philadelphia, which was supposed to benefit starving Ethiopian children. Bob Geldof, who seems like a decent guy, opposing the European Union, supporting fathers’ rights, and actually trying to help people, got a knighthood for his well-intentioned but misdirected efforts to save Ethiopia. Charity did more harm than good. Even if it helped some people in the short run, the aid prolonged the life of Mengistu’s government, which had deliberately created the famine, and was raping and murdering people wholesale. The Derg used money from Live Aid and Oxfam to dislocate villagers. Other aid went to buy weapons for the Tigrayan People’s Liberation Front, or TPLF, a rival communist group that fought Mengistu. In a leaked CIA document, the agency itself said aid was “almost certainly being diverted for military purposes.”

Now the Chinese run the show. In the Rhodesian Bush War, the Chinese and the CIA supported the Shona terrorists, the Soviets supported the Matabele terrorists, and the Rhodesians fought for the right. In Ethiopia, the Chinese supported the TPLF, the Soviets supported the Derg, and the nobility were killed or forced to flee. It

would make sense for CIA first to destabilize the region, using terrorists backed by the Soviets, to prime it for a Chinese takeover.

Terrorists in the associated Eritrean Liberation Front, or ELF, trained in China, and Eritrea has subsequently been stripped away from Ethiopia, leaving the once great empire landlocked.

To guard against economic imperialism, Haile Selassie required business enterprises to have at least partial local owners. With him gone, China has made \$12,000,000,000,000 of investments.

According to the Council on Foreign Relations, these include not only the four trillion dollar railway from Addis Ababa to Djibouti but the Grand Ethiopian Renaissance Dam, on the Nile, which will be Africa's largest hydro-electric plant. Doubtless, like China's Three Gorges, the dam will fail to deliver as promised, creating earthquakes and mudslides, while it causes untold environmental devastation.

As I suggest on my website, *Fighting Monarch*, I expect Three Gorges to be blown in a false flag attack. Two conventional missiles from Taipei could do the trick; and, since Taiwan does not belong to the United Nations, there will come a subsequent push to force all countries to place themselves under the front for satanic one world government.

NWO may use the Grand Ethiopian Renaissance Dam for further "population control."

Ethiopian bad guys with connections to China abound. Seyoum Mesfin, one of the founders of the TPLF, became Minister of

Foreign Affairs from 1991 until 2010, before he became Ambassador to China. Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus served in the Derg's "Ministry of Health," later as Ethiopia's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and now as Director General of the World Health Organization in connection with the Coronavirus Pandemic sourced in Wuhan, China. These are two of many.

No wonder Ethiopia's flag changed. The once proud Lion of Judah has been replaced by a satanic pentagram.

Aside from the suffering of its people, I cannot help but wonder how these disasters impact Ethiopia's natural grandeur and its wildlife. Simien Mountains National Park is a place of great beauty, a World Heritage Site, which even the United Nations has added to the List of World Heritage In Danger. With its jagged mountain peaks, blue and violet, it has some of the most spectacular scenery in the world. The Simien Mountains are home to many endangered species, including the Ethiopian wolf and the walia ibex, a wild goat found nowhere else on earth. The park provides a home for gelada and hamadryas baboons, caracals, leopards, and antelope like the bushbuck and the klipspringer. It troubles me deeply that the Chinese, who trade in ivory and rhino horn, are ruining Africa. Still, despite the dangers, I dream of visiting not only Kruger National Park, in South Africa, but the Simien Mountains in Ethiopia.

My daughter and I have often travelled across America to sites of great geologic beauty in search of a rare native animal. Lily and

I flew in a bushplane to Bristol Bay, near the Aniakchak National Preserve to watch walruses at their haul-out on the black volcanic sand while a humpback whale swam in the distance. From boats, we watched humpbacks breaching at Kenai Fjords National Park, minke whales swimming in the Bay of Fundy, and orcas hunting in the San Juan Islands. We have seen sea lions and sea otters swimming in Prince William Sound while glaciers calved in the distance. At Big Sur, we sojourned from our cabin at the top of Palo Colorado Canyon, past the eucalyptus and the redwoods, along the coastal highway, to watch sea otters and elephant seals. We have stalked grizzly bear in the Aleutian meadows, and we have paddled with alligators and subtropical wading birds in the Florida Everglades. On the Big Island of Hawai`i, we snorkelled with dolphins, and we waded with sea turtles. All day, we trekked to the lava flow, to stand next to the river of fire at Pu`u O`o, spotting a pair of nene, the endangered Hawaiian goose, on the lava shield. In Alaska and Maine, we have often seen bald eagles; and at Cape May, we have walked the beach toward the lighthouse watching sandpipers run along the dunes while porpoises hunted thirty yards off. In the little state parks of Florida, on the Gulf Coast, we gazed at manatees and roseate spoonbills. In Maine, we travelled to the Grey Zone, the disputed islands between Canada and the States, where we watched puffins and arctic terns from a blind on Machias Seal Island, and we stalked seals by kayak in the Basin at Vinalhaven. I would love to travel to Africa with my daughter, although she is now kept from me.

Meanwhile, back at Pomona, Elsa and I were still kissing. Ever the diplomat, she asked me about my family, just as I asked about hers.

“What does your father do?”

“He works for DuPont. It’s a chemical company. He travels the world, not like your dad, but he gets around.”

“Where does he go? Do you ever travel with him?”

“Not really. I’ve been to England and France on vacation, and we did a school trip to Germany. He flew me out here. We had a lovely dinner on the coast, and I got to fly in business class. I’d never done that before. One time we went to Barbados. But he travels much more widely. Bali, Venezuela, Australia, New Zealand,” I trailed off.

“Where else does he go?” Elsa asked between kisses.

“I’m wondering if I should tell you,” I hesitated.

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

“No, it’s okay. You’ll understand. He also goes to Africa, to Zimbabwe—that used to be Rhodesia—and to South Africa. It’s not like people say. It’s not like people say at all. It’s actually a lovely country, with proud and independent people, from the Zulus to the Boers.”

“Tim, I don’t care if your father goes to South Africa. I don’t even care if you like it. No one understands about Ethiopia either, although I run into people constantly who think they do.”

Elsabet's mother was Ethiopian, and she correctly saw herself as different from American blacks.

Elsa's mother told her, "Always remember, daughter, you are Ethiopian. You have nothing in common with these people."

It's easy to see why Ethiopians are proud. At least they used to be.

I spoke of my admiration for Haile Selassie, the Emperor of Ethiopia, and Elsa told me about him. He brought Ethiopia into the League of Nations in 1923, and he eliminated slavery within its borders. With a gift of two lions, he secured the return of an imperial crown, which the British looted from his country. During the Armenian genocide, he adopted forty Armenian orphans, who formed his imperial brass band. Like Ian Smith, he was a great man.

Like the South Africans, like the Rhodesians, Haile Selassie understood the practical aspects of governing an African country. He supported a constitutional monarchy, introducing Ethiopia's first written constitution, which kept power in the hands of the nobility "until the people are in a position to elect themselves." You can't just give the vote to people who have never been to school, especially when nefarious foreign powers seek to direct an uninformed electorate. The Communists in the African National Congress, like their clewless and meddling supporters, took as their slogan, "One man, one vote." In South Africa, and Ethiopia, too, the paternalistic ruling classes replied,

If that happens, it will happen once and once only. You'll have your one man, one vote—and it will be one time. One man, one vote, one time, is what you mean. And then you'll have an unaccountable dictatorship for the life of its president.

That's what happened in Zimbabwe, where the war criminal Bob Mugabe replaced Ian Smith to rule first as prime minister, then as president, for thirty-seven years, driving his country into bankruptcy, slaughtering his tribal enemies, and using rape by HIV-infected "soldiers" as a political weapon.

"How did Haile Selassie feel about South Africa?" I asked Elsa.

"He opposed South Africa. I see now, talking to you, that was a mistake. The men he trusted betrayed him. We should have sided with the South Africans."

"That would have been something." After a moment I smiled, "You're siding with them now. Kiss me."

Afterwards, Elsa said, "Tim, learn about Ras Mikael. You'd be interested in him."

"I will. Who was he?"

"He was a general. He fought Haile Selassie for the throne after he beat the Italians."

Elsa's words stirred my blood. I replied, "That's fine talk of Africa."

Because I was programmed to forget, it took me thirty years to learn about Ras Mikael. His cavalry cut down the Italian forces at Adwa, and his son became emperor in 1913. Because Iyasu V supported the Central Powers against the Allies in the First World War, he was deposed in 1916. The Germans wanted him to drive the Italians out of Eritrea, to drive the British out of the Sudan, and to be rewarded with the strategic port of Djibouti. After the deposition of Iyasu, Ras Mikael marched south with 80,000 soldiers to reinstate his son. He crushed the troops sent against him, defeating an advance force of 11,000 men in Menz. Haile Selassie, then known as Ras Tafari, led a force of roughly 30,000 north against Ras Mikael. Mikael attacked first, but his machine guns ran out of ammunition, and his artillery was silenced. Haile Selassie's troops had been trained to fire their rifles in rows and from the prone position, allowing them to fire in quick succession, so they stopped Ras Mikael's charge.

The Battle of Segale took place on October 27, known as True Samhain, which ends the Illuminati's obscene Season of Harvest. Years later, in 2014, the enemy would choose this day to poison my daughter's beautiful bulldog, Rosie. Still later, in 2016, they killed a neighbor's dog on the same day. Then, in 2017, on the same day, they raped a woman in front of me, using cybernetic technology to communicate her experience, so I started my website in response. Back then I knew none of this.

"Tell me more. Tell me about more famous Ethiopians," I whispered earnestly.

“You’ll have to stop kissing me first,” Elsa said with a smile.

Elsa told me about Queen Menen, whom I believe had some connection to her mother’s family. Queen Menen actively promoted women’s rights, she was the patroness of the Ethiopian Red Cross, and she also led the Ethiopian Women’s Charitable Organization. She founded the Empress Menen School for Girls, which she often visited. The empress was devout, and she endowed, built, and renovated many churches including the Saint Raguel Church, the Kidane Mehret Church on Mount Entoto, and the Holy Trinity Monastery on the River Jordan. She gave generously from her personal funds towards the building of the new Cathedral of Saint Mary of Zion at Aksum. She even gave her crown to the church after making a pledge to the Virgin Mary.

Wanting to tell my own Africa stories, I spoke of South Africa, as I was programmed to do. CIA wanted us to quarrel, because of our different races, and for me to rape her; but that was never going to happen in a million years. What’s more, Elsa was very sympathetic to the white South Africans and the Rhodesians. She had seen the destruction of her mother’s country by the New World Order, and she understood the same thing was happening to South Africa. The scum at CIA, MI-6, and NWO hate a free and proud people, whether they are white or black, and they always seek to destroy us.

I spoke about the destruction in Zimbabwe and the threat to South Africa. I had heard of the Gukurahundi, the rain that washes away the chaff before the spring, which took place after the Rhodesians

ceded control of their country to ZANU. In the Gukurahundi, only a few years earlier, the Shona, led by the dictator Bob Mugabe, killed more than twenty thousand of their tribal enemies. The Fifth Brigade, trained and led by North Koreans, effected the genocide. It was bad, and it seemed connected to the ANC.

“The Derg are what you’re talking about. We have the same thing in Ethiopia. Now, kiss me again.”

“Tell me more about the Derg.”

“They’re like the ANC. Now kiss me again.”

“Tell me more.”

“Enough talk about Africa. We’ll talk about that tomorrow. Just kiss me.”

After a while, one of us said, “You kiss good,” but I can’t remember which. We both felt it.

“Where should we meet tomorrow?”

“At breakfast. Now kiss me again.”

“Elsa, I want you to know something about me.”

After a serious and appropriate silence on her part, Elsa asked me gently, “Tell me. Is it bad?”

I was embarrassed, but, after a small gulp, looking down, I replied, “I’m a virgin.”

Elsa smiled, and she lifted my head with her hand.

“Tim, that’s okay. It’s refreshing to hear that from a boy. I’ll show you how to do it,” she promised.

We sat for a while, not kissing, and we talked. Elsa told me more of Ethiopia.

“Do you know we have thirteen months of sunshine?” she asked with a smile. “He came up with it.”

“Who’s that?” I asked.

“Our emperor. Haile Selassie. It’s actually true. The Ethiopian calendar has thirteen months although the last month is very small. It only has a few days. I can’t remember how many. And besides it’s always sunny. Even when it rains, the sun comes right out again.”

“You make me happy.”

We held each other for a while, lost in wordless communication, until I asked, “Is your family from the nobility?”

“That doesn’t count anymore. Now kiss me.”

“Elsa, it counts for me. You’re noble to me. Whether you say so or not, I know you are Ethiopian nobility.”

Crying, softly and sweetly, Elsa spoke to me after a little while had passed.

“Tim, you made me cry. We mustn’t talk about these things. They’re dead and gone.”

“Maybe they’re gone, but they’re not dead.” I tried to cheer her up, “Aren’t you going to ask me to kiss you?”

Softly and silently, still she wept, and I took her in my arms to comfort her.

“Come here. Let me hold you then.”

Elsa spoke of Haile Selassie and how he was mischaracterized by the press, just as the Rhodesians, just as the South Africans were.

“BBC called him ‘this tiny old man.’”

“They said that? I can’t believe it. Nothing good?”

“They gave him compliments, but that’s what people remembered.”

“That’s wrong.”

“You’re right. He’s like that leader you told me about—the one from South Africa.”

“It’s Rhodesia. Now give me a kiss.”

“Tim, you’re the best. I like talking with you about this. You understand what it is to be African. You really do.”

“Now, you kiss me. That’s enough talk about Africa.”

We kissed, and it was lovely, but still I teased her, “That’s not good enough. Give me another.”

We kissed again passionately.

“Take off your shirt,” I whispered in her ear. “I want you.”

“You’re too drunk. Let’s talk about this tomorrow.”

"I can perform. I bet I can perform better than Noah. Feel me down there."

"Tim, that was rude."

"I'm sorry. I spoiled it. Should I go?"

"You're actually asking me that?"

"Yes. Shall I go?"

"Are you mad?"

"No. I offended you. I'm sorry. Elsa, I can't tell you how much I apologize. I was rude. Please forgive me."

"Tim, you're forgiven. Kiss me. Kiss me like you're asking forgiveness."

After a while I asked, "How'd I do?"

"You're forgiven. Now kiss me again."

"I want your breasts. I think it's a Freudian thing," I joked.

I did not realize the scum that abused me had given a command that recalled my mother's rape, which I had described half-consciously to my programmer as a dream, probably something Freudian....

I lifted Elsa's shirt above her head so she was topless, and she took off my shirt. My hands, my mouth caressed her tawny skin, her large brown swollen nipples. I kissed her neck, my arms around her back, and we looked deep in each other's eyes.

“Tim, it’s time for you to go,” she said. “If this happens, I want it to mean something.”

Happily sighing, I rose from the floor to say farewell.

“Okay. I’ll see you tomorrow. South Campus? Eleven o’clock?”

“See you there.”

The next day I awoke with a raging headache, my head fuzzy, the taste of whisky in my mouth. Who knows if my abusers had been at me after I returned to my bedroom. It was Fall Break. No one was on campus. My room-mates were gone. And our suite was easily accessible from the road.

I should have been the world’s happiest man. But all I could think was “How do I get out of this?”

The two of us had breakfast the next morning, in Frank Hall, so no one would see us. Elsa was happy to become my girlfriend, but I was not ready. Together we decided to keep our secret from Noah.

CIA’s plan had failed, but the douchebag that ran me would not leave us alone. Under hypnosis, he gave me the command, “The next time you see her, smoke marijuana instead. Smoke a lot of marijuana with her, and see what happens.”

So what did I do? I ended up partying with Noah and Elsa. A week or so later, we smoked cannabis together in our room.

Using voice to skull, possibly from a tripod across the street, since cell phones were extremely rare in the 1980s, the scum suggested that I sodomize Elsa while I smoked with my two friends.

“CORNHOLE HER,” a voice kept saying, but I did not even know what that meant. Sodomy is a practice in which I have never engaged, and which has always repulsed me, so I didn’t understand the foul-mouthed rapist who broadcast sound to an implant in my skull, using technology described in the appendices to this book.

“Why do I keep thinking cornflower?” I wondered. “Her eyes aren’t blue.”

While our innocence can leave us unprotected against the subhuman garbage that attack us, unaware of the evil that seeks our destruction, the same innocence can form a protective shield. Many years later, I would observe a similar phenomenon when I taught in the afterschool program at Wilmington Friends. At that point, I knew about V2K, artificial telepathy, and forced speech, so I could observe their effects in others. A little girl handed me a picture she had drawn, in crayon, of horses next to a barn. On the back, she had written HORS. I knew the scum had been saying, “WHORES, WHORES, WHORES,” to her, finishing with *“Give it to your teacher.”* But in her innocence she drew only horses.

Back at Pomona, with Elsa, Noah and I were fooling around, having fun. We debated whether to smoke part of my weed that night,

leaving some for the next day, or to go for “one big see-ya-later package.” We chose the latter.

Elsa said, “It’s good to see the two of you like this together. I’m glad.”

We both understood each other. My friendship with Noah had been saved, and Elsa had a fine boyfriend. There were other women I could find.

Noah and I continued to smoke together, sometimes, and he would tease me when I had a hangover, calling me the preacher, as I railed against the evils of alcohol, swearing it off for good, only to return, at least on one evening, not merely to the keg and the plastic cup, but to the pipe, and even a bag of ‘shrooms. I was a fool, albeit a good fellow, who excelled at his studies.

Meanwhile, Monica and I smoked all the time. For a month or two that winter, we smoked cannabis in her room almost every night; but it was dull. We were both intelligent, and we had good conversations at the Greek restaurant, but I found myself simply zoning out, entering a catatonic state, as I sat on the floor of Monica’s bedroom.

I became inexplicably depressed during this time, because I had been abused and hypnotized, extensively, over Christmas Break.

BOOK FOUR: MATING DANCE

After Christmas Break, I inexplicably quit fencing. Following up on Andover, where I had also fenced, I took lessons in the foil during my first semester with Dr. Ferenc Zold. The son of a decorated general in the Austro-Hungarian Army, Dr. Zold was born into a noble family loyal to the last Hapsburg emperor. Choosing academia over a military career, he attended Pazmany and Eotvos Universities in Hungary, where he obtained two doctoral degrees. An able athlete, he began fencing in the 1920s, when he competed in his first Olympics, and he fought a duel as a young man. Eventually, he became a student of the legendary Italian fencing master, Italo Santelli, and he earned a master's degree in fencing. He was captain of the Hungarian Olympic Fencing Team at the London Games in 1948 when the men's saber team took the gold. He was also a man of conscience, who resigned as secretary of the Hungarian Fencing Federation to protest the Nazis' influence. Dr. Zold assisted Swedish diplomat Raoul Wallenberg in helping Jews escape from Hungary during World War II, and he was one of the last to see Wallenberg alive outside Soviet custody. After fleeing from Hungary during the Revolution of 1956, Professor Zold moved to Southern California, where he edited works of Hungarian literature and wrote hundreds of articles for exile newspapers. He worked as a reporter for Radio Free Europe. He served as the U.S. junior Olympic coach and team representative seven times, publishing almost two thousand articles on fencing in several foreign languages,

building the sport in California and the United States. Professor Zold taught fencing at the University of Southern California and at Pomona for forty years. He could have taught me saber; but the trash at CIA want only to destroy things they will never have. They gave me a hypnotic suggestion to discontinue lessons, so I did, becoming inexplicably depressed. At the time, I took it first as an existential crisis and then as seasonal affective disorder, thinking I get the blues in February, but now I know what really brought me down.

I remember Professor Zold fondly, and I did well under his tutelage. There was another student in my class named Byron, and it was his idea of a great jest to introduce us to each other. "Shelley, meet Byron," he said in his thick Magyar accent, laughing to himself at his joke. I'm not sure who Natalie was, but, sometimes, in effusion, he would call out, "*Ho, la, Natalie!*" When we did well, he would congratulate us in hearty tones: "*Good work, boys!*" One lesson was far more important to him than all the others:

Never give up!

Not just in fencing, but in life.

Never give up!

I greatly enjoyed the small amount of time I spent with Professor Zold. His example inspires me to this day. He was only one of the amazing people from whom the trash at CIA would separate me, and the loss of

fencing would be nothing next to the other destruction they would wreak.

Who knows what suggestions I was getting in that fencing class every week at the Edmunds Ballroom? Who knows what suggestions others were getting?

Silently I lusted after Lisa Haworth, watching her body glide, skip, hop, and lunge across the polished floor; but I never spoke to her. Today this beautiful woman practices family medicine in Nevada, outside Sin City, in the shadow of Nellis Air Force Base. Only sixteen miles away from Lisa's office, where she cares for children, lies the near death trauma center, in which satanic traitors rape, torture, and brainwash her patients. The base provides a home to the Combined Air and Space Operations Center, which coordinates microwave attacks on American families, while it houses the Air Demonstration Squadron, known as the Thunderbirds, who make the Air Force look like fun, as they paint pictures in the sky, using sprayers just like the ones that dump aluminum, barium, strontium, slime mold, fungus, and nano-technology on our country through INDIGO SKY FOLD.

While I never spoke to Lisa Haworth, another lady spoke to me. She reminded me of Chrissy Roberts, a girl with whom I grew up and in whom I had no interest. So the scum tried to build suggestions on failed suggestions, thinking they had something but having nothing. Fencing with my fellow student, I defended myself, thrusting hard into her breast as she charged against me. I could tell I hurt her, and I felt

bad. To me it was a regrettable sports injury, but the trash that ran me actually thought I would be excited.

My fencing partner was not the only woman I encountered who reminded me of Chrissy Roberts, with whom I was entrained in Westfield. Shortly before Christmas, there was a dance at Mudd-Blaisdell, Screw Your Room-Mate, where students set each other up on blind dates. I was paired with a lady named Shauna, but we didn't hit it off. I ended up dancing with Monica, and I never saw Shauna again. Suggestions probably ruined our chances. Maybe one lady, purportedly conflated with Wonder Woman, supplanted another; but, either way, I was not interested in a relationship. I thought only of the random drunken hook-ups through which the enemy tried to lead me to sexual assault.

Scott was worse off. At least I found girlfriends later in college, but my friend, the captain of the football team, never did. He hooked up with Leah Kogen, a lady from my art class, that night, and we teased him, playful and friendly, about getting Leah-ed; but no relationship between them developed. Still, he would marry years later—unlike me.

Meanwhile, Brian Stonehill suffered. At Monica's recommendation, he was my professor for two classes my freshman year, and I am convinced the Deep State killed him. Professor Stonehill was a genius, who received his early education in England and France before he enrolled at Haverford College, where I later taught, at the age

of fifteen. Rumor was he married a student. He won the Wig Award for Distinguished Teaching not once, nor twice, but thrice. He frequently wrote opinion pieces for The Los Angeles Times and The Christian Science Monitor on subjects ranging from e-mail, cyberspace, the Gulf War's high tech legacy, television viewer passivity, and high profile courtroom drama. While he penned his novel, High Definition, cut short by his untimely death, Professor Stonehill appeared as a commentator on the MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour, KCET's Life and Times, CBS Network News, National Public Radio, MonitoRadio, NBC Radio, and various other local and national stations. That profile alone suggests targeting.

After taking James Joyce, I read The Crying of Lot 49 in Stonehill's course on contemporary fiction. The author, Thomas Pynchon, claims descent from one of the judges at the Salem witch trials, and he writes of many strange conspiracy theories. Pynchon is a recluse, and no one knows what he looks like, except as pictured in his high school yearbook. As Stonehill wrote about, and taught, Pynchon, later setting up an early page on the world wide web, my professor got strange letters he believed came from the writer. After I graduated, he died, at age forty-three, in a crash on a lonely stretch of Mount Baldy Road, shortly after Lammas, when the satanists observe human sacrifices.

I felt depressed that winter, as I read strange works in Stonehill's class like Ficciones by Jorge Luis Borges, an odd fellow who

was a member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire and a native of the Argentine. Given the Nazis' and the CIA's involvement in that beautiful country, it is hard for me to believe that Borges was not subject to mind control. He gave his name to the Borgesian Conundrum, which is the ontological question of "whether the writer writes the story or it writes him." Since MK-ULTRA, through neuro-linguistic programming, staged conversations, and arranged meetings, attempts to script our lives, this seems relevant. There is also "Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote," in which the title character rewrites Cervantes' work, word for word. Borges wrote the story while recovering from a severe head injury that occurred on Christmas Eve. It's hard to believe he wasn't implanted. Then there is "The Lottery in Babylon" about a lottery that determines everything, with dangerous stakes, run by the Company, in which all but the elite must participate. That sounds like the program, the CIA, and the Illuminati to me. "The Library of Babel," like Pynchon's work, concerned the difference between noise and signal, whether an alignment of events is meaningful or coincidental. These questions concern this series of books, as I find meaning in the world that others regard as paranoid delusion.

People dismiss conspiracy theories, as they are trained to do, but I know they are real, that CIA controls our minds and arranges our lives through MK-ULTRA, because I have actual memories of abuse, including hypnotic sessions.

One occurred in February 1988, after I was ordered to stop fencing with Dr. Zold.

Over Christmas Break, I had skied with my family at Sugarbush, in Vermont, an event the trash tried to ruin. Just as they had broken my mother's toe on an earlier trip, successfully discouraging her from taking up the sport, they nearly broke my foot before our family's annual ski trip. Scott, Noah, and I had driven into the San Gabriel Range, near Mount Baldie, uphill, through the hairpin turns, until we found a spot to stop. There we skied, skiless, sliding sideways down a hill of scree, but still our enemy could not injure us. Foolishly, I jumped a considerable distance onto the macadam surface of the parking lot, which may have resulted in a hairline fracture to my foot. After an inconclusive x-ray, I picked up crutches in the infirmary, hobbling about for fun, a few days during finals, and there was some sensitivity in Vermont; but the injury did not stop me. Thinking I was thinking to myself, calling myself Mad Dog, I shot down one run after another, while my would-be controllers encouraged reckless behavior—but it was just fun.

Since we both loved to ski, it made sense that my friend Britton Shepard invited me to join his family over Spring Break at Telluride, Colorado.

At this point, my abusers broke into my dorm room, one of the most vulnerable on grounds. The Claremont Colleges cover over 560 acres, almost all freshmen live on South Campus, and most students

live in locked dormitories. During the first year, however, our little group lived in isolated apartments, facing outdoor stairwells, on the very edge of the northwestern corner of campus. Our courtyard touched the road, and, since very few students had cars, street parking was seldom taken. During freshman year, we lived on the inner side of the small courtyard; but, for our third and fourth years, my friends would “choose” to return to an even more vulnerable spot in the same conclave—the five apartments on the road. These were women’s rooms the year before I arrived at Pomona, but the college changed the summer I showed up. I cannot think of a better place for CIA to break into our rooms, which were always unlocked, at Scott’s insistence.

Not content to hypnotize me over the telephone, through OPERATION SLEEPING BEAUTY, my programmers, a man and a woman, broke into my room in February. While I was hypnotized, and almost certainly drugged, we had the following colloquy.

I don’t want you to go to Telluride.

You’ll feel homesick. Home is what you need. Go home, Tim.

And, when you get there, rent a movie.

Watch it with your friends if you like. Or watch it alone.

Rent a movie with a funny name. One that makes fun of something.

A parody. You know what a parody is, don’t you?

“Of course, he knows what a parody is, Rick. He’s a smart boy.”

“Tim, what’s a parody?”

"It's when you make fun of something. It's a genre. I learned about it at Andover. From Mr. Irwin. He's not a professor but he's like one. You know. He only had a master's degree. Maybe he has a doctorate by now."

"All right, Tim. That's fine."

"All right, Tim. That's fine."

"Look, we're just going to have to leave him with this. And see where he comes out."

"Okay, Tim, we're gone."

"See you in the funny papers. That's what the man said."

"Whatever."

"This is the last time I'm coming to this place. It's too dangerous. Someone's going to see us and wonder what we're doing here."

"Tim, are there any professors here?"

"Sure, there are lots. It's a college, you know."

"I mean who live here. Down the street or something."

"No, it's a closed campus. You have to have an i.d. They threw someone out once. He came around...."

At that point I was interrupted, and one of my abusers spoke, "Next year I want them on the wall. By the street. Where we came in."

That's where my friends moved after Scott, Britton, and Kenji spent a year in a slightly less vulnerable apartment, at the utmost southern end of South Campus, on a parking lot, next to a construction zone. In fact, since my friends all played college sports, they were even more vulnerable. They arrived a week before classes started on a deserted campus. Then they thought they were exhausted from reentering training, but they had been drugged. Their experience was no different from mine near the satanic enclave of Westfield, where the Playmate of the Year, Marilyn Lange, and I were both abused at the same soccer camp. I was always exhausted after the first day of camp, thinking it came from unaccustomed exercise, but really it came from abuse and drugs.

I knew none of this, except I had the winter blues. I told Britton I was homesick, so I didn't ski the Rockies.

Instead, I went home, where my friend Sean Shotzberger picked me up at the airport. In those days, before the false flag attacks on the World Trade Center and the treasonous PATRIOT ACT, you could go to the gate without a ticket.

Sean and I drove home, and I told him of my adventures. On the way, in an uncharacteristic act of bravado, despite the loss of my fake i.d., I bought a case of Miller Genuine Draft just on guts. Act with confidence, carry your body so, really feel it, and it's amazing what you can do, how people treat you.

Little did I know I followed a set of hypnotic commands, some working, some not. The enemy always lays in so many orders, who knows what will take....

As they had with Dianne Jamison, in Germany, at Andover, and on my senior trip, they tried to put cigarettes in front of me, telling me it was cool and sophisticated, but this resulted only in me buying a packet of Rothmans at the college bookstore. After that, I did not smoke. Many years later, they would induce me to smoke daily, mixing tobacco and cannabis, in joints, called Euros. But when I quit reefer in 2016, I had no desire to return to it or tobacco. Some people can just put it down. It may be my American Indian blood, or maybe it's just the enemy's incompetence. They can make anything look unattractive, so much so that they have ruined not only sex but romance for me. Likewise, my grandmother smoked cigarettes for eighty years, from sixteen to ninety-six, only to give them up, mysteriously, in the last two years of her life. The micromanaging idiots at NSA must have given her hypnotic commands, by V2K, to smoke more, or at particular times, or that the cigarettes tasted different, so that, even though she had no idea where the aversion came from, she kicked the habit.

For me, alcohol was a different story, although I drink less and less these days since the scum try to force me to it. Growing up on a diet of movies like Animal House, I associated college with drinking, as we all did. As to the videos they wanted me to watch, the trash gave commands.

Drink when you watch it. Drink a lot.

No problem. Party hearty.

Other suggestions misfired, or they took hold in strange ways. It's amazing how people fight, and suggestions go awry, even as they sleep.

Under hypnosis, I was commanded to steal something, but all I did was filch a copy of someone's New York Times, which had been delivered to their door.

At the same time, the scum whispered,

I want you to smash something up.

There are some movies I want you to watch.

This hypnotic command led me to watch Sid and Nancy, which I did not like at all, and Quadrophenia, by Pete Townshend of the Who, which I liked, on videotape. Thinking of the film, I struck an ATM machine at Sumitomo, more than once, when it ate my bank card. That week, driven by further extra-low frequency suggestions, relayed by microwave transmission to the chip in my head, I periodically felt an impulse to smash something, but I did not act on it. When I mentioned Quadrophenia to my friend, Don Walcott, describing mix-ups between the Mods and the Rockers, he rightly said,

What a stupid thing to fight about.

At his words, I came immediately to my senses.

When CIA commanded me to watch a parody, they wanted me to rent a porn movie. This would have been that genre because of

the Supreme Court case, Hustler Magazine v. Falwell, which provided a safe harbor for pornographic parodies, and was decided only days earlier on February 24, 1988. They probably thought I knew this, but the idiots forgot they sent me to Pomona because no one was political, and almost no one read the newspaper. I don't even remember what was in that New York Times. More importantly, I did not like pornography but only Playboy, and that, less and less, in favor of real women.

So what did I do?

I rented Amazon Women on the Moon, a campy spoof that Monica recommended, and Surf Nazis Must Die, in which a grieving mother exacts vengeance on a Nazi gang that killed her son. Maybe, subconsciously, I felt I had been killed, and I wanted revenge.

After Spring Break, I returned to Pomona in fine fiddle. I was following another suggestion the scum had given:

After you watch it, you'll feel better. It'll be your reward.

"Why will I feel better? I think my depression is existential or something."

"What? Exi-what? What is he talking about?"

After a chuckle, the man went on...

Jim, it's not existential.

It's winter now. That's what you're feeling.

When it's spring, you'll feel great.

Later we'll talk about it....

And, for a couple months, great is exactly what I felt. My godfather, Barry Katz, who worked for the Pentagon, came out to visit me earlier that year, taking me to dinner.

My parents asked Uncle Barry, "Is Tim doing all right?"

Barry answered, "He's not just doing all right. He's doing great!"

Except for my mysterious depression in the winter, I was having the time of my life. Every day broadened me, with respect to ideas, people, and experiences. Among other adventures, I remember the first time I ate sushi, a food I love. Seven of us crowded into an old Volkswagen Beetle, with me lying across the laps of the students in the back seat. We had to take care where we parked because the car had no reverse gear, and we would need to push it back out of its parking space. At the restaurant, standing at the bar, I determined to eat the strangest things on the menu, from fried shrimp heads, with their delicate antennæ sticking out, to sea urchins. It's a tradition I continue with my daughter, and one picked up in the Gurdjieff Work: eat strange foods when you travel to strange places. I was learning new things, and I felt independent. I loved college, so much that my experiences led me later to become a professor.

CIA worked to destroy my life, alternately suggesting I could easily contract AIDS and pushing me toward rape. I will never rape anyone, but they just don't get the message. Even today, they try to push me that direction, forcing me to share my experience with rapist

trash, courtesy of cybernetic implants, nano-technology, and microwave harassment. I will never give in to their obscene demands, and I will fight them till the day I die.

Back then, I knew nothing of this, and I was simply happy I was finally hooking up with some women. This was college life! To my immature mind, alcohol was part of the hook-up culture. It loosened people's inhibitions, so they would do what they really wanted. Mostly, it loosened mine, so I felt comfortable expressing desire toward women. Still, as my encounter with Elsa indicates, there is nothing random about the random hook-up: It is planned by the enemy.

Another hook-up, freshman fall, was with Lisa Lee, another black-haired lady, whom I met when we were both very drunk at a party. Lisa had mind control written all over her. Like Scott Patten, Max Brodie, and my favorite Playmate, Patty Duffek, Lisa grew up near Phoenix, Arizona, a hub of masonic activity. Although her family was Parsee, she attended Catholic school, which often indicates mind control and sexual abuse. I don't know how we found each other—that's always a tell—but we were programmed to do so. Often controllers will use a set of hypnotic commands to put two people together. One will be told, *"You'll see a woman with a white blouse. She'll tell you she waterskied on a lake last summer. She's studying philosophy...."* Or something similar. The other person will get a series of complementary commands: *"He'll be wearing an earring...."* And so on. Add to that, their ability to use cybernetic implants and microwave transmission, courtesy of HAARP

and GWEN towers, to move our bodies, direct our gaze, and control our speech; and it's relatively easy for the enemy to put sleepers together.

Somehow, Lisa and I ended up, together, outdoors, rolling on the ground, kissing passionately, like two teenage idiots. We went back to my place, happily finding Scott sound asleep in the back room, and Noah gone for the evening. There we fooled around, on the floor, on a wheaten throw rug, all night. As we kissed, gently, I undid Lisa's blouse, moving the strap off her shoulder, her breast from her bra, touching her aureola with my thumb. She took off her bra, and then my shirt, and we continued to kiss, her shirt open, me bare-chested, my hands on her body, in the blue half light of the room. After a while, she looked at me, smiling, and, slowly, rebuttoned her shirt. Still we kissed. Through the night, over and over, I would undo her blouse, slowly, button by button, touch her breasts, and kiss her nipples; and after a while, she would smile, and, slowly, do up her blouse.

I took off my shorts.

"How does it feel to be kissing a naked man," I whispered in her ear.

"You're not!" she exclaimed, looking downward, at me, with wonder.

Lisa went down, briefly, kissing the tip of my manhood with her tongue. It was heaven, but after a while she stopped. We went back to kissing, her arms around me, mine around her. Politely I asked for

more; but, just as politely, she declined. It was probably the first time she did something like that. It was certainly the first time for me.

Still, every now and then, I could see her, looking down, checking me out.

I tried a different tack. Without even thinking of birth control, I spoke, throatily, "I want to give you pleasure, Lisa, such pleasure."

"I don't want that kind of pleasure from you. Not now. Not tonight. This is fine."

It was like dancing, or playing a game, one player moving forward, the other moving back, taking turns, each respecting the rules and each other. We made out, until, in the early morning, I walked her home to her dormitory, Mudd-Blaisdell, on South Campus. Later, Lisa told me she was raped by another student. We went to Cambridge together, and she lives in Hawai'i. I hope she is well.

Lisa and I had been set up. They couldn't make me do anything bad, and they never did; but they almost drove me to rape later that year. I am very happy nothing happened.

As the scum moved my body around, using remote control and hypnotic suggestions, through the technology described in the appendices to this book, so that I don't even know how Lisa and I met, or left the party at Sig Tau, they moved me into one of the lounges at Walker, where I found myself casually draped across a woman who sat on the sofa by the fireplace. We had both just met, but an older more

protective student asked me to give her some space, so I did. That night we also encountered, oddly, a group of kids who did not go to the colleges with whom I was happy to hang out. While I chatted with them, the older student called campus security, on the sly, so they were escorted from the building.

This young man, slightly older than I, just happened to come from Westfield, New Jersey, the satanic community in which I had grown up. I don't know what the enemy hoped to accomplish with him, but there is no doubt in my mind that we were moved together. That's quite a coincidence, running into someone from your old home town, on the other side of the country, almost three thousand miles away. We talked of common acquaintances. Like me, he remembered Debbie Longacre, a black-haired girl for whom I felt a liking. Did she have blue eyes like Wonder Woman? Also he knew the older brother of my friend Brian Tilyou, Chris, who now had a problem with cocaine.

CIA had taken out the Tilyous' father when Brian was only eight, as the man died at a young age of an unexpected heart attack. Earlier Brian and I played on his little street, and I got a skateboard for this purpose, buying a purple Bigfoot for the princely sum of fourteen dollars, seven of which I saved, and seven of which my father contributed. As Brian's little sister, Catherine, leaned topless from the second story of their house, we played cops and robbers, with an imaginary Mexico as the base for criminals. Apparently, there was no extradition treaty. Later, Brian, who gave me the toy assault rifle that

my father confiscated, began to hang out with older boys, calling himself the Tils, while he engaged in the teenage vandalism that CIA promoted through the 1970s. One time I went to his house at night, in the summer, so we hung out with a group of older boys whom he called the Baddy-Baddy Club. Throwing water balloons at cars, while obstructing the street with magnetic tape, stripped from a cassette, and strung from stop sign to street sign, was the worst of their activities that evening; but apparently it was the thin end of the wedge. It didn't take long for us to stop socializing, especially since Brian later tried to pick a fight with me, kicking my shins while I laughed at his inability to cause pain. It is odd that he came up at college.

Lynn Krieger was a tall and beautiful Eurasian woman, with long silky black hair, who lived in my dormitory. She had a habit of drinking way too much hard alcohol and ending up in compromising positions. There had been some sort of scandal when she visited Pomona, as a high school senior, ending up undressed in an upperclassman's bedroom. On this occasion, somehow we both ended up in her room, and she undressed, stripping down to her white bra and panties, and hopping into bed. One of the women on her hallway happened by, so I left Lynn to her care; but I regretted not having closed the door and taken advantage of her. Later I knocked, but she was out cold. I am ashamed to say I tried to slip the bolt with my fake i.d. on the drunken theory I was still invited into her room. Fortunately, I managed only to ruin my phony driver's license, and I never did anything like

that again. The internet tells me Lynn practices maritime law, as a partner in the San Francisco office of Lewis Brisbois, and she served as a director of the Maritime Law Association of the United States. I am sad to say that, from her photograph, she looks extremely mind controlled, robotic, with someone else, crazy and evil, looking through her eyes. I see that look on many people nowadays.

Speaking of odd looks, another strange encounter, whose memory I suppressed, followed the screening of a film at Harvey Mudd, a college strong in the sciences. Back in those days, if you were admitted to M.I.T., but you wanted good weather, and you liked to party on weekends, you went to Harvey Mudd. Famous alumni include two astronauts, the producer of the James Bond films, and many computer geniuses who invented things I don't understand. They had fun parties like Tequila Night; and, every April Fool's Day, their club, Gonzo Unicycle Madness, would ride eight miles and back to Foster's Donut Shop in neighboring Glendora.

Eager to go to all the events on campus, which, in the days before the internet, were advertised solely on paper bulletins, I headed to Claremont McKenna College to attend a party given by devotees of Ayn Rand and her pseudo-philosophy "objectivism." Earlier they had screened The Fountainhead at Harvey Mudd, and now they were hosting a do at their own college. Mudders were pretty cool, eccentric and interesting, but people who went to CMC were duds. With the exception of Robin Williams, who sensibly left before graduation,

alumni include billionaires like Henry Kravis, Peter Weinberg, George Roberts, and other stuffed suits who destroy people's lives through their "investments." Still, they had an annual tradition of reading Moby Dick aloud, all night, with champagne and lobster, and I wish I had gone to that.

At the objectivist party, everyone was done up, and a pretty woman was rude to me. I told her the flyers had not said coat and tie, which was the right way to indicate a dress code, and that Howard Roark would not care about such matters. Later I noticed how much rape Rand's books contain, or imply, and I remembered a hypnotic session on the telephone. I saw again how I was set up. At the time, however, I just brushed it off, and I went to another party. I never saw anything like the odd scene with the objectivists, and I never went back again.

A stranger event occurred the first time I ate psychedelic mushrooms. Britton, Noah, and I took them together, at the end of the day, a little scared, and waiting the twenty minutes it took for them to come on. As we began to feel it, we left our room. Through the chilly air of the desert, we strolled the campus at night, exploring our new home. We weren't acting odd, or making noise, when, suddenly, lights flashing, a squad car drove across the length of Marston Quad, on which we were relaxing. Campus security was in such a hurry to reach us that they didn't even get out of their car. They told us they had received a complaint of someone in bare feet wearing an orange shirt acting weird.

That was a rough description of me because I wore a hot pink pullover, faded jeans, and white canvas topsiders. I told them I didn't know what they were talking about, that we were students, and I showed them my college i.d. They could see I was fine, so they apologized and left us to the evening. It was an extremely bizarre encounter. How messed up, I thought, that freedom frightens others.

Now I know I was set up. Either CIA called me in, or they brainwashed someone to do so. In four years at Pomona College, that was my only encounter with campus security, and it took place the night we ate mushrooms. The remaining four years, I would see flagrant violations of the alcohol policy, where students pushed a keg around campus in a shopping cart, moving the party from courtyard to courtyard. Others smoked cannabis openly, filling the air with pungent aromas. Campus security took no action until our fourth year when policy changed. But here, and only at that time, when I was breaking the law, but acting normally, someone gave them my description in a failed attempt to get me busted.

At the time, I thought about the dynamics of group mind and individual freedom. The idea of group mind, the will of the group, an instinct that guided us, but that did not start with any one person, was me, groping my way toward an understanding of the hypnotic suggestions, scripted conversations, and staged interactions the enemy put before us through person-to-person hypnosis and microwave messaging. Somehow I knew that something guided our group of

friends, and it happened when we took psychedelics, but I had no idea it was a malevolent intelligence agency recreating the mind control experiments they had run with LSD less than thirty years earlier.

As we came down, my friend Noah showed signs of mind control that I did not recognize for years. Noah was tapping a stick on the steps, punctuating his speech, as we sat next to Frary Hall, overlooking Bixby Plaza and the Smith Tower. His speech was repetitive and satanic. Back then, it was just a bit of silliness, but now I see what lay behind it. Using one of the devil's names, he scraped his makeshift wand, intoning, periodically, through his story,

Scratttch! Through the annals of time....

Apparently, our relationship, fuelled by drugs and mind control, invoking the devil, met with our programmers' approval. I knew we were friends, feeling a kinship to Noah, supported by hypnotic suggestion, delivered by microwave transmission. But it was never the way they thought. It was just silly talk.

The enemy was pushing satanism. Rod Parsley dressed as a serial killer for Halloween, and I dressed as a devil. Others listened to thrash metal while they did steroids, and lifted weights, smoking weed from a bong. For no reason they could explain, my friends advertised a party with a poster showing Lyle and Erik Menendez, MK-ULTRA victims who murdered their parents, to go on a spending spree, with the caption,



Be Happy!



The Menendez Family came from Cuba, a hotbed of CIA activity, and they lived in New Jersey and Beverly Hills, where satanic mind control is rife. I was entrained to Wonder Woman, and others got the X-Men; but the night of the murders, the Menendez Brothers went to see Batman, by director Tim Burton, whose films are heavily satanic.

Another strange incident happened with respect to mushrooms and fraternities.

Fraternities were not big at Pomona. We had no nationally recognized fraternities, and none were residential. Aside from **FRAT X**, into which my friend, Monica, was inducted, there were simply greek-letter societies that had rooms under the dormitories. Every week they threw parties to which everyone was invited. For two dollars, a college student could drink all the beer he or she wanted, regardless of age. KOE, a co-ed fraternity, opened the Pub on Mondays. AGS, a co-ed fraternity, heavy on psychedelics, ran Wed Night. KD, Sig Tau, and Phi Delt threw parties on the weekends, and there were parties at the other colleges. Sometimes there was music. Junior Mints and the Dukes of Soul played rhythm and blues classics, à la Animal House, and everybody danced. There was so much energy in the place, I overheard the band leader say to his friend,

You know we're coming back here again!!!

Another favorite was a punk group called Mr. P. and the Demolition Squad, who did shouted recitals of Grace Slick's "Ask Alice" and original numbers like "I Die In An Auto Accident," which Mr. P. would act out, while they wrapped him in a bloody sheet.

Phi Delt invited Britton and me to rush, a one-week affair, and I thought I might go just to check it out.

On Friday afternoon, I ate a large amount of psychedelic mushrooms, as I began the weekend. I looked across the quad at Carnegie Hall, where Human Ethology met, and I could see the ionic columns breathing. This was intense, so I returned to my room. I just made it there, as the visuals increased, and I lay on my bed. With my eyes closed, I cut myself off from external stimuli, relaxed, turning my attention inward.

After a while, the enemy hit me with image to skull, projecting onto my visual cortex, as they had done earlier in the year. When I first arrived at Pomona, I would see pages covered with words whenever I closed my eyes. This was the first time this had ever happened, and although I had read just as much throughout my life, I attributed the phenomenon to reading a lot of books. Later we got similar effects at the Student Union, after playing the single video game stationed there, Blockout, where three-dimensional images would appear in one's mind. Now I saw an image in my head, a line drawing of a viking ship, which I could have reproduced on paper with a pencil. I have taken psychedelics over a dozen times, and this is one of the few

times in my life, before 2016, under their influence or not, when I have ever seen an image in my head. Early in life, I was given a deep hypnotic command to remember everything I heard and nothing I saw, so I could not identify the criminals that abused me. Maybe CIA botched the ocular implant they gave me as a boy. I never had a visual memory—not even of a loved one’s face—that is, until age forty-seven, when I finally woke from hypnotic sleep and my tormentors bombarded me with image to skull.

After a while, I put Beethoven on the record player, listening to the Ninth Symphony. This was programming since the imbeciles associate Beethoven, an individualist genius who emblemizes the triumph of the human spirit, with Clockwork Orange. That’s how utterly stupid and obscene they are.

A few hours later, I got up, and I turned on the television. There was a biker movie in which the Hell’s Angels held a woman hostage, stripping her, as a prelude to rape. That hardly seems a coincidence.

I had missed rush. Britton came back, and he said it was lame. He had walked out in the middle. Whatever it was, the idiots’ plot failed. They were pushing rape as usual, and they were even using image to skull, which was exotic in 1988. I would guess they also relayed low-frequency hypnotic suggestions by voice to skull. One would think they would have wanted me to join the fraternity with its borderline rape culture. After KD, Phi Delt was the closest to the sort of

fraternities one finds on other campuses. Maybe they thought that, under the influence of drugs, I would go to the party and act out, causing trouble for myself. Or maybe they thought I would ensure my election to Phi Delt by sharing the mushrooms with its members. It's hard to know; but given other events, the strange visual experience, the film on t.v., and the obscene attempt to use Beethoven, they were going for something.

Some friendly upperclassmen who lived upstairs took us under their wing. As Scott and Noah later would, they belonged to KD, the fraternity for which Kris Kristofferson served as secretary, but they were good fellows. We went out for margaritas with them and history professor, Ken Wolf, and we did shots in their room. We went to movies like Action Jackson with Carl Weathers and The Running Man with Arnold Schwarzenegger. I don't know about the first, but the second, by Stephen King, was full of cartel signals. Some of them did steroids, as they lifted weights, and they obsessed over sex even more than I did. I remember travelling to a local sex shop with them, where I waited in the parking lot. As I told our friends, "I don't need to go in there to buy a Playboy or a condom." I did look through their printed catalog of prostitutes, although I couldn't find one I liked. Playmates and real women were better. Their bathroom had a connecting door to the women's shower, which was always locked; but one of them had bent the slats in the ventilation panel, so we could peak at our fellow students, trying to catch a glimpse of a woman's naked body, just like in

Porky's, which we had watched in high school. One time, we put James Brown on the record player, and we danced around for the women in the dorm, flashing our backsides at them. Now that I look back, I clearly see our neighbors showed signs of mind control.

Rod Parsley spent his college summers guiding raft trips and kayaking through the Grand Canyon, not to mention numerous rivers in Central and South America. He later got an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School, and he worked in a series of private equity firms, in which he served as partner or director, including Perella Weinberg, which was founded, naturally, by CMC alumnus Steve Weinberg. From what I gather, Rod specializes in investments in water, agriculture, and alternative energy. He serves on the Board of the Vistamar School, and he helped finance my friend Noah's first film, Big in the Mind, the story of Harlem basketball legend, Joe Hammond, who scored fifty points against Dr. J. at the famed Rucker Tournament, was drafted by the L.A. Lakers despite never playing high school ball, turned them down, and went broke. Now that's the story of someone targeted by the program. Rod, who helped find funding for this picture, lives in Manhattan Beach, California, where the satanic ritual abuse of children occurred in the eighties and where we used to go on day trips. In retrospect, I find it odd that, horny as I was, I never looked at a woman on that beach: mind control was at work. For Halloween, 1987, Rod dressed as a psychotic killer for a costume party. At the same time, I dressed as the devil, although my closest friends went as the Village People. We had

neither satanic nor homosexual inclinations, and we never listened to the gay rock band from San Francisco; but something made us choose these costumes.

Carl Lovell III, known as Tre, was Rod's room-mate. Tre came from Las Vegas, and he was the gold medal national champion and a black belt instructor in the martial arts. His father had a connection with the federal government, so he worked summers on defense contractor jobs that paid highly. I'm not sure, but I think they were for NASA.

Despite his martial arts ability, or perhaps because of it, Tre was the nicest fellow ever. I remember sparring with him, as we drank shots in his room, clowning around, when he said,

Tim, you've got it right.

Hit him wherever you can.

Do it for what's right.

That's good advice for anyone.

Back then, I described some of our conversations to my mother on the telephone.

She said, "*I get that guy. Listen to him.*"

Since I cannot imagine Tre fighting with anyone, it surprised me, at first, to find he became a litigator; but then I learned more. When thousands of innocent people, including vulnerable retirees, were bilked out of two hundred million dollars in a Ponzi scheme, no one would

take the case. No one but Tre that is. Our old neighbor not only accepted the case, but he expanded the scope of the previous litigation, doubling down. Tre works for his own firm in Los Angeles. That's how you have to play it if you're targeted. No one will hire you. You can't be afraid to bring suit. Our enemy counts on us walking away from losses, as they continue to attack, curling up in a ball as they kick our body. Don't do it. You have to fight—inside or outside court.

Dawson Crawford was a third upperclassman who ended up as a self-employed lawyer, working in California and Hawai'i. Dawson was the captain of the basketball team, who had been friends with Tre and Rod; but, when I knew him, mostly he was off with his girlfriend. Oddly, he had family right down the road from me in Unionville.

Dawson joined me in an impassioned condemnation of a high profile rape on campus. A scumbag whose name I cannot remember, Paul Something, sexually assaulted more than one student, so heroic women at Scripps took action. They called themselves SPIRAL, which stood for Sisters Protesting Ignorance, Rape, and Lies. They made posters, which they plastered over all five colleges, in dining halls, on the outside of buildings, and even on trees. Each poster had a photo of the criminal degenerate, a student from Pitzer College, with his name, and it was labelled,

DO NOT DATE THIS MAN: HE IS A RAPIST!

As far as I know, the survivors did not press charges, but at least the trash was kicked off campus. The colleges told the newspapers they would educate us about date rape, but nothing happened. With finals approaching, briefly we talked about the incident. Dawson and I were unequivocal in our contempt for the rapist trash, although Mike Brown, who was later Lynn Krieger's boyfriend, spoke up for him. As Dawson agreed with me, "You guys are thinking of this all wrong! Imagine if that was your mother. Or your sister. Or your girlfriend."

I take inspiration today not only from the other fine people I have known but from the heroic women of SPIRAL. Through this series of books, my website, and my teaching, I strive to raise awareness of rape, child abuse, and other depraved crimes committed by the CIA and its minions—not to mention the international satanic conspiracy behind the New World Order. In this regard, not only do I follow the spirit of SPIRAL, but I have borrowed their tactics. Sometimes, in the morning, I will get up before dawn. That's easy when you're on the receiving end of constant microwave harassment. I drive to nearby towns, which have wooden telephone poles along their sidewalks, and I staple posters at intersections, providing information about CIA's illegal activities within the United States, picturing chemtrails, mind control technology, and the like. I have business cards printed to advertise my website and those of others in the Resistance: Dr. Katherine Horton, Cathy O'Brien, and the whistleblowers at Bigger Than Snowden. Mischievously, I walk shopping malls or bookstores, leaving cards, here and there, to be found

by passers-by, just as airplanes drop leaflets as psy-ops in war zones. To boost my morale and to mock the enemy, I gave a name to my counter-measures: OPERATION WALKABOUT.

BOOK FIVE: THE X-STORM

Freshman spring, I met a different circle with whom I hung out.

Donald Walcott, a member of the All-America Soccer Team, played striker. He was such a strong player I would ask him on the days of his games, “How many goals did you score?” Once he told me I should ask how many assists, not to mention who assisted him. As Donnie explained to me, an assist was as good as a goal, or maybe better, because it made the goal happen and it showed teamwork. Don studied philosophy—not just in books but in life. I learned a lot from my friend, and I was happy to catch up with him recently on the telephone.

CIA targeted Don, and they put drugs in front of both of us. With his girlfriend, Sophie, and his friend, Felix, I would do Ecstasy, otherwise known as Adam, or MDMA, in the spring of freshman year. This was not the disco biscuits that would later make an appearance on the club scene, often consisting of opiates or other drugs, but the pharmaceutical-grade stuff that classmates described at Andover. We used it differently, too. The first time I took it, we had just returned from a daytrip to either Hermosa or Manhattan Beach—I forget which—and I went by Mudd-Blaisdell, where Don and I played pool before, for our X-Party. None of us had experience with the drug, and there was no internet, so we were our own test subjects. We waited for the capsules

filled with powder to hit. When they did, we felt deep empathy. We rubbed each other's shoulders, and we listened to each other. We really listened. We also listened to classical music. One time, Don pulled out his violin, and he played the opening movement of Bach's Third Partita. Even though we were doing drugs, it seemed to have a good influence.

The first time we took MDMA, Don telephoned his mom. She was a lawyer who played for the Minnesota Orchestra. When a guest conductor, Sir Neville Mariner, chewed them all out, he said Mrs. Walcott was the only musician who was worth a damn. The Walcotts were going through a divorce, so Don called his mother to express his support and sympathy as her son. That's what Ecstasy can do, properly used, as it once was for marriage counselling and individual growth in Austin, Texas. They used to say it was worth a year of therapy.

CIA was trying to ruin our lives, but their plot backfired. Ecstasy is extremely illegal, a Schedule One drug, although, or perhaps because, it can help people achieve their full humanity. Don, Felix, and Sophie obtained a significant amount of the drug off campus, and they were distributing it. As with LSD in the 1960s, distribution was often free, or at cost, because we believed the drug would make a better world. Things could have gone badly, and they could have faced jail time. That didn't occur to me, as I took MDMA six times between 1988 and 1989. That alone was too much. As Ram Dass, formerly Dr. Richard Alpert, said of psychedelics, from which one can derive real spiritual benefits,

Once you get the message, hang up the phone.

Meanwhile, the party culture continued unabated. At a five-college party, I met Wendy Johnson, a student at Scripps College, who held the dance scholarship. On the same day, CIA killed our English cocker spaniel, Maggie, who growled at Rick Creole when he abused us, by planting a hypnotic suggestion in my father.

Maggie was a gift from our friends the Helbigs, who lived in a castle in Westchester County, built in the 1920s, facing a large swimming pool, and featuring a suit of armor they whimsically named Hector the Protector. Rick Helbig, a graduate of Andover and Brown, was an amateur HAM radio operator as a boy, whose mother once heard his voice broadcast from the oven. He is a kind man with a black sense of humor, who joked that one of his wife's dogs should be arrested for mating with its offspring, and hinted darkly that he would kill another, saying,

Randolph and I are going hunting....

I once babysat for his sons, Kent and Chris, whose favorite t.v. program was not Wonder Woman nor Batman but The Hulk. When his son married a Chinese woman, feigning an interest in laundry discounts, Rick asked, "Does she do shirts?" He was a good husband, but, no doubt led by suggestions, he could not keep his dick in his pants, so eventually his wife Maureen amicably divorced him. Both remain family friends, whom we knew from the satanic enclave of Westfield,

New Jersey, where they were also friends with the Roberts. Dr. Helbig worked as a surgeon, once operating on one of Mother Teresa's nuns when no one would do it because the woman had no health insurance. He did not charge her a penny. Mother Teresa blessed him over the phone after he completed the procedure, so we joked that he obtained his BBMT after his MD. Years later, he visited my father a week before his death; and he spoke movingly at the memorial service, telling how he learned to be a good parent by watching my dad.

Maggie was a champion spaniel named Kiss Me Too, out of Kiss Me Quick. She had a gentle and playful disposition. In the days of free-range dogs, we called her Esther Williams because of her propensity to swim in the pond, and once she returned from a neighbor's garage carrying a lacrosse glove. If you pushed her away from you on the sofa, she would run around the coffee table, tail wagging manically, to love you on the other side. As I read John Webster's Duchess of Malfi, or was it The White Devil, I was struck by the line:

Fate is like a spaniel: we cannot beat it from us.

When someone would pull into the driveway, Maggie used to run all around the car, delighted that my father, especially, was home. She was his dog, closest to him of all family members, and they truly loved each other. The trash at the agency made my father believe that Maggie would always move out of the way, so that day he ran her down. He picked up her broken body from the ground, and took her to Dr. Pote,

but it was too late. As my mother told me on the phone, Maggie was dead; but I was a self-absorbed teenager with little compassion, despite my alleged advances with Ecstasy, so I didn't really care. For years, I thought my family was unlucky with animals, killing pets due to karma or happenstance, a pattern suggested on Northern Exposure, before I learned the truth.

I was just happy that another woman I had just met was putting her hands under my shirt as we walked in a group away from the party. We went to Wendy's room, and we made out. We lay in her bed, and things grew more intense. Eventually, she handed me a rubber, saying, "If you want to do more, you should put this on." But I was so inexperienced that I did not know how to do it. After I fumbled for a while, she told me I had better go, so I did. The next day, I bought some condoms from the drugstore, and I practiced putting them on, succeeding in my second attempt, jerking off in the ancient wooden stall of one of the academic buildings.

Later that week, on Cinco de Mayo, I took Ecstasy with Noah and others. The X Storm was widening.

That evening I walked north to visit Wendy in her dorm, and we kissed. We walked the grounds, with her friends, ending up at Veggie House, a Victorian that served as a dormitory for students who ate a meatless diet and gardened in the back yard. Two fellows played the second side of Abbey Road on the guitar, as we stood drinking Dos Equis. (And, yes, I am the world's most interesting man). Eventually, I

walked Wendy home, and we exchanged addresses, so we could write letters over the coming year. She would go to New York City on an exchange program, where she worked for American Ballet Theatre, Mikhail Baryshnikov's company.

Strolling southwest, along Walker Wall, I returned to our rooms to find Joy Booth, who had taken Ecstasy with Noah, visiting my room-mates.

This beautiful young woman was a victim of the Illuminati, although the abuse in her family goes back much further than mine. Joy was the cousin of our upstairs neighbor Max Brodie, and she lived in Verona, New Jersey, fifteen miles from my childhood home. She was related to John Wilkes Booth, a member of the famous acting family, who killed Abraham Lincoln. Not only did Booth kill Lincoln, but his father wrote letters to Andrew Jackson, threatening to assassinate another president who bucked the New World Order. As the Illuminati took out its own assassins, Booth was killed only twelve days after Lincoln, just as Oswald was killed only two days after Kennedy. Refusing high interest loans from the Rothschilds, Lincoln was the first president to issue paper currency backed by the federal government—just as Kennedy tried to circumvent the Federal Reserve. The Jesuits accepted a million dollars to kill Lincoln, and the Pope hand-picked the assassins. The great man was succeeded by Andrew Johnson, a freemason, who was in turn replaced by Ulysses S. Grant, a member of the Independent Order of the Oddfellows. However you look at it, the

whole thing shouts Illuminati. The lovely Joy Booth, a relative of a brain-washed assassin, the vulnerable child of divorce, with her snowy blonde hair and her icy blue eyes, was a victim of mind control.

We had all been sexually abused by CIA, although none of us remembered it, and I suspect Joy was raped, while conscious, earlier that year. Certainly, she was unhappy at Scripps, from which she would transfer to Tulane in the fall; and, unlike me, she was sensitive to the real dangers facing women. Even on Ecstasy, she asked for someone to walk her home, and I happily volunteered.

When we reached our destination, Joy invited me in to her room in Balch Hall, the prettiest of the Scripps dormitories, and I accepted.

Here we played out suggestions we received less than a month earlier at a group programming session, where we were hypnotized and drugged.

*You're going to ask her for something,
and she's going to give it to you.*

They planned to breed us, on May Fifth, a satanic holiday.

I might have asked, "May I kiss you?" But I requested nothing romantic, and I had no thought of sex. Instead, cold from the chilly night air, I asked for something else my body needed. It was a cup of tea. Fetching things from a kitchen, Joy felt happy to serve me.

We spent the night talking of our lives and experiences. We came up with a whole cosmology, which involved the Flow, a tao-like force that animated the universe. I saw no bad in the world, or, at least, I did not account for it in my cosmology; but Joy said there had to be something else, something like the devil. She described her existential unhappiness at Scripps, where she felt stifled and isolated. I remembered my depression in the winter. Using her words, we put forth a counter-force: The Pit. Knowing what I know now about ritual satanic abuse, and the related trauma-based mind control we suffered, not to mention Joy's bloodline, I strongly suspect my hostess half-recalled her own abuse where she was kept in a pit of some kind, tortured until she conformed to the will of her self-styled masters. Back then, however, I knew none of this, and I was simply having the most wonderful conversation with a very real person. As the sun rose, I gave Joy an enormous bear hug in the antique hallway of her dorm, at the foot of the stairs, and I walked home. I didn't know it yet, but I had fallen in love.

Little did I know, I was following another hypnotic suggestion:

You'll stay there all night.

I don't want you to leave until the sun comes up.

Believe me: she won't have a problem with it.

I had flipped the command in my sleep. Nothing sexual happened between me and Joy, but I had spent the night with her.

On my way home, past Walker Wall, I stopped by the bookstore, which opened at seven, to buy a can of Bluebird orange juice. I may have been led by another command, as they tried to move me to Playboy; but the college bookstore did not carry the magazine, and I would not have wanted one anyway. Emily Arth was the Playmate of the Month, a very cultured and interesting person, who travelled the world with her father, cooked haute cuisine for her dinner parties, and read books like Mann's Doctor Faustus and Dostoyevsky's Idiot. She was accepted by Oberlin College, at age sixteen, to study piano; but, driven by malign hypnotic influence, she passed up her chance. I never bought the magazine in which she appeared; but that morning, following up on my talk with Joy, I purchased a copy of the Tao te Ching, translated by Gia-Fu Feng and Jane English, not to mention a book on neo-paganism.

Whether for mere spite, or from rage at my creative rejection of suggestions, the enemy hit me, hard, that day, with microwave harassment. I thought my circadian rhythms were out of whack; but, since then, I have felt similar sensations, and I know they are caused by the active denial systems used by the Army in the field.

That summer I took the train up to visit Noah in New York City, where his parents owned one of the floors of a brownstone in Greenwich Village, a place I suspect as satanic. I was so country that I had never been buzzed into a building. Having taken a taxi from Penn Station, I saw Noah's family name written next to one of the doorbells,

which I rang. Noah's voice spoke to me, saying something like, "Come on up," the thing buzzed, and I continued to stand there. After a while, I rang a second time, and Noah told me to open the door when I heard the buzz.

I met Noah's dad in his study, where we talked, in part, about anti-semitism. I was very taken by Carl Jung. I had read Man and His Symbols upon my return from Andover, and I gave my copy to Joy that summer. I had also read The Manticore in Steve Erickson's class. Professor Lerner, although fascinated with the idea of the collective unconscious, saw Jung as a borderline Nazi. Mostly, though, he felt Pomona College was out to get him because he was Jewish. They had just presented Noah with a two hundred dollar bill for overdue books, which my friend successfully contested, claiming Honnold made a clerical error, never recording his return of the volumes. Professor Lerner thought the library had acted maliciously rather than having made an innocent mistake.

It was hard for me to keep a straight face. I knew the real story—the actual conspiracy behind the one Professor Lerner perceived. To be fair, there is a good deal of anti-semitism in America; and given world history, including that of Nazi Germany, it is understandable that any Jew would sometimes feel paranoid. As a victim of MK-ULTRA, too, I know how it feels to see what's going on and to have concerns dismissed. But here there was no conspiracy—at least not by the library or the college. The real conspiracy came from Noah, who had recently

overdrawn his checking account, and a fellow student, Chris Buckholz, who had borrowed Noah's books.

Buckholz had taken a post-graduate year at the Taft School, which got him into Pomona. While the rest of us were genuinely keen to learn from our professors, to read great books, and to discuss ideas, Buckholz had a different attitude. He wanted to take the easiest classes to get his card punched. He found his favorite at Pitzer College, *The Desert Is A Place*, a sure-fire ticket to an easy A. Uncharacteristically, he also took Human Ethology with me, Monica, and Britton Shepard, a real course on biological and social anthropology taught by James McKenna, whom Rolling Stone had recently ranked as one of America's most popular professors. Perhaps because of the magazine's endorsement, Buckholz took the class. There, disappointed, he found that time spent studying did not translate directly to a better grade. He could never understand why the rest of us got better marks even though we studied less. To his mind, this just wasn't fair.

Buckholz sought Noah's help with one of his research papers. My room-mate had checked a couple dozen books out of the library; and rather than do his own research, Buckholz borrowed the books directly from my friend, promising he would return them.

Sometime thereafter Noah received a bill from the library charging him two hundred dollars. He went to Buckholz to ask what happened, but Chris reassured him that he had given back the books.

Undeterred, Noah went to Chris's room, where, under piles of unwashed laundry, the tomes remained. How to deal with the problem?

"Lerner, I don't have two hundred dollars," Buckholz said.

"You're going to have to help me then," Noah answered.

The co-conspirators smuggled the volumes back, where they carefully reshelfed them, and my friend returned to speak to the librarian. He went with the man to the stacks where everything sat in its proper place. The whole thing was written up to clerical error by a work-study student. Obviously, someone who was tired, or simply didn't know the system, had neglected to record the return. I don't know whom they blamed, but I imagine the librarian admonished the students working behind the desk to take greater care, and they apologized to Noah, who played the wronged party.

Professor Lerner knew none of this, and we were not about to tell him.

I spent the weekend happily with my room-mate, drinking with his friends, as we walked the streets of the city, brown bags covering the bottles of beer in our hands, bought from a neighborhood bodega. We had no opener, so Noah's friend Abe, a giant from the Dominican Republic, opened the beer bottles with his teeth. In Washington Square, we tried to score some weed but got ripped off, and my friend and I returned late to his family home. In the lobby, Noah dropped the housekey, it bounced a single time, and fell down the

fissure, a mere fraction of an inch, between the elevator and the floor. You could have tossed the key at that crack all day long, and you never could have made it do that; but Noah had a knack for these things. Later, we decided the phrase “No can do” must derive from “Only Noah can do that....” In some ways, he is a true schlemiel. At three o’clock that morning, we had to wake his mother, who was not pleased, although she had been so much fun drinking with us, earlier, at the Indian restaurant. Next morning, over the saltiest lox I have ever tasted, we apologized profusely.

Later that weekend, we visited Joy, in Verona, New Jersey, and the CIA used her to try to push me into horror fiction. Earlier, my cousin, Bobby, who had given me my MAD Magazines, containing the erotic pictures of Jacqueline Bisset and Charlies’ Angels, gave me a book by H.P. Lovecraft, and I would watch a few Lovecraft films over the years. Now, Joy was reading It, by Stephen King, with great enthusiasm. As we walked in the woods around her house, we stood inside a giant storm drain, and she told me that It lived in these things. As with It, I am certain the clown scare of 2016, where people saw evil clowns in unusual places, came from MK-ULTRA.

I never read It, despite my fondness for Joy; but, when I look back to our conversations, and when I read descriptions of the book, it seems to parallel our interactions and our abuse. Just as the trash at MK-ULTRA used our fears against us—as when Creole asked what frightened me to create an aversion—the title character exploits the

dread of its victims, taking the forms of their greatest fears, which create amnesic walls. From what I hear, the book explores the relationships among childhood trauma, amnesic walls, adult recovery, and the need to reconfront demons one had expelled—not to mention the cosmic battle between good and evil. Indeed, the cosmology Joy and I invented, of the Flow and the Pit, seems interlocked with Stephen King's book, which involves a Manichæan battle between the ancient forces of the Turtle and It, overseen by something called the Final Other. There also seem to be multiple strangely interconnected plots, where past worlds parallel present reality, just as they did in Dark Shadows, a show used in MK-ULTRA. The first plot contains some weird sexual stuff with one girl having sex with all the boys, allegedly to connect childhood and adulthood, and to heal the group. God knows how the scum used this on Joy, as I have no doubt she was forced to act out scenes from this sick book, which oddly fascinated her.

Not only did I not take the bait with It, never reading the novel, but my programmer's suggestions regarding Playboy failed that summer. Just as CIA had earlier tried to superimpose images of Penthouse Pet Dianne Jamison, Playboy Playmate Patty Duffek, Playboy Playmate Marina Baker, Wonder Woman, and real brunette teenagers like Tina Henoch, Toni Perry, and Lisa Lee, now they tried the same routine with blondes. That summer, my programmer broke into my house, and he showed me an issue of Playboy from July 1988, which I had not seen, since I was moving away from erotica. He told me Joy

would resemble the Playmate of the Month, but I refused to accept the suggestion:

I'll find someone else who looks like her.

The scum left me alone with this, since my mother was starting to wake up, and I had to go to work the next morning. If you have somewhere you have to be, where people will miss you, the enemy does not have the chance to work on you as they do otherwise when you are on vacation, enjoying the weekend, or between jobs. My programmer also left because he did not understand me or my words. I never had a sexual fantasy about Joy, but I felt only romantic love and friendship, so I never would have compared her to a Playmate. In fact, even if I'd had sexual feelings for Joy, I still would not have compared her to another. It does not seem right to compare one woman with another, even if one's interest is purely sexual.

At the Brandywine Art Museum, home to some of the Wyeths' paintings, I found a woman who looked like Joy. It was a Renaissance portrait by Roger van der Weyden, whose original hangs in the National Gallery, which I saw reproduced in a book. There the lady pictured wears a scarlet sash, just as Joy had worn at her high school graduation. It's funny how hypnotic suggestions will miscarry that way. Despite the constant efforts of the satanic trash at CIA, you can't make gold into shit.

It took me thirty years to recall the session around Joy, to realize they expected me to rape her when I walked her home, or at least to impregnate her, and to figure out that I had fallen in love because their suggestion misfired. On the telephone, my programmer told me,

You're going to meet someone you're very attracted to.

It will be the next time you take X.

As with my later girlfriend, Charlotte Large, I fell in love because I was hypnotized. If you are in love, you have been programmed. Love, straight love, combined with duty, which I also felt for Joy, which I also felt for Charlotte, and which I also feel for my daughter, is a different story—and it goes beyond feeling. As Charlotte would say, “I always love you; I just don’t always like you.” Or as Lear’s Cordelia says, “I love you according to my bond.” This does not require any sort of feel-good or any feeling at all. It simply means putting the other person first and doing what is best for them.

As I look back at the issue of Playboy that I never bought, I can see the parallels, although I can’t see what they were going for. Terri Lynn Doss appeared naked with clown make-up, and big clown shoes, as she stripped out of large baggy polka-dotted pantaloons. The magazine read, “As a little girl in Chicago, she fell for a bozo—the original Bozo, who camped it up on local TV as star of the now-legendary Bozo’s Circus.” Miss Doss said, “I went on the show and won a stuffed toy, got my picture taken with Bozo and became the talk of the sixth grade.” The pictorial was titled, “Life is a Three-Ring Circus

for the Great Terri.” That summer, Joy, who worked three jobs, said to me, “I feel like I live in a three-ring circus.” She was reading It, about a monster who takes the form of a clown, and she was blonde and pretty just like Terri Lynn Doss.

Many years later, the trash at CIA would break into my house in the middle of the night, still pushing their idea of Joy, and thinking I liked Terri Lynn Doss, a Playmate who never caught my eye. That story will be told more fully later in this series, but meanwhile it’s worth noting Miss Doss’s appearance in Roadhouse with Patrick Swayze. Poor Terri Lynn, abused like all the Playmates, like all of us, wanted to marry before she turned twenty-five and have a child before thirty. As she said in Playboy, “I don’t do the party scene. I’m a homebody.” Patty Duffek expressed similar sentiments. She never married, but she kept her looks. It was worse for Terri Lynn, who looked like a total skank in Roadhouse, wanting men to fight over her. The idiots that broke into my house told me I would see Joy in the movie, but, again, the suggestion misfired. I had a strange feeling that a different character, the beautiful blonde doctor with the striking eyes, who dated Patrick Swayze, reminded me, somehow, of Joy.

Meanwhile, back at Pomona, CIA used a fellow named Dave, who took Ecstasy with us, to promote Stephen King, as they tried earlier with Laurie Dunn, then with Joy Booth, and later with Jason Lovvorn. CIA wants people to get into sick things, and they want to use scary things to make hypnotic aversions; but it never worked on me.

Aside from reading Misery and The Stand, which friends recommended, I never read Stephen King, and I have always disliked horror.

Poor Dave was another victim. He worked in Washington, D.C., over the summer, in some sort of governmental internship. Sadly, he was into mind games, which I found jejune, low-level, and unkind. He loved to read Stephen King, which showed an interest in horror, and Ken Kesey, which led to an interest in drugs. Even by our standards, he did too much, and he disappeared from reality because of the LSD his programmers made him take.

“Have you seen Dave lately?” Sophie asked. “I’m a little worried about him.”

“He’s a jerk,” I answered. “What’s the problem?”

Apparently, the day before, Dave had stopped someone in the middle of a conversation, looking around, and saying, in hushed tones, “Did you say ‘End of the World?’”

“No, Dave, I did not.”

“Ohhh,” came the cagey response as he went on in a strange voice. “That’s goood. That’s good.”

Despite my experience with Ecstasy, I found this a funny story. I wish I’d had more compassion for Dave. Today it seems not only had CIA led him to take a dangerous drug, with bad effects, but they were using voice to skull on him, a form of harassment discussed in the appendices to this book. Whatever benefits psychedelics might otherwise have, I cannot endorse them because CIA will always ruin the

experience. Taking drugs of any sort, especially such powerful ones, makes a person vulnerable to hypnotic suggestions, image to skull, and other mind games. There's a reason why they used to give LSD to subjects under MK-ULTRA. It makes you putty in their hands.

Back in Pennsylvania, I returned to my summer job, planting trees, while Noah worked for his father, cutting every scene of drug use from the film of Jimi Hendrix at the Isle of Wight, which would become Wild Blue Angel. Jimi Hendrix, like Jim Morrison and Janis Joplin, all killed by CIA, was extremely targeted. He did a lot of drugs, so Noah had his work cut out for him. It was better than the other job he had been offered, making big money for a heroin distribution network. Thank God he had the sense not to take it, but our enemy put it in his way.

It was a long hot summer. While forest fires raged in Yellowstone, I worked outside, and I remember having the odd thought, certainly inspired by an older MK-ULTRA programmer, that I would prefer a cooler of ice water to sex with Raquel Welch. My fascination with Raquel, whose poster appeared in the back pages of every comic book, next to ads on hypnotism, seems implanted, and the strange idea that water deprivation somehow connects to sex has trauma-based mind control written all over it. Did they deprive us of water at the soccer camp where Playmate of the Year, Marilyn Lange, and I were both programmed under MK-ULTRA? At any rate, on the job, almost every day was over one hundred degrees, and we worked hard. We used to

laugh about the guy from the Marine Corps who couldn't hack a single week as a landscaper for my company. The sun had baked the ground so that it took two men to dig a hole, one with the pick-axe to break up the surface, and the other with the shovel.

One day, we rented a jackhammer so the foreman could knock out some concrete, and I watched him enviously, thinking it must be easy to have a machine do the work for you. Bill must have known what I was thinking, so he offered me the job. It was the hardest fifteen minutes I worked all summer. I learned then that machines do not make our lives easier—and this includes computers. They only drive us faster and faster, destroying our bodies and our lives.

During this time, my programmer, Rick Creole, who had raped my mother in front of me, continued to contact me on the telephone, and he came back into the house while my father travelled on business to South Africa. I quarrelled with my dad early in the summer, drunk, oddly saying, "I want you to hit me like Mr. Creole." They are always trying to destroy people's families. At the same time, I remember my father reporting a conversation he had with Creole, whom he viewed as a business acquaintance, in which the scum asked after me. My father gave a mixed response, and I was put out because, in my conscious mind, I wanted to live up to the phony colonel's example, to be a man, as he had falsely advocated.

"Call him now," I said. "Straighten it out. It's not fair what you said. I'm doing well. I have an A average at school."

Dad told me he was not going to call Zimbabwe on a fool's errand, and he was not going to take parenting advice from Rick Creole. We talked about it some more. In the end, I thought, remembering how I had inexplicably asked to rape Creole's wife, "To hell with him. I am better off without him after that embarrassing incident." The way I saw it, Creole was out of my life, and I was happy he never returned the bicycle we lent his son. He claimed it was stolen in New York City, which we believed. Who knows what he did with it, but, then, I thought this evened the score. We had both acted somewhat badly, so we could write each other off. It was for the best.

MK-ULTRA will turn you around and around, and not just with the sort of physical spinning Wonder Woman does—much like Pin the Tail on the Donkey, or bashing piñatas, through which some of us were entrained. Just when I thought I had rid myself of the scum, I spoke with Creole not only when he broke into my house but also later that summer, on the telephone, two days successively, as part of OPERATION SLEEPING BEAUTY.

One day he told me not to smoke cannabis, which we did regularly on the job, although he later went on to say, in the same session, "All right, Tim, I want you to forget what I said. Smoke as much marijuana as possible. It's good you don't have to pay for it." I remembered only the first part.

The next day I refused to smoke with my foreman, who was always lighting up, telling him a man I respected told me to abstain.

The foreman made fun of Creole, twirling an imaginary mustache, as he imitated his manner. I stuck up for the degenerate that drugged my family, raped my mother, and sexually abused me, having no memory of these events.

“It’s all right if you make fun of me, but don’t make fun of him. He’s a good man, and I want to live up to his example.”

That night, when I spoke to the trash that controlled me, I reported the conversation at work, and Creole told me, on a different level of my consciousness, to smoke if I wanted. He was probably surprized I refused. He also told me it was good I stuck up for him, and he asked me for a description of the man who mocked him.

That man was David Phillips, who was born in approximately 1964, attended East High School in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and worked at W.D. Wells in 1988. Dave was an absolute idiot, who dropped out of school in tenth grade. He spoke in the ignorant tones, and used the odd diphthongs, characteristic of the white trash that live in Cecil County, Maryland, whose grandparents were imported from Tennessee and North Carolina to do defense work during World War II.

How does that make sense? Why would the government move a bunch of ignorant hillbillies from one middle of nowhere to another. I’ll tell you why—to isolate them as part of a breeding program. Under drugs and hypnosis, it is easy to make them fuck their female relatives, so the perverts at CIA have bred a degenerate subrace

of shit-throwing monkeyboys whom they use as V2K perpetrators and in local burglary operations where women are drugged and raped in their sleep but do not remember.

Phillips provided me with a wealth of humorous material since he held a host of imbecilic beliefs. One time he told me a shooting star had fallen from the sky millions of years ago, and he felt put out when another worker attempted to correct him. Dave Tompkins told him meteors were rocks, but Phillips was incensed. As he told me, his grandfather told him this, so it should be true. On another occasion, apparently referring to Darwin's theory of evolution through natural selection, Phillips asked me incredulously if I believed a man could grow from a monkey. Maybe his abusers were making fun of him since he was a specimen of devolution. Another time he speculated that performing cunnilingus on a black lady must be like sucking mustard through a brillo pad. My God, he was stupid.

I suspect DHS recruited the fool. Two years ago, I hired a private investigator to run down a list of suspects. He found everyone, and they checked out; but despite the facts I gave him about Dave Phillips, he could find nothing. I have posted a reward of one thousand dollars for information resulting in his conviction on my website, Fighting Monarch, along with similar rewards for Rick Creole and others. Check it out.

Meanwhile, the scum, Rick Creole, worked to separate me from Joy Booth.

Now tell me again about that girl you're interested in....

You're not going to see her.

I'm going to put someone else in your way.

In my imagination, we used a freight elevator, going down into a mine, with numbers on different floors, to lead me in and out of trance, to different levels of consciousness, a method the Doors may recall.

WEIRD SCENES INSIDE THE GOLD MINE....

I did not remember doing this with Creole or others for years; but then, while awake, I would lie on my back and try to hypnotize myself with this method. I had difficulty urinating in front of someone else, or even with someone nearby, so I tried this technique, which I thought I invented, to fix my problem. I hoped I could mesmerize myself and place a suggestion simply so I could pee. Little did I know that CIA had used this method on me, which I half-remembered, and, with cybernetics, they purposely gave me trouble answering nature's call.

Years later, one of my students would ask me about other depraved and sadistic abuse by the trash at CIA, "Why would they do that?"

I answered her then, "Because they are sick."

I'm not sure who the someone else was, the person CIA had said they would put in my way, but they were certainly trying to break up friendships by forming love triangles. They tried this briefly, to make me interested in Don's girlfriend, Sophie, but she was loyal to Don and so was I. I remember the following session, as they tried to separate me from my friends.

"You're not going to go over there. Or if you do, you're going to smoke a lot of marijuana all right. I'm going to put some other things in your way. We'll see if you take them."

"Tim, does Don have a girlfriend?"

"We tried that already. It didn't work."

But it did work with Ella Richardson, whom they used to split me and my friend, Sean Shotzberger. Sean lived down the street from me, growing up. He dated Lynette Kirk, who sang "The Rainbow Connection," gave me a valentine, and filled me with lust when I saw her wrestle in gym class. After Sean moved a mile away, a shout from Longwood Gardens, we often played tennis on the court at his house. He was friends with Matt Mariani, brother to my friend Dan, whose wife, Astrid, later dressed as Isis, a superheroine from kids' t.v., at a Halloween Party in Manayunk on the Schuylkill River, where, dressed as Hunter S. Thompson, after I emerged from the makeshift haunted house in the root cellar, I recognized her obscure character immediately. Sean accompanied me as a guest on family skiing trips to Sugarbush, Vermont, and in the summer to Beach Haven, New Jersey.

CIA loves to use video games, especially violent ones, to program people. Today they use Grand Theft Auto, but then they used Double Dragon on me, Sean, and my brother Mike. In the summer before college, at the arcade, we discovered the new game, which cost fifty cents a play, unheard of then, and allowed continued play, rather than starting over. It was unbelievable in its violence, and we laughed as we used the figures on the screen to throw oil drums, swing baseball bats, and stick each other with knives. We spent twenty dollars the day we discovered the thing, drove home to get another twenty, and played till noon. All that time, we could have been at the beach. Fortunately, we lost only one morning.

Sean was a good fellow, but they used him to turn me and my brother, Michael, in the wrong direction. In high school, Michael and Sean would shoplift from department stores, at King of Prussia, Christiana, or Concord Malls, and Mike would watch porno movies on VHS at Sean's house. Sean's mother and her second husband watched porn together, something I viewed as abnormal, and I took no interest in this, preferring Playboy, as I moved toward real women. In high school, the only VHS tape we owned of a Hollywood movie, aside from Animal House, was The Terminator, which came from Sean. The film contains cartel signalling, as computers take over the world, and it has a nude shot of Arnold Schwarzenegger. The idiots at the agency were actually trying to push homosexuality on us, as they do with so many. They had no hope in this regard. I am sure they wanted me, too, to act as a bad

influence on Sean; but he had seen me smoke cannabis, and he wanted nothing to do with it. We did drink together, doing shots in the car on the way to Beverly Hills Cop II, where the Playboy Mansion appears, along with Alana Soares, and breathing fire, like dragons, as we blew Bacardi 151 from our lips across the flame of a lighter.

One would think that CIA would want me and Sean to continue our relationship, but they went out of their way to destroy it. The summer I visited Joy Booth, Sean and I went on a double date. He fixed me up with Sherry Richards, a shapely and pleasant blonde, and he brought his own girlfriend, Ella, to a Cajun restaurant in West Chester. Because of the oddities of Pennsylvania law, they had no liquor license, so we brought our own beer and wine, which they happily served to us. Sean was a fan of Heineken Dark, which he said tasted like chocolate and he drank with voodoo and popcorn shrimp. After supper, we drove to Longwood Gardens, sneaking in, after hours. Sean and Ella quarrelled, and he walked home in a huff; so I drove, first, Sherry and, then, Ella home. Ella invited me in, and we kissed. It was another drunken hook-up.

As a result of our liaison, Ella and Sean split up before she went to Boston College, and Sean and I lost our friendship. Ella was on the rebound, and she wanted an instant boyfriend; but I was not ready. As my earlier encounter with Elsa had shown, I was programmed for drunken hook-ups, but I did not know how to have a real relationship. Ella and I went on a couple dates, once to the movies, and once alone at

her house. Sean freaked out. He stalked us to one of our dates, banging on the door of Ella's house in Quail Hill, barging in, and yelling at her, which infuriated me. The fools at CIA wanted to turn this anger in me, so I would rape Ella; but I just wanted to kill Sean. The whole thing was a turn-off. I didn't want this kind of drama, so I left early, breaking up with Ella the next day. Later Sean turfed the lawn at Ella's house, fish-tailing his car across the grass, and he sent Ella's mother her birth control prescription. Ella's mother was a nurse, and she was probably happy that Sean was gone, so I don't think it was a big deal.

Whenever you see yourself acting out of character, it's a good indicator of mind control; and I was certainly acting against my own interests. Ella was a beautiful woman, charming and intelligent, who would have made love with me if I had committed to be her boyfriend. At the time, I did not think she was sufficiently intellectual. My idea of conversation involved the discussion of literature, history, or philosophy, while hers was more to tell amusing anecdotes. But I had just helped her write a sonnet for English class, so we did talk about literature, and I loved to tell and hear funny stories. What was the problem?

I suspect my programmers at CIA had tried another rape suggestion, which I rejected. That can happen. Ella played lacrosse, and she had long dark brown hair; so she was a dead ringer for Wonder Woman. The enemy had been pushing rape with the Amazon for over ten years; and there was no way in hell I would rape anyone. They were

also trying to combine my idea of Ella with a Playmate, Anna Clark, who posed earlier that year opposite a mime wearing face-paint, reminiscent of the clown in Stephen King's It. (The book was extremely popular at the time, having come out two years earlier, and winning several prizes). I would write to Ella over the coming year, sending her a letter on a heart I cut from paper for Valentine's Day, speaking with her on the phone, and walking with her in the country, but I did not date her.

Ella, who would take Ecstasy because of my glowing description, had been placed at Boston College, or the Heights, another hotbed of mind control. All Jesuit schools, from Regis to Georgetown, involve cartel abuse, under the military arm of the Roman Catholic Church, led by the Black Pope. Before Boston College moved to Chestnut Hill, with its gothic architecture, and its masonic pavements, Ella's school was founded by a bishop in the cellar of his cathedral. Today it has an endowment of \$2.4 billion dollars, and it houses 112 Jesuits on its campus, making it one of the largest Jesuit communities in the world. Alluding to the Crown Corporation, it inducts its leading seniors into the Order of the Cross and Crown. The Heights has the highest yield for Fulbright Scholarships in the country, and many of its students have won the Marshall and the Rhodes Scholarships. John Kerry, a member of Skull and Bones, who ran against George W. Bush for president, and served as Secretary of State under Barack Hussein Obama, went to the law school. Other famous alumni include many

actors and athletes. Some of the more colorful are the odd-looking Leonard Nimoy, who discussed conspiracy theories on In Search Of after he played Mr. Spock on Star Trek, and Ed McMahon, who hosted Star Search after sitting for years next to Johnny Carson on The Tonight Show. Like many in Hollywood, McMahon seemed to have no talent whatsoever. He was just an old fat drunk, given a place in the limelight, while he sexually abused young women on the casting couch. At the Heights, the Jesuits have trained untold bankers, leaders of industry, and politicians, including Tip O'Neill, the third longest serving Speaker of the House of Representatives, Ernest Moniz, the director of the Bates Linear Accelerator Center and the Secretary of Energy, and Wayne LaPierre, the executive vice president of the National Rifle Association. Other B.C. grads include Timothy Broglio, the Archbishop of the Archdiocese for Military Services, and John Hume, the only person ever to win the Nobel Peace Prize, the Gandhi Peace Prize, and the Martin Luther King Award, whom Pope Benedict knighted before he resigned mysteriously from office. This is the college where the girl I thought was not smart enough went.

I remember the end of one session that summer, relayed by I2K and V2K, as I slept. I knew it for years only from the cover memory. On the top layer of my consciousness, I had a dream in which I suffered an astral attack, casting out a glowing and frightening male figure that assaulted me. They took the figure from the book Lara Smith had given

me thirteen years earlier, Stories from around the World. It was Mimer the Master who taught Siegfried to forge the sword Balmung.

I am Mimer the Master. I am Mimer the Master.

ᚱᚷᚱᚱᚱ I am Mimer the Master. ᚱᚷᚱᚱᚱ

YᚱYᚱYᚱY YᚱYᚱYᚱY YᚱYᚱYᚱY

YOU ARE NOT MIMER THE MASTER!!!

YᚱYᚱYᚱY YᚱYᚱYᚱY YᚱYᚱYᚱY

They were losing hold of me, but they would come back strong in the coming months.

Eventually, I returned to Pomona with my father, who helped me encamp in my new room, a single with a wall of leaded glass windows, in Harwood Court. I had been an awful son, as CIA tried to divide us. Dad had struck me several times when I was in high school; and, for a while, I hated him. One time, freshman year, when he visited, taking me out to dinner, I told him so. CIA wanted him to pull the plug on my college education, but there was no way he would do that. Blood is thicker than water, every member of my family always stands by the others, and adults understand that teenagers are idiots, not to be blamed for their actions. I feel the same about my daughter, who recently disowned me in family court because of my fight against CIA through

my website Fighting Monarch. Because I remember abuse, she says I am not her father. There is no need to forgive her. As my father would say, she did not mean it. That's extra true because of mind control. Dad and I renegotiated our space that summer, playing chess in the evenings, while we listened to classical music. I am glad he forgave me, as I forgave him. As Erich Segal, a professor of classics at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, wrote, "Love means never having to say you're sorry."

BOOK SIX: THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE

When we returned to Pomona, Noah and Elsa split up. She had become pregnant and aborted the child, so it led to a rift. The scum at CIA were striking at us any way they could. If they could not lead us to arrest, or rape, then teenage pregnancy would do; and, of course, they always try to destroy relationships with other humans, to isolate their victims, and to make us feel bad.

Noah told me what happened over the summer, but I totally missed it when we lived together. I was so involved in my teenage world, as unaware of real problems as I was of our abuse.

I remember Noah's mother calling our room on the telephone at the end of freshman year. He was always with Elsa, or just out and about, but our standard response was to tell Mrs. Lerner that her son was at the library. This time was different, though.

"He'd better get good grades for all the time he spends there. Look, Tim, I know he's with Elsa. Something's happened. It's important. Can you give me her number?"

I stonewalled Mrs. Lerner, at least temporarily, saying I would see if I could find the number and call her back. I did not know what was going on, but Scott did. He called Noah, asking, "Can I tell her where you are?" Then he called Mrs. Lerner back. That summer I would learn that Elsa had become pregnant, and they aborted their child. But at the time I had no idea, and I didn't think of it afterward

except to feel embarrassment the few times I saw Elsa. I was the immature boy she had kissed who was not ready for a relationship, and my friend was not much better. I felt tarnished. I wish I had been more mature, but at least I had a sense of shame. That's something our enemies will never have.

The enemy was not content to kill Noah and Elsa's unborn child in an attempt to destroy their relationship and ruin their lives, but they used music to taunt us. Just as Noah, who played the drums, led me to take an interest in The Rhythmatist by Stewart Copeland, Scott introduced me to new music from ZZ Top to the Allman Brothers, and from Pat Metheny to Eddy Harris and Les McCann. While our roommate faced the unwanted pregnancy of his girlfriend, I listened constantly to my new favorite album, Swiss Movement, recorded at the Montreux Jazz Festival on the Summer Solstice of the year of my birth. "Compared To What?," which subsequently played in the overlong and forgettable film Casino, one of a string of mafia movies used for programming, describes the fall of civilization and the singer's misanthropy. Over a background of piano, drums, and saxophone, McCann sings of slaughterhouses killing pigs, children torturing frogs, wars fought for nothing, and critics pilloried as traitors. As he sums it up,

unreal values, crass distortion,

unwed mothers need abortion.

I was protected by my innocence, and I hope the words of the song never reached Noah. Later I would take a course called Psycho-Analysis and Politics, in which I would often see the word therapist, which would suggest “the rapist.” Because of trauma and drugs, I had blotted out my girlfriend’s rape in Zimbabwe, the country that was once Rhodesia; but still the evil buffoons taunted me although I could not hear them. That’s the level they’re working on—morality-wise, maturity-wise, and intelligence-wise.

Over the summer I had been reading the Dune books by Frank Herbert. That’s always bad. It’s what the MK-ULTRA programmers give people who are about to wake up. They are excellent and interesting books written by a genius, Frank Herbert, heavily targeted by CIA. They concern ecology, limited availability of resources, genetic engineering, breeding programs, biological memory, hypnotism, trance states, and the dangers of computers. They echo the world powers’ jockeying over the Middle East, where the Illuminati have set the stage for World War III, as Myron Fagan points out. In Chapterhouse, which contains my favorite character, Miles Teg, Herbert writes,

ALL GOVERNMENTS SUFFER A RECURRING PROBLEM:
POWER ATTRACTS PATHOLOGICAL PERSONALITIES.
IT IS NOT THAT POWER CORRUPTS BUT THAT IT IS
MAGNETIC TO THE CORRUPTIBLE. SUCH PEOPLE
HAVE A TENDENCY TO BECOME DRUNK ON VIOLENCE,
A CONDITION TO WHICH THEY ARE QUICKLY
ADDICTED.

This parallels the program. Herbert's books describe sound weapons, which might resemble the voice-to-skull technology described in the appendices to this book, just as Voice of God was used against the Iraqis in the Gulf War. And, something like Borges' work, they treat the apparent inevitability of prophecy, which is exactly the sort of useless question the programmers at CIA want you to consider, as they use computers to script your life.

Dune, Children of Dune, and Dune Messiah had sat on my shelf since I bought them in sixth grade at the middle school book fair. My English teacher and lacrosse coach, Bruce MacGregor, had described them glowingly back in 1980, telling us about the giant worms, as we read other books like The Hobbit or Big Red in his class. Mr. MacGregor was a good man, who once stood up for me on the lacrosse field, rerunning a race when someone deliberately tripped me; and he was an extremely popular teacher. CIA tried to get him in trouble, as he mildly tortured recalcitrant students, making them stand on one foot, threw blackboard erasers at daydreamers, and played poker with us, telling the girls they could only hold the chips. He was a wee dark man, with black curly hair, and a thin mustache, who wore a gold signet ring embossed with the MacGregor crest. As our coach, he told an amusing story about taking out an enormous player, much larger than he, charging head-down into the giant's privates. Afterwards he woke up, on the field, happy in the knowledge that, if the man had ruined his game that day, he had ruined his opponent's date that night. CIA could

not bring down this intelligent, brave, and colorful man, although they tried. Later he went on to serve as principal of three different schools, moving from one to the other, no doubt, each time, as he got into some form of mild trouble.

If you find yourself reading Herbert's books, someone is messing with you, or they soon will be. I returned to them again in 1992, when CIA hit me hard, and in 1998, when I almost woke up. At Pomona, I remember a fellow called Fred reading them, a strange dude, who was buddies with the acid casualty, Dave. Fred took more than his share of psychedelics, and his girlfriend Debbie spoke of fighting demons.

If you experience demonic possession, or astral attack, or djinn, or ghosts, it's really the trash at NSA using directed energy weapons. Years later, in Polynesia, I remember my daughter saying,

Something's messing with me:

It was telling me lies about you.

I knew nothing of psychic driving at that time, so I was foolish enough to think a spirit attacked her and she fought it off. Shortly afterwards, we had our first quarrels, although we never fought in the ten years before. Later she did not remember our conversation.

When my daughter turned fourteen, her mother, Kimberly Montgomery, another victim of the program, refused to let her see me, simply because I maintained my website, Fighting Monarch, exposing

the evils of MK-ULTRA including my daughter's rape by the scum at the agency. After being kept from me for six months, outside Washington, D.C., my daughter told me in family court she did not want to see me, even though we had been best friends for so long, spending one quarter to one third of every year together, and travelling to some of our country's most beautiful places—the Big Island of Hawai'i, the Alaskan Peninsula, the San Juan Islands, the Olympic Peninsula, Big Sur, the Gulf Coast, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and Maine. This series of books is dedicated to my daughter, Lily Montgomery, and I hope with all my heart it wakes her up to her abuse. The perverts at CIA destroy people's families, so they can isolate and prey on single women and children more easily, while they taunt the men who care with their horrific sexual abuse.

Back at Pomona, in a smaller fashion, we were kept away from others, in easily accessible and remote locations, so CIA could prey on us, drugging, hypnotizing, and abusing us in our sleep. We didn't know it any more than my daughter, Lily, does.

Although we now lived on South Campus, our rooms were isolated. Noah and I had both taken singles, but Scott, Britton, and Kenji lived in a triple on the ground floor at the southeastern end of Harwood Court, where we all hung out. The suite next to them was empty, so we had the place to ourselves. Dave Aafedt, a freshman, joined our group, and he introduced the practice of take-out lunch. While before, we had always eaten in Frary, the northern dining hall, now we took our lunch

to Scott's room, watching Days of Our Lives on his old t.v. set, which picked up five channels through the airwaves, standard at the time. Over lunch, we would watch the goggle box, playing cribbage and hearts, instead of mixing with our peers. Scott was the only person I knew who had a television, and I would not have wasted time this way if not for him.

Noah quickly found a new girlfriend, although it did not last long. Lenora Reynolds was very pretty, much taller than Noah, and devoutly Christian. I am ashamed to say I bet Chris Todd five dollars that their relationship would not last longer than a month. Chris thought this was a tough call, but he took the bet. Then Lenora and Noah broke up on exactly the thirtieth day after our bet. Not only had CIA brought the odd couple together, but they split them up on the only day when the outcome of our bet was debatable. That's how much mind control they had over all of us.

My situation was different. While so many women had moved through my life during freshman year, suddenly there were none. I wrote to Joy, Ella, and Wendy, but I met no one new on campus. When Hurricane Flo struck New Orleans, where Joy now lived, she wrote me a letter, describing her dreams. She dreamt we were making love in the storm, and I was more in love with her than ever, checking my box every day for her letters, but then she stopped writing, mysteriously, just as I had stopped writing Michele Weldon after Andover.

I am embarrassed to say that, unlike Michele, who patiently asked what was wrong, and even apologized for any offense she had unwittingly given, I told Joy to go to hell. My childish response bespoke mental slavery, as did the blotting out of my foolish and regrettable action. I forgot I cursed at Joy for thirty years, and it only recently came rushing back. Whenever you act badly, or alienate good people, it shows mind control. Memory failure indicates abuse.

Later I would see that CIA had used its power to make the meteorologists name the hurricane Flo. Joy noted the correspondence to the Flow, the force we had postulated on May Fifth, and I cannot believe this is accidental. They were actually naming storms just to mess with her.

Joy suffered not only as a member of the Booth Family, who had grown up near a hotbed of satanic activity, but at Tulane University to which she had transferred. Tulane is a hub of mind control, where Dr. Robert Heath founded the Department of Psychiatry and Neurology, using funds from the CIA and the military to perform experiments on hapless subjects. As part of MK-ULTRA, this criminal drugged people with LSD and bulbo-capnine, while he put circuitry in the brains of many, using it to make people listless, angry, or happy. On one occasion, Dr. Heath tried to convert a homosexual to heterosexuality. The man, labelled Patient B-19, fell into Heath's hands after his arrest for marijuana possession. Heath implanted electrodes in the septal region of his brain. He stimulated the implants while he forced the man to

watch pornography and pressured him to have sex with a prostitute. Dr. Heath was still doing research at Tulane when Joy studied there.

Freshman year, with a world of women around me, I had lost interest in Playboy, buying only two copies in twelve months. I would go to the drug store to browse the magazine, to see if the centerfold was any good, but each time I did not buy it. Mysteriously, I regained my interest in Playmates during the equally mysterious sexual drought of sophomore year. None of this was accidental. Suddenly, I found myself buying Playboy, not only at the pharmacist but in airports. As I flew from coast to coast, seeing the Grand Canyon from the air, sometimes sprinting through terminals to catch connecting flights, part of the routine turned to buying Playboy, especially newsstand specials like The Book of Lingerie, which had begun to come out, featuring only pictures of naked women. Instead of waiting to arrive at my destination, I would jerk off in the airport lavatory. A few times freshman year I masturbated to a photography book in Honnold Library, uncharacteristically leaving it in the stall, rather than returning it to the stacks. Perhaps CIA was trying to get me arrested for a lesser sex crime. It was certainly their style, they certainly lay behind the dearth of women, and they certainly promoted my resurgent interest in Playboy.

Trying to promote Terry Lynn Doss, in whom I had no interest, and attempting to conflate her with Joy, which would never

succeed, my programmers pushed me toward the October 1988 issue of Playboy.

You'll see her on the cover.

It will interest you....

I had no interest whatsoever in Miss Doss, nor did I have any interest in the idiotic "Special College Issue" in which she appeared. I read real literature, and I made no pretense of reading Playboy's articles. The jejune features on beer, football, and fashion had nothing to do with the college life I lived at Pomona. Still, suggestions will often take some effect, working in strange ways, rather than meeting rejection outright, so I acquired a mysterious fascination with Miss October, Shannon Long, who appeared in this magazine. How odd that her favorite movie was The Witches of Eastwick, one pressed on me. Did it have to do with my command?

You'll find a movie you can watch together,

one you both like....

The scum actually thought I would watch pornography with a woman, when I would watch it neither with a man nor by myself. My God, they are stupid!

Over ten years later, the beautiful and outdoorsy Australian lady, then Miss October, conflated with Lara Croft, to whom the trash directed me. Miss Long posed in a wide awake, jodhpurs, and boots, as she leaned against a Land Rover, relaxed at a sheep station, or drank her

coffee frontier-style. Many years later I was commanded to rape Lara Croft and told I would think of a woman from another country in connection with her. The scum actually thought I would associate the video heroine with my English girlfriend Charlotte. Instead, I went to the underground rape comics at Dangerbabe Central, online, so the computerized drawings in "Jungle Tales" are what Lady Croft, whom I imagined as a baroness, elevated for a significant archaeological discovery, looked like to me. In hypnotic sessions, my programmer would discover the connection between Miss Long and Lady Croft, saying it was no good, and I must find another woman to connect to the fictional character. Here I refused outright, and I have never watched any of the Lara Croft movies.

At the same time, Laura Richmond, who was born at Fort Dix, New Jersey, one hour from my home in Westfield, where Lara Smith lived in Wychwood, appeared in Playboy, both on the cover and as a centerfold. On the cover, she was Jessica Rabbit, a cartoon figure, promoted as hot, who appeared in the computerized flop Who Framed Roger Rabbit? No one liked this movie, except for Joy, and I'm glad her friend Jane Ainsbinder deflated my interest in Jessica Rabbit. As Jane said, "All the guys think she's hot. She's a cartoon." The cartoon woman was mated with an insane-looking rabbit, a symbol used in Playboy and Alice in Wonderland, as CIA promoted bestiality, seeking to interest people in perverse rôle-playing as "furies" while they moved toward sex with animals. Miss Richmond acted in a play called

Breakfast with the Moors Murderers, she joined up with a performance art troupe called Torture Chorus, and she listed Death Race 2000 as one of her favorite films. Tellingly she said, “Redheads are tormented as children and therefore deserve all adulthood pleasure.”

Miss Richmond had a tattoo, back when no one had a tattoo, except for sailors: It was the Eye of Horus. As she appeared in later newsstand specials, the lady not only wore the Illuminist symbol inked on her body—MK-ULTRA handlers love to brand their “slaves” like cattle—but she also brushed her hair to cover one eye in a trademark look that recalled the Eye of Horus. The symbol is also used in The Secrets of Isis, a popular show from the seventies, which children watched on Saturday morning. Remember how the wife of my friend dressed as Isis for a Halloween party, and I instantly recognized her? This featured a beautiful archæologist, who worked as a high school science teacher, and could transform into a superheroine. The wedjat, or Eye of Horus, featured on her show.

Later I would have the persistent idea that Laura Richmond went to Vassar, but this was untrue. It would take me years to realize my wrong notion derived from the agency’s attempt to conflate Laura Richmond with a large-breasted bisexual graduate of the women’s college, bearing a similar name, who studied English at the University of Virginia with me. In the 1990s, I believe this lady, Lauren, whose last name I cannot recall, and I were abused together. Those memories are very cloudy, but marks appeared on my hips at that time, from the metal

fingernails sometimes worn by abusers, and I associated Lauren with a cat. Were they pushing Catwoman, played by Michelle Pfeiffer, whom I found so attractive in Witches of Eastwick and Tequila Sunrise? Tim Burton put out Batman Returns that year, and Michelle Pfeiffer beat out Raquel Welch for the part. Later a married woman with whom I had an affair had similar marks on her breasts, which she attributed, like the stripes on my hips, to the growth of our bodies. I thought of them as tiger stripes. But even as Lauren expressed an interest in me, I never called her up. In addition to the association with Laura Richmond, was my classmate Lauren, another full-figured redhead, associated with Lauren Curtis, who went to the Poconos with me and Laurie Dunn, and who lived in Westfield along with Lara Smith?

Back in 1988 and 1989, during my second year at Pomona, there were women around me, but nothing kindled. I went out on a single date with one of Wendy's friends, who had red hair, but it lacked excitement. I spent the day studying with a pretty lady for Greek Art and Archæology, another course with Stephen Glass, but Jessica and I never followed up with each other. There was a beautiful blonde woman from East Germany, of all places, in my class on the ancient Near East, and we sometimes walked home together, but there was no spark. I saw another beautiful woman at a party, and I knew she had eyes for me, but I lacked the guts to approach her. And a lovely fellow student, who studied comparative literature, went out of her way to compliment me as we left British Authors II, but I didn't follow through

with Cathy. Yet another student solicited me, on the way into a party, but I told her I came for beer not sex. Even when one of the women soccer players pinched my nipple in the hallway, I didn't respond. If anyone wanted to jump into bed, it was certainly her. Something had changed because my programmer had come at me harder over the summer, altering his approach; or, maybe because of an earlier program, I had to be drunk.

At the same time, the scum at CIA tried to put homosexuality in front of me. One of the friends with whom I had taken MDMA was Felix Chung, who was Don Walcott's room-mate. Felix came from a rich Chinese-American family, and I believe they even had a Rolls. He was very intelligent, and laid back, and his parents were abusive. Sophie told me how they screamed at him, red-faced, in front of a group of people, saying, "You should see what Felix comes from. Take it easy on him." I can't remember what I said, but I'm glad she stuck up for our friend. Later, there was some indication he had homosexual tendencies, since an openly gay student and he seemed to share a secret that embarrassed him. I asked Don, privately, if Felix were homosexual, and he indicated that our friend had once taken comfort with another man during a difficult time. Back then, I knew none of this, but I am sure that CIA was pushing homosexuality on Felix. What's more, they were so stupid they thought they could create a homosexual liaison between us.

Usually, we drank cheap beer at ubiquitous keg parties; but one night, I uncharacteristically bought a bottle of Irish whisky. Since Felix and Don both enjoyed hard liquor, I went to their rooms to see if they would drink with me. Don was out with Sophie, and Felix had work to do for his photography class. He told me my arrival was serendipitous in that he needed a model to photograph. When you find yourself doing unusual things, or coincidences happen, you can bet CIA lies behind it.

Felix and I went to the studio, where I happily drank my Bushmills, while he took black-and-white stills of me. The idiots at CIA probably thought I would take my clothes off, but the thought occurred to neither of us. I didn't even pose, except for moving slightly at Felix's direction, putting down my glass, or turning my head. I sat in my faded jeans and black turtleneck, still drinking, as he developed the film in the darkroom. Felix finished his work, and he returned, saying, "Now I can join you. Pour me a glass, look through these, and see what you think." I gave him feedback on the pictures, and I picked out my favorite, which he gave to me. Half my face was lit, and half in shadow. He called it "The Two Sides of Tim Shelley."

The agency was never going to turn me gay, but they did manage to use Felix to put spirits and drugs in front of me. He often kept bottles of Bombay Sapphire and Glenfiddich in his room, and sometimes we would drink whisky together. Felix moved into hard drugs in a way none of us did. He tried heroin over freshman summer,

in Hawai`i, for which I berated him, although that didn't stop me from smoking opium with my friend. How literary! This was just like something from Thomas DeQuincey with his aristocratic name, or Lord Byron, or Baudelaire's Flowers of Evil. Little did I know half the Romantics were gayboys, and all were slaves of the cartel. I did cocaine in college, only once, when I bought it from Felix. I had done cocaine in high school: it was the eighties after all. But I never touched the stuff in college except one time. On that occasion, I bought it through Felix. I had no bad experience, but I never did cocaine again except for twice when I was thirty, now twenty years ago. We also took LSD together, one Friday, which caused me to miss the party of the year, Harwood Halloween, held in my dormitory.

My programmers were working hard to keep me isolated and to stop me from leading a fulfilling life. I did well in school, earning straight A's in difficult classes, and I tried to go back to sports. Following up on my experience with Ecstasy, and my conversations with Don and Joy, I signed up for T'ai Chi. It seemed incredibly important, but I mysteriously dropped the class after only one session. I thought about returning to Professor Zold's fencing classes, but I did not. And, although I had practiced the guitar all summer, with my dad's encouragement, I did not sign up for lessons, ten dollars per, only thinking about it. Later I would return to squash and racquetball, but I had given up tennis under a hypnotic command. The one thing I did

was run. Every other day, I went jogging, doing a double loop, around the five colleges and through the village.

On my jogs I remember running past a lovely Victorian with flowers planted everywhere, past arts-and-crafts cottages inhabited by professors, and down the colonnade at Balch Courtyard, over at Scripps, in the golden light that hits Southern California in the early evening; but one house struck me more than others. I kept running past it, and I had the feeling that Noah and I had been there, maybe with Scott, and others, not to mention David Alexander, the president of the college, who served as U.S. National Secretary for the Rhodes Trust.

Like all recovered memories, clouded with drugs and hypnotism, the events of that evening have come to me in fragments, still vague and dreamlike, but with particular verbal exchanges. Noah, Joy, and I were all abused, together, in that house, in some sort of luciferian ceremony. I remember sitting on chairs, in a circle, when someone spoke to me, offering some perversion, some species of sexual assault, but I refused.

Joy Booth stood before me, wearing a white dress, while another spoke, "Now it's your turn. This is Jane's friend. I want you to go with her."

"What are you talking about? I won't do that. I don't want to go with her. It shouldn't be like that. It's wrong."

"It's because he's a virgin."

“That’s not it. Sex is fine. If we were just together, alone, it would be fine. But this is no good. This isn’t right. There’s something wrong with it.”

“Tim, it’s this or nothing,” a woman spoke to me.

“Nothing then. I choose nothing. This isn’t right.”

“He can’t be serious,” another said.

I turned to Joy, “Are you okay? What have they done to you? Do you want to be here? We need to get you out of here.”

“She’s not allowed to answer you.”

Our abusers conferred together, one saying, “He’s always like this.”

Another said, “Don’t bring him back. This could blow up on us. See him in his room if you need to see him. Find someplace else to do it. I don’t want him here.”

Joy asked, “Did I do something wrong?”

“You’re fine, dear. There’s nothing wrong with you. When you see him again, you just talk. You talk and talk. Tell him things. Tell him what you want. He’ll listen to you.”

Another spoke, “We’ll see what he does then.”

And the luciferian trash, including the president of my college, put us out, giving us hypnotic commands.

You three will meet again.

You're going to take Ecstasy together.

We'll see what you do then....

I remembered none of this for thirty years but only that something happened in that house, some sort of party, something with the president. Was Noah there? Was Scott? I didn't even connect Joy to the place, but I vaguely remembered a drunken walk home from that house, and that house alone, in the village. That must have been the drugs administered by our abusers. I vaguely remember a needle in my arm, as I slumped, hypnotized, in my chair, mumbling, "No needles. No needles. I don't want any."

Our friend Britton Shepard, who played on the soccer team, showed signs of the agency's influence. Britton introduced me to psychedelic mushrooms the year before when CIA tried to have me arrested. Mostly, though, he was mischievous in a way that amounted to vandalism. At the end of Human Ethology, frustrated with Professor James McKenna, whom we called a "grade slut" for giving me an A+, we burned a textbook in the stairwell, putting out the blaze with a fire extinguisher when it threatened to spread, as we covered the area with white chemical dust. Another time, Britton drew a large mural on the interior wall of Harwood Court, outside his isolated room, with a black magic marker, just like Harold and the Purple Crayon. He was taking drawing classes after all. A third evening, Britton led us in crime over

Fall Break, when we liberated several golf carts used by maintenance, which we drunkenly raced across the deserted campus to an off-grounds party, abandoning them at our destination, and walking home at the night's end. A normal day with Britton, as we returned from the dining hall, involved him setting off the alarm on one of the faculty's cars, which he did by pushing downward on the rear bumper. Britton got mononucleosis that year, no doubt because they wanted to stop him and his girlfriend, Jane, from kissing, to make him drop out of the soccer team, and to delay his graduation, putting strains on his family's finances. The following year, Britton's father, Jim, a nuclear physicist who taught at the University of Colorado, near NORAD, and Schriever Air Force Base, came down with a mysterious ailment, becoming seemingly allergic to everything, so he could not ride in a car or fly in a plane to attend his son's graduation. In addition to implantation, and who knows what, microwave harassment caused those symptoms; and Britton, who was really a good guy, was acting up because of mind control.

I don't know why Britton's girlfriend put up with him; and, eventually, she didn't, breaking up with the manchild upon his return from France the following year. Jane Ainbinder was a diminutive brunette, who knew her own mind. When a sculptor wanted to cast Jane and Britton, naked, in bronze, he wanted to jump at the chance, but she would have none of it, and he deferred to her in all things. Jane had gone to Montclair Academy with Joy, where Joy had graduated in

daring fashion, with a scarlet red sash over her pure white dress, an outfit that led me to associate her with the portrait by Roger van der Weyden. Jane roomed with Lenora Reynolds, a tall proper lady from the Midwest, and Viveca Paulin, an equally tall and beautiful Swedish-American blonde, who married Will Farrell, a movie star who has made light of child trafficking in comedy skits. At their Christmas party, Viveca taught me to drink glogg, hot mulled wine spiked with vodka, for which I still have a taste. Jane later became an independent film director, founding Backtalk Films and Pigdog Films. I think I know where she got the names. After studying at USC's film school, Jane worked on Blondes Have More Guns; she wrote, directed, and produced Nail Polish, a comedy that concerned a socially challenged young woman dealing with sex and death in the 1980s; and she won Best Experimental Film at the Fort Lauderdale International Film Festival for The Pearl Necklace. Looking back, I don't know why Jane put up with Britton, but he seems to have provided material for her pictures.

Following Britton's example, and my own hypnotism, I found myself breaking into buildings during our sophomore year. This started in the spring of 1988, as I wandered through the drunken night, spied a pottery studio, filled with projects, and slipped in through a window. Carefully, I walked around the room, admiring others' work, and imagining them at their tasks. After a while, I let myself out, locking the door behind me, and I returned that weekend to buy a clay mug at the pottery sale. Visiting the sale became a tradition with me,

and I drank my tea every morning from my mug, listening to classical music, before I began the day.

The scum that sought to destroy my life had other plans. As he commanded in a hypnotic session, "I want you to commit some crimes. Do something daring. See what you can figure out."

"You mean like James Bond? I think I can do it. As long as I don't hurt anyone."

"All right, Tim. That's fine. It'll do for a start," came the response.

So my spree of catburglary continued. With my friends, I sometimes broke into an abandoned building, slated for demolition, as I sang the theme from Mission Impossible. At night I broke into buildings alone, and I regularly broke open the door to my dormitory, Harwood Court, rather than using my housekey. This idiotic habit continued until, finally, I found a closet of stores in Sumner Hall. Taking packages of ramen noodles, hot chocolate mix, and other foodstuffs for myself, I completed my mission, satisfying the hypnotic command, and I never broke into another building again. Suggestions will often miscarry, especially in a good person with a clever mind.

A victim in whom the suggestions did not miscarry was Greg Liegey. Before Pomona, Greg went to Regis High School on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Then as now, Regis is all boys, run by Jesuits, so you know he got more than his share of mind control. Growing up in New York, Greg hung out with skinheads; and, since he

had longer hair, he served as bait to lure unsuspecting homosexuals into the street when they went “fag-bashing.” Eventually they abandoned the practice for fear of getting AIDS on their bloody knuckles. I remember smoking reefer with him my freshman year and becoming extremely freaked out when he said we could do whatever we wanted. I regarded this statement as pure evil, became convinced he was the devil, and ran away. This was partly the vodka with kool-aid mix, partly the cannabis, but mostly my reaction to the horrific suggestions of our programmers. The first Halloween, where my friends went as the Village People, I went as the devil, and Rod as a psychotic killer, Greg dressed as Fatty Arbuckle, a comic star of the silent screen who allegedly violated a woman’s privates with a bottle, threw it out the window, and said, “There goes the evidence.” I didn’t have enough sense to be horrified, or to read him the riot act, but I found myself avoiding him. Later he would mug pizza delivery boys, calling in orders, hiding in the shadows, and sucker-punching them to steal the pies. Today he works in Hollywood, and he gives money to Regis High School.

My programmer gave me a further command....

I want you to gang up on someone.

Find a woman to commit a crime against.

Someone you don’t know.

Someone who’s a bitch.

So, as we drank at the Pub, open every Monday, I spoke to a pretty but unpleasant woman.

Accidentally, she dropped a twenty dollar bill from the front pocket of her jeans, which she did not notice. Any other time in my life, I would retrieve the bill and return it to its owner. But that time, and that time only, I dropped to a squat, surreptitiously took the double saw-buck, and pocketed it. Liegey and another saw me do this. For a while I talked to the group to cover my tracks. Then we excused ourselves from the party, retreated to my room, and ordered pizza with the spoils, everything on it, jalapeño peppers on the side. Drinking a Pacifico, I rationalized my crime, thinking the woman was a bitch and would not have thanked me for not committing petty larceny. It wasn't the worst thing in the world, but I should have been able to reject the suggestion rather than merely flipping a command to commit gang rape.

I saw Liegey again at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he worked over Christmas, when my family viewed a visiting exhibit by Georgia O'Keefe, but that was pretty much the last I saw of him.

It was also the last I saw of Dr. Roberts, with whose daughter, Chrissy, I had played as a child.

We met the Roberts for the show, and to tour the museum, and Alicia's beauty struck me. Had I been given a renewed suggestion about the Roberts girl, meant for Chrissy who was supposed to be Wonder Woman, which now moved toward her sister?

I had just finished Greek Art and Archæology with Stephen Glass, a brilliant teacher, who played jazz with Stan Getz, had a cooking show on t.v., and helped found Pitzer College. So it was really cool to look at the red- and black-figure vases and actually be able to date them. This was the kind of stuff that was important to me and for which my parents were paying.

After the museum, our families went to Cathay 22, a Chinese restaurant, in Springfield, New Jersey, the mind-control hub from which Jeannette DePalma, murdered in a satanic ritual on the Devil's Teeth, under the new moon following Lammas, during my childhood, hailed.

There our fathers fêted us with Dom Perignon, while we feasted on spring rolls, lobster, and Daddy's favorite order: duck.

I am glad we saw our old friend Richard Roberts out with style. He seemed fine when I saw him, but, shortly afterward, he died of a heart attack. You never know when your time will come.

It was one of three times I went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Years later, my daughter and I would take the train to the city, shopping at Dylan's Candy Bar and FAO Schwarz, lunching at the Palm Court, while I sipped Bellinis under the portrait of Eloise. After we left the Plaza, we headed to the Met, where we bought each other Christmas presents, a replica of a Fabergé bee brooch for her and a red silk tie with unicorns, based on a Flemish tapestry, for me. There we saw unbelievably creepy objets d'art collected by Michael Rockefeller before cannibals unwittingly improved the gene pool by eating him. We

visited the Temple of Dendur, and we saw some magnificent megalithic statues, which communicate postures for meditation. During my short time with people from the Gurdjieff Foundation, I learned to sit like an Egyptian statue. These sculptures show a fine understanding of the human body, which, as Professor Glass taught, the Greeks picked up as they worked in marble and bronze.

The other time I went to the Met, the focus was also on Egypt, as we viewed an enormous exhibition from King Tut's tomb. Henry Kissinger, the New World Order shitbag, had negotiated a bilateral agreement between the United States and Egypt, which required President Sadat to send the Treasures of Tutankhamun to the United States. You have to wonder what was going on there—and what sort of strange ceremonies took place within the museum, after hours, around the antiquities. Tutankhamun's father, the deformed revolutionary, Akhenaten, moved the capital of the empire, supplanting the old gods with the solar disk, a power grab that may evoke Peter the Great's changes to the Russian Orthodox Church, and to Russia, as the czar built an Illuminist capital in a swamp, much like our own Washington, D.C. Akhenaten was so hated because of the attendant asset strip that, upon his demise, his name was effaced from records. His wife, Nefertiti, the most beautiful woman in the world, ruled as pharaoh upon his death, so there is still confusion about the sexual identity of Neferneferuaten, who reigned after Nefertiti's husband Akhenaten and before her son Tutankhamun. You can see why

Illuminists like Kissinger, who already have a thing for obelisks, would be into this stuff.

Sixty years before I beheld the gold death mask of the boy king, recycled from his mother's burial rites, Tavistock Institute used the Curse of King Tut as a psychological operation against the gullible masses. Howard Carter had spotted the first step to the tomb years before, but he covered it up so he could milk his sponsor for money, "discovering" the tomb just as Lord Carnarvon balked at further financing. Two months after Carter unearthed the tomb, Carnarvon fell dead from blood poisoning, attributed, improbably, to a mosquito bite. I would bet money that British Intelligence killed this man, whose house they later used for the psy-op Downton Abbey. The circumstances of Carter's sponsor's death further arouse suspicion in that the electricity in Cairo, which the British controlled, went out at the moment of his passing. Meanwhile newspapers reported, two thousand miles away, his dog, Susie, howled and dropped dead. As they spun the tale of the Pharaoh's Curse, the media, controlled by Illuminists, told wild stories of the dire events that befell other members of the expedition. Just as with Carl Jung, Robertson Davies, and Joseph Campbell, who promoted strange beliefs, just as with Erich von Däniken, who saw extra-terrestrials around every corner, just as with Leonard Nimoy, who hosted In Search Of, and just as with Mysteries of the Past, a volume every middle-class family in America had, distributed for free by the Book of the Month Club, the agents of the Crown Corporation, whether

in America or Britain, muddied the waters, moving otherwise thoughtful people, who wanted to learn about the nature of humanity, into sleep and non-reality.

When I returned to Pomona, I enrolled in a course taught by Rick Berg, of whom Joy had spoken so highly, when she took his class on the War in Việt Nam. Professor Berg quit high school in ninth grade, and he was drafted into the Marine Corps in 1968. He respected the Việt Cộng. Sometimes he went on patrols with former enemies, who changed sides because of the Chiêu Hồi Program. One was a schoolteacher, who had been drafted, just like him. Maybe conversations with that man led him to return to school, after the war, eventually to earn his doctorate.

Professor Berg was in country about the same time my family friend, George Ring, fought in the First Air Cavalry. While Mr. Ring was an officer, Professor Berg was a grunt; but he had it much easier. Mr. Ring lost one-third of his company in the Tết Offensive, but Professor Berg was shot at only half a dozen times, mostly with small arms, and never seriously with mortar.

One time, at Marble Mountain, south of Đà Nẵng, he stole four surfboards, built a lifeguard tower, and surfed along the beach. As he said, it was "Surfin' Việt Nam!!!!!"

Still, Berg's bad experiences stayed with him. As Joy told me, he would never kick a can in the street, as he did when a boy, since the Việt Cộng would booby-trap things like that to kill soldiers.

Once, Berg thought his camp was overrun for three days. As people ran this way and that, in the dark, he leapt into a hole, just in time to see a flame arc through the sky, like a comet, landing a hundred yards away. It lit up an amphibian tractor, and a young man, too, who ran screaming across the camp, burning to death, and there was nothing they could do to help. It ended on May 5, 1968. Watching the sun rise over the South China Sea, Berg thought, "I made it through this one." As he described the morning to his students,

**And there's that exhilaration that
you're alive and you're sitting on a beach
and it's warm and it's May and most of the
guys you know are alive....**

**And you know, this is a birthday, this is a
birth.**

Those are false memories from a programming session. The feeling of death and rebirth is a hallmark of trauma-based mind control inflicted on our soldiers by the military. Likewise, the three-day period, mirroring Christ's descent to Hell and the marker day of May Fifth, itself a satanic holiday, are tells. The luciferians are insane, and they love numerology. We're dealing with an implanted memory here, and the scenes could have come straight from The Manchurian Candidate.

Professor Berg still celebrates the Fifth of May. I do, too, since exactly twenty years later, on my first Cinco de Mayo, I spent the night with Joy.

I did not realize the scum intended me to rape Joy, and they wanted us to conceive a child, or breed, as they saw it. May Fifth holds special significance for the Illuminati. It was the night we spent together, and it was a special day for our shared teacher, Rick Berg, who thought he survived a firefight exactly twenty years earlier.

Certain days have importance for Illuminists. Three days intervene between May Fifth, or Cinco de Mayo, when the Day of the Skulls is celebrated in La Paz, Bolivia, and May First, known as Beltane or Walpurgisnacht. Likewise three days separate Halloween and October 27, known as True Samhain, a time associated with the later Day of the Dead. Sometimes Cinco de Mayo is incorrectly called the Day of the Dead.

As for the luciferian calendar, let's take a look at the Season of Harvest. This period seems to begin on September 11, on which they stage false flag attacks, or perhaps September 21, the Autumnal Equinox. It seems to end on True Samhain, October 27, or on All Hallows Eve forty days after the First Day of Fall—just as Beltane follows the First Day of Spring by forty days, and Lent precedes Easter by forty days. Many years later, the scum would murder my daughter's beautiful bulldog Rosie on True Samhain, as they would murder the dog of a lady at church. They also raped a woman in front of me, under the supervision of a Grande Dame, leading me to start my website, Fighting Monarch, on October 27, 2017. In New Jersey, where Joy and I grew up, the day before Halloween was known as Mischief Night. It's called

Devil's Night in Michigan, another hotbed of satanic activity, from which Cathy O'Brien hails. As far as I know, this satanic holiday does not exist in other parts of the United States. Teenagers engaged in vandalism at this time. Back in the sixties, near Granogue, a DuPont estate, they burned down Smith's Bridge, a beautiful covered bridge across the Brandywine. I have no doubt the rise of Halloween, which has become bigger than Christmas, owes itself to Illuminist influence.

In the spring, the trash celebrate the Season of Sacrifice. This begins on March 22, the Vernal Equinox, seven days after the Ides of March; and, for this reason, 322 is emblazoned on the crest of Skull and Bones. Spring is a time of rebirth, but the satanic garbage take pleasure in killing young growing things, just as they rape small children, during this time. The season ends forty days later on May First, one day after the president was inaugurated for the first one hundred fifty years of our republic. The Communist Bloc celebrated May Day. Just as Halloween or Samhain falls forty days after the Autumnal Equinox, Walpurgisnacht or Beltane falls forty days after the Vernal Equinox, seven days after the Ides of March, when Julius Cæsar, who changed the calendar, was sacrificed by men who failed to preserve their republic. In this respect, just as the black mass apes our own, the satanic calendar apes the Christian holy season of Lent, in which Ash Wednesday precedes the lunar holiday of Easter by forty days just as Samhain and Beltane succeed the solar holidays of the equinoxes by the same period. Many years later, on May Day, Lara Logan would break her silence

about her horrific rape in Tahrir Square, and later that evening she would cover the supposed death of Osama bin Laden, to whom the 911 attacks were attributed. It was May Second in Pakistan, where the CIA-trained Saudi terrorist was allegedly killed, but it was still May First in the States. This, too, is the day European royals of the satanic Ninth Circle play their version of the most dangerous game, hunting and raping naked children, as do scum like Dick Cheney or my fellow Pomonan Kris Kristofferson at the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre in Lampe, Missouri.

The scenes Professor Berg described were bizarre; and, reading an interview with him now, I can see why he spoke to Joy. One time, he set up an ambush a few hundred yards outside the wire. The other men in his camp were watching a movie outdoors, and he could hear them laughing through the night.

**Because this is the kind of strange
world we lived in.**

**We had beaches, we had surfing, we had
Coca-Cola, we had outdoor movies which
would show and we had people being
bundled.**

As he lay in the weeds, Berg and his buddies grew angry because they wanted to watch the picture: “We didn’t want to play war.” When he came in, he asked what the comedy was, since it must have been unbelievably funny—maybe Jerry Lewis or something. The marine answered him, “It was John Wayne’s stupid movie called The Green

Berets. It was absolutely hysterical. It's just hysterical...." Everyone said it was the funniest goddamned thing they ever saw: it was so ridiculous. Many years later, Berg overheard a student talking about the film, saying, "That's one of the realest war movies I've ever seen...."

I hope I didn't sound that stupid when I took Professor Berg's course. I probably did, but he was very patient with all of us. To this day, he inspires me as a teacher. Because Berg was targeted, he worked as a gypsy professor, just like me, stringing together one appointment after another, teaching at different colleges, different semesters. Even after our class ran for three hours, from seven to ten in the evening, Wednesdays, we would stick around to talk with him, and he would make time for us. No one wanted the class to end. I feel proud to be the same to my students. At Alvernia University, I have sometimes joined the fine young men and women I have taught, over breakfast, sharing stories of our lives, our fight against MK-ULTRA, and whatever comes up.

Berg's attitude toward thought and language indicated programming. It's funny how a sentence, or a single idea, can stay with you. I remember him telling me that language was thought, and thought was impossible without language. That's bushwa, as they say in the military. It is also a tell for neuro-linguistic programming, which I discuss in the appendices to this book. CIA wants us to think that language is thought, because they can program our language through the texts and e-mails we send, where words and phrases are offered for

our selection, through neuro-linguistic formulæ, through voice to skull, where they put phrases in our heads, and through forced speech, where they put words in our mouths. However, as both Wittgenstein and Gurdjieff note, words do not equal reality, as different people will associate different ideas, things, and experiences with the same word. Your “dog” is different from mine, as we think of different breeds, images, and associations. I think Berg knew this, and he would agree with me; but he spoke then as he did. That’s always a mark of programming when you say something at odds with your own thought or against your interest.

Professor Berg spoke of vivid dreams that indicate image to skull, and, just like my old teacher Bryan Monte, he spoke of memory loss:

**I remember dreams
that I had then. And it was vivid....**

**I was in Viet Nam in 1968, which is I
think before you guys were born.**

**And I still remember dreams that I had
there.**

**And as vivid as if I had them
yesterday although certain memories are
getting really ragged at certain ends....**

**No actually, the ones
that I remember were about coming back.**

**I actually don’t remember dreaming
about the war while I was at the war. I**

remember about dreaming about the war when I got back and for a long period of time I used to have a nightmare that was....

I had been called...even though long after the war was over. I was a civilian and I had been called up to go back to the war and it was just awful.

And it was odd because it was not so much about going back to Viet Nam because these are two different things.

You can see that Berg's actual memories are fading, but his dreams about being called up are vivid. As he says, they are two different things, for the scum at NSA work to destroy his real memories and replace them with inauthentic simulacra. NSA did the same to my father, destroying his mind, and I hope they don't get Rick. They do the same to me, trying to send me nightmares, just as they sent dreams to Number Six in "A, B, and C," an episode of The Prisoner. It's all in The Prisoner, only in 1967, they would more often hook you up in a laboratory to send you a dream. Now, thanks to technology promoted by my old friend George Ring or my fellow alumnus Lady Rothschild, they can easily send you nightmares by microwave transmission.

The title of Professor Berg's class also indicated programming: Sex and Violence - Jacobean Drama. Here, we read plays full of incest, rape, and murder: The Revengers Tragedy by Cyril Tourneur, The Duchess of Malfi and The White Devil by John Webster, The Changeling by Thomas Middleton, and 'Tis Pity She's A Whore by

John Ford. CIA couldn't get me into horror, but they could get me into this stuff. Still, my favorite play was Bussy D'Amboys, in which a proud and virtuous man berates others for their lack of honor. Also we read a play by James Shirley, which we did not discuss on the last day of class since Berg, understandably demoralized by Pitzer College, let us go early, and which I was commanded hypnotically to forget. Was it The Maids Revenge, which has a powerful woman as a protagonist? Or was it The Cardinal, which concerns a hypnotic spell that makes a man give up a woman he would otherwise marry?

Professor Berg introduced me to literary theory and to deconstruction. This was a mixed inheritance. I would reject much of what he taught when I studied under old historicists like Alastair Fowler and Martin Battestin, at the University of Virginia, but later I would recover it in a different context. Berg's approach to cultural criticism, like John Berger's, would inspire me to write articles, decoding Illuminati symbolism. You can read them at my website, *Fighting Monarch*.

Upon arrival to Pomona, I had signed up for Women in the Visual Arts, where I encountered Berger and Saussure. I was so clewless that I thought this obviously feminist class would involve us appreciating beautiful women—kind of like the Playboys with which I had been programmed—perhaps with discussions as to whether we preferred C or D cup breasts. And I was even more clewless because I missed real opportunities to hook up with the other students, women

who outnumbered me and the other man, Robert, five to one. I didn't know how to respond when Megan, a slender redhead programmed to dance ballet and starve herself, said a fertility symbol suited me. Later she became a strong feminist, and she may have joined SPIRAL. Likewise, when Leah Kogen, who later hooked up with my room-mate Scott, and still later became a pilates instructor, said she painted nudes, I lacked the sense to offer myself as a model—because I was brainwashed. In my art class, I did learn a good deal about Barbie, whom one student used for a class presentation, and I borrow from that presentation when I teach classes today, particularly on Aldous Huxley's Brave New World. Everyone grows up with Barbie dolls. Girls emulate them, and boys have their sexuality shaped, just as I undressed Chrissy Roberts' doll in the 1970s. Society holds Barbie up as an ideal, but she is a freak. Her proportions are impossible, but few notice.

BOOK SEVEN: THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

While I took Professor Berg's class, I went for Spring Break to the ranch owned by my friend Scott's family. It was the first I had really seen of America. In Scott's pick-up, five of us drove for over twenty hours—up through the San Gabriel Mountains, past the programming center of China Lake, across Death Valley, through the neon hell of Las Vegas, to the painted cliffs of northwestern Arizona, through Iron County in southern Utah, past Zion and Bryce Canyons, past the Mormon stronghold of Salt Lake City, into the rolling hills of Idaho, and finally to the ranch, losing all the radio stations, as we spotted the occasional moose or buffalo along the road.

Black Butte Ranch borders the Lee Metcalf Wilderness and Yellowstone National Park. It is surrounded by forests of ponderosa pine, grasslands covered with flowers, and steep mountains like Bighorn Peak, rising ten thousand feet to the east, and Monument Mountain, up creek to the west.

Scott's grandfather, Marc Patten, who fled Belgium in the midst of World War One, and studied at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, during the Roaring Twenties, bought the place during the early days of the Cold War. The Story Family sold to Mr. Patten many years after they homesteaded the property. Earlier their patriarch, Nelson, made a fortune in the Montana Gold Rush, which he parlayed into a cattle drive, from the Lone Star to the Treasure State, later to inspire Lonesome Dove.

Story was a man of legend, who founded a city, bank, and university, when he wasn't stealing from Indian agents and bribing grand juries. In his youth, he lynched an outlaw in Virginia City, in the Idaho Territory, starting the Montana Vigilantes, who would hang a man every day. He once shot a fellow who jumped his claim, shredding his hand with a ten gauge blast, although he paid him five dollars per month, in recompense, due to a fit of conscience. Later he would set up a family, rent-free for life, and every Christmas he would load a sled with food and toys to give to the poor.

Not content to make a fortune from his gold claim, Story sewed ten thousand greenbacks into his overcoat, and secured his remaining thirty grand in the bank, to buy a thousand head of Texas longhorn, which he drove through Indian and bandit country. Defying the colonel of Fort Reno, undeterred by the Indians whose arrows made his herder a porcupine, the hero led a rag-tag band of two dozen men, armed with repeating rifles, 1500 miles through the wilderness, until they reached the Paradise Valley where he would build his herd along the Yellowstone River.

Driving toward the Bozeman Trail, the entrepreneur bought an additional one hundred and fifty oxen, hitching ten to each of fifteen wagons, filled with revolvers, skillets, calico, and sundries to establish a general store on New Year's Day. There he would referee a fight between pioneers Frederick Fridley and John Bozeman. As the roughnecks scrambled through his place of business, Fridley got

Bozeman's ear between his teeth, so his friend, William McKinzie, reached for a scale weight to give him a love tap. The proprietor, Nelson Story, told him to wait a minute, as he pulled an axe from a crate, coolly drawling,

We just have fair play here.

The property this family sold to the Pattens was my first introduction to the West, south of where my brother would flunk out of the University of Montana, and north of where my nephew would go to Teton Valley Ranch Camp, just like his mother, near the dude ranch where Scott worked freshman summer. Scott's father, Duncan, who had wrangled as a young buck, before his attendance at Amherst College, wrote a book about the area, The Gallatin Way To Yellowstone, describing the route south through the canyon to the west gate of the park, and its history of exploration, homesteading, and development. At almost five hundred acres, surrounded by federal lands, the place is large enough that we never saw our neighbors, it had its own gas pump, and the horses were moved every year from the summer to the winter pastures.

I was lucky to visit for my second and fourth years at Pomona, missing out on the third while I travelled in Europe. Sometimes we skied and snowshoed on the ranch, drinking water from a spring when we grew thirsty; but, most days, we drove an hour to Big Sky, where we skied downhill. My friends excelled in deep powder, which was new to me, since I had foolishly passed up the chance to ski

Telluride. But I had grown up skiing the icy slopes of Vermont, so I did better in some of the windswept areas. I can't remember if it cost ten or twenty dollars for a lift ticket, but all the locals grouched because the resort had just raised the price. My own skis were back in Pennsylvania, so I rented a pair. I asked the shop owner if he needed to run my credit card for collateral, but he answered me, "You're going to bring 'em back, aren't ya?" When I said yes, he just told me to have fun. We always had a good time, but Scott was accident prone. He had hurt himself playing football freshman year; and our senior year, he dislocated his elbow going off a jump.

In the evenings, we played cards and told stories in front of the fire, sipping beer or spiced wine much like Viveca Paulin's glogg. Sometimes we drank Snow Coke, made by scooping fresh-driven snow into a plastic cup and filling it with Coca~Cola. The howls and yips of coyotes punctuated the night. In our last year, we could agree on only two cassettes, Fleetwood Mac's Rumors, to which Noah's new girlfriend introduced him, or a forgettable Tesla album, chosen by Chris Todd. I rolled joints from a stash kept in an old red tin of Twining's English Breakfast, and we played cards with a deck featuring pictures of topless women. I used to hold on to one of the queens, positioning her at the top of my hand, so I could gaze on her large breasts, her pretty face, and her brown hair, even when it made sense to play her. As the fire burned, we laughed about the sign we saw on the road, advertising Guns and Liquor. That's not a good combination.

Britton shared a story from his father's experience. In the 1960s, Dr. Shepard rode a motorcycle across the West, and he crossed into Wyoming. It grew hot. He wanted to feel the wind in his hair. Pulling off at a country store, he asked an old-timer, "Sir, is there a helmet law in this state?"

After a pause came the drawled response:

Son, there ain't no laws in this state.

That's the way I like it. People acted decently, politely, and kindly to each other; and it had nothing to do with the law. Laws impede our liberty. The greatest thing about America is our Bill of Rights, which prohibits the government from making laws that impinge the freedom of citizens.

As for law enforcement, although I met with Pennsylvania State Police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation on more than one occasion, describing the horrific crimes against me and my family, I have yet to find an officer who has helped me against the satanic cabal operating within the United States government. The trash at CIA have worked all my life to destroy me, to rape every woman I have ever known, and to torture and violate us with knives, razors, and fish-hooks, using cybernetic technology to destroy our minds, our bodies, and our lives. But when I first began to recover my memories, and I reported a tiny part to the Avondale Barracks of the Pennsylvania State Police, they committed me to an insane asylum, where I spent one week including my forty-seventh birthday. The doctors determined I had

toxic psychosis, believing I had smoked synthetic marijuana; and, because of that commitment, in conjunction with CIA OPERATION GLADIO C, and newly enacted laws gutting the Second Amendment, I may no longer possess a firearm in many states of the Union.

Some evenings at the ranch, we would walk from the cabin, which had no television, to the big house, fronted by a fence of antlers, which did. When Scott's grandparents were away, we had the place to ourselves, so we cooked a feast. Elk steaks and venison burgers were de rigeur, as we washed them down with red wine, careful not to take any of our hosts' special bottles. Once I tried my hand at Yorkshire pudding; but the antelope roast did not have much in the way of drippings, so it was a mixed success at best. That night we sat in front of the t.v. There was an old-fashioned satellite dish, which took several minutes to hone in on a signal; and, after supper, we took our pick of the Playboy Channel or a porn movie. I was strong for the Playboy Channel, and I had no interest in porn, but Noah preferred otherwise. Mischievously, Scott walked ten feet in front of us, and he placed the remote control on the floor. Realizing the stakes, Noah and I scrambled forward to seize the remote. Noah won; and I wasn't mad, but I wasn't going to stick around to watch that garbage. I headed back to the cabin, built a fire, and read my book. The next day I returned on the sly to the big house, only to find, to my chagrin, the Playboy Channel did not come on the air until the evening.

Other nights, we dined with Scott's grandparents. The caretaker would build a fire, with three logs, each as big as a man, to burn through the evening. Jillie, the Rottweiler, would sit content with us, as we made conversation. They are such an intelligent and mellow breed, capable of responding with extreme aggression to a threat, but also a gentle companion dog. Jillie was one of several Rottweilers who had lived at the ranch, and they all had the same name. Old Mr. Patten told stories of his youth at Cambridge, where I also studied, and of the ranch, where we stayed. I remember one about a bull terrier that got hold of a cow's nose. The only way Mr. Patten could save the poor animal was to grab the dog's balls as hard as he could, twist, and pull. Scott's grandfather had a strong handshake, and a quick mind, but NSA destroyed him, too. In our last year, at Christmas, he had a stroke, when a directed energy weapon fried a circuit in his brain, so he temporarily lost the ability to speak English, keeping only his native French. At our last dinner, he was losing his short-term memory, but he still had his old stories, strengthened by the neuro-linguistic programs described in this book's appendices. Ever the gracious host, he asked me more than once if I wanted the butter, not remembering my polite refusal. The Deep State wrecked my father's mind, and they did the same to Mr. Patten.

Back at Pomona, I was taking Stephen Koblik's class, Western Civilization. We all took tips from each other, and Scott had recommended Koblik. This outstanding teacher was moving into administrative work, doubtless hoping to ascend to the presidency of

Pomona, so it was my last chance to take a class with him. Professor Koblik taught at Pomona for more than twenty years. He served as Dean of Faculty at Scripps for three. Pomona should have made him president upon the retirement of the New World Order stooge, David Alexander, when I graduated; but he left that year to serve as President of Reed College.

I wish we'd had Professor Koblik as our new president instead of the buffoon, David Otoxby, who allegedly advanced environmental sustainability while presiding over a college that maintains sprinkler-drenched lawns in the middle of the desert. That's when Otoxby wasn't increasing "college access," which saddles an ever larger number of Americans with unpayable debt, granting them degrees that will not translate to jobs. What a con! Otoxby did all the trendy things, so the American Academy of Arts and Sciences made him its forty-seventh president. Did I mention forty-seven is the magic number of Pomona? How cute. On the other hand, bucking the system, President Koblik decided to stop submitting data to U.S. News & World Report for "best colleges" rankings. Pomona's always in the top five, but I can tell you: those ratings are bullshit. They simply encourage an arms race among colleges, which purchase needless expensive frills at the cost of ever-rising tuition.

President Koblik really had a good influence on Reed. His administration refused to adopt a no tolerance drug policy, which would have caused further harm to young people who made unfortunate

choices. He served as a member of the governor's task force on higher education and a trustee of the Boys and Girls Aid Society of Oregon. Over two decades at Reed, President Koblik took student pranks, many of which were directed at him, with grace and humor, and he frequently treated students to pizza or basketball games. He reunited faculty at Reed who had been at odds, and he tripled the endowment—just enough fund raising to keep the trustees off his back.

Today Professor Koblik is the President of the Huntington Library, Art Gallery, and Botanical Gardens, which are home to a Gutenberg Bible, The Blue Boy by Thomas Gainsborough, and Thomas Lawrence's Pinkie. The LA Times described Koblik's boyish enthusiasm as Huntington's president, much as we felt his verve as a teacher:

He is never happier than when he's poking around in the bowels of the Munger Research Center, where tens of thousands of books and manuscripts reside on metal shelves in a compact storage system.

"This is the fun part," he says, pointing out boxes of drawings by Paul Conrad, The Times' longtime cartoonist; the corporate records of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., founded in 1848 to carry mail from the isthmus of Panama to California; and a collection of cookbooks going back to the 12th century. "How can you not love this? You'd have to be brain-dead."

At Huntington, Koblik oversaw the gift of the Burndy Library, a sixty-seven thousand volume collection on the history of science, including forty thousand rare books, and a parade of additions to the campus—the Munger Research Center, the Erburu Gallery, the Botanical Center, and the Garden of Flowing Fragrance.

Professor Koblik started his career as a Holocaust scholar, and he could envision fascism taking hold in the United States. Scott wrote a paper comparing FDR's policies to Hitler's for Koblik, and Koblik spoke of his life as a Jew in California. He did not consider himself Jewish, and his friends were gentiles; but he faced discrimination as a young man at the University of California. I remember him telling us how he once met a lovely woman, and they both felt a spark.

She gave him her number, and he telephoned the next day, only for her to say, "I'm sorry, but I can't date you. My sorority sisters won't let me."

"Is there a reason?" he asked.

"You're Jewish," she answered.

Small wonder really, given that Jews could not own land in many parts of California, and the rest of the United States, because of covenants and restrictions. In Unionville, we really didn't have any Jews; and in Westfield, they were kept out of the best neighborhoods, like Lara Smith's, in Wychwood, living on the other side of town. Jews were not admitted to the tennis club in Westfield, where my mother hit balls, nor to many clubs or hotels. In Los Angeles, I believe they started their own country club, because they weren't let in elsewhere. I also heard of a place full of lakes, where everyone refused to rent to Jews, so they set up camp at a neighboring body of water, which locals and

summer people alike began to call Jew Lake. Even today, many colleges have quotas, limiting the number of Jews they accept.

Professor Koblik correctly saw a tendency that all Illuminati, and the CIA, as heirs to the Nazis, have. The program uses Nazi techniques, developed by Mengele in Auschwitz, before the OSS smuggled him out of Germany in OPERATION PAPERCLIP. Cisco Wheeler and others have told how Mengele, using the name Dr. Green, or Dr. Greenberg, tortured our people in the United States, and my grandfather Stanley was an unwitting victim of the Angel of Death at ARCO. A dim-witted child could tell you why tenacious Nazi hunters like Simon Wiesenthal never caught Mengele: CIA protected him, just as they protected other war criminals like Wernher von Braun. As Professor Koblik understood, the Nazis hindered their own war effort by diverting trains that could have carried soldiers and supplies, while the Allies invaded their country, using them instead to transport Jews to death camps. They took greater interest in inflicting suffering on human beings than they did in winning the war or even defending their homeland. It's the same in the program. They spend so much energy attacking people: they destroy themselves.

The woman who turned Stephen Koblik down lost out. He went on to study in Sweden, where he married a beautiful Scandinavian lady, an art historian, and an urban planner. Her loss.

Professor Koblik drank the kool-aid when it came to Sweden. Maybe because his wife was so beautiful, he thought Sweden

could do no wrong: It was a socialist paradise. Maybe, just maybe, that was once true, but Sweden's openness destroyed it, while naïve socialists created turn-key big government. The New World Order targeted Sweden, now a cashless society, full of "smart cities" so one's every movement is watched. Migrant rapists, unleashed by the purposeful destabilization of the Middle East, in which Israel participates, violate women in the streets, and Sweden lets more in, making excuses for them, and granting them asylum, while it chased whistleblower Julian Assange around the world for a trumped-up rape charge. An invisible hand lies behind it all.

Under policies first advocated in the Kalergi Plan, and then by "neo-conservative" Bill Buckley, the United States destabilized the Middle East, deliberately causing an invasion of hordes of moslem rapists into Sweden and branding opponents of loose borders as racist xenophobes. These scum mutilate their own women's privates as part of their culture. The National Board of Health and Welfare reported that up to thirty-eight thousand women underwent genital mutilation, a moslem practice, in Sweden. Barbro Sörman, a "feminist" in the Swedish Left Party, made excuses for moslem rapists, saying,

Refugees raping women is better
than Swedish people doing it....

Swedish men who rape do it by pure
choice. It's worse than refugees
doing it.

In 2016, Sweden had the highest rate of physical and sexual violence, sexual harassment, and harassment in the European Union. Refugees carried out ninety-three percent of the rapes, refugees committed all of the gang rapes, and all of the repeat offenders were immigrants or descendants of immigrants. Afghans, Eritreans, or Somalis committed more than seventy percent of gang rapes, and almost half the victims were minors. In 2007, government statisticians counted 12,500 sexual assaults, but, in 2016, the number rose to 20,000. The actual numbers are much higher, as the Swedish National Council for the Prevention of Crime estimates that more than three-quarters of attacks are not reported. In more than half the cases, the attacker is totally unknown to the victim. Most of the refugees convicted of sex crimes, including gang rapes, are granted asylum while serving sentence. Only one in five is deported. Most of the victims are blondes, since moslem trash get off on raping white women.

Professor Koblik saw the dangers of the New World Order in America, and it's here, but he should have worried more about Sweden. It's a subject I will cover later in this series.

Koblik is a brilliant man, a good person, and a super teacher; but the history professor could not see the forces that move world events. I never spoke about conspiracy theories with him, since I had no interest in these things, but I cannot believe he would have understood. Without my memories of abuse, and ongoing microwave harassment, I would not understand. That's the funny thing about the scum that

destroy our world. They are so stupid that they wake up, educate, and continually motivate geniuses to fight them. Drawing on the inquisitorial techniques of the Jesuits, the Illuminists even have a name for it:

Revelation of the Method.

Maybe they let Koblik sleep because they fear him. He certainly has more influence than I. Maybe Koblik's time to wake will come, as did mine. I don't know. But I do know that I learned more about European and American history from Vern Engel, back at Unionville, than from Jean Murphy at Andover, Stephen Koblik at Pomona, or Alastair Fowler at Virginia.

I wish that Professor Koblik had had us look deeper at the origins of the Great War. He had us do some real research, assigning us each a European leader, so we each did a paper on our person's activities during the week of August 1914 immediately before the outbreak of World War One. Then we did a rôle-playing exercise, where we negotiated with the other students, as we tried to avert armed conflict. It was impossible. As Koblik taught us, war was inevitable; but it was years before I understood why.

In 1891, Cecil Rhodes met with William Stead, a press baron who shaped public opinion, and Lord Esher, a confidant and advisor to three English monarchs. Together with others, the men formed a cabal, which drove the European powers into the Great War. Shortly after

Rhodes's death, on April 9, 1902, The New York Times published an article:

**MR. RHODES'S IDEAL OF ANGLO-SAXON GREATNESS:
HE BELIEVED A WEALTHY SECRET SOCIETY
SHOULD WORK TO SECURE
THE WORLD'S PEACE
AND
A
BRITISH-AMERICAN FEDERATION.**

As Rhodes said, "The only thing feasible to carry out this idea is a secret society gradually absorbing the wealth of the world."

The conspirators modelled the group after the Jesuit Order, dividing it into an inner circle, The Society of the Elect, and an outer circle, The Association of Helpers. It still works that way today, so the outer circle has no idea of the inner circle's existence. Helpers thought they were promoting peace, as they pushed America into the War To End All Wars. Other helpers thought they were promoting economic equality, as they destroyed the life, liberty, and property rights identified by John Locke as the basis of the social contract. Still other helpers thought they promoted racial equality, while they expanded the powers of the police who gun down black citizens. A fourth group of helpers thought they promoted the equality of the sexes, while they forced

women into the workplace, objectified and cheapened sexuality, destroyed the family, and trafficked children. The helpers are useful idiots to extremely wicked subhuman degenerates.

One of the first steps taken by the Rhodes Round Table was to start the Boer War, which Professor Koblik correctly identified as the beginning of a new era. The Boer War brought South Africa under British control, but, more importantly to Rhodes, it put the rich gold deposits of the Transvaal within easy reach of the British South Africa Company, which he and the Rothschilds controlled. In that war, Rhodes's minion, Viscount Milner, set up concentration camps that killed 27,000 Boer women and children and 14,000 black South Africans, while the United Kingdom hypocritically signed the Hague Convention, which may have been used to target the Boers. Rhodes was a white supremacist who murdered civilians, but later the Boers, who lived in relative peace with blacks, and simply wanted to be left alone, would be painted as racist barbarians.

Like Queen Victoria, Viscount Milner was born in Germany, where he was educated at the University of Tübingen, although he later moved to England, worked to anglicize the Boers, and strove to destroy the German Empire. Milner served as High Commissioner for Southern Africa, where he cultivated a group of insiders and helpers within the South African Civil Service. Later, in 1916, Lloyd George turned to Milner when he formed his national government, and he made Milner a member of his five-man War Cabinet.

Edward Grey was one of Milner's boys, who served as foreign secretary when Britain entered the Great War, before he arranged the false flag attack on the Lusitania. On May 7, 1915, Grey spoke with King George about the probability of an ocean liner being sunk, which would cause a flame of indignation to sweep across America, carrying us into war. As George Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who changed his name to Windsor, asked,

**Suppose they should sink the Lusitania
with American passengers on board?**

Only one hour later, a German U-Boat torpedoed the Lusitania, as it crossed the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool. Americans thought they were travelling on a passenger ship, but the Lusitania was really carrying more than four million rifle bullets and several tons of munitions. No wonder it sank to the bottom in minutes, killing 1198 passengers and crew, including 128 Americans. How do we know this? Ninety-nine years later, the British government released internal documents, and one of the participants in Grey's conversation with the king wrote it down.

"Colonel" Edward Mandell House, who never served in any army, but awarded himself a military title, took part in that talk. Having propelled his protégé, an obscure and dim-witted college professor, Woodrow Wilson, to the presidency, House conspired to kill American citizens so he could bring the United States into the Great War. As for

his control of the president, Wilson called House his “second personality” and his “independent self.”

Remember how a newspaper man sat at the Rhodes Round Table? Now it was time to gin up the presses. Earlier, Viscount Bryce, who served as ambassador to the United States, where he befriended Woodrow Wilson, compiled a false report of German atrocities in Belgium. This was the country my friend’s grandfather was forced to leave as a boy, fleeing to England, where he studied at Cambridge, and later moving to Black Butte Ranch, where I met him. The Germans actually burned Belgian towns, which caused Mr. Patten to depart the country, but none of that made it into the Bryce Report. Instead, while the Illuminati sexually abused men, women, and children in secret, they described fantastical stories of the Hun killing babies and raping nuns in Belgium. Like the tale of the Lusitania, which they warped and spun for the public, the fabrications of German atrocities were deliberately calculated to draw America into a European war.

Our country was primed for entry into the war, especially since its economy had already been handed to the conspirators. This was partly based on another false flag attack, in which the Illuminists used a saboteur to sink another ocean liner. In 1912, the Titanic sailed on its maiden voyage from New York, but it never made England. It was billed as the unsinkable Millionaire’s Special, so the super rich jockeyed for the honor of the first ride. After they boarded, the ship charged full bore across the Atlantic, although it was not built to go fast. Meanwhile,

someone started a coal fire in the hull, which burned for days, contributing to the sinking of the ship. The Titanic hit an iceberg at full speed. Passengers found there were lifeboats for only half of them. Men stayed behind, sinking to the bottom, as the lifeboats were loaded, women and children first. Among the dead were Jacob Astor, Benjamin Guggenheim, and Isidor Straus. All opposed the creation of the Federal Reserve.

With their stooge in the White House, and the powerful men who supported an independent American economy at the bottom of the ocean, the Illuminati set the financial stage for America's entry into World War One. One year after the sinking of the Titanic, the Federal Reserve was created, and its board was packed with Illuminists, including Nathan Rothschild, Jacob Schiff, and Paul Warburg. Despite its name, the Federal Reserve is not federal, and it has no reserves. It prints money from thin air, which it lends to our government in exchange for bonds, creating an exponentially increasing national debt owed to foreign bankers. Who pays for the debt? We do, courtesy of the Sixteenth Amendment, adopted less than two years after the creation of the Fed, to authorize the collection of federal income tax. Did I mention that capital gains are taxed at a lower rate than earned income, so stock and bond traders pay tax at a lesser percentage than working people? Meanwhile, the Fed manipulates interest rates, fueling boom-bust cycles, which profit insiders while they wipe us out.

When the Fed was created, the first order of business was to pave the way for America's entry into the war so bankers could profit from the death of soldiers. One of the founding members of the Federal Reserve Board was J. Pierpont Morgan, who said, "I owe the public nothing." Eight days after we declared war, America extended one billion dollars in credit to the Allies, and three hundred million went immediately, through the French and English, to Morgan's bank. By the end of the war, the House of Morgan brokered three billion dollars in transactions for the British military. Morgan might have owed the public nothing, but, thanks to his manipulation of political and economic levers, others owed him billions, and seventeen million died for it.

General Smedley Butler would call it like it is, writing his book, War Is A Racket, after he foiled another Illuminist plot to take over the government. As Butler pointed out, the Great War created over twenty-one thousand new "American" millionaires. The DuPonts were already there, having financed the Civil War, but still they made over one billion dollars, since they obtained the largest gunpowder contracts in history before America even entered the war. The federal government meddled in business in a previously unthinkable way, making its favorites rich, and trampling our rights, with the creation of the National War Labor Board, the Food and Fuel Control Act, and the Army Appropriations Act. War is big business, it creates bureaucracy, and the satanic scum get off on carnage.

One of the new millionaires was Samuel Prescott Bush. His son, Senator Prescott Bush, joined Skull and Bones at Yale, financed Hitler's rise to power, and conspired to kill President Roosevelt. His grandson, President George Herbert Walker Bush, joined Skull and Bones at Yale, became the director of CIA, and conspired to kill President Kennedy. His great-grandson, President George W. Bush, joined Skull and Bones at Yale, and became President of the United States, although Dick Cheney ran the show. He presided over the false flag attacks on 911. Just as the sinking of the Lusitania brought us into World War One, the fall of the Twin Towers started the trillion-dollar War in Afghanistan, the ongoing War on Terror, and the passage of the PATRIOT ACT.

The Illuminists started World War One, they lied about atrocities in Belgium, and they destroyed America's economy—all thanks to the stooge they put in the White House. Earlier the Illuminists used Theodore Roosevelt, a good man who had little use for the Constitution, to expand the power of the federal government. They made him president by assassinating McKinley, drove his brother insane, and poisoned his wife and mother two days after the birth of his first child. Then they used Roosevelt to split the Republican vote, through the Bull Moose Party, ensuring Wilson's election. Once in office, with the Federal Reserve created, Woodrow Wilson ran on a peace platform, and he won a second election. His slogan?

★★★ HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR ★★★

Then, as Colonel House, his “second personality” directed him, Woodrow Wilson brought us into the First World War. Later he strove to create the League of Nations, after which the United Nations was modelled.

Anyone who objected, or who spoke against the war, was sent to the hoosgow. Congress enacted the Sedition Act of 1918, which followed the Espionage Act of 1917. It was passed a few months before the end of the war, but it was not repealed until 1920. The Sedition Act targeted speech that cast the government or the war effort in a negative light. Still, the press supported it. The Act also targeted speech that interfered with the sale of government bonds. Those were the same bonds used, in part, to pay back loans from the Federal Reserve. People were imprisoned for terms of five to twenty years, although many were later released. High schools dropped German from their curriculum, since even studying the language made one suspect, while Pomona College changed the name of its sports teams from the Huns to the Hens, saving money on new uniforms by means of a substituted letter. The Industrial Workers of the World, who fought for humane working conditions, were particularly targeted. Eugene Debs had run for president, on a populist ticket, and he wanted to put America on the silver standard, so he opposed both the Great War and the Federal

Reserve. Wilson's government put him in jail, but President Harding later commuted his sentence.

At the end of the war, the world map was redrawn, particularly with respect to Russia, which had already been weakened by the outcome of the Russo-Japanese War, whose resolution Theodore Roosevelt mediated. President Roosevelt won the Nobel Peace Prize for this, and he also mediated the First Moroccan Crisis, which almost started the First World War a decade early. The Illuminati hate Russia, and they used World War One to destroy it. Like America, Russia is still a point of resistance. With businessmen like Armand Hammer to support it, the Soviet Union was off the ground. After World War Two, once the Romanovs were gone, the New World Order would give Russia vast territories in Eastern Europe, even though the English said they entered the war to defend Poland, whose brave people they betrayed. With the Soviet Union dominating the Communist Bloc through the Warsaw Pact, the natural allies of America and Russia were put at odds, and the stage was set to justify the spending of billions in the Cold War. But first Russia had to be destroyed.

The scum had been working since the Congress of Vienna to smash the Romanov Dynasty, and they had finally accomplished their goal. They had weakened the bloodline, weaponizing the German czarina to cause hæmophilia in the czar's only son, who was hypnotized by Rasputin. After they killed this family, they sent ten different impostors claiming to be the czar's youngest daughter, Anastasia, in an

effort to strip the cousins of their assets. Disney made a film about the pretender, who had amnesia, another sign of Illuminati abuse; and many young girls were programmed to it.

Back in the real world, Germany was humiliated, and the ground was laid for World War Two and the subsequent creation of Israel. The Illuminati ran the Nazis, who killed millions in another asset strip, while they ran the Communists, who fought them, and the Zionists, who succeeded them. They redrew the map of the Middle East, where we still fight wars for oil, and they made the Balfour Declaration, signalling British support for a Zionist state. Between the Balfour Declaration and the Holocaust, the creation of Israel was assured. Somehow everyone in the United States would be brainwashed to support Israel, and not just because they watched Paul Newman in Exodus, with its reference to homosexual gang rape. Meanwhile, Israeli settlers would drive Palestinians off their land, Israeli soldiers would shoot Palestinian children, and Israeli jets would attack the U.S.S. Liberty, killing 34 American crew members and wounding 171. When something like that happened in the Gulf of Tonkin, we escalated the War in Việt Nam, but Israel got a pass. In fact, we give them aid, with our tax dollars, which probably paid for those jets, while the bankers foreclose on our houses.

None of this would be possible without mind control, so perhaps the most significant development from the Great War was the creation, generally, of modern psychology and, specifically, of the

Tavistock Institute, which is deeply involved in MK-ULTRA. In 1921, the Duke of Bedford, who was also the Marquess of Tavistock, gave a building to the Institute to study the effect of shellshock on British soldiers who survived the war. In the eyes of the freemasons who created the Institute, these men had not been abused enough. Under the direction of the British Army Bureau of Psychological Warfare, Tavistock sought to establish the breaking point of men under stress.

I would experience this through hypnotic sessions, entering a fugue state on at least one occasion. Then, my female abuser explained to me that I was suffering from PTSD, which I glossed as shell shock. “He really is from another century,” her male counterpart replied, but mostly I remember his earlier words. He taunted me with the rape of my daughter, and, after more than forty years, he finally got me to beg. I had fifty thousand dollars in the bank, and I offered to give it all to him. I would have done anything, as long as I didn’t hurt someone, but he refused, gloating,

Tim, I think we’ve finally found your break.

BOOK EIGHT: WINE IN THE TOWER

Back at Scripps, the college where Joy Booth and my soon-to-be girlfriend Wendy Johnson studied, Steve Koblik began to serve as dean. I never saw him after I took his class. That's the way with most administrators.

Scripps is the best women's college on the West Coast, it is frequently described as one of America's most beautiful college campuses, and it is listed in the National Register of Historic Places.

Scripps is too often, and inappropriately, underrated by Pomona College. I remember in the 1980s when a scholar reached out to Pomona because of a rumor that T.S. Eliot visited the Claremont Colleges. Pomona replied that we had no record of the poet visiting our college, so he must never have come to Claremont. If he had been here, of course, he would have spoken at Pomona. The scholar asked the other colleges, too, however, soon learning that Eliot had in fact visited his friend, a lady who taught at Scripps, where the college newspaper wrote up the visit. I can't remember how many cups of tea Mr. Eliot drank during his chat with the student newspaper, but it was the subject of comment. I think it was close to a dozen!

The college's founder, Ellen Browning Scripps, and her brother, E.W., created America's largest chain of newspapers, linking midwestern industrial cities with booming towns in the West. Later they became the E.W. Scripps Company, which once included cable

ventures but eventually turned to broadcasting, owning fifty television stations. By the 1920s, Ellen Browning Scripps was worth an estimated \$300 million (or \$3.5 billion in today's money), most of which she gave away. In 1924, she founded the Scripps Research Institute, a medical research facility, recently rated the #1 most influential research institution in the world, followed by the Rockefeller University and M.I.T. Ellen Browning Scripps also funded what became the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, which, according to its website, investigates "genetic engineering of commercially viable marine animals."

Scripps was a lovely college in my day, full of women studying the liberal arts, beautiful gardens, and a college library that looked the way a college library should. Since the 1930s, every year, the graduating class would paint a mural on Browning Wall; and, in arid Southern California, you can still see the first scribblings. Students can pick fruit or cut flowers from the gardens, and visiting a Scrippsie was a blast from the past. Once Wendy and I started to see each other, I would announce my arrival to the lady behind the desk and wait in the lounge. My hostess would come down to meet me, and I would enter as her guest. That differed greatly from the open dorms at Pomona: a sensible, old-fashioned, and civilized way to protect women.

Scripps certainly had some hardcore feminists. Most regarded them as the lunatic fringe, but I remembered the ladies at SPIRAL, who outed a serial rapist, and I admire them. I was more a

feminist than many of the Scrippsies. Another time, two Scripps students chased down, and apprehended, a flasher who violated their privacy. Those feminists showed real courage. Not all agreed with them, but none perpetrated hoaxes.

Certainly, there was nothing like the later fake hate crime, committed by someone not even from Scripps, which hit the newspapers in 2004, fifteen years after I knew the college. Kerri F. Dunn, a psychology professor at Claremont McKenna, spoke at a forum on racism, vandalized her own car, and reported the damage to the police. After she spray-painted racist and anti-semitic slurs on her vehicle, along with the phrase “SHUT UP,” she accused her students of the crime. Two eyewitnesses, doubtless Scripps students, saw her with a can of spray-paint in her hand, and reported her to the local constabulary. Dunn was sentenced to a year in prison, and a judge ordered her to pay twenty thousand dollars in damages. Every now and then, the courts get it right, but it takes time—not to mention the participation of brave and good people who do their civic duty.

Before the truth came out, the Claremont Colleges went haywire. In my day, it took the action of SPIRAL to put a serial rapist out of business, and that was hushed up. Only fifteen years later, with students paying twice the tuition, and getting half the education, a new army of administrators went ballistic, caught up in a wave of neo-fascist political correctness, fuelled by irresponsible news reporting, intent on suppressing free speech.

Manipulated by Dunn, who trashed her own car, campus leaders condemned the so-called hate crime, and they shut down the Claremont Colleges for a day of “anti-hate” rallies. Meanwhile, Dunn and some oddball activists tried to capitalize on the hoax, seeking to connect the false flag attack with other suspicious incidents. Earlier, four students stole an eleven-foot cross from an art class and set it on fire for reasons known only to themselves. The next month, a student discovered a racist epithet written on a picture of George Washington Carver, a black agricultural scientist. It’s hard to believe another hoaxer did not put it there, using the tactics employed so often by NWO provocateurs—false flags to incite authoritarian repression. From the sinking of the Maine, Titanic, and Lusitania, to the attacks on Pearl Harbor, the Bay of Tonkin, and the World Trade Center, to the fire-bombing of black churches in the South and the mass shootings across America, it’s always the same with these guys. Once you learn to spot a false flag, how the papers play it up, and how people react, you see them everywhere.

Despite the wild overreaction of the college administration, people began to suspect the truth, aided by the common sense of the police and the honest reporting of the students.

The culprit, who spoke of her intended conversion from Catholicism to Judaism, gave interviews, saying she was enraged by the accusations against her, as she promoted her neo-fascist multi-culturalist agenda. Dunn said, “This is so overshadowing the bigger problem on

campus, which is that the administration has turned its head regularly on hate speech and hate crimes.”

Andrew McDavid, editor of The Claremont Student, said he felt manipulated, but his blindness was his own fault. Brainwashed to dismiss “conspiracy theories,” he rejected his own initial and correct assessment of the situation. “I had considered the possibility that someone might be doing this to make a point about racism on the campuses,” McDavid said. “But I dismissed that as a bit of a conspiracy theory.”

McDavid seemed to learn his lesson, saying the incident would make people less credulous in the future, but the brainwash went deeper with others. Katherine Lind, Chairwoman of the Claremont Committee on Human Relations, said her biggest concern was that students would be discouraged by the exposure of the false flag attacks. She felt Dunn had a point, and the vandalism of her car, like her filing of false police reports, was a small price to pay if it led to anti-hate rallies. “What they did—the rallies, the forums—was really inspiring,” she said. “Their passion was a lesson for us all.”

Dr. Lee Ross, a social psychologist at Stanford University, a hub of mind control, said it didn’t matter if Dunn vandalized her own car and filed false police reports. He said the important thing was that Dunn had “raised people’s awareness about racism.”

One ironic thing is that doing this
may actually have accomplished some of

her goals, if her goal was to make people feel that racism was present and that there was danger of white backlash.

I guess when students report a crime committed by a professor, people see the truth, and they resent their manipulation by criminals, that's called "white backlash." Why do they pay these eggheads? And why does anyone go to Stanford?

The vandal's lawyer said the conduct of police in the case was troubling. "No. 1, the idea that the police would publicly discuss their investigation is outrageous," argued Gary Lincenberg. "No. 2, it is an outrageous and sad twist to victimize a person who was trying to speak out against hate crimes." I guess the police were supposed to stay silent in the face of the colleges' overreaction.

The idiots at Claremont who identified as student organizers complained that the exposure of Dunn's crime, and her wrongful manipulation of public opinion, would sour classmates on campus activism. "I'm just afraid that all that community spirit is going to be lost and become cynicism and anger," said Warren Katzenstein, Student Body President of Harvey Mudd College.

This stuff blows my mind. Decent people stand up for what's right. Others learn their lesson, maybe, at least in one instance, but some are so brainwashed they continue to admire Dunn and to espouse her cause. Despite Katzenstein's words, there was real community spirit, real fulfillment of civic duty, and real heroism.

Something was gained, not lost, because of two anonymous students at Scripps who reported a crime they witnessed.

I hope that Scripps remains the same, although I was concerned to see it now admits “transgender women.” I don’t know if that means women who think they’re men, or men who think they’re women, but, either way, they are confused. I hope students see these freaks for what they are, the victims of sick experiments by CIA, whose plight is exacerbated by egghead apologists. Call me old-fashioned, but I believe a women’s college should admit only women. That means you must have two X chromosomes to attend.

Certainly, women’s colleges, like all higher education, and all America, are under attack by CIA. Some have merged into men’s colleges, and some have shut down. Sweet Briar, a lovely college in the Virginia Blue Ridge, was nearly closed. Likewise, I have seen dramatic changes at Cedar Crest College, which my mother attended, where I taught last year. Cedar Crest was a hotbed of mind control, at least with respect to my mother’s little dormitory, in the early 1960s; but at least the students got a real education. Now, the college encourages people to report “bias incidents,” which include Orwellian thoughtcrime and facecrime:

expressions, acts, or behaviors--
verbal, written, or physical--which are
directed against or target an
individual or group based on perceived
or actual characteristics such as race,

ethnicity, color, religion, gender, gender identity, gender expression, pregnancy, national origin, age, disability, sexual orientation, familial status, veteran status, or any other characteristic protected from discrimination under law.

While I taught at Cedar Crest, now overrun by moslem men, one anonymous student filed three bias reports against me, so I had to speak to the provost on three occasions and the Title IX officer on another. The first time I suggested a chemical agent might cause autism. The second time I suggested a false flag attack caused the Spanish-American War. And the third time students somehow got wind of my website, Fighting Monarch, in which I advocate against rape and child abuse, openly discussing the rape fantasies CIA tried to implant in me. Contrary to my rights under the Constitution, the common law, and traditional academic freedom, I was not allowed to confront my anonymous accuser, but I suspect her name was Deva Leach.

Back at Pomona, in the 1980s, we were all brainwashed, but the craziest thing I heard about Scripps was they tried to do without grades. This was over in my day, but Dick Barnes, who taught British Authors I, told us about it. We could all take courses at the other colleges, so sometimes Professor Barnes would have a Scrippsie in his class. He would have to write an evaluation, without a grade, so he would pen something like the following:

Due to the policy of Scripps College, I may not give Jane Doe a letter grade. However, if I could give Miss Doe a grade, she would get a B+.

That was Barnes all over. He used to call us by our titles and our last names, and he used to hand back our exams starting with the highest grade and finishing with the lowest, as he walked around the lecture hall. I was always first, and he would joke as he handed back my blue book, "Mr. Shelley, you missed one."

It's amazing how people fight suggestions even as they sleep. You just can't make gold into shit even with the trillions of tax dollars spent by the United States government against its own citizens. CIA hypnotized Professor Barnes to think that Shelley was an immature punk. So, even though the course addressed authors only from Chaucer to Milton, Barnes digressed at least twice to say how immature Shelley was. Each time, he looked at me, saying, "I don't mean you, Mr. Shelley. I mean Percy Bysshe. The romantic poet."

Fed on Demian, in Professor Erickson's class, as CIA used Hesse to lead victims to the occult, I went to see Professor Barnes in his study. Abused by a secret society, I half expected induction into an esoteric group. Like Ezra Pound, Barnes had Chinese characters brushed on paper hung on an easel, and I looked at him quizzically, waiting for his move, feeling somehow he was connected to Joy Booth and our conversations about the Flow and the Pit. We had spoken about John Donne in class that day, as we read "Batter My Heart, Three-Personed God," a strange poem at odds with itself, in which the speaker

wishes to be raped by his god, saying he will never be chaste until he is ravished. It tied in with my thoughts about James Joyce's epiphanies, and my experience of MDMA, which I understood to combine sex, death, and rebirth through spirituality. (Jane Ainsbinder poked fun at me over this in her film Nail Polish). I had a similar view of the orgasm described in Their Eyes Were Watching God by Zora Neale Hurston, and I found Donne's view limited, more Yang than Yin, more transcendent than immanent, in its understanding of spiritual experience. I could see my ideas intrigued Barnes, when we discussed them in class, but in his office I saw he didn't know, or couldn't say, what I wanted to find. Was he at the group hypnotism session, overseen by President Alexander, another victim like us? Somehow I connected him with Joy. But I soon realized I had been misled, so I covered, asking him for advice on Taoist poetry, and he recommended Li Po.

Professor Barnes taught me a great deal, even though I had him for only one semester. It's amazing how a brief contact can change you forever, and you can forget, but the influence is there. Whether it comes back later, in a flash of remembrance, or whether it operates subliminally, that transmission alters lives. I hope I have that effect on my daughter, especially, and on many others. As Professor Glass told me, years later, it is difficult to gauge the success of a teacher: Is it the impact on a student in class? a year later? ten years later? or over time rather than at a specific moment? Is it an impact the student can identify?

I remember Professor Barnes as a colorful character. Like Professor Glass, he was a Pomona graduate, who grew up in Southern California, and he had a feel for the desert. He was truly creative, a medievalist who played the washboard and sang original numbers with his own jazz band, when he wasn't staging plays with giant puppets, accompanied by fireworks, or just hitting tennis balls. With Robert Mezey, he translated the poetry of Jorge Luis Borges, whom Professor Stonehill taught. Barnes wrote poems, and he was delighted when someone stole one, thinking they must have really liked it to take the risk. He taught the literature of the Middle Ages, into the Renaissance, and he taught creative writing. One critic said, "I'm convinced that, in the future, any anthology of twentieth-century American poetry that neglects Dick Barnes will seem ridiculous." My teacher understood our culture was targeted, confiding once to a friend, "A strong force in academia is attempting to have all literature before Shakespeare removed from the standard curriculum."

When Barnes taught The Canterbury Tales, having us read, recite, and memorize Middle English, I remember his understanding of the knight, a man who had nothing to prove. He told a story of his friend, who raced offroad at Baja to suffer a crash.

"Were you hurt?" he asked the driver.

"Not really," came the answer. "I just broke both my wrists."

That's the kind of stoicism I live and breathe, completely lacking self pity, while seeking adventure. It inspires me.

No wonder I struck Barnes with my gloss on "The Lie" by Sir Walter Raleigh. In the old days, when a man wanted to call someone out, challenging him to fight a duel, usually over an insult to a lady, he would give him the lie. This might be followed by the retort courteous, in which the accused says, "What did you say?" In such instances, I always follow that one with "You heard me," speaking like the knight, in a quiet voice. Then the alleged liar has to fight or be known as a coward. The duel was a great equalizer, in which a gentleman could call out a lord, without recourse to the courts, for immediate satisfaction. It depended on the invention of the rapier, much like the fencing foil Dr. Zold taught me to use, which kills with a single thrust, unlike the broadsword, with which one hacks at the sides of one's enemy. In the Wars of the Roses, gangs of armed thugs attacked each other with broadswords, and whoever had the biggest gang won. But in the Renaissance, it was one on one, and people spoke politely. Raleigh impressed me as a boy, showing sangfroid as he met his death, fearless on the scaffold, after an unjust trial, even joking, trying to cheer his supporters up, as they wept. No wonder his poem spoke to me. In "The Lie," Raleigh called out the world, and all its institutions, in all their hypocrisy, in a tone I styled manly complaint. My professor liked the way I put it.

I went into Barnes's class thinking only contemporary literature was worth reading, but I came out changed forever. Later I would study under the world's leading scholar of the English

Renaissance, Alastair Fowler, and I would teach the great books to which Barnes introduced me. In my classes, I have long used his methods, exams with identification of particular passages, memorization of poetry, and recital in class.

My memory collection of poems began in Richard Barnes's class, where I learned medieval lyrics like "Fowles in the Frith," "Three Corbies," and "Western Wind." I remember bumping into a fellow student at a college party, knowing each other only by our surnames, drunkenly reciting poetry from the Middle Ages. Barnes introduced me to the ballads from the Border Country, many of which I would later sing to my daughter, or learn to play on the banjo, when I lived in the Blue Ridge. "Lady Margret," "Young Emily," and "Bonnie George Campbell" are only a few of my favorites. Barnes taught me about the Fortunate Fall, both in Paradise Lost, and in the poem, "Adam Lay Ybounden." He described the Virgin Mary, so important in the Middle Ages, and his deep compassion for her, at the death of her son, as he spoke of "her pretty face, all messed up with snot and tears."

Now goeth Sunne under woode.

Me rueth Maria thy faire roode.

Now goeth Sunne under tree.

Me rueth Maria thy sonne and thee.

One day, we read the Corpus Christi Carol, and Barnes asked if anyone knew it. Since no one volunteered to sing, he sang it for us, telling the

haunting story of the Fisher King, who lies sick in bed, the kingdom in ruin, while a lady prays for his rebirth. As my teacher said, then, “I don’t know what it means. No one does.”

Meanwhile, my abusers used V2K and I2K on me, more and more. In high school, they had me making a fool of myself at home, shrieking kung-fu-like noises, speaking jibberish, and employing a white trash accent in jest. Then, in the summer of 1986, the phony colonel and his wife abused me at my family’s house, projecting an image of Playmate Rebekka Armstrong into my head, and forcing me to say something obscene to my bitch abuser whom I mistook for a lady. Likewise, I received the obscene command by V2K, in 1987, “Cornhole her,” as to Elsa, which I heard as “Cornflower.” Also, in the fall of 1987, at Pomona, I got image-to-skull transmissions of writing on pages, which I attributed to excessive reading, and they hit me with I2K in the spring, showing me a viking ship while I tripped on mushrooms. They also used Blockout, the only video game in the Student Union, projecting geometric shapes onto our visual cortices after we played. More and more the degenerates attacked us with their technology, as they later had me scat-singing in college, and they forced talking in England.

Having learned the sonnet in Barnes’s class, where we read selections from Spenser’s Amoretti and Sidney’s Astrophil and Stella, along with Sir Thomas Wyatt, I wrote sonnets over Christmas Break, while my abusers hit me with V2K. As I admired a picture of Wendy

Johnson, from Scripps, with whom I exchanged letters, dancing midleap in Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker, a phrase echoed in my head, a line of iambic pentameter:

In the flower of her womanhood.

I understood it to refer to a woman's prime, her strength, and her virtue. Now I know different. Seeing I had got to third base with Wendy, the morons were suggesting her privates, à la Georgia O'Keefe, whose show I had just seen at the Met and whose poster hung on my wall. That's classy for them.

True to form, the scum also tried to combine Wendy, a flesh and blood woman, with models from Playboy, in my imagination. Here they met with mixed success, as hypnotic suggestions combined in odd ways, bouncing askance, and going awry.

As I masturbated during the summer of 1989, I associated Wendy with Anna Clark, Miss April 1987, even though the two women bore little resemblance to each other. My abusers put the Playmate forward earlier in hypnotic sessions, hoping I would associate her with Ella Richardson and Wonder Woman, whom she resembled more closely. They sought to associate this combination with Stephen King's Pennywise, while they promoted It through Joy Booth and posed Miss Clark face to face with a clown. They tried to superimpose Anna over Ella, along with Wonder Woman, but I never bought the magazine in which Miss Clark posed as centerfold; so the timing was wrong, and I

never found the clown or the Playmate in time for Ella. Later, though, I started buying Playboy's Book of Lingerie in airports, as I flew coast to coast, from college to home, and back. I was reading real literature, so I didn't pretend to read Playboy's articles, preferring newsstand specials like Blondes, Brunettes, and Redheads, The Playmate Review, and Girls of Summer, which had nothing but pictures of naked women. There I found Miss Clark, slightly heavy, her muscled body dripping with sweat, and I associated these features with Wendy, the stocky ballerina to whom I had recently given my virginity in some very sweaty encounters.

The scum were still trying to promote Ella, who was prettier than Wendy, and wonderful in every way, but I was having none of it. Ella had just returned from the Jesuit stronghold of Boston College, where she received further programming. As a brunette athlete, she could easily pass for the Amazonian Wonder Woman. But, despite more than a decade of hypnosis, the Wonder Woman program still hadn't taken. The closest they could get was to have me masturbate about raping one of my classmates, a tall brunette, named Melissa, which I did thrice only, praying for forgiveness before and after each time, and never repeating the fantasy. Patty Duffek, with her striking blue eyes, her large pink nipples, and her woolly black bush remained my favorite Playmate, and I still had the magazine I bought in Quebec, but I did not associate Miss Duffek with Wonder Woman, with Ella, or with rape. Ella and I met again, once, and we went for a walk, in the Beaver Valley,

below the DuPont estate of Granogue. I asked her to kiss, and she demurred, saying, “I don’t know.” That was enough of a refusal for me. I wasn’t angry. I wasn’t passionate. I was just mildly interested in this one of several women I had kissed. I never saw Ella again, and I hope she is well today.

In the summer of 1989, as I read Vergil’s Aeneid, inspired by Dick Barnes, the scum broke into my house to abuse me in another hypnotic session. It must have been a little tricky for them, since my schedule was unusual. Every night before eleven, I would drive the windy forested road from Unionville to West Chester, Route 842, careful of the woodland creatures, as I listened to Sibelius’s Finlandia and Tchaikovsky’s Waltz of the Flowers, dreaming of Wendy, the Norwegian-American ballerina. I was working the graveyard shift at UPS, parking and gassing brown delivery trucks, a job for which I had to join the Teamsters’ Union. I didn’t work there long enough to become a full fledged Teamster, finishing before I paid my dues, which remains a regret. Maybe if I had a union card, I would be employed on a regular basis today. At any rate, they got me; and, under hypnosis and drugs, they showed me the Playboy with Anna Clark.

Frustrated I had not read Stephen King’s It, despite my love for Joy—after all the morons moved her to Louisiana and she stopped writing me—my imbecilic abuser pointed to the clown facing Miss Clark in the magazine.

“Did you see her with him?”

“No, I didn’t. She’s pretty hot, though. I saw her in The Playmate Review and the Newsstand Specials. Book of Lingerie.”

“All right. She’s Wendy. All right. That’s all there is to it.”

Meanwhile, I was reading Thomas Hardy’s Return of the Native, a book to which Holden Caulfield alludes in The Catcher in the Rye, which is heavily used in the program. I am certain this was the result of misfired suggestions, gone haywire, although I do not remember the particular command that led me to the novel. The raven-haired heroine, Eustacia Vye, recalls Wonder Woman, in all her beauty, independence, and pride. She is smoking hot, so Hardy writes of her “celestial imperiousness, love, wrath, and fervour.” No wonder the heathfolk think she is a witch, an impression that dovetailed with my controllers’ promotion of paganism. Did the heath somehow blend not only with my love of Dartmoor, where I hiked as a boy, but also the facility in the West Country where they abused my family in 1981? For whatever reason, the wildness of the moor called to me, much like the sultry tones of Eustacia’s voice. As Hardy writes, Miss Vye has a voice like a viola, a description that complemented my love for classical music, to which Wendy and I would often listen. But I didn’t want to ravish Eustacia Vye; I could relate to her. The regal woman feels stifled by her environment, longing to escape to a larger world; and, like me with Wendy, at least as I saw it, she holds something back, loving her paramour because she cannot find a better. Later caught in an unhappy marriage, impoverished in the country, yearning to visit Paris, the

protagonist drowns in the Shadwater Weir, the men in her life unable to save her.

Poor Anna Clark. Like most Playmates, because of her abuse, this beautiful lady had as much trouble as Eustacia Vye. Through MK-ULTRA, the scum made her act out, while a teenager, so she was expelled from three different boarding schools. Still Miss Clark had verve, and she took a trip to Europe for two months, travelling alone, at the age of eighteen. Millions of men would fantasize about sex with her, admiring her body, and perhaps her spirit, when she posed naked for Playboy; but not one would travel with her. "I got very lonely," Miss Clark confessed. "Without anyone I knew around, I seemed to lose my sense of identity. I ended up coming home earlier than I planned." How telling. The trash destroyed her selfhood, and they wrecked her trip, after they got her thrown out of school. That's nothing next to the rest of the horrific abuse we all endured. That's what they do to people like us. The subhuman garbage, egged on by their masters, seek to destroy pleasures and virtues they can never share. The satanic degenerates wanted me to rape someone like Anna Clark, not even for sex, but in the foulest ways imaginable. It would never work, and I hope only that she kept her beauty and her spirit.

Wendy Johnson linked to Anna Clark in my mind, but she resembled a different woman who appeared in Playboy, Miss August, Helle Michaelsen. Miss Michaelsen showed up in the magazine exactly two months after Wendy and I fooled around the first time. Aside from

showing programming by posing for Playboy, itself a tell, Miss Michaelsen revealed her abuse on her data sheet. Her favorite book was Sophie's Choice, in which a mother must choose which of her children to save from death in a concentration camp. CIA draws heavily on the Nazis, and it loves impossible choices where family members turn against each other and people blame themselves for their abuse by others. I can't imagine a more MK-ULTRA read than Helle Michaelsen's favorite book. But none of this is what I noticed then. I saw only a beautiful naked woman, with frizzy blonde hair, slightly heavy, and Scandinavian, just like the woman with whom I had sex that summer. Miss August played up her Nordic origins in connection with her sexuality. As Miss Michaelsen said,

Scandinavian women have to live up to their reputations, right? I mean, we are free girls. We're out on the market.

The Playmate was Danish, born in the old country, while my new girlfriend was Norwegian, born here. I believe Wendy was the granddaughter of a freedom fighter, who fought the Nazis in the Resistance, and I think I remember a story of him tacking a varmint's hide to a barn door. Still that's blurry.

What's not is the connection between Wendy and the Van Breeschooten Twins, who also appeared in Playboy that summer. I prefer naked women, so I have never been taken by lingerie. The only undergarment ever to strike me was the bottom to Wendy's Calvin

Kleins. There a white stretchable waistband, printed with the designer's name, topped a wide black triangle. I couldn't see it at the time, but now I see this plainly echoes the swimsuit worn by Mirjam van Breeschooten, who stood topless, wearing an almost identical bikini bottom.

Her sister, Karin, stood next to her, facing away, feet planted squarely, more than shoulder width, arms akimbo, her magnificent furry bush plainly visible beneath her sand-covered bottom. Next to her twin, Mirjam faced the camera, slightly contemptuous, almost sneering, her lips curled downward, as she gazed regally away to the side. Sand covered her hips, her thighs, her chest, while her brown nipples jutted erect. Her hairy pubic mound strained at the tight fabric, trying to escape a wide fluorescent yellow triangle below a black stretchable waistband.

Unlike Wendy's panties, different in color only, Mirjam's were printed not with a designer's name but with words that described their form-fitting quality: **BODY GLOVE.**

As the Dutch Playmates stood naked, covered in sand, at the beach, they recalled another woman who posed for Playboy, following Sharry Konopski, whose fight against harassment is described in the third part of the prequel to this book, Stories When Little: Growing Up Under MK-ULTRA.

One of my favorite Playmates, the busty blonde Arab-American, Gwen Hajek, also posed seaside, immediately before I went

to college. Still I dream of her beautiful blue eyes, her slightly aquiline nose, her eyebrows furry like her bush, framed by her womanly hips. Playboy compared her to a Georgia peach, which might sound odd, especially since the finest August Pride, Flaming Fury, or Snow Beauty could not match Miss Hajek's lovely pink skin, glowing with health, her soft pendulous breasts, or her rosy nipples. I imagined us naked together, my face gently brushing her cheek, her neck, her hair, as we made love.

The Van Breeschooten Twins may also have suggested one of my favorite models, whom I found in a feature on California when I earned my bachelor's degree and in Girls of Summer a year later. Just as Mirjam and Karin van Breeschooten appeared side by side, alternately bottomless or topless, a bikini between them, wearing sunglasses, Barbie Ford would stand in all her naked majesty, wearing only a pair of Ray-Bans, as the sun shone on her body, her bush glittering like gold, with a rock face in the desert behind her. For me, she recalled a poem by Heinrich Heine, which I read about the same time:

<i>Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam</i>	<i>A pine tree stands lonely</i>
<i>Im Norden auf kahler Höh.</i>	<i>In the North on a barren height.</i>
<i>Ihm schläfert; mit weißer Decke</i>	<i>Sleep overtakes him. Ice and snow</i>
<i>Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.</i>	<i>Cover him with a white blanket.</i>
<i>Er träumt von einer Palme,</i>	<i>He dreams of a palm tree</i>
<i>Die, fern im Morgenland,</i>	<i>Far in the East,</i>
<i>Einsam und schweigend trauert</i>	<i>Who, lonely and silent, suffers</i>
<i>Auf brennender Felsenwand.</i>	<i>On a burning wall of rock.</i>

I didn't imagine Barbie Ford suffering, as I took her standing face to face, but she reminded me of the beautiful palm in the desert setting.

Wendy and I hooked up in the spring of 1988, and we spent the following year writing letters back and forth. While away, she studied at Hunter College, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, which includes a townhouse dedicated by Eleanor Roosevelt where the first lady and her husband once lived. Famous alumni include jazz singer Harry Connick, Jr., actor Vin Diesel, and the incomparably sexy Ellen Barkin, just to name a few. While at Hunter, Wendy lived on Top Ramen noodles, and macaroni and cheese, probably listening to La Boheme. She even went to the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. A real New York experience. She worked at American Ballet Theatre, the home of Mikhail Baryshnikov. I had gone to watch him dance as a boy, in The Nutcracker, although I couldn't see the stage from our seats in the orchestra. At the direction of the trash, my parents refused to buy me glasses until I was ten, since I never complained. Wendy got a closer look at the great man. His career as a dancer was over, his legs ruined by his art, but he would pass through the place while she worked.

Wendy invited me up to visit her when I returned from college in the spring. Then my father kindly bought us tickets to the ballet and a modern dance recital. Having jogged that morning—three times a week was my regimen—I took the train up to Penn Station, and a taxi to her place. I can't remember if we ate before or after, but we quickly found ourselves at Lincoln Center, which I had visited as a boy

to see the Grand Kabuki, eating caviar for the first time at lunch, ogling Tracy Vaccaro's picture on the cover of a Playboy displayed at a sidewalk newsstand, and completely oblivious to a pervert whom my father noticed eyeing me as I walked down the street.

In the 1980s, Japan was all the rage, from James Clavell's Shogun to the feeling they were taking over, as the threat was used to feed a government bail-out of the auto industry; but now they're all but forgotten, destroyed economically just as militarily before, while NWO promotes China.

The following day, we walked the city, and we dined at a Mexican restaurant, drinking margaritas, talking of art, music, and dance. Wendy was particularly interested in Stravinsky's Rite of Spring, in which Vaslav Nijinsky danced before his madness. Two years before, in 1987, the Joffrey reconstructed the work, as choreographed by Nijinsky, with the original set and costumes. The ballet was performed only seven times in 1913, starting a near riot, before redone in different form. Those who saw the original production, and participated, proved vital in its reconstruction.

After our meal, our hands holding under the table, our bodies beginning to talk to each other, we went back to Wendy's room, where we had sex. For the rest of that weekend, and the next when I returned, we spent hour after hour, entwined in each other's arms, listening to The Magic Flute, with its masonic symbolism, and Getz/Gilberto, in which Stan Getz, João Gilberto, and Astrud Gilberto brought

the bossa nova to the world's attention. I knew my teacher, Stephen Glass, had played with Getz, but I didn't know the album began when Getz travelled to Brazil to give up heroin. Whatever the genesis, it was a great soundtrack to our lovemaking.

A year before, I had not known how to put on a rubber, and this time I was not much more experienced. I learned a little restraint that weekend, not to put my tongue directly in a woman's mouth, reaching for her tonsils, as Wendy mocked my inept technique. Still, otherwise, I needed less restraint. I had the sense that I could use my hands to stimulate my partner, but it seemed intrusive to part her outer labia with my finger. Later, I would review a book from Professor McKenna's course on Human Ethology to acquaint myself with a woman's anatomy. I discovered the clitoris, and I learned to go down on a woman. As Wendy said, "You can do that whenever you want...."

Human Ethology was an interesting course. It influenced my worldview but not at all in the way my abusers intended. Through biological and sociological approaches to anthropology, our primatologist professor led us to think of the development of human beings on the African savannah onto which we moved from the tree canopies. Food sharing and social grooming clearly came from the progenitors we shared with our ape cousins, just as our odd tendency to throw our arms out sideways when falling backwards, something that helps if you're tumbling downwards through branches and vines but not if you're walking on the ground. The social contract envisioned by

Thomas Hobbes, John Locke, or Jean-Jacques Rousseau ceased to make sense when we realized that humans had lived for an enormous part of our history in tribal and familial groups without laws. The class so worked on our imagination that, in addition to running experiments to observe human social behavior, we once spent a day in the San Gabriel Mountains chipping stone tools. Still, there were no caveman fantasies: We all knew that eighty percent of hunter-gatherers' nutrition comes from nuts and berries found by women and children.

Meanwhile, our programmers thought we would take interest in hermaphrodites, homosexuals, and transsexuals like Jan Morris, whom Queen Elizabeth made a Commander of the British Empire. Certainly, we considered sex rôles, but we understood even homosexual behavior as biological. Women need to be selective in choosing mates since they can bear only one child per year. Men tend toward a different strategy since they can impregnate a large number of women. It is easy to see how these biological tendencies, determined by natural selection, play out among homosexuals, where lesbians settle into long relationships while their male counterparts play the field. Still, the survival and success of a child depends upon the father playing an active part in its development, so successful fathers, who beget successful offspring, stick around, settling into monogamous relationships. For this reason, humans, unlike almost all other animals, mate regardless of season, not entering into estrus, so we can bond

through sex. Once a child has grown, parents can move off, so serial monogamy has become natural to humans.

After more letters and phonecalls over the summer, and some second thoughts on both sides, Wendy and I got back together in the fall. During the day I would read literature, sometimes playing squash or racquetball with my friends, and in the evening I would walk to Browning Hall to announce my presence to the lady at the desk. Wendy would meet me downstairs in the lounge before escorting me up, and we would ascend the steps to the bell tower, sometimes with me chasing her playfully, biting her muscular backside as she stood several steps above me. My girlfriend would lay a blanket on the floor, and we would listen to classical music, drinking sweet wines from the gas station, white zinfandel or Asti Spumante, as a prelude to sex. Wendy took a music appreciation class, Vienna - Music and Society, in which she studied Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; so it was a fun way to do her homework.

Sometimes I would massage my girlfriend's body, tired from a full day of dancing. Like all ballerinas, Wendy was tough. She was exceptionally proud of the time her teacher told the class to look at her feet, a perfect example of seventh position. That evening, there was blood in her slippers, but she just took an aspirin and danced more that night.

When not in the bell tower, we went out on cultural dates, listening to a string quartet or a lecture, going to the theater or a concert

at Big or Little Bridges, or watching films like The Moor's Pavane by José Limón or North by Northwest by Alfred Hitchcock at the Motley, Scripps's coffeehouse, where Noah Lerner and Viveca Paulin would later play in their band, Crossing. As Noah's wife would later tease him, *Who could forget Crossing?* Once we went out for pizza in town, drinking carafes of house wine, and my father took us to a fine Italian restaurant, recommended by Felix, when he came to visit in December.

Speaking of our shared love of music, my girlfriend, and his wife, Dad said to me then, "She likes classical. That's good. I never got that from Sue."

The scum at the agency continued to promote perversion and alcohol. Steve McKnight was a resident advisor in Norton Clark, who had earlier dropped out due to drugs and government targeting, and who kept a pet snake he had smuggled to college on a plane. Steve studied geology, and he worked for the U.S. Geological Survey after graduation. I can't remember how we became friends, but he used to say, "I like you, Tim. You always talk about real things." In his room, we met, playing chess, and drinking Irish whisky. He must have taken the course on Roman Decadence that Elsa laughed me out of, since he had a copy of The Satyricon by Petronius on his shelf. I remember reading excerpts with astonishment, laughing at the Roman gayboys, in between our games at the table. The idiots at the agency were trying for homosexuality again, combined with Irish whisky, just as they had with Felix, but it was never going to work.

Neither was rape. One night I called Wendy, and I headed up to Scripps, after drinking with Steve. I must have walked past the desk somehow, the girl behind it breaking the rules by letting me pass. When I reached Wendy's door, she asked me how I got up there, and she said she would speak to the girl who had been so lax. "You smell like a distillery," she said. "Don't drink that stuff around me." She turned me out, and I apologized. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Wendy had more sense than I, rejecting CIA's attempt to put harder controlled substances in front of us. She tried a shot of Dickel's sourmash with me, but she hated it, mocking the motto on the bottle:

AIN'T NOTHIN' BETTER.

My girlfriend said, "Ain't nothin' worse" would be a more accurate description. She thought a little higher of the Irish whisky, but she found the name hysterical. Bushmill's top shelf was called Black Bush, for the colored label, and she rightly expected me to prefer blonde bush. CIA tried to put cocaine in front of her, too, as I bought the drug for the only time in college, doing it only twice again, ten years later. Wendy politely declined. She had seen too many dancers get in trouble with the stuff.

The closest CIA could move me to rape were my fantasies about Tawnni Cable, Miss June, and Petra Verkaik, Miss December. Both were brunettes—unlike my blonde companion. CIA was finally getting somewhere with Wonder Woman, but they would get nowhere with an actual woman. Ten years later, they would lead me to rape

fantasies about comic-book characters, sacrificing actual photographs of Playmates for digital simulacra of 3D characters. As they destroyed my sexuality, and my life, I dodged suggestions, slipping and flipping them, never going to anything that would harm a woman. Years later my fantasies would go only to comics, very little to porn, and never to real women, until I lost all desire to have sex with anyone. Back in the eighties, this process started as I went to fantasies not of rape but of extortion. Lying in bed, looking at magazines, away from my girlfriend, I dreamt of myself as a young lord catching the housemaids stealing silver, stripping and searching their bodies, and having sex with them, with the understanding they could keep their jobs.

The trash were pushing bondage, and they got me to tie Wendy up on one occasion, at her request, but I didn't want to do it. I didn't notice it then, but now that I look at the pictures, I see the bondage suggestions that my programmers put forward starting with my acquisition of an erotic magazine in 1981. Dianne Jamison had a jock strap that covered nothing, which I could easily imagine grabbing, as I pulled her toward me. Ursula Obermoser, in the same Penthouse, held a phone, the cord draped across her thigh. Terry Nihen, another Playmate put in front of me, when I was fourteen, constantly looking for Playboys, almost never finding them, had a phone cord across her privates. Over a decade later I would be mysteriously attracted to a single photograph of another Playmate, Julianna Young, who stood naked with a phone in her hand, the black cord drawn downward and away. I didn't want to

do anything with that cord, I didn't want Miss Young to do anything with it, and I didn't like any of her other photos. Still, there was something about that one picture, the one with the telephone cord, that was really hot, although my focus was entirely on the statuesque woman's naked body. If anything, I just wanted to yank that phone out of the wall, throw it across the room, and take her standing, face to face—not to stop her calling for help but to get rid of the damned thing. Otherwise, Christie Brinkley, later subsumed in Cheryl Bachman, had an amazingly pullable spandex suit, the subject of my earlier fantasies. The straps on Anna Clark's slingshot one-piece, drawn aside to reveal her magnificent heavy breasts—not to mention the straps on Helle Michaelsen's bra, pulled down to her waist, flexed outward by her strong arms—were something I could grab while I fucked her good. Both models, through hypnosis, I came to associate with Wendy Johnson.

The programmers had better luck with Wendy, whom they attempted to use in the promotion of rape; but I couldn't see it. Wendy told me more than once about 9½ Weeks, and how it spoke to her, with its depiction of depraved sexuality, an odd coincidence since that's about the length of time we spent together. We both knew I was off to Cambridge in the New Year and she would graduate in the spring, so there was a time limit on our relationship. At Wendy's request, on one occasion, I tied her wrists to the bed with a necktie, loosely, and we had sex while we listened to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. But I could not

even see the idiots were pushing Clockwork Orange, with its inappropriate and ridiculous mixture of rape and Beethoven, nor did I understand the nature of Wendy's fantasy. Ever the egalitarian, after we climaxed, I asked her, naïvely, "Do you want to tie me up?" Of course, if I did something to her, it seemed right that she should do it to me. She looked mildly puzzled, and I couldn't see what she was driving at.

Still, if CIA had some success sculpting Wendy's sexuality through film, they had none with comics. On me they had tried with Wonder Woman for years, and a decade later they would meet with success. Doubtless led by generic suggestion, Wendy went to Peanuts by Charles Schulz. Gently mocking herself, not to mention my occasional aloofness, she called me Sally's name for Linus: My Sweet Baboo!

At the end of the semester, Wendy and I said farewell. She gave me a copy of Hoffmann's Nutcracker for Christmas. The enemy meant the gift to promote the author's spooky stories, blurring the line between fantasy and reality, which Robertson Davies' Lyre of Orpheus described. "The Sandman" is only one of Hoffmann's tales that approaches cartel signalling, involving torture, vengeance, and the creation of a robotic girl, incorporated into Offenbach's opera The Tales of Hoffmann. I missed this entirely, never reading Wendy's book, which awaits my attention on the shelf. My girlfriend went to Hawai'i with her family over Winter Break, and I returned to Unionville. Years later,

she would influence trips with my daughter, when we would visit the Big Island and her home in the Northwest.

I wrapped up the semester by writing a short story for Professor Whedbee's class on The Bible, which I took at Noah's recommendation. My programmers tried to interest me in rape and to explore virtually nonexistent fantasy through fiction; but I wrote a piece about a survivor. Writing from Bathsheba's perspective, I described the murder of her husband, Uriah the Hittite, by King David so he could sleep with her. The sex I covered in one ugly line, immediately moving past it, much like Hardy in Tess of the D'Urbervilles. They had failed again. I had no idea what was going on, and absolutely no memory of my hypnotism or abuse, but I was flipping commands left and right. They wanted rape fantasy, but I gave them feminist fiction.

When we followed up in another session, my abusers moved past the story, having bigger fish to fry.

"All right, forget about that. There's someone you'll meet when you go to England. It'll change your mind about some things."

I had second thoughts. I had planned first to attend University College, Oxford, where we had a program, and then to attend Jesus College, Cambridge, where we had just established a program. However, when I spoke with students who had gone to Jesus, the year before, it didn't sound that great. Word was the English were immature, and there was a lot of sexism. I expressed my doubts to my

father, but he encouraged me to move past them. Likewise, I put them more strongly to my programmer, continuing to buck suggestions.

“I don’t want to go to England. I’m starting to think it was a mistake.”

BOOK NINE: MUSÉE DES BEAUX ARTS

After the group hypnotic session freshman year, where Joy Booth appeared with David Alexander, the President of Pomona, and the U.S. National Secretary for the Rhodes Trust, I decided to spend my junior year at University College, where we had an existing program. University College is the oldest college at Oxford. Its alumni include Bill Clinton, Stephen Hawking, and C.S. Lewis—not to mention Edgar Whitehead, the prime minister of Southern Rhodesia, and my namesake, Percy Bysshe Shelley. Its chapel has the tessellated pavement, black-and-white checkerboard, of a masonic temple, so the whole place looks like bad news.

I did not understand my sudden decision to attend Oxford, but I see it now as the product of a hypnotic suggestion. Still, going to University College was possible only in the fall or for the entire year, and I was keen for Wendy to return from New York, so I could have a girlfriend. I knew she would have sex with me, and I wanted the experience.

The Cambridge Program had been set up for me and seven other students, as we were the second group that Pomona sent to Jesus College. Tanya Bodell, who was like a sister to me, is now the executive director of an energy company. Katia Hetter, who turned lesbian, is a senior producer for CNN Travel, who covered the redevelopment of the World Trade Center after 911. Eric Howell is the chief financial and compliance officer of a globalist development company. Steve Pranke

has worked for twenty years managing data analytics software for the healthcare industry, while he lives in the mind control hub of Salt Lake City. Harley Naroff was a homosexual who became party to an early civil union, taking the name Harley Grant. Robert Goff, whom I regarded as a friend, later became a homosexual, too, owning art galleries in New York and Berlin. And Lisa Lee, with whom I had a brief sexual liaison, now lives in Hawai`i.

Jesus College contains some of the oldest buildings in Cambridge, which belonged to the Nunnery of Saint Mary and Saint Radegund, founded in the early 1100s. John Alcock, the Bishop of Ely, dissolved the convent and formed the college. Not content to turn the nuns out, and steal their home and property, Alcock slandered these unfortunate ladies, calling them whores. When I was there, the college had admitted women for only ten years, and most of the students had gone to single-sex boarding schools like Harrow or Eton, where they were physically and sexually abused. After a hotly contested and mixed vote, the Fellows of Jesus College resolved only fourteen years earlier to repeal college statute, point 1.6.

NO WOMAN *shall be elected or admitted*
as Pensioner, Scholar, Officer,
Fellow, or Master of the College.

Still, it wasn't as bad as Magdalene College, which, while named after Jesus's wife and chief disciple, had barred women from

admission until only two years before I went to Cambridge. Why any woman would want to go there, or why anyone would want to go to Cambridge, is beyond me. No doubt they have been brainwashed by the Harry Potter books, which paint a false picture of boarding school and Oxbridge life, by Merchant-Ivory pictures, or by the propaganda machine of PBS. The English purport to have good manners, but I remember an old boy from Magdalene berating a young woman, a stranger to him, at a train station because she was wearing a college scarf.

Three members of Jesus College have received a Nobel Prize, and two fellows have been appointed to the International Court of Justice. Famous alumni include three Archbishops of Canterbury, among them, Richard Bancroft, who oversaw the production of the King James Bible, and Thomas Cranmer, who wrote The Book of Common Prayer. Fulke Greville, Baron Brooke, who wrote a biography of his friend Sir Philip Sidney, attended the school, as did Laurence Sterne, who wrote the madcap novel Tristram Shandy. Another Jesuit was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who wrote "Kublai Khan," a poem to which Frankie Goes To Hollywood alluded, in an attempt to promote opium use. Word was Coleridge was fat, no one liked him, and he ran away after a short time. He probably had more sense than I.

Thomas Malthus studied at Jesus before arguing that population growth precludes progress. His ideas have been taken up by the satanic conspirators that seek to kill over eighty percent of the

world's population, as set forth in the Georgia Guidestones, and as surreptitiously put forward by the United Nations in AGENDA 21 and the 2030 AGENDA FOR SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT. As my friend Dr. Horton has shown me, these heirs to the Nazis are engaged in global genocide, as they try to exterminate real human beings. Groups like Planned Parenthood advocate so-called abortion rights, while real rights under the Constitution and the common law are trampled, and the lives of unborn children are snuffed out. Maybe they are better off. I used to regard a childless life as a terrible misfortune, but now I wonder.

One of my friends in Unionville was given a false diagnosis of uterine cancer, so she had a hysterectomy after bearing her three daughters. Lynn Boggs is a good woman and a devout Catholic, who owns a winery with her husband Craig, a retired major in the Marines who served as a SEAL. Lynn always pours me her family's wine with an open hand when we meet at Sovana Bistro. She sometimes teaches Sunday school, and she says the best prayer I have ever heard:

*Help me to be a better mother,
a better wife,
and a better friend.*

No wonder they destroyed her ability to bear children. All thanks to Malthus.

Some writers have the sense to attack Malthus, showing his ideas, reducing humans to numbers, as the obscenity they are. In Huxley's Brave New World, women carry contraceptives in a

Malthusian belt. Charles Dickens, whose father was put in debtors' prison, who never studied at university, and who became arguably the greatest novelist of the nineteenth century, pilloried Malthus in A Christmas Carol. His life was nearly ruined by Malthus's policies, so it's not surprising Ebenezer Scrooge echoes them. Poor sweet naïve Dickens, who thought he could remedy social ills by exposing them, like the inequities of the legal system in Bleak House, evils caused by masonic traitors who even now pimp my daughter while they keep her away from me and read me lectures on fatherhood. There was redemption for Scrooge, but there will be no redemption for our enemies.

Shortly before I attended Jesus College, Edward Windsor, commonly known as Prince Edward, went there. We didn't know his family was a pack of satanic child molesters, who betray their country, but some felt the monarchy was obsolete, and everyone felt sorry for the boy prince. First-year students lived in college, sharing suites with kitchens, so they could make new friends and assimilate into college life. Edward lived with his bodyguards. How telling. The English monarchy is so hated, even in its own country, that its minor members fear to walk the streets.

What a sad contrast to the days of Elizabeth Tudor, who, although there were attempts on her life, walked among her troops at Tilbury before the Vatican sent the Armada against her. As Queen Elizabeth said, back when England was a vibrant country,

We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery—but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people.

Let tyrants fear!

I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live and die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust.

Those were the glory days of England, when, as Fulke Greville told it, Sir Philip Sidney challenged the Earl of Oxford to a duel because he did not want the French to have a low opinion of English valor, when Sir Francis Drake leisurely finished his game of bowls before he sailed against an invading force, and when Shakespeare wrote the greatest plays the world has ever seen. But now, under the Windsors, the grey bourgeoisie look down, and apologize if you tread accidentally on their shoes, while the masons rape their children, import moslems wholesale, and surveil their every move. They jump when they get a text, and they watch the BBC run by MI-7. As T.S. Eliot, an American poet they claim as theirs, quoted Dante,

I did not know death had undone so many.

What didn't Prince Edward have handed to him? And whom didn't he let down?

Cambridge never should have let him in, since, even though he attended the Illuminist stronghold of Gordonstoun, where he was appointed Head Boy, he earned a C and two D's on his A-Levels. Normally, Cambridge requires straight A's from anyone admitted, but they must have figured Edward Windsor didn't have it easy enough. I wonder whose place he took. That person's probably lucky, since Cambridge is nothing but a programming center where students are sexually abused and cybernetically implanted.

The Royal Marines paid twelve thousand pounds toward Edward's tuition on condition he serve. Still the boy prince felt no obligation, so he ran away from commando training after only three months. His putative father, Prince Philip, must have given him quite a tongue-lashing, since even the English papers reported that the Duke of Edinburgh reduced Edward to prolonged tears. Edward finished his military service as personal aide-de-camp to his mother. Maybe the young lord felt better when the English gave him three honorary colonelcies and made him an honorary air commodore.

Later Edward formed the television company, Ardent Productions, which insiders called a sad joke. In that capacity, he made a white-washed documentary about his namesake, Edward VIII, who conspired with the Nazis, telling them to bomb London, while he pimped his wife to Joachim von Ribbentrop, the war criminal who served as foreign minister to Hitler. Edward characterized his uncle as a man who gave up the throne for love.

The prince has subsequently represented England on many diplomatic missions, all over the world, to globalist events. I cannot think of a fitter representative of the monarchy or the country to which it has reduced a once proud people. Neither can Edward's Illuminist masters, who mock England with a puppet prince. What a sham show!

Colin Renfrew, now Baron Renfrew of Kaimsthorn, was Master of Jesus College, while I attended, and the Disney Professor of Archæology. Later he became a Senior Fellow of the McDonald Institute

for Archæological Research. He purports to prevent looting at archæological sites, but I remember our conversation about the British Museum where he espoused a different view. Renfrew bought me a drink at the college bar the one time I met him. He made no efforts to acquaint himself with the Americans visiting his college, who were given to the charge of the senior tutor, Gavin MacKenzie, a drunk who died at fifty-nine. Still, I met the master by accident, and he bought me a whisky. I asked him if England had plans to give back the Elgin Marbles, which they stole from Greece. Periodically, Greece, to whose royal family Prince Philip belongs, asks for the return of the looted caryatids. As Renfrew chuckled to himself, "They won't have much luck there, will they?"

Lord Renfrew's date, Lord Heseltine, whom he brought to Jesus Bar, was wearing a dress, make-up, and wig. This struck me as odd, but I wrote it down to English eccentricity. Everyone was still talking about the vice-versa party I had missed, where male students dressed as women, and women as men. Apparently, this was part of Cambridge, and, allegedly, it did not involve homosexuality. I was told Lord Heseltine's costume was modelled after Dame Edna Everage, a comic character played by Barry Humphries in drag, famous in England since the 1950s.

Lord Heseltine had all the marks of a pervert. He once told The Tatler, "At prep school, I started a birdwatching club called the Tit Club. Every member was named after a member of the tit family: the

Marsh Tit, the Blue Tit. I was the Great Tit.” Meanwhile, The Observer published a limerick, mocking Heseltine’s ambiguous sexuality. For some reason, people called him Tarzan, and pictures of him wearing a loincloth often appeared in the papers. He was the Member of Parliament for Tavistock, the village where Dr. Angel’s family lived, which I visited in my boyhood, when I was abused by the Tavistock Institute. There he was part of a local “fishing gang,” and he has a seventy-acre estate, with a walled garden, and “medieval fish ponds.” Just as hunting is cartel slang for the gang rape of boys, fishing is cartel slang for the gang rape of women. In this regard, it may be significant that Heseltine strangled his mother’s German Shepherd. The scum often threaten animals, holding them hostage, while they demand obscene sexual favors. After a woman complies, they kill the pet anyway. As I heard them say, in similar situations, “She thinks she has a deal.”

Even in the mainstream media, Lord Heseltine appeared an unmannerly boor. On one occasion, he disrupted a vote his party lost, by picking up Parliament’s ceremonial mace, until Lord Prior tore it from his grasp. As Secretary of State for Defence, he often called Field Marshall Bramall to meetings early in the morning, only to keep him waiting all day. Many senior officers had nothing but contempt for Heseltine. He often treated backbenchers and lobbyists rudely. Under Heath’s government, even his fellow ministers hated him, volunteering him to be taken by terrorists during a training exercise. Like the

homosexuals in British “military intelligence,” Heseltine hates women, and he has trouble working with them.

This was the man I met in the college bar, wearing a dress. Michael Heseltine was a globalist who served as a Member of Parliament for almost fifty years, as an important member of Margaret Thatcher’s government, and as deputy prime minister under John Major. He opposed his own party on immigration policies, voting that Britain should allow immigrants, while he argued that to do otherwise was “sheer naked racialism.” He helped set up the European Space Agency, which, like NASA, is cover for microwave harassment, surveillance, and psy-ops. More recently, Heseltine opposed Brexit, calling for a second referendum to frustrate the will of the British people. What a guy!

Most of the English were hardly worth knowing, but it would have been nice, given our status as paying guests of the college, to have had rooms on the grounds. Despite the satanic red and black flag, with three cocks, a foul joke, surrounded by crowns, for the Crown Corporation, fluttering over the Chimney, between the Master’s and Porters’ Lodges, I would have liked to have lived in the ancient buildings. Instead, we were housed in digs on King Street and Maids Causeway, whose safety was questionable. Street rape was not uncommon in Cambridge, and I remember hearing trash yell obscenities at a woman in broad daylight. No one intervened, and I still wish I had done something. Two young men in our group, Robert and Harley,

were attacked by skinheads not one hundred feet from our door. I had walked through the gang that blocked the pavement, less than fifteen minutes earlier, escorting Katia Hetter back to our house, but they were smarter than their masters, looking for easy pickings. I should have been smarter still, rather than parting the pack of hooligans, staring the leader in the eye, silently daring them to attack me. Sometimes that's how you have to play it—but only as a last resort. We could have crossed the street or made a turn. I am just glad that nothing happened to Katia because of my recklessness.

You would think the morons would have put me and Lisa Lee in the same house together, since we had hooked up before; but instead they put her in King Street and me in Maids Causeway. Except for an occasional trip to the theater in London, and a single dinner party, Lisa and I hardly saw each other. Tanya and I hung out as friends, calling each other brother and sister, and discussing other members of the opposite sex. I found myself briefly dating a Yorkshire lass, called Liz, with black hair. I suppose she was their idea of Wonder Woman, but I lost interest. Due to microwave harassment, her grades plunged that year, as she struggled to earn a 2.2.

Liz was not the only one to suffer from cybernetic implants and microwave harassment. I suspect Mad Cow Disease derived from government programs. Certainly there was hysteria about it while I lived in England. "The Yuppie Flu" was another disease that struck successful and intelligent people. Victims grew mysteriously exhausted,

and physicians could not figure out what was wrong with them. Veronica Santorum was only one student who had it. It's not much different from chronic Lyme Disease, which seems connected to biological and directed energy weapons. The disease is almost impossible to diagnose, blood samples are unreliable, and doctors have a hard time treating it. For some people, a single bullseye appears on their body, almost certainly a mark from a hypodermic. My home in Chester County, Pennsylvania, has the nation's highest incidence of Lyme Disease—second only to Lyme County, Connecticut. Most of us stop going to doctors. After a while, you learn that medicine can't help you. Still, an osteopath whom I once saw, an expert in Lyme Disease whose licensing body barred him from the practice of medicine, told me the sauna helps, killing the spirochete through an artificial fever. From the Tuskegee Syphilis Experiment in Alabama, to the spread of HIV through rape in Zimbabwe, to the recent coronavirus scare, CIA and its affiliates have a long history of using bio-weapons. I would come down with a serious case of the flu twice in England, but only when I visited my girlfriend's farm, and we would each get the flu that summer.

Lucy Charlotte Large was the woman they put in front of me, and she had mind control written all over her. Charlotte's grandfather, William Felix Brown, known to his friends as Bruno, was a lieutenant colonel in the Assam Regiment, raised up to fight the Japanese. He became an Officer of the Order of the British Empire, in the Battle of Kohima, where he was ordered to fight to the last bullet and

the last man. The command to fight to the death was later rescinded; but the telephone line had been cut, so Charlotte's grandfather never got the news. There he fell. The larger action included the Battle of the Tennis Court, where the fiercest hand-to-hand fighting took place, during the Illuminati's Season of Sacrifice. The citation in which Colonel Brown was awarded his knighthood read, in part, as follows:

COL. BROWN BY HIS RESOURCEFULNESS, DETERMINATION AND UNFAILING CHEERFULNESS INSPIRED HIS MEN TO CARRY ON AND THEREBY ENABLED A CONSTANT WATCH TO BE KEPT ON THE KABAW VALLEY. ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION LT. COL. BROWN PERSONALLY LED SUCCESSFUL RAIDING PARTIES TO ROUND UP VILLAGES HARBORING ENEMY AGENTS. HIS INITIATIVE, DETERMINATION AND DEVOTION TO DUTY WAS OF A HIGH ORDER.

When he died for a worthless empire, run by masonic degenerates, Colonel Brown's daughters were orphaned.

Charlotte's aunt, who had emotional problems, went to school at Castle Howard, during the war, where Charlotte, her mother, and I visited the Rose Garden. We walked the Yorkshire Moor, where pictures from our camera captured me holding my arm in strange positions, blinking terribly, my contact lenses suddenly causing me pain, for the first time in the seven years since I got them, because of

cybernetic and ocular implants the English traitors put into me at Cambridge. I would recover fragmentary memories of hypnotic sessions later, clouded by drugs, while meanwhile I showed, without realizing it, all the symptoms of recent implantation.

Charlotte and her family had been targeted long before I met them. From the death of her grandfather, which made his daughters vulnerable, to the destruction of her parents' marriage, the English scum destroyed the Larges and their finances. Just as CIA has estranged my daughter from me, Charlotte grew alienated from her father, not speaking to him, blaming his infidelity for her family's troubles, while he moved to the remote island of Coll in the Inner Hebrides. That's where the Larges travelled on holiday, in happier times, and where they once made friends with a suspicious sounding American who wore a plaid suit. While Quentin lived in penury with his mother, Constance Large, one of the first female physicians in Great Britain, his eldest daughter, Claire, lived for a short time near Graz, Austria, where people openly supported the Nazis and horrific child abuse took place. His son, Alasdair, went to Shiplake, a boarding school riddled with mind control, and then to Sandhurst before accepting a commission in the Royal Tank Regiment. He could have joined a more exalted regiment; but the Larges' finances were exhausted, and an officer in such a group would need a private income, so Mrs. Large advised him to set his sights lower. Even after the divorce, she was harassed by the British government, which tried to kill her. Money was short, so Mrs. Large

worked long shifts at the hospital. On two occasions, within six months, she fell asleep at the wheel, waking up in a field surrounded by cows. Meanwhile, Internal Revenue claimed she owed them twenty thousand pounds, trying to prevent her from visiting her father's regiment as a guest of honor on their fiftieth anniversary.

Because of the strain on family finances, Charlotte offered to go to the local comprehensive; but her mother would have none of it. Instead, she boarded at the Royal Naval School, then all girls, which has since become the Royal School, Haslemere. Just as the crowns on my college arms indicate the Crown Corporation, the school has a crown for its crest. The crown will often mark its products this way, from Alpha Romeo, on whose insignia a dragon eats a human being, to Starbucks, where a siren wears a crown topped by a satanic pentagram. The school was founded for the daughters and sisters of naval and marine officers, who were sexually abused on site, while their fathers and brothers served the Empire. The infamous child molester, Lord Mountbatten of Burma, was the president of the school until 1975, taking his pick of victims. Charlotte went there later, but I am sure she and her friends endured the same abuse. While at school, Charlotte became anorexic, although she later grew overweight. She laughed at how she and her friends had driven one of their teachers to a nervous breakdown, but now I see the woman was pushed over the edge by her rapists in British Intelligence.

One of those schoolfriends was Tessa May, the daughter of the famous cricketer Peter May, so Charlotte would work on the Mays' farm in the summer of 1989, after MI-6 arranged her rape in Zimbabwe. Before I left England, I would meet Tessa, ice-skating with her and Charlotte over Christmas. At the Mays' farm I fed the horses Pep-O-Mint Lifesavers, and I played with their black and white border collie, Dudley. Dudley would come in from the fields, his nose green from eating sheep turds, before he tried to give us kisses.

Charlotte had a fear of thunderstorms because she once had to go into a field, to bring in horses, while lightning struck around her. In Charlotte's case, I think the fear was the result of that experience primarily, and the storm was natural. I have met two people who were struck by lightning, Dr. Brian Angel, who figures in the first volume of this series, Stories When Little: Growing Up Under MK-ULTRA, and Prof. Anne McIlhaney, who will figure in the third volume of this series, Wonder Women: Growing To Manhood Under MK-ULTRA. My friend Dr. Horton witnessed a directed energy weapon used to attack her colleague, simulating a lightning strike, and directed energy weapons have been used to burn Notre-Dame and to start wildfires in California. Lightning, too, could be a fabricated cover memory for electro-shock, sometimes used to create an amnesic wall. I have the scars on my body to prove it, including skin tags under my arms where I have been hit with cattle prods, and a split thumbnail that fell off twice for no

apparent reason, although I later recovered memories from those nights of abuse.

Charlotte's host, Peter May, the father of her friend, was a true gentleman, targeted by the scam. Tessa's father went to Charterhouse and then to Pembroke College, Cambridge. He played county and test cricket as an amateur for Surrey, Cambridge, and England. He was inducted into the ICC Cricket Hall of Fame, and people still regard him as one of England's finest batsmen. He scored a century in his test match debut, playing against South Africa, before the globalists conspired to ostracize the country, barring it from the Olympics and similar events. Peter May was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1981, although neither his daughter nor my girlfriend ever mentioned it. The trash destroyed his life, using illness to force him from the sport, and killing him with a brain tumor, the result of implants and microwave harassment, over Christmas.

Charlotte's brother, Alasdair Dermot Torquil Large, who married another Charlotte, and who now owns Keystone Brewery in Wiltshire, went to Shiplake College, near Henley, which George Harrison's son Dhani also attended. It is the last place I would expect Mary Large to send her son.

In this regard, it may be interesting that my brother, Michael, went on a school exchange to Henley when I was at Andover, so he may have been subject to some of the same abusers as my girlfriend's brother. Certainly, the degenerates that abused us at the facility in the West

Country, and in London, back in 1981, would have wanted another crack at us both. They must have succeeded with my brother, since he began to have problems in school the year after he returned from England, losing his virginity early, in a meaningless encounter, and moving on to drugs like LSD. My brother would fail out of three different colleges, never earning a degree, and working a lifetime at manual labor.

But let's return to the founder of Alasdair's school. Alexander Everett founded not only Shiplake College but a course called Inward Bound. Everett took inspiration from Aldous Huxley, who wrote Brave New World, and whose brother Julian served in the British Army Intelligence Corps, as president of the British Eugenics Society, and as director of UNESCO. As a Rosicrucian, a Christian Scientist, and a Theosophist, Everett came in contact with esoteric mysticism. After forming the suspiciously named Pendragon School, this man set up Shiplake College, which was influenced by his company Mind Dynamics. There he suggested we listen to our intuitive inner voice, which is nothing but V2K suggestions, enslaving us to the will of others, while we think we follow our own vision. The founder of Alasdair's school also shared connections with Erhard Seminar Training, a system used on Marilyn Lange, the Playmate of the Year, who was brainwashed at my soccer camp.

Through Mind Dynamics, Everett used a methodology pioneered by José Silva, called Mind Control. After joining the Army,

Silva focused on hypnosis, different kinds of brain waves, and electrical activity in the brain. He sought to use visualization, and hypnopædia, to improve brain function. Working with different levels, just like CIA, he programmed the mind. As early as 1953, his daughter was implanted, as was he, so he mistook one of their interactions as based on extra-sensory perception. While his daughter was at her alpha level, Silva began to question her about school, but she answered the questions before he posed them. I describe this sort of artificial telepathy in the appendices to this book, and it is used on me and others all the time to control our behavior. That's how old this technology is, and that's how much the school, attended by Charlotte's brother, was connected to it.

All of the Larges showed signs of implants. Charlotte's brother, Alasdair, had dyslexia, which is caused by wrongly wired ocular implants. Charlotte's mother, Mary, worked as a nurse in hospitals, where she was particularly vulnerable to experimentation. When they lost their place in Surrey, the two women had to live in the nursing home where Mrs. Large worked, making them more vulnerable still. A friend of Charlotte's mother, a brilliant man, died at a young age of brain cancer, the result of a botched cybernetic implant. Likewise, Charlotte had a large scar on her neck, where she had a tumor surgically removed, as her body rejected another implant. She had terrible pain in her reproductive system, on a regular basis, and, when we began to have sex, after she was implanted again, the pain increased. Green and

black gunge oozed from her vagina, while doctors offered false solutions. When we kissed, her skin had a metallic scent.

These implants were used to manipulate us, as our enemies moved our bodies, and sent us hypnotic suggestions. I remember face-to-face sessions with Charlotte, which drugs, hypnosis, and trauma blocked out. I am sure we also received suggestions by V2K, as we do now. Still one can fight. Although the enemy worked hard to put us together, we almost never met. I was hosting a party in college with some friends; but I had played squash racquets earlier that day, so I was zonked. As I lay in the bath after my game with Paul Hartle, later the senior tutor at St. Catharine's, I thought of not going. Likewise, Charlotte almost took a pass, going only to make her old boyfriend jealous. The enemy was trying to push us together, but it nearly did not work.

Eventually, I summoned the energy to go to the party. I had to show up because I was one of the hosts. I do not remember how I met Charlotte, but we left together. That's often a sign of an arranged meeting. Oddly, her former boyfriend, a Harrovian from India, left with us. He had been hypnotized to stick around, so Charlotte would have motivation to go for me, making him feel jealous. The gates of the college were locked, so we climbed over the ironwork of a side gate. We both wanted to lose Nitin, and eventually we dropped him off at his college.

Under the pretense of getting food, we headed off. Charlotte and I found a vendor, from whom we bought chicken kabobs, and we walked the town all night. At one point, we stood on Clare Bridge, and I thought of asking to kiss her; but another fellow came by, engaged us in conversation, and ruined the moment. In the early light, I dropped her off at Christ's College, and I promised to return on Monday after I finished my schoolwork.

Monday came, and I did not have the guts, or the interest, to visit her. Maybe I was bucking a suggestion my programmers had given me, but Charlotte was undeterred. She came to my house, with a friend, and told me she didn't like being stood up. Judy chatted with Robert downstairs, while Charlotte had tea with me. I was struck by her poverty, the ladder in her stocking, her Paddington hat, and her posh accent. I was glad she showed up, and I invited her to join me and Robert on a trip to Paris a fortnight from then. First I had to visit the Angels in Devon. Then we would fly to the City of Light. Charlotte would meet us with her mother at Midlands Airport.

It was March, in between Lent and Easter Term, so I took the train west to meet Jill Angel. My controllers had been pushing Jill since I was a boy and she flashed her breasts at me—not to mention the horrific gang rape I rejected when prisoner in the West Country. After eight years of no contact, Jill appeared at my parents' house the summer before, and she appeared at Pomona, where I tried to dodge her. Back in California, I knew she was coming to campus, having invited herself,

but I left my dorm, where she had the telephone number, to go to the Student Union. Somehow she managed to track me down at the Coop, so I had to go meet her and her friend. They slept on my floor for a couple nights, we hung out a bit, and I sent them on their way. Now I had to see Jill and her family again, since her mother had invited me down, and I could not say no.

Jill had recently finished her degree at Swansea. I took the train to her new place in Somerset, arriving, tired, in the evening. We hung out in the kitchen, before I collapsed, while she washed a mountain of dishes. If memory serves, my hostess graciously gave me her bedroom, while she slept on the sofa.

The next day we toured Bath, where Haile Selassie once lived in exile. There the Romans built a temple to Minerva Sul. Freemason John Wood the Elder thought Bath was the center of druidic activity in Britain; so, when he built King's Circus, he modelled it on Stonehenge. Together with Gay Street and Queen Square, the Circus forms the pattern of a masonic key, its frieze decorated with five hundred strange emblems—suns, dragons, centaurs, lightning bolts, squares and compasses, cannons, and sacrificial urns. In the Botanic Gardens, the luciferian statue, Man's Hand in Nature, stands, carved from a giant redwood. No wonder my namesake Mary Shelley wrote the first volume of Frankenstein in Bath.

At the end of the day, we drove to the outskirts of Plymouth, where Jill grew up. I had fallen in love with Charlotte, so I rhapsodized

about her. As we sped through the night, I saw a falling star, for the first time. Then I wished we could be together.

In Devon, Dr. Angel and his wife made me welcome. They were the first adults who ever told me to use their given names, Brian and Margaret. They took pains to make me feel at home, and I should have felt comfortable, but I had trouble urinating in their toilet. CIA abused me all my life, and I had a horribly shy bladder during this period, so much that I could not relieve myself even with the door shut. My mother had a similar problem at the Angels' house in 1981, when constipation struck. God knows what the perverts were doing to us. The satanic scum will urinate on each other, and smear each other's bodies with fæces, when not engaging in anal sodomy involving objects. Now they had done something to interfere with my basic bodily functions.

I was counting the days until my visit was over. The new Playboy had come out, and I was keen to get my hands on it, maybe because Deborah Driggs had been so sexy, with her black hair and blue eyes, the month before, or maybe because a hypnotic suggestion had misfired. Who knows? Either way, I would have to wait four days until the end of my obligatory visit. Jill and I walked Dartmoor, amid the sheep, wading once too far in the wrong direction, lucky not to have been swallowed by the ground. There we found stone hut circles two thousand years old. I had read Hardy's Mayor of Casterbridge in the fall, and I remembered the country from my youth, so the heath spoke to

me. Most nights, we played euchre with her parents, a game resembling the hasenpfeffer my grandmother Evelyn played; and one night we went out for dinner and dancing. I bought the Playboy at the train station, as soon as I left my hosts, but it wasn't any good.

Back at Cambridge, Robert and I packed our bags, and we travelled north to Midlands. I was happy to have found a travelling companion for a trip to the Continent. I felt a train journey was a mandatory part of my junior year abroad, and I didn't want to have to do it myself; so I was glad to have a friend with whom I could sojourn. In the days before the internet or cell phones, students travelled with Let's Go Europe, a guidebook published yearly, containing names of hotels, restaurants, and tourist sites. Finding accommodations as we went, we would go to Paris, then on the bullet train to Nice, then to the surreal waterscape of Venice, up through the mountains to the rustic town of Innsbruck, over to Vienna, then to Budapest, and finally to Prague. The Berlin Wall had just come down, so it was an exciting time to visit Eastern Europe.

From Midlands, we flew to Paris. We met Charlotte at the airport, and I met her mother for the first time. I am sure she wanted to check us out before her daughter left with us, so we had a cup of tea in the airport lounge. We found lodgings that night on the Left Bank, in an old hotel, where the keyholes in the doors were big enough to look through, and a shower cost an extra ten francs. There were two beds in the room, so Robert and I shared the king-size, while Charlotte got the

single. The next morning we visited the Musée d'Orsay, where Charlotte and I got to know each other better, comparing our taste in art, just as Michele and I had done at the Addison Gallery. We went to Shakespeare and Co., around the corner from our hotel, and we climbed the steps of Notre-Dame, since the subject of a false flag attack, staged by the Jesuits, and fired by a directed energy weapon.

I was nervous, but I was determined to express my romantic interest in Charlotte. I asked Robert if we could cut loose from him that afternoon, and, of course, he agreed. Charlotte and I took a boat tour along the Seine, and I felt happy but shy. I asked if I could put my arm around her as we sat on deck, just to keep warm, and she agreed.

Once we disembarked, I knew I had to get down to business. There was no way I was going to waste my chance. Standing I spoke to Charlotte. I told her how much I cared for her, that I would like to be her boyfriend, or, failing that, her closest friend. Although I was dead wrong, I felt certain we would be together, in some form of contact, for the rest of our lives. My experience with MDMA shaped my feelings and my approach. I drew on love and empathy, as I had expressed these feelings with Joy, Don, Sophie, and Felix. If I had thought then, I would have realized I had already fallen away from all these people.

Charlotte said she absolutely did not want to be friends. She wanted me to be her boyfriend. That was fine with me. We kissed, and I was the world's happiest man. It was the first time I had ever kissed someone I was in love with—not just someone who was available.

We walked back to the hotel, holding hands, and Robert could see my mission had succeeded. It was no surprise to him. I can't remember what we did that evening, but at night we switched beds, so Robert got the single. We didn't jump on each other. We simply kissed, rolled to opposite sides, and said good night.

The next day Charlotte changed into tan corduroy trousers and an old tweed jacket that belonged to her dad, as we went to the Eiffel Tower, kissing at the top. I had learned my way around a woman's body, but my kissing left something to be desired. Like Wendy, Charlotte teased me. Only whereas Wendy had stuck her tongue deep in my mouth to parody my inept technique, Charlotte gently took my tongue between her teeth, looked me in the eye, and refused to relinquish it.

We went later on the mandatory trip to the Louvre, and I didn't see a damned painting that struck me. You could barely see the Mona Lisa for the crowd around it, not to mention the scratched plexiglass that obscured its view. There must have been some painting in that building worth seeing, but I couldn't find it. Little did I know the Illuminist symbolism of the new pyramid in the courtyard. I just felt, like all of us, it was a shame so much modern architecture was ruining Europe.

Much better was Sacré-Coeur, where Charlotte and I broke away from Robert again. We experienced the basilica together, and we spoke of our views of the universe. I drew heavily on my experience

with Joy, not in an artificial way, but because this was my natural style of falling in love. I expressed a theory I can still espouse, although I do not concern myself with the nature of the cosmos today. Now I only fight the scum that attack us, feeling absolutely correct in my position, and absolutely comfortable with the certainty of my death. Then, I was more focused on the nature of the afterworld, thinking of the life force that animated us. As I saw it, we were like lightbulbs—different colors, different shapes, different wattages—dead in themselves but coming alive when electricity passed through them. Eventually, the bulb burns out, but the electricity remains, and that's the only thing that makes the bulb alive to begin with. It's a form of immortality, where you join with God at the end, but there's nothing left of you. That beautiful light gave me comfort then, not that I was scared, but I don't need it now.

Outside there was an old man feeding pigeons with crusts of bread, and we accidentally startled the crowd of birds who were his only friends. We both felt terrible, although I, far too optimistic, pointed out the doves were already returning. People must guard against what the programmers mock as wishful thinking. When a boy, I remember my mother's car accidentally striking a pheasant on Cannery Road. I wanted to believe the wildfowl survived, but the proposition was ridiculous. Still, I effortlessly convinced myself of it. Likewise, when Michele Weldon and I watched tree surgeons cut down elms at Andover, sitting at lunch in the Commons, I thought other trees would grow back despite the prevalence of Dutch Elm Disease. Sometimes things are just

bad, and we have to face hard facts. Sometimes the pigeons don't come back, and you just have to deal with it. That's what stoicism is all about, and that's what it takes to fight the scum.

That evening we realized Charlotte was supposed to have flown back in the afternoon, so we tried to call her mother to explain the delay. Still, even with Charlotte's French, which was reasonably good, we could not navigate the phone system, and the operators refused to help. Mrs. Large was beside herself with worry when her daughter did not show up that night, having left with two strange men. But we had no thought of this. In our minds, we had tried our best to contact her, and things would come right the next day. Charlotte had run out of money, but I told her not to worry. I was happy to lend her fifty pounds so she could go safely home.

That evening Charlotte and I went out for a romantic dinner, and I told her I admired her strength. We spoke openly and honestly about our lives and our former sexual partners. I had one. She had two, a fellow named James, who went to Oxford, and her former boyfriend, Nitin, whom we had to lose when we met. On the way home, we kissed at almost every corner, until a gendarme politely coughed in rebuke. Off we went to the hotel, where we handled our bodies in bed, bringing each other to climax, first her, then me. Throughout our relationship, we would engage far more in heavy petting than in sexual intercourse.

The next day after breakfast, I saw Charlotte off at the station, and she said she thought she was falling in love with me.

“Good” was my response.

As Robert and I continued our journey over the Continent, he had to listen to me sigh and moon over Charlotte the whole time. Still, he was a good sport, and I thought, later, when Charlotte and I marry, Robert should serve as my best man.

The focus of our trip was cultural, so we visited museums, listened to symphony orchestras, and ate haute cuisine. Some of the highlights were the Belvedere Museum, the Beethoven Frieze, and Beethoven’s house in Austria; the Franz Liszt Music Academy and Buda Castle in Hungary; and St. Vitas Cathedral and the Astronomical Clock in Czechoslovakia. I am glad I let Robert talk me out of a trip south to Florence and Rome, since it was an exciting time to visit the former Eastern Bloc.

The Velvet Revolution was underway, and it seemed like art would dictate politics. The writer Václav Havel, who took part in Prague Spring, would soon be president. Meanwhile, the exile Milan Kundera, who had whined for years about Czechoslovakia, stayed in Paris. We thought he was a poseur, a phony. Except for a quick dip into Life Is Elsewhere, which reminded me of my lust for Laurie Dunn, and a later reread of The Unbearable Lightness of Being, which I taught at Haverford College, I never read him again.

The idiots were throwing sex every which way at me. I had no idea Robert was gay, and he didn’t either. They would brainwash him to become a homosexual, upon his return to the States, after he

transferred to Wesleyan University, where my friend George Ring served as trustee. The fools had us sometimes sleeping in the same bed, which, for both of us, was simply a matter of convenience. They had thrown Jill Angel at me, repeatedly, to no avail, and they had Wendy pushing rape fantasies only four months earlier. I spent one evening talking in German with a fellow student, Juliet, at a college party, a Norwegian type, with frizzy white hair, a taller prettier version of my old girlfriend, but without the womanly heft of Playmate Helle Michaelsen; so nothing kindled. They probably thought I was interested in Tanya, the svelte Baltic-blooded Californian with whom I shared my house—tall, smart, and honey blonde—but we were just friends; while Lisa Lee, with whom I had a sexual history, was squirrelled away on King Street with her Australian lover, rich, goodlooking, and fearsome on the squash court. Before I left for the Continent, three giggling schoolgirls approached me on the train, passing a note, with their address and number. I held it for a keepsake, but there was no way I was going to contact them.

Then they had Lilith von Foerster show up in the Vienna Train Station. She was a brunette beauty whom I had known since freshman year, we both spoke German, and she was just back from Kenya.

Lilith would later earn an MBA from Georgetown University, a hotbed of mind control, run by the Jesuits, which would accept me twice, once for my bachelor's and once for law school, as the

Illuminists tried to direct me to the place, but I continued to reject their suggestions—twice applying to, and accepted by, the school that feeds the State Department, only to turn them down.

My classmate seems like me in that they cannot lead her to do harm, as their ability to harm her is limited. Unlike many of us, Lilith married, she had two children, and she became a housewife. Her husband is co-owner of Colectivo Coffee Cafés, which works with local farmers and producers around the Midwest, which sources its coffees from origin and roasts beans by hand, and which flirted with, but ultimately rejected, a relationship with the Illuminists at Mars. Like her man, Lilith works to improve the places she lives, from their earlier home, a Grand Craftsman, to their shift in gears to a Victorian Italianate, the firehouse for Ladder Co. No. 5. The lady serves as the executive director of an organization that seeks to revitalize Milwaukee's Harbor District, while she has also worked as the first executive director of Menomonee Valley Partners, the treasurer of Milwaukee Riverkeeper, and a board member of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Urban Economic Development Association of Wisconsin, and the Maryland Avenue School Fund. In her spare time, this member of my freshman sponsor group spearheaded the transformation of a school parking lot into a green playground, working alchemy in the lives of children, as she turned asphalt into grass.

Lilith's grandfather, Heinz von Foerster, climbed mountains and practiced magic before he became a scientist who worked for the

Nazis on short-wave, radio, and plasma research. After the war, he fought the Communists as a science correspondent for Radio Free Europe. In connection with OPERATION PAPERCLIP and MK-ULTRA, he came to America to do work on cybernetics and memory, which CIA funded through the Macy Foundation. He led a program on microwave technology, as described in the appendices to this book, and he received funding from the Pentagon to establish and direct the Biological Computer Laboratory at the University of Illinois. Dr. von Foerster wrote a Doomsday Equation to predict a population explosion that would culminate on his birthday, Friday the Thirteenth, November 2026. Years later, his work would feature in Das Netz: The Unabomber, LSD and the Internet, which connected cybernetics, the counter-culture, and state-sponsored terrorism.

Lilith's grandfather was the nephew of Ludwig Wittgenstein. While I studied in England, a book by Wittgenstein sat constantly out in my friend Robert's room, and I would often pick it up but I never read it through. Not only did this man, a relative of my classmate, teach philosophy at Cambridge, but he came from one of the richest families in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, second only to the Rothschild Bloodline. Klimt painted Wittgenstein's sister for her wedding portrait, and Brahms and Mahler gave concerts in the family's music rooms. Three of the philosopher's brothers killed themselves, and he often thought of suicide. He was a classmate of Adolf Hitler, and he fought bravely in the Great War. Before World War One, he invented

a jet-powered propeller. Wittgenstein was bisexual, and he stuttered from forced speech. Heavily targeted, he was ordered to take a psychiatric evaluation when he struck a student. Once he worked as a gardener in a monastery, which he hoped to join; and, during World War Two, he worked as a porter at a hospital in London, where he told patients not to take their medicine. The most important philosopher of the twentieth century died of prostate cancer, a result of the perverts' attacks, with microwaves, on his anus, penis, and the surrounding area.

My classmate, Lilith von Foerster, a relative of Wittgenstein, and the granddaughter of a cyberneticist, had other ties to the program, including a brother who now practices medicine at the University of Pittsburgh, a programming center under MK-ULTRA, and a sister who paints works with a suspiciously luciferian cast, using tempera on panel, like Andrew Wyeth or the Old Masters.

About suffering they were never wrong....

Where the dogs go on with their doggy life

and the torturer's horse

Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

But, although Madeline von Foerster's art shows signs of the cartel through its crowns, moons, skeletons, vultures, leopards, owls, dolls, and curiosity cabinets, she shows the social conscience of her siblings in her work. As the lady puts the matter,

In my paintings, I attempt to unveil images of the subconscious underworld~my own and that of my culture. I utilize the methods and the styles of the past, in order to reinterpret current topics using the iconography of history. I think there is still gold to be mined from the meticulousity of the Old Masters, but I would like to alloy it with the dream-delving of Surrealism and the conscience of the Social Realists. It is my hope that art-makers worldwide succeed in our mammoth task~that of changing the current omnicultural tide of culture~before everything worth saving on this planet has been razed, or eaten. I believe there is still time to make a new myth. There is still a chance for imagination to rise to power.

Unlike me, as I was then, but not as now, Lilith's sister is not blind to the terrible danger faced by all true people, by all the earth's creatures, as we encounter Ragnarök.

Back in the eighties, the trash that programmed me had been pushing Lilith for almost three years, and they had given a command to fall for someone with an aristocratic last name.

Who did I go for? Not the beautiful, fascinating, and intelligent Lilith von Foerster with her freckled face and her down-home manner, a woman I actually knew, but Vanessa de Harven, later a professor of classical philosophy, a woman to whom I never spoke, jokingly entitled Vanessa, the Contessa, the Undressa of Love. My second year at Pomona, I found myself staring, night after night, at Vanessa over my milkshake, mint chocolate chip, and my cheddar burger, with fried onions, which I ate at the Student Union; but, by my third, I had forgotten her entirely.

Now I ran into my classmate on the platform of the Vienna Railroad Station, six thousand miles from where we had lived in the same courtyard, in California, and the idiots that had prevented us from having any sort of real relationship actually thought I would abandon my friend, Robert, with whom I had made plans to visit Budapest and Prague, for Lilith, when I had just fallen in love with Charlotte, whom I had seen a fortnight earlier in Paris.

I enjoyed talking with Lilith about Kenya, from which she had just returned; but, like the expensive delicate ship in Auden's poem, *Musée des Beaux Arts*, which must have seen something amazing, oblivious to suffering, dreaming of Charlotte, excited to travel to the

Eastern Bloc upon the fall of Communism, I had somewhere to get to,
and so I sailed calmly on.

BOOK TEN: SILENCE, BARBARIAN!

I had written Charlotte thrice from the Continent; so when I returned to Cambridge, I went to the Porters' Lodge, where I found a letter waiting in my pigeonhole. I called Charlotte that evening, and she invited me to her mother's farm in Derbyshire. Years before they had sold their place in Surrey, and Mrs. Large moved north to be near her friend, Nibby. The number was Carsington 365, which Charlotte said as she picked up the phone, and the address had neither street nor number: Overtown Farm, Hognaston, Ashbourne, Derbyshire DE6 INR. The next morning, I bought some flowers for Mrs. Large, and I rode the train north to Nottingham.

Charlotte took me to the farm, where I got a taste of English country life. The morons that arranged our lives may have thought the rusticity of the place would cause conflict, but they couldn't have been more wrong. I was enamored, as much in love with the country as with my new girlfriend. There were three horses Mrs. Large owned jointly with her friends the Bemroses, an old hunter named Forrester, a wild mare called Lizzie, and a darling little foal. There was a pack of semiferal cats that moused in the barn, and there were two dogs, Bumble, a Gordon Setter, and Freebie, a Golden Retriever. Below the stone cottage, in which a draft might blow out a candle, was a herb garden, fields for the horses, and paths to walk along the hedgerows. I enjoyed hopping out of the passenger seat, to open the gate, and waiting for the car to pass, closing the gate behind. Too bad that gate didn't do a

bit of good. It never kept out the trash that raped and abused Charlotte and her mother in the foulest ways imaginable. In fact, trauma-based mind control depends on the abuse being unimaginable.

The scum get a thrill from advertising our torture, so you can see the signs if you know how to look. The Larges used to joke that Freebie would bring a burglar a tennis ball, providing absolutely no protection for the house. Likewise, Bumble was excessively friendly, although he would bark, jealous, when Charlotte and I embraced. He wanted to get in on it. When I asked Charlotte if I could do anything for her mother, as my hostess, she joked, "Well, it has been a long time since she's had a man...." Likewise, as to our bedroom activities, Charlotte humorously drew the line, saying, "No dogs." Years later the trash would use a dog to sexually assault a woman I dated in front of me, and I learned from other survivors of the program that they commonly rape women with dogs. I am sure that Charlotte and her mother suffered this fate, but they did not remember because of drugs, hypnosis, electroshock, and the mind's natural defense against trauma—blot it out, throw up an amnesic wall, and dismiss the thought as ridiculous if it comes to you.

William Alan Wright Bemrose, who married Mrs. Large's friend, Elizabeth, was a shadowy figure. Alan married Nibby the year before I met Charlotte. Since he hailed from Derbyshire, Nibby moved to his place at Tinkersley Farm, near Bakewell; and since Mrs. Large needed to find cheaper digs, she followed her old school friend up to

Derbyshire, buying Overtown Farm, near Hognaston. Nibby had been beaten by her earlier husband, but that didn't stop Alan making jokes about it. In a conversation where Charlotte was humorously compared to the mare, Lizzy, in which Alan owned a leg, he joked about striking a woman with a riding crop, "as long as you don't leave any scars."

When we went to Tinkersley for a punch cup on Easter, I met Alan, Nibby, and Susan—not to mention their Jack Russell, Tuppence. I do not know if Susan was Alan's daughter or Nibby's, but she had spent time where I grew up, working for Dixon Stroud, near the small village of Unionville, some 3500 miles away.

The Strouds are a local family, who play polo, and whose money comes from John Deere and U.S. Cotton. They started the Stroud Water Research Center, and they opened the Stroud Preserve to public use. The ones I know belong to the younger generation, and they're actually nice people. I used to buy cannabis on a regular basis from one of them, whom I consider a friend. His brother went to my high school, and he now owns a winery in the Columbia Valley, near the mind control hub of Portland, Oregon. I met a third Stroud in Maine, where he was working as a lobsterman, hauling traps off Mount Desert. I am sorry to say that two of them have children who grew up, far away, with their mothers, making them easy prey for victimization.

The Strouds have a convenience store, Landhope Farms, within walking distance of my house in Unionville. When I was a boy, it was a working dairy, and we used to walk along the cornfields, now the

Willowdale Steeplechase Grounds, to buy candy or ice cream. Later I would bicycle there to buy Playboy Magazines, containing Playmates like Roberta Vasquez and Karen Velez, and an occasional pack of unfiltered Camels or Luckies. Landhope, at Willowdale, is where I first smoked weed with Colin McConnell, Craig Horvat, and Michelle Lyster. It's also where I parked the night I kissed Toni Perry, stripping her naked, my hands on her body, in the back of my father's station wagon.

This place is owned by the man for whom Alan's daughter, Susan, worked, and I met her more than three thousand miles away from it. I am certain our meeting was arranged, and that Susan travelled to Tinkersley to meet one of her parents, but not the other, that Easter, so I could meet her. When Charlotte visited in the summer, Susan gave her the name of mutual friends, but we never troubled to meet them. Was the enemy trying to arrange something? Mrs. Large was far from her family, friends, and home. We had all been brought into Alan's orbit. His controllers abused us all, and he was in on it.

Alan Bemrose inherited a stake in a printing house called Bemrose & Sons, Ltd., which later became BemroseBooth, and sold for thirty-four million pounds, with five million to the management team. Earlier, as Bemrose Corp., it shed its specialist print division for twenty-eight million pounds in a management buyout. It employed 1500 people at its peak, later it had half that, and, from what I know as a corporate lawyer in the M&A space, I am sure the remainder were

turned out on the street. William Bemrose founded the shop in 1826, but it was sold under Alan's watch.

Alan's ancestors had connections to the Crown Corporation, just as he hooked up with the bad guys. Sir Henry Howe Bemrose ran the shop with his brother, printing railroad tables, when he wasn't a bank director, member of Parliament, and mayor of Derby. William Bemrose was a director of Royal Crown Derby Porcelain, which made the sacrificial urns that decorate Illuminist dwellings and bone china marked with crowns. Who knows where the bone paste came from? The man was vice president of Derby Sketching Club, and he founded an orphanage so he could sexually abuse children while playing the hypocrite in polite society.

Bemrose's house became Elmhurst Children's Home in Lonsdale Place, where countless victims were abused for twenty years before my visit to England. It was so bad that even the English police were eventually forced to look into it. They are now investigating ten major claims of child abuse focusing on children's homes, sports clubs, and a hospital in Derbyshire, where Alan's family ran the show.

God knows what happened at the Bemrose School, named after Alan's family, which now has a special autism unit, Elmtree, to deal with children whose abuse and implantation the medical establishment has misdiagnosed.

Alan himself went to Repton School, where he later served as a governor. For one hundred years, the school has provided a staging

ground for sexual abuse. In the old days, fighting determined which student was Cock of the School, so the other boys became his slaves. Between 1900 and 1914, the Black Book, used to record student discipline, documents thirty-eight cases of homosexual activity. Most offenses were gang rape not relations between consenting boys. Old Reptonian Roald Dahl, who worked for MI-6 seducing female targets, when he wasn't writing creepy children's books like Charlie and the Chocolate Factory or James and the Giant Peach, was deeply disturbed by the ritual cruelty, fagging, and beatings. As Dahl wrote in Boy,

All through my school life I was appalled by the fact that masters and senior boys were allowed literally to wound other boys, and sometimes quite severely.... I couldn't get over it. I never have got over it.

Old Reptonian Jeremy Clarkson described how the other students tortured him:

As the years dragged by I suffered many terrible things. I was thrown on an hourly basis into the ice plunge pool, dragged from my bed in the middle of the night and beaten, made to lick the lavatories clean and all the usual humiliations that...turn a small boy into a gibbering, sobbing, suicidal wreck.

In the first two years the older boys broke pretty much everything I owned.

They glued my records together, snapped my compass, ate my biscuits, defecated in my tuck box and they cut my trousers in half with a pair of garden shears.

Five years ago, a boy was arrested for raping fellow students at the school. The Head of Physics, John Mitchell, was disqualified from teaching after he had sexual relations with a girl student. Two years ago, the police investigated four members of the staff for the sexual abuse of children, and Jeremy Woodside, the school organist, was placed on the Sex Offenders Registry. Even as I write, another teacher, Simon Clague, stands trial for the indecent assault of underage girl students. This hotbed of child sexual abuse was the environment in which Alan grew up, where he presided as a member of the school's governing body.

Alan's family was clearly masonic if not outright satanic. He was a direct descendant of Joseph Wright of Derby, an artist noted for his use of chiaroscuro, shadow and light, in paintings like An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump, which showed the killing of a cockatiel, deprived of air, in the name of science. It reminds me of a bird I once saw, the pet of a targeted individual, Petie, his little white body covered with microwave burns, after the scum murdered him with a directed energy blast. Robert Boyle described the original experiment, one hundred and fifty years earlier, needlessly recreated by Wright's sadistic friends, when the scientists killed a lark:

The Bird for a while appear'd lively enough; but upon a greater Exsuction of the Air, she began manifestly to droop and appear sick, and very soon after was taken with as

*violent and irregular Convulsions, as are wont to be
observ'd in Poultry, when their heads are wrung off: For
the Bird threw her self over and over two or three times,
and dyed with her Breast upward, her Head downwards,
and her Neck awry.*

In paintings like that of the desperately fluttering bird, Alan's progenitor depicted the perverted birth of science, at the cost of human feeling, based on gatherings of the Lunar Circle. Elsewhere, he painted the synthesis of phosphorus from urine, as an alchemist knelt before a jug of piss, shaped like male sex organs, searching for the philosopher's stone. Wright's birthplace is marked by an armillary sphere, just like the one at Andover.

They don't call the eighteenth century the Enlightenment for nothing: it was started by Illuminists. Alan's ancestor belonged to the Lunar Circle, which met at the full moon, and they called themselves Lunatics, just as members of my Cambridge college, Jesus, with its crowns, cocks, and satanic red and black, called themselves Jesuits. Satanists love the number five. Just think of their pentagrams or their celebration of the Fifth of May or the Pentagon; so, of course, the Lunar Society had five principal members. Samuel Galton was a Quaker member, and while the Society of Friends, so strong in Pennsylvania, are pacifists, he manufactured guns for warfare. Dr. William Small was a member, and he taught Thomas Jefferson, who fathered children by his

slaves, wrote the Declaration of Independence, and cut references to religion out of the New Testament with a scissors. Ben Franklin associated with the gang, when he wasn't raping wenches at the Hellfire Club, siring bastard offspring, and cheating the poor in my father's birthplace, Philadelphia. After meeting with the group, Franklin worked with Boulton on experiments in sound and electricity, media used today for my torture.

Alan was a fraudster who spun a web of lies. Although he suggested that he attended St. John's, the sister college to mine, at Cambridge, he actually went to the Birmingham Institute of Technology to learn the printing trade. Despite his humble education, he was rudely dismissive of my college, Pomona, whose endowment exceeds St. John's threefold. Still, I let the insult slide, preferring to maintain polite and friendly conversation during our supper at Haddon Hall.

Alan's lie, which I did not discover for years, is consistent with his other fabrications about which I knew. Once at a three-day event, at which his and Mrs. Large's horse competed, a woman asked him about his mixed breed dog, and he told her it was a Tibetan Mastiff. Likewise, in his youth, he and a friend ran up tabs for sumptuous meals at remote restaurants, and stiffed the proprietors, telling the gullible men that he didn't have to pay because he was the Earl of Ellesmere Port. This stuff actually used to work in England. Still, the greatest lie Alan told was not that he was a gentleman, or a human being, but a friend to Nibby, Mary, and Charlotte.

Alan's tales of Rhodesia remind me of Rick Creole, the English trash that raped my mother in front of me, sexually abused me as a boy, and pretended to have been a colonel in the Rhodesian Army. Alan's parents moved to Rhodesia in 1955, where they died suspiciously at the end of the Bush War. For reasons that are not clear, he never returned to the country although it was still safe for whites—as safe as Africa can be—and he claimed to hold thousands of acres there. Something kept Alan away, but the Larges weren't afraid to go to the country. Charlotte's brother did service work in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, and Charlotte went to Zimbabwe, where CIA, working with British Intelligence, arranged her rape. I have no doubt that Alan's stories of having lost his family's ranch in Rhodesia, under the black government, like Charlotte's rape by a Shona tribesman in Zimbabwe, were meant, like my hypnotic sessions at soccer camp, centering on Rhodesia, my father's business in South Africa and Zimbabwe, and the Creoles' visit to my home, to inspire me with racial hatred, just as Dylann Roof was later programmed to admire Rhodesia before he shot up a church in Charleston, South Carolina, as part of OPERATION GLADIO C. In connection with the shooting, Roof would write a manifesto called The Last Rhodesian, and my programmers would break into my house, a story told on my website and later in this series.

Like Rick Creole, who impersonated a Rhodesian colonel in the British South Africa Police, Alan Bemrose claimed he had frequently joined the Selous Scouts on patrols. This is hardly believable. The

Selous Scouts were Rhodesia's most elite regiment, with an eighty percent wash-out rate. The unit consisted of fewer than a thousand men, and it was responsible for more than two-thirds of guerrilla deaths within the borders of the country. On OPERATION ELAND, fewer than one hundred crossed the border into Mozambique, without air support, and killed more than one thousand enemy, while they sustained no losses. These were rough and ready men, who had the first black officers in the Rhodesian Army, so they had no time for visiting toffs. Yet Alan, an Englishman, in a time when England refused to recognize the existence of Rhodesia, claimed to accompany the Selous Scouts, often, into a war zone. With another regiment, this might, just might, be believable, since British Intelligence would have wanted a spy on the inside, and the Rhodesians would have wanted a voice in Whitehall. But I cannot accept that this man, a known liar, was with the Selous Scouts, whose mission was the clandestine elimination of terrorists. As far as I know, the Scouts didn't do local patrols, but they were in the bush for months, deep in enemy territory, pretending to be terrorists. There's no way Alan was with them. It's as though I told you I tagged along on missions with the SEALs.

Happily, Alan Bemrose is dead. May he rot in hell. But the occasion is happier still, because I got to read his obituary. That's how I figured out what a tremendous liar he was. The Larges used to say, "Alan's done everything; he's been everywhere. You won't believe his stories." And you know what? I don't.

Perhaps my favorite is that Alan worked as an engineer for Rolls Royce. As the shitboy's obituary puts it, "He was a gifted engineer and also, along with his father, built a number of fine clocks." The Easter on which I met him, I saw Alan with a clock. He explained to Charlotte's brother, Alasdair, that the old clock was running slow, so he was taping pennies to the back of the pendulum, increasing its weight, so it would fall faster. Here, I remembered my high school physics teacher, Mr. Buckwash, who taught me that all objects, regardless of weight, fall at the same speed, a fact Galileo proved. Mr. Buckwash had a friend who tried to fix a clock the same way, and he showed him how the pendulum was made to allow adjustments in length, increasing or decreasing the distance it travelled, and therefore changing the clock's speed. Alan Bemrose did not understand this basic principle of physics and clockwork, and, at the time, since I was drinking his punch, and we had just met, I let him be right in his own house, thinking only he was a nice old man who didn't know how a clock worked. Imagine my surprize when years later I read his obituary, which described him as a maker of fine clocks and an engineer for Rolls Royce. Rolls Royce builds some of the finest luxury cars in the world, and they make engines for jets, rockets, and submarines. There is no way Alan ever worked for them.

These many lies cast doubt on Alan's other stories. During World War II, he claimed to have addressed President Roosevelt, the Congress, and others on behalf of English children. As a boy, he also

claimed to have sat on the lap of racecar driver Tazio Nuvolari, as the famous man took him around the course ahead of the Donnington Grand Prix. No doubt the child molester acted out the scene, inviting kiddies to sit on his lap, while he pretended to be their friend. Bemrose purported to have been an accomplished rally driver himself, completing hill climbs and courses throughout Europe, so I am sure he fed other bullshit stories to his child victims.

Alan's associations with the English nobility also marked him as a criminal, although it's hard to say which ones were true. Allegedly, whenever Charles Windsor, commonly known as the Prince of Wales, rode "incognito" with the Hunt in Derbyshire, Alan rode as his groom. My feeling is that Charles is simply a chump, sired and abused by the rapist pimp, Louis Mountbatten, the Earl of Burma, who introduced serial child molester Sir James Savile to the royal circle. Jimmy Savile was often seen in Charles's company. Can we really believe he kept his hands off him or his children?

Certainly, the death of Charles Windsor's wife, Diana Spencer, raises suspicion. Richard Tomlinson, an MI-6 officer, said that British military intelligence was involved. Consequently, he was dismissed from the intelligence services and imprisoned for five months. Photojournalist and agent James Andanson was suicided to cover up Diana's murder. Plus there were other suspicious circumstances like the fact that Diana was not wearing her seatbelt, although she always did. I don't think Charles was behind the murder, but there was foul play.

Although his association with Charles Windsor may be questioned, Alan Bemrose was a known associate of Andrew Cavendish, alias the Duke of Devonshire, and he served as a trustee of the Settled Chatsworth Trusts and a director of the Chatsworth House Trust.

The Cavendishes are one of the richest families in England, and they are plainly Illuminists. Chatsworth is one of several of their estates. Sitting on grounds the size of Washington, D.C., the house has three hundred rooms, and its windows are framed in gold. It has its own power station, fountains to rival Longwood Gardens, and a series of tunnels underground. Masonic signs include the sacrificial urns that top the great house and the tessellated pavement, checkered black and white, in the entrance hall. The place is punctuated by statues of naked people, and white satanic stags sit on a black shield, topped by a crown, to form the coat of arms. Usually a heraldic device like that indicates hunting parties, such as those played by the satanic Ninth Circle, or Dick Cheney at Greybull, or Kris Kristofferson at the Swiss Villa, not to mention Bohemian Grove, where the scum hunt and rape naked women and children on the estate.

A long line of degenerates has called Chatsworth home, from the first duke, who spent the equivalent of one hundred thousand dollars on a bed, to its current occupants. Georgiana Cavendish, wife of the fifth duke, who appears in one painting wearing a luciferian crescent moon tiara, engaged in lesbian relations with Lady Elizabeth Foster, moving into a ménage à trois with her husband, whom Lady Elizabeth

serviced as his mistress and married once she got rid of her friend. Lady Georgiana would gamble the equivalent of sixty thousand a night, she became pregnant outside wedlock, and, after her husband kicked her out, she wrote a letter to her child in her own blood. One hundred years later, the Double Duchess would host shooting parties, at which the guests slaughtered countless birds, dined on soup made from endangered sea turtles, and pimped their wives to the disgusting fatboy Edward Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Prince of Wales, later restyled as Edward VII. The booze hound Charlie Cavendish would marry Fred Astaire's sister, to die from drink at age thirty-eight, while Jack Kennedy's sister, Kick, married Billy Hartington, the heir, only to die under suspicious circumstances, like so many of her family, after the Duke of Devonshire opposed her marriage. Alan Bemrose's friend, the eleventh duke, married one of the infamous Mitford Sisters, who supported fascism, communism, and Hitler.

If the Windsors, the Cavendishes, and their ilk are criminals, and the Kennedys sacrificial victims, then the Spencers, whose representative, Lady Diana, married Prince Charles, are good people who just don't know what the hell is going on. While Chatsworth is grand, Althorp, the Spencers' seat, has a homey feel, despite surrounding lands the size of Manhattan and the masonic pavement of its main entrance hall. Family servants worked at Althorp for generations, were kept on even when they became pregnant outside wedlock, and one, Phyllis Barford, quarrelled constantly with the

seventh earl, quit service every Christmas Eve, and was rehired every New Year. The ninth earl, Charles, worked as a journalist, and he gave tours of his home at the age of twelve. Just as I had hoped to stay out of the fray, before my awakening to the horrors described in this series, Spencers like the Red Earl and Honest Jack just wanted to be yeoman farmers. Other Spencers championed the right to vote, worked to abolish slavery, and married for love.

Diana Spencer, whom the crown murdered, supported many worthy causes. Overcoming her shyness, and the emotional problems that come with a lifetime of abuse, Diana eclipsed her husband's family, taking an approach to charity on which the royals frowned. She worked to help victims of cancer, mental illness, AIDS, and leprosy. She gave her patronage to causes that supported the homeless, drug addicts, orphans, and old people. Every week, she made lengthy visits to Royal Brompton Hospital to comfort the dying. Earning the name the People's Princess, Diana campaigned for animal rights and the removal of landmines. In response, the Earl Howe, on behalf of the British Ministry of Defence, called her a loose cannon, while he accused her of meddling in politics. Seven months later she was dead. Just as President Kennedy was killed before the obelisk at Dealey Plaza, a sacrificial urn marks the burial site of Diana.

Today I was struck by the lady's appearance in an emerald choker, a necklace resembling a collar, called Disco Di, which Elizabeth Windsor gave to her. The Illuminati sometimes use jewel programming,

as victims earn different gems at different levels. Amethysts indicate keeping a secret, rubies sexual submission, emeralds loyalty, and diamonds a completed mission. Collars belong to pets, and the Illuminists sometimes refer to their victims by that name. They also use electro-shock collars, similar to those for dogs, to enforce sexual compliance among their slaves.

Along these lines, a memory strikes me. My girlfriend, Charlotte, who would sometimes playfully call me her sex beast, imagined herself naked, as we chatted, side by side in bed, wearing a ruby collar. Her sexual dalliance with me owed itself to the commands of her self-styled master, so rubies pertained under their scheme. I don't know if I just liked the color, or if something more lay behind it, but I thought she would look better in an emerald collar, like Diana's, which I had never seen, and which bespoke her loyalty.

When they cannot kill them, the Illuminists control these people, twisting their goodness to evil results. In the 1600s, the Spencers were cousins and friends to the Washingtons, whose progeny became the first president of the United States. When the Washingtons lost Salgrave Manor, along with most of their money, the Spencers put them up, giving them a cottage on Althorp, and employing their daughters as governesses. This kindness kept the Washingtons afloat, and doubtless the Spencers advised and helped them to find a new home in Virginia.

Illuminati fingerprints so stain the foundation of our country that I no longer know what to call the martial conflict that gave birth to

our republic. The war in which one-third of the colonists, like my family, remained neutral, one-third supported parliament, and one-third, many owning large estates, opposed the crown, while keeping the institutions of their mother country, scarcely seems a revolution. I used to call it the War of Independence; but given the orchestration of the war by German Illuminists and English freemasons, not to mention America's subservience to British Intelligence, that name hardly seems right. The Illuminati founded their Bavarian branch on May Day, 1776, two months before the thirteen colonies declared independence. The Constitution was ratified by New Hampshire, the last state to do so, on the Summer Solstice, and from George Washington to Franklin Roosevelt, presidents were inaugurated on April 30, the Eve of Walpurgisnacht. One Washington coat of arms disturbingly includes three stars, or satanic pentagrams, one of which stands upside down, and three sacrificial urns. George Washington himself was a high-level freemason, celebrated as a risen god, resembling the devil Baphomet, in the masonic temple at Alexandria. Like the Spencers, Washington seems to have been controlled by the Illuminists, who wanted a childless man to be president lest he take a crown for the sake of his son.

The Spencers' friend was one of many slave-owning planters who declared all men were created equal in a document that altered John Locke's formulation of life, liberty, and property—the first step in an ongoing attack by the state, and the internationalists, on our private property rights. As Samuel Johnson put it,

**WE HEAR THE LOUDEST YELPS FOR LIBERTY
AMONG THE DRIVERS OF NEGROS.**

Washington purported to fight for freedom, leading a revolution, supported by only one-third of the colonists, over a sales tax on luxury goods. The so-called War of Independence would keep the common law intact, as the Founding Fathers adopted a two-house legislature modelled on Parliament. The planters remained rich after the alleged revolution, as did many merchants, although the new money would be called after the thaler, from Bavaria, home to Adam Weishaupt's Illuminati. Meanwhile, Washington attacked the American Indians, earning the name Burner of Villages among my great-great-grandmother's people, while he betrayed the Oneida who had helped him at Valley Forge. Having fought a war over a drink, the general put down Pennsylvania's Whisky Rebellion. He was against taxes on tea—not on spirits.

Just as a cloud covered the deaths of Alan Bemrose's parents, his friend, the eleventh duke, conspired to murder his father. Homosexual fraudster and serial killer Dr. John Bodkin Adams attended him before his son inherited the title. Although over one hundred and sixty of Adams's patients died under suspicious circumstances, the matter was hushed up, and there was no police investigation. Later, three of the eleventh duke's six children died shortly after birth, perhaps because they were traumatized in the womb or raped, consistent with Illuminati practices.

Alan's friend, the eleventh duke, had numerous extramarital affairs, and he must have been a rapist. Once he admitted under oath that he was on holiday with a series of young girls when his house was burgled. Also, we must consider Alan's obvious guilt with respect to the abuse of children in the county.

As a hobby, Andrew Cavendish collected works by Lucian Freud, the grandson of Sigmund Freud, who fathered over a dozen illegitimate children. Freud demanded long and punishing sittings from his models, as he painted pictures like Naked Man with Rat or a series of an obese nude woman, Big Sue Tilley, which sold for thirty-three million dollars. Gazing on his paintings, Alan's friend, the Duke of Devonshire, claimed his marriage was a success because of his wife's broadmindedness.

My own broadmindedness was problematic. I was too tolerant of others, believing all people had some good in them, and completely unaware of the evil that surrounded us. I was taken by moral relativism, at least in my superficial thought, if not deep in my heart. It would take the visceral shock of Charlotte's rape in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, to push me into strong resistance to my hypnotic programmers. That realization would not come until I saw Charlotte for the last time a year later.

The one thing I did in England, besides being with Charlotte, was go to the theater. I saw Kenneth Branagh's masterful film Henry V before I left, and I was reading Shakespeare with Paul Hartle, who had

grown up in the crown dependency of Jersey, where he attended Victoria College, before later becoming senior tutor of St. Catharine's. As we travelled back and forth to London, we saw Charles Dance in Coriolanus, Brecht's Good Person of Szechuan, Sheridan's School for Scandal, and Goldsmith's She Stoops To Conquer. Remembering Rick Berg, I saw Middleton's Changeling and Webster's Duchess of Malfi; and, recalling a film that had fascinated me since childhood, I saw Marlowe's Doctor Faustus performed at Charlotte's college. We saw Footlights, where many English comics got their start, do Jonson's Alchemist. Mrs. Large knew my interest so we went to Stratford one day, where we saw folk dances in the square, as men clacked sticks together, before we went to a history play, later supping on Dover sole and a chablis grand cru. I am embarrassed to say I was checking out the body of the woman in the row in front of us, something my girlfriend must have noticed.

Meanwhile, they were pushing homosexuality on Robert Goff. He got me to go to the New Old Vic with him, to see Salomé, by the child molester Oscar Wilde, but it was just weird. Before the play we had lunch in Soho, a volcanically hot madras chicken, so Old Harrovian Daniel Pettifer laughed at our adventure. We didn't know it was the red light district! Also, we went to Peer Gynt at my friend's request, where, apropos of nothing, there was a naked man on stage. They were working on Robert, who would turn homo three years later. I do not judge people for consensual relationships, despising the sin not the

sinner, but I see how CIA pushes homosexuality as well as rape. Less and less can I bring myself to misuse the word gay. It used to mean happy, brightly colored. As Mrs. Large observed, it was one of the pleasantest words in the English language. Before the word was hijacked, people said, "There's nothing gay about homosexuality." Imagine if homosexuals suddenly insisted that we call them fabulous, cool, or awesome. That would be the equivalent of their earlier cooption of the word gay.

Before I met Charlotte, I went to the theater with Peter Stafford, a student from Northern Ireland, with whom I got along well. Peter studied at grammar school before Cambridge, and, like everyone I have ever met who came through that system, he had a real education. We spoke about literature, and he lent me his copy of Rites of Passage by William Golding. I knew Golding as the author of Lord of the Flies, which we read in Mr. McCullough's class along with 1984 and Brave New World. I see now that, true to form, Tavistock was trying to push rape and homosexuality on me through this book; but then I saw it only as a post-modernist coming-of-age novel I didn't like. The scum tried to use Peter, as he briefly dated my friend Tanya, and they must have set some repugnant suggestion to work in me. I do not know what they commanded, but I went suddenly and inexplicably from enjoying the Irishman's company to disliking and dodging him. There was nothing I could point to, and there is nothing I remember; but I can see a hypnotic suggestion at work. Likewise, I encourage readers to examine their own

lives for unaccountable behavior, speech, or attitudes—especially anything unhealthy. It will help you see how they have programmed you.

CIA was trying to push rape on me through literature, but it was not working. Still I remember being oddly struck by a line in Tamburlaine by Christopher Marlowe, himself a homosexual, spy, and Cambridge man:

Show the virgins death.

Clearly, mass rape and murder were indicated, and they were using V2K to push it, but it was just an odd line stuck in my head. Look for things like that, in your own experience, and read the appendices to this book. Then you will begin to see attempts to program you.

Fragmented mesmerism, blurred by drugs, has come back to me from these times, where the scum that drove me to Cambridge made sure I missed its quintessential aspects. They wanted me to go to Cambridge because it is a programming center, but they didn't want me to take anything valuable from it. In hypnotic sessions like the following, they took everything away from me, although I would never rape Charlotte, and I would fight them for the theater.

“Look, Tim, I don't want you to go to the play.”

“No, I want to. It's what Professor Berg taught me about. It's what I came here for.”

“Look, Tim, I don't want you to go to the symphony.”

“No, I want to. It’s what my dad paid for. It’s what he would want.”

At this point, the female degenerate spoke to her male counterpart, “You’re never going to get away with that. It’s what he came for.”

“All right. Fine. Look, Tim, give me a couple. How about the Fitzwilliam?”

“What’s that?”

“Fine. How about tennis? I know Charlotte plays.”

“Yeah. She has a blue.”

“I don’t want you to play with her. I don’t want you to play sports with her. I don’t care if she has a blue. Don’t go to her games.”

“All right. We’ll talk about it later.”

And I faded out, hearing the bitch’s voice, repeating over and over, “Don’t go to her games, Tim. It’ll be trouble if you go to her games. They’ll hurt me if you go to her games. They’ll hurt you.”

“I don’t care about me,” I interrupted. “I just want to protect Charlotte.”

“Fine, then you do as I say. You don’t go to her games, or I’ll kill her, I’ll hurt her badly, and it’ll be your fault. Then I’ll kill your family.”

“I don’t care about my family, except my dad maybe. We’re getting along pretty well. And my mom. She’s nice. She wrote me a

letter last week. And my brother. He's okay. He's playing lacrosse for Unionville these days. I guess I'd like to save my family. But Charlotte first. Charlotte's the most important person in my life. I'm so lucky to have found her."

"Look, Tim, just don't go to her games. We'll work something out. It won't be like before. Trust me, okay? You're at Cambridge now. Things are going to be different. Your life is turning around. You just have to trust me, and I'll keep you safe."

Of course, it was all a lie. That's the way the scum operate, and, for a while, it worked on me, after a fashion. There was a lot I would never do. I never played any sport for my college. I never went to see a cricket match. I never went to the Bumps, in which rowing eights compete on the Cam, and students line the banks. I never played real tennis, knocking balls off the surrounding walls, although Cambridge had courts and I was taken by Shakespeare's description of the game. Although I played squash with others, I never played squash, or tennis, or lacrosse with Charlotte, who had blues in tennis and lacrosse, even though they set up grass courts at my college. And I never went to see her play a single game, although I would rub her shoulders after, taking an oddly sadistic delight in digging my thumbs into her lower back. Aside from the times I yelled at her, that's the most they could ever make me hurt her. The scum had given me the sick command, *"I want you to hurt her with your hands. Make her whimper."*

But the worst they could do was to lead me to massage her back too roughly.

I have broken memories of a house where Charlotte and I were programmed in the vicinity of Eraina Taverna, near King's College, between the Corpus Clock and the Cambridge Arts Theatre. Charlotte thought of Eraina as our place, and I was happy to go wherever she told me. Still, the food was lousy, and I would have greatly preferred to have dined elsewhere. My favorite was a cellar, where you could draw on the paper tablecloths, drink Saint-Émilion, preferably 1983, and eat a croque monsieur. Why did we keep going back to Eraina? Why did Charlotte prefer it? Because she was hypnotized, and there was a house nearby where they could do things to us.

My recall is blurry, but I remember a front room with a sofa, where I would sit, while Charlotte was taken to the back. Later she was brought out to me, and told to address me imperiously, as did the woman who abused us.

"Silence, Barbarian!" the programmer shouted.

"Tim, I want you to act like a barbarian whenever she says that. Pretend she's a Roman lady, and you're going to have your way with her."

"She doesn't look Roman to me. Shouldn't she be wearing a toga or something? Besides it wouldn't be right. There are too many people, and I am with Charlotte."

"Silence, Barbarian!" came the command.

“Silence, Barbarian!” I replied, shouting back.

“Tim, you’re not supposed to do it that way. I’m the queen and you’re the barbarian.”

“Silence, Barbarian!” I shouted, taking this to be a game, turning the tables on my abusers.

For a while, we took turns shouting “Silence, Barbarian!” at each other, and, to me, it seemed great sport. If I were a child, I might have said, “Let’s play ‘Silence, Barbarian!’”

I was told at one point that my host was the son of a great lord, the Honorable Such-and-Such, so I regarded him haughtily.

He began to say something to me, but I interrupted, calling in a strong voice, “Silence, Barbarian!”

“It’s just a game,” I confided to my neighbor. “I think I’ve been let in a club or something. I’ll see if I can put a word in for you.”

Charlotte would later say that she admired my ability to speak my mind: I would tell a lord’s son just what I thought of him. I never knew where this came from until I recovered these fragments. As for my status as a barbarian, Charlotte decided I was just a friendly caveman, needing tutelage, much as Tarzan received from Jane, knowing I would never harm any woman. Later she would teach me better table manners, as I practiced using a knife and fork in the continental fashion, first in our kitchen with an orange peel, and later properly with food; so our family friend, George Ring, the war hero who taught me to drink wine, would later compliment my eating style. But

then my girlfriend had the perfect answer for our abusers, who, running out of time, fearing we would be missed, eventually let us go.

“He’s not like that. He would never hurt me. I’ll just call him Zog instead. It’s a name Robert uses with him.”

“All right, then, fine. You’re her caveman. See if you can be a caveman to her.”

“Now get them out of here!”

Those are foggy memories, except for the fun of shouting “Silence, Barbarian!” I don’t know what they did to us, but I remember one night we walked home from Eraina. We skipped down the street, and as I skipped, I was flying. It seemed as though I were in the air for several steps, defying gravity, each time I left the ground. This was the result of drugs and a hypnotic command:

You’ll be flying down the street.

Then you’ll hit something.

They thought we were on bicycles, and they wanted us to crash, but instead I had only the illusion of flight, as I skipped, and I slapped my hands on a wall when I stopped, hitting it. It’s amazing how people can flip suggestions, fighting, even as they sleep.

Another time as we walked home, I heard a whirring sound to our left. It was Stephen Hawking, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, zipping along in his wheelchair. Talk about a victim of the Crown Corporation and their stooges in British Intelligence. As they implanted Hawking with cybernetics, destroying his body and his life,

they used him to develop neuro-linguistic programming and neuro-linguistic formulæ, which they now use on all of us through voice to skull and forced speech. Ask yourself. Why did Hawking live fifty years with Lou Gehrig's Disease? No one does that. The disease should have killed him, but it did not because it was not Lou Gehrig's Disease. Hawking was not charismatic, so why was he famous? Why did people buy his book, never to read it, while Hollywood made movies about him? How many other physicists get this kind of treatment?

While Stephen Hawking taught at Trinity, and the trash implanted us, they hid cybernetics behind quaint props, so that England seemed technologically backward. At Jesus College, there was a single Apple computer, which no one but Katia Hetter used. The rest of us wrote essays by hand. Later Pomona would need to correspond with Jesus in connection with our applications for the Rhodes and Marshall Scholarships; but the porters, no doubt under a hypnotic suggestion, would turn off the fax machine at night. Toilets had suspended tanks with pull chains, and most houses had no shower. Electrical outlets were irregular, many having the capacity to take only a two-pronged plug, with no ground. Charlotte's mother had some sort of coal-oil stove in her kitchen, and she burned lumps of coal with wood in the fireplace to help with heating. We washed the dishes by hand, with a brush, and, to everyone's amusement, I accidentally used the brush for the dog bowls on the china and silver. The kitchen had a refrigerator-freezer with a single door, and milk from the milkman sat in the

bootroom. Telephones still had dials, and the number of Overtown Farm was Carsington 365. The telephone book was organized by exchanges; so when we made a reservation for supper at Haddon Hall, I needed help to decipher it. Meanwhile we all had illegal technology in our heads.

The whole country looked like something from an Ealing Studios comedy, like Whisky Galore, about which Mrs. Large rhapsodized, telling stories of the Hebrides. Other films like Passport to Pimlico alluded to the extra-territorial status of London, but that seemed silly. I didn't know how real these things were. My favorite English film was I Know Where I'm Going, which reminded me of Charlotte, but that would come later, after I saw her for the last time. For years, I felt I was lucky to have seen the last of the real England, and I had hoped some of it survived, but now I know it was a lie. As my friend Amanda Baxter, who grew up in Lancashire, said, "England is no more."

Peter Bacon was another good man who belonged to the imaginary England of which we dreamed. Peter was the head porter of my college, and he welcomed me on my arrival, helping me to move in to our digs on Maids Causeway. I asked him if I should give him a tip, but he simply laughed, saying, "Not in college, sir." So we had tea together in our kitchen. Unlike the master, or the senior tutor, he invited us to dinner at his house. When my father visited Cambridge, I introduced the two men, and Peter arranged for my dad to park his car

within the college walls. He and Tanya became close, and he visited California at our graduation.

After that, I saw Peter Bacon again at our college's May Ball, where we chatted together, watching some townies try to sneak in. We admonished him to take care, and I offered to assist with an arrest, because we didn't want the plebs to hurt him. Who knew? Maybe one of them had a knife, and they sure wouldn't fight Queensbury Rules. Peter was undeterred, however. He waited till half of them were over the wall, until he ran them down. The others got away, as one abandoned his date. Peter gallantly helped the young woman down from the wall, topped with iron, which she straddled, so she would not tear her dress.

I once told Peter that I might write a book about my experience at Cambridge, and he said to me, "If you do, sir, we'll keep it in the college library."

Would it were true. Given censorship in England, and the horrors about which Peter did not know and from which he could not protect us, I doubt this book will ever reach Great Britain. English liberties have been destroyed, from the Great Charter to the Parliamentary Statutes. Free Speech is the province of loonies and tourists in Hyde Park, and they have no First Amendment to protect the Freedom of the Press.

But then I didn't know, and I imagined myself writing something merely humorous and literary, so as we spoke, I only said, "Peter, you've got to stop calling me sir."

Meanwhile, the trash were trying, and trying, to make me rape Charlotte, but it would never work. Once or twice, they had us argue over world affairs, but it wasn't a big deal. I was sympathetic to Ireland, where a family friend's father had fought in the IRA, back in the 1920s, and Charlotte's brother was an English soldier, but our differences weren't important. I used to tease my girlfriend, as friends teased each other at Pomona, but she understood it was just my way. For a while, we would wrestle naked, playfully, and I was just the tiniest bit stronger than she, but I would never force myself on anyone. I didn't comprehend how she had been raped in Zimbabwe. Somehow it was blotted out, and my awareness of her attack came and went, sometimes on the verge of, but never quite in, my conscious mind. There was no way I would ever hurt Charlotte. Our love-making was extremely gentle, as I sought to help my girlfriend, a rape survivor, alienated from her body, into natural and healthy sexuality.

As the appendices to this book indicate, our abusers use cybernetic implants and radio technology to remote control our bodies. Think of the innovations that allow a crippled man to move a robotic limb with electrical impulses. Or consider a video game like Halo, where you control a character in a virtual world, turning its head or eyes when not forcing it to larger movements. As described in Aaron and Melissa Dykes' excellent documentary film, The Minds of Men, Dr. José Delgado implanted humans and animals, in the 1960s, to control their movements with microwaves. Since they could do this fifty years ago,

imagine what they are doing now. Along with the Office of Naval Research, CIA funded these obscene experiments, and they didn't do so to abandon the project or to give up the power.

Admit the reality of the technology, and you will see your slavery. Watch your eye movements, and those of others, which may go to a bottle of alcohol, a member of the opposite sex, or, since the enemy are complete degenerates, a dog's anus. Watch for motions at odds with yourself, like the time my daughter suddenly started flinching, shying away from a thrown football, although she had never done this earlier and she felt no fear. Watch for changes in your body's motion, times you can dance well or dance poorly, the moment you mysteriously get the yips on the golf course. Watch for actions out of character, reluctance to do things you like, and you will see you have been hacked.

Unusual body postures, trips and falls, awkward or sudden movements, give the game away. Charlotte had a blue in tennis and a half-blue in lacrosse, playing two sports for Cambridge University, and she gave up a career as a tennis pro. At two different balls, while we caroused, I saw her prevail at athletic contests. Not only did she win a case of wine in a video shoot, but she balanced effortlessly on a surf board, so easy, that she started to show off, since otherwise she would have stood there, monopolizing the game, all night. Still, as the scum took her over, usurping her body's function, my girlfriend grew extraordinarily clumsy in bed. Usually we engaged in heavy petting, and, when it came to sex, we employed the missionary position—except

for once. Remote controlled, like a malfunctioning sex robot, Charlotte straddled my body, riding me cowgirl, and she injured us both so badly that we could not have intercourse for several days. Charlotte could balance on that surfboard without trying, and she could sit a horse; so why could she not ride me?

Usually we drank wine as we cooked dinner together, Dão from Portugal, or Ruffino Ducale from Chianti, or I might drink beer at a pub—the lounge at the Fort St. George, the St. Radegund, the college bar, or, occasionally, the Mitre, the Pickerel, or the Baron of Beef, near Magdalene College and the Bridge of Sighs, if we felt like a walk. But there was one night, only one, when I drank whisky, Jack Daniels, at the Radegund. Just as the agency tried to get me liquored up to rape Wendy, and they had stupidly tried to push homosexuality with Steve or Felix, CIA thought, if I were drunk, I would physically attack the woman I loved. Instead, I yelled at her, calling her British bitch, and heaping abuse on her head. There was no reason to be angry with her, and it was nothing but program. I never yelled at her again, although I was far from a model boyfriend. The next day I bought her a bunch of irises, wrapped in newspaper, and I begged her forgiveness. Charlotte graciously accepted my apology, and we dined at Eraina that night.

Normally, at Cambridge, I did not drink to excess, but there came another exception to this rule. The scum tried to use alcohol to ruin my time when we went to Henley Regatta. Because Charlotte's brother Alasdair had rowed at Henley, he could always get tickets to the

Stewards' Enclosure, where Mrs. Large, Charlotte, and I watched the races. Dresses had to fall below the knee, a rule strictly enforced at the gate, so ladies would hike down their skirts, walking in, lest the guard turn them away. Still, dress code aside, they let the gentlemen take off their jackets the year the temperature rose to all of eighty-five degrees. One time they had an exhibition Maori war canoe, which was pretty cool. Another time, I cheered to see St. Joseph's from Philadelphia win their heat. I didn't know it was another Jesuit organization. I was just happy to see some Americans do well. Still, I drank too much wine and too much Pimm's, so I was exhausted later that evening.

That meant I was not my best, that night, when we went to a ball at a manor house in Wiltshire. Still, I soldiered on, feeling the ugly American. I did not have proper shoes to go with my rented dinner jacket, but I made the best of it. Fighting my hangover, I rallied. We had a good time dancing to YMCA by the Village People, and Charlotte won a case of Clos Du Val in a shooting contest. There was an arcade set up, with a laser shotgun, to break sporting clays, lights that would pass across the screen. Charlotte, with her two blues, who had passed up a career as a tennis pro, took the prize.

Charlotte's looks had a boyish cast, and she had downy hair on her face and arms. As she broke one sporting clay after another, on the arcade game, one of the men joked, "Foul! It's a boy! A boy wearing a dress!" That's English manners for you. Still, I believe Charlotte got more than her share of male hormones as she developed in the womb.

We all have male and female hormones in different ratios, and doctors used to give pregnant women androgens to prevent miscarriage. Mrs. Large had miscarried Charlotte's elder sibling, losing the baby, so it is very possible she might have gotten this treatment.

Other signs of programming appeared in our conversations. The trash at CIA always try to set up a program where survivors will blame their fathers for sexual abuse—in case they start to remember something happened. Charlotte asked me if my father had taught me to masturbate, putting his hand on my privates. My father would never do such a thing, but the trash that programmed me had done exactly that. And the bitch that abused me in Westfield had told me my father did it. Now they were using Charlotte to test my memory.

Speaking of memory, Charlotte suspected a neighbor had sexually abused her when she was little and she had blotted it out. Mrs. Large had black-and-white photographs of Charlotte, about four years old, naked. In some, she sat on a swing topless, and they would have seemed innocent by themselves. In others, she stood naked, with the details of her privates clearly visible. She used to visit a man down the street, alone, and he would take these pictures with a camera. Then he would develop them in a darkroom on his property and give copies to her parents.

I see now the trash not only molested Charlotte when she was little, as they molested me, and my daughter, but they actually thought these pictures would turn me on.

On another occasion, Charlotte asked me to explain sex, as I would to our child, with her playing the child's rôle. I did not see this as sex play, although now I see what they were up to. When I finished my explanation, Charlotte asked me to touch her. I told her I would never do that to a child, and I looked at her oddly. She insisted, but I repeated my refusal. Then she told me, "Look, I know you wouldn't. I just want to make love. You'll be a good father." Satisfied, I put my hand on her privates, which were wet. I thought no more about it, but, now, the memory disgusts me.

Charlotte had the love of animals that characterizes women with beta sex-training. The trash will often threaten a pet so a woman, or child, will comply with obscene demands, hoping to rescue the animal. Then they kill the beloved creature anyway. So they want certain women to have pets.

One lady I dated felt the ghost of her aunt led her to have a new beagle, whom she named Gidget. This seems associated with the song:

If you're in doubt about angels being real,
I can arrange to change any doubts you feel.
Wait till you see my Gidget.

Following the same naming convention, Janet called her cat Puff after H.R. Pufnstuf, by the creator of The Banana Splits, which was used to program me:

H.R. Puffstuf.

Who's your friend when things get rough?

This lady has a mare named Lola, whom they commanded her not to ride, but she defies them. Lola is named from Barry Manilow's song "Copacabana," which they use to mock her owner because, although extremely beautiful, Janet is a childless post-menopausal woman who never married.

Her name was Lola: she was a showgirl.

But that was thirty years ago,

When they used to have a show.

Now it's a disco, but not for Lola,

Still in a dress she used to wear,

Faded feathers in her hair,

She sits there so refined,

And drinks herself half-blind.

She lost her youth and she lost her Tony.

Now she's lost her mind.

Puff disappeared, under mysterious circumstances, with signs of a break-in, and Janet looked everywhere for him until she had a funny feeling that a rich neighbor adopted her cat. After they killed Puff, the scum led her to find Gidget, whom they threatened, while they sexually abused her. Still, they hurt Gidget, the beagle that does not bay, as they

get off on abuse and broken promises. When I asked Janet in her waking state about her dog, she reported a back problem, saying, “I don’t know what happened to her. She must have fallen off the bed.” Earlier she had shown up to a date with a knife scar on her face, which she attributed to her cat scratching her on the bed. Like so many she had no memory of what had happened.

Like Janet, or my daughter, Charlotte loved animals, and the trash encouraged this love so they would have something to threaten. I had always been indifferent to our pets, never unkind to them, but they were just there, like furniture. However, after spending time with Charlotte, I acquired a true love of animals. Before I woke up to my abuse, I bought my daughter, Lily, our beautiful English bulldog, Rosie, before the scum poisoned her, just as they killed my daughter’s other little pets—her turtle, Sasha, her hamster, Hobbs, and her dog Lulu’s little puppies.

Charlotte’s love of horses was unpretentious—actually she preferred dogs—but she could slap someone down if she had to. I remember a conversation my girlfriend had with Jessica Sainsbury, whose family started the supermarkets of that name, where Jessica was impolite. It came out they had a common interest in horses, and Jessica, or those who spoke through her, tried to put Charlotte down.

“Oh, do you do gymkhanas?” Sainsbury lilted.

“No,” Charlotte replied. “We have a horse at Badminton this year.”

That shut her up.

I didn't really know Jessica, meeting her only casually, at a party or two, although she went to my college. She was studying archaeology and anthropology, under Lord Renfrew, and she married a history student, Peter Frankopan. Later, on behalf of the Staples Trust of the Sainsbury Family Trust, the couple gave money to endow the Frankopan Director of Gender Studies. The directorship is part of the increasingly influential Centre for Gender Studies at Cambridge. As the University puts it,

The Centre, situated within the University's School of Humanities and Social Sciences, attracts a wealth of world-class scholars and tackles key issues ranging from global development to the impact of biomedical advances.

It's shocking to me that someone with so much money, together with a husband who earned a first in history, would spend it so poorly, promoting the trans-sexualism espoused by the New World Order. Often the richest are the most enslaved.

Jessica's dress was a giveaway, although I didn't know how to recognize it. CIA will often program victims to wear special clothing indicating abuse. I am not fluent in this symbolic language, but I can read it. Tiger seems reserved for male predators like Hugh Hefner, who had a large sofa at the Playboy Mansion, embroidered with tiger-pattern upholstery. Still, Raquel Welch was powerful enough, even in her sleep,

to steal the pattern for her line of cosmetics, which come in tiger-striped cases. Zebra, also striped, which appeared in my Boy Scout patrol, may indicate a slave who belongs to a mason, evoking the black and white of the tessellated pavement. The stripes mirror the splitting of the mind. Leopard suggests a different type of sexual training, and it often appears on beta sex slaves. Women who wear this print have been subjected to sexual horrors, some having been starved in infancy and taught to lick honey or butter from a male abuser's penis. The trash get off advertising their abuse. Kitten ears indicate sex kittens, and sailor shirts indicate homosexuality, although the abusers are all liars, so they will dress people deceptively or wishfully. Oddly, my daughter and I would buy a zebra-print suitcase for our trips cross-country many years later. And Jessica Sainsbury was famous for her leopard-print dress, at a time when no one wore this pattern, except Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, or Raquel Welch more than twenty years before. I wonder if they teach those semiotics at the Centre for Gender Studies.

When I visited Charlotte at Christmas, she was reading Watchers by Dean Koontz, a man who studied at Shippensburg University when my uncle, Bob Kalmey, taught English there. In the book, a former operative from Delta Force encounters genetically engineered creatures who escaped from a top-secret government lab. The golden retriever, like Charlotte's dog Freebie, becomes the hero's friend, whom he names Einstein. The two rescue a woman from a sexual predator, while the NSA hunts them, as does an assassin who

drinks the souls of his victims. Meanwhile, an evil genetically altered baboon, known as the Outsider, tries to kill Einstein. Was he supposed to be Bumble? Or me? Charlotte was so tender-hearted, she felt compassion for the Outsider. It seems odd that an intelligent woman would read this garbage, let alone tell me about it, especially as it is full of references to secret government programs, the modification of our bodies, and sexual assault. Something was going on.

Charlotte enjoyed watching old movies, including High Society, which depicts the Philadelphia Main Line, and Singing in the Rain, with Gene Kelly and Debbie Reynolds. We never watched the films together, but I remember Charlotte describing them, especially a silly poem:

If Moses supposes his toeses are roses,
Then Moses supposes erroneously.
And Moses, he knowses his toeses ain't roses
As Moses supposes his toeses to be.

That seems innocent, but I know the scum wanted us to watch this film together, which contains the lovely piece, "Singing in the Rain." Stanley Kubrick defiled that song, as he defiled Beethoven, in A Clockwork Orange, where Alex rapes a woman, and beats her husband, while he sings it. The obscene trash that ruined our lives wanted me to watch this film with my beloved Charlotte, who had been raped in the country

that was Rhodesia, while they evoked a film about which they previously had me fantasize. They are scum!

CIA also pushed rape movies at me and Charlotte in more overt forms. The Accused shows a gang rape, and it describes the difficulties of the survivor as she seeks redress in court. I would never have picked this movie; but Charlotte wanted to watch it, so we rented it from Video Carousel. Otherwise, we went to see Wild at Heart that summer. Twin Peaks, by the same director, David Lynch, was popular at the time, but I never saw it. I thought Wild at Heart was interesting, as it recalled my class with Professor Berg, who actually liked Blue Velvet, and who took a deconstructionist stance toward the film as well as the Jacobean tragedies our class studied. Now I can't believe we watched this filth. A year later, after I came to a full realization of Charlotte's assault, I could not stand to watch anything with a rape scene. Thelma and Louise made me ashamed to be a man, and, in 1995, I walked out of the theater in the middle of Rob Roy, when the title character's wife is raped by an English thug.

Charlotte may also have revealed programming by her response to a Roundhead sword from the English Civil War. Mrs. Large's family came from East Anglia, and they fought side by side with Oliver Cromwell, although Charlotte also descended from a mistress of Charles II. The sword had been passed down in the family for more than three hundred years, and it occupied a place of honor in the Larges' house. Especially given the stories of her grandfather's bravery, with

which she grew up, you would think Charlotte, who was a sportswoman, would have loved the sword; but she remembered it as scary. Why was she scared of it? I would bet money the scum threatened my girlfriend, her family, and her pets when she was little, using the family heirloom.

Meanwhile, the trash ruined moments by attacking Charlotte with directed energy weapons. I know of only two occasions when my girlfriend felt so dizzy, she almost fainted. One was the only time she rode in a Rolls Royce. The other was a special dinner we had, as a couple, at Haddon Hall. The subhuman degenerates want to smash things they can never have, so they employ these tactics.

Years later, my daughter and I would attend a Rolling Stones concert, at a cost of two thousand dollars, only to be slammed by microwave weapons the entire time. The funny thing is we got into the Stones only briefly, and that because of hypnotic suggestions. That's what the scum do. Just as they led me to Cambridge only to make sure I didn't experience the real thing, they encouraged my daughter and me to go to the concert only to ruin our enjoyment. Happily, Lily and I only grew closer because of our shared travails, and now we both hate the Rolling Stones. As the cost of inoculation against the devil's music, two grand is nothing.

The scum also ruined my walks with Charlotte, and attempted to sour our relationship, through forced speech. They have long employed neuro-linguistic programming against me, using

cybernetic implants in my head along with microwave transmissions to make me speak with neuro-linguistic formulæ. As we walked in the country, I wanted to learn from Charlotte, so she taught me the names of flowers. It became an obsessive exercise, so the word took the place of the thing. They do this to many, and, if you watch for disconnects between words and reality, people saying things they don't mean, you will have compassion for the victims of the program. Take it another step, and you will begin to see your own programming.

When I visited Charlotte at Christmas, we often walked, sometimes stopping at a pub, where I found myself oddly gazing at the single malts high above the bar, wondering what they tasted like. They wanted to get me drunk again, but it didn't work. One time we crossed a ford, driving over the river's rocky bed. Another we had to stop, as shepherds used border collies to move sheep across the road, from one field to another. But a third I found myself rambling, talking endlessly and senselessly about different American accents, diphthongs, and their particular sounds. Having spent many years with V2K abusers since that time, especially English trash, I can see they were talking through me there. And I remember Charlotte looking in my face, puzzled and concerned.

Now that I am awake to my abuse, and I understand the enemy's technology, I find it laughable that they continue to use voice to skull on me. Using technology such as the method for mixing audio subliminal recordings, patent no. US5170381, three separate perpetrators

will often speak to me by V2K, pushing me from one to the other, as they attempt to make me follow one of them. The patent is described in part as follows:

Audio subliminal recordings are made in which, in addition to using a primary carrier, such as music, two audio channels are used to deliver subliminal messages to the brain. On one channel, accessing the left brain hemisphere, the message delivered is meaningfully spoken, forward-masked, permissive affirmations delivered in a round-robin manner by a male voice, a female voice and a child's voice. On the other channel, accessing the right brain, directive messages, in the same voices, are recorded in backward-masked (or meta-contrast).

The perpetrators are idiots, most of them lacking even a high-school education, and many are not native English speakers. But these subhuman degenerates, which have nothing in common with me, think they can control me by putting their voices in my head. Years of self-study through therapy and the Gurdjieff Work have taught me the ins and outs of my own mind, heart, and body; so I do not mistake my abusers for any part of myself. Not only that, but I am an English professor and a corporate lawyer, who has spent his lifetime working with language, using our mother tongue, English, which contains roughly five hundred thousand words. They can make me say stupid or vulgar things I do not mean, as they did when my controller visited my

house in 1986, but they cannot fool me, and I will not blame myself for their outbursts.

Moreover, my accent is unusual, containing elements of England, California, and Virginia, but primarily the rhotacized mid-atlantic accent found only in southern New Jersey, southeastern Pennsylvania, and northeastern Maryland. You never hear a Philadelphia accent on television, or in the movies, because it is almost impossible to imitate, containing a wide variety of vowel sounds unused by other English speakers. Still, the morons try to trick me, and they think I don't notice their manipulation of my speech. In the Gurdjieff Work, people practice listening to the sound of their own voices, so I can notice extremely subtle changes in the timbre, tempo, and tonalities of my speech. Sometimes I can sing well, in tune, but other times it is difficult because different abusers sing with me. Likewise, even before I had any idea of my abuse, I noticed I had different laughs. Listen to yourself, practice self-observation, and you will begin to notice how your speech is being hacked.

Through Mrs. Large, Charlotte, and her friend Louisa, I learned to talk less—or at least to recognize my own constant talking. As we drove together through the English countryside, Mary and Charlotte felt comfortable sitting in silence, and I learned, if only a little, that I did not need to fill these moments with chatter. Likewise, Charlotte's friend Louisa, from the Royal Naval School, who went to Exeter, understood the value of silence. I visited her parents' farm,

south of London, when her father returned from a shoot, his black labrador retriever following his every move, since he had eaten tidbits from his master's bag all day. Louisa tagged along when we went to the May Ball at Christ's College. There she felt comfortable not talking at all, as she had been subjected to a different form of training. While her parents listened to Wagner, she went to the Rolling Stones. As we hung out at the ball—dancing, strolling, or eating slices of hog roasted whole in a fire pit—I noticed my own tendency to say something, anything, even something unpleasant, rather than stand still. Later I would learn to prize silence, through meditation, but now it has become impossible as the trash abuse me constantly, talking filth on all frequencies, by V2K.

BOOK ELEVEN: THE PRODIGAL SON

As my father returned from Düsseldorf, West Germany, on business, he visited me at Cambridge. He was always great that way. Daddy coached our sports teams, if only so we would not be subjected to an abusive coach, and he was a fixture at my brother's lacrosse and football games. The cheerleaders gave him an award for most spirited fan, and people later told me they missed the smell of his pipe on the sidelines. In high school, he took off from work to see me compete on the academic team, like college bowl; and he often visited Pomona on layovers as he travelled to Australia and New Zealand.

The scum constantly tried to poison our relationship, but it didn't work. We fought through high school; and, when I first went to college, I told him I hated him over supper at a Japanese restaurant, making him cry. But we soon patched it up, always forgiving each other. My father was a deeply spiritual man, whose favorite parable was the Prodigal Son, which he related not only to me and my brother but to his relationship with his father, Karl, whom CIA murdered in 1966.

We often played chess on the board his father made, over a pot of tea, listening to classical music in the evenings. I remember Daddy telling me how he had seen both Eugene Ormandy and Leopold Stokowski conduct in his youth. Stokowski made a great impression on him, looking every bit the conductor, when not marrying heiresses like Gloria Vanderbilt or Evangeline Love Brewster Johnson, and

vacationing with movie stars like his lover, Greta Garbo, on the Island of Capri. Stokowski was so famous even Bugs Bunny parodied him.

When the scum couldn't make me ungrateful or abusive, they made me spendthrift. I drank a fair amount of champagne, from Bollinger to Taittinger to Perrier-Jouët, and I smoked a box of Cuban cigars, immediately before my father showed up at Cambridge. I never smoked cigars otherwise, nor did I buy champagne; but when Daddy visited, several empties and a cedar box sat in my tin wastebasket. At Cambridge, as at Andover, I had to ask for money from home, which my parents kindly wired. Now my controllers wanted the evidence of my profligacy in my bedroom. I thought about disposing of the bottles before Daddy's arrival, but it seemed dishonest.

Daddy called our house, telling me he was in Trumpington; so, thinking he meant Trumpington Street, near King's College, I set off to meet him on foot. Little did I know he meant the neighboring village, to which Trumpington Street runs, so my walk was two and a half miles longer than I thought. When I arrived at the gas station, where he waited, he was just pulling out. The trash were trying to sabotage our reunion, having relayed a suggestion by V2K, but I caught him right on time.

I was surprized to learn Daddy now smoked cigars, using a silver lighter he had bought on his trip. My father smoked cigarettes as a young man. When my daughter and I travelled years later to the Big Island, I found crumbs of tobacco in his copy of Michener's Hawai`i,

which Grandmother Krämer had given him when his father put him into the Coast Guard—something to read at sea, in the North Atlantic, as he sailed on the U.S.S. Oak. My father gave up cigarettes outside the delivery room, when I was born ten years later on Michaelmas 1969, an event that changed his life, as the birth of my daughter changed mine. Then, suddenly, after twenty years of smoking Captain Black, Borkum Riff, and Balkan Sobranie in a variety of pipes, from a Peterson meerschaum to a Bavarian hunter, Daddy was smoking cigars. The low-level trash that abused us are constantly and hatefully envious, so they actually thought they could make my father resentful of the cigar box in my room. As if he couldn't buy his own Cuban cigars!

Soon we were off, catching up as he drove, until we reached my college. I introduced my father, James Shelley, and the head porter, Peter Bacon, to each other; and after appropriate and friendly conversation, I mentioned my father's need for parking. Peter was happy to make arrangements, and Dad was proud of the way I handled things. He was a salesman for most of his life, and he taught me how to travel, how to develop relationships, even in a short period, and how to get what I want. Later I taught my daughter the same, as I politely spoke to the desk in the Seattle Airport, arranging for a different passage, when our bags were lost and our flight delayed on our return from Hawai'i. I told Lily then, "You're a real traveller now." I learned how to travel from my dad, an experience that involves constant diplomacy, interface, and bargaining with people from different

cultures. I have never read Dale Carnegie's famous book, How To Make Friends and Influence People, but I have been told I could have written it. That's because I had my father as a teacher.

Leaving the Porters' Lodge, walking past the jumble of bicycles in the Chimney, Dad and I went to Charlotte's college, Christ's, to pick her up. We would have had lunch; but I had kept him waiting so long he bought a snack at the Trumpington gas station. We found my girlfriend, whom I proudly introduced to my father, and we went together on a walking tour of the town and the university, even climbing an iron gate for a real student experience.

That evening we went to vespersong at King's College Chapel, wearing gowns that Peter Bacon supplied, so we could sit close to the famous choir. We wore those gowns at formal hall in college, where we drank wine, received grace in Latin, and stood for the exit of the fellows at high table. Charlotte's college was different in that students did not stand for fellows, a tradition started in the 1640s when the faculty sided with the king against Parliament during the Civil War, the students took the other side, and they refused to rise. Christ's was the college of Milton, who served as Secretary of Foreign Languages in Oliver Cromwell's government. I remember seeing the mulberry tree under which he often sat when I later attended a party in the Master's Garden hosted by the Beaufort Club, drinking pink and blue cocktails fashioned after their colors. Would I had noticed the masonic pavement in hall, the crown and satanic beasts over the Master's Lodge, or the

creepy portrait of Lady Margaret Beaufort. As my friend, Dr. Katherine Horton, said of Oxford, where she was a scholar at Hertford, and a fellow at St. John's, "If I knew what I know now, I would have run from the place!"

Back then, I was just happy to share time with my father, as we sat in King's College Chapel together, wearing our gowns, my girlfriend by my side, while the cantor intoned the liturgy. During the war in which Charlotte's ancestors fought as Roundheads, Cambridge was a puritan stronghold. Oliver Cromwell, once a student at Sidney Sussex, stopped the iconoclasts from smashing the stained glass even though the chapel contained a thousand idolatrous images. Thank God! As much as I hate Cambridge now, I would not harm those beautiful windows or its ancient buildings. Maybe it could be turned into a theme park, given over to tourists, as a living museum, much like Williamsburg, Virginia, with actors dressed in period costume. Then it could not be used to hurt people.

After vespers, we dined at an ancient inn with my friend Robert Goff. I was so ignorant, lost in my happy world, that I ate only one side of the fish that stared up from my plate. My father smiled and said, "I'm going to do you a favor here," as he flipped it over, doubling my portion.

When we had a private moment, before Daddy flew back to the States, I apologized for the cost, since I had been living lavishly and had just hit him up for money. He didn't care. As I would later feel of

my daughter, my father was happy to make any sacrifice, and the price of Pomona and Cambridge was nothing to him. He spoke kindly to me, wishing me well, happy I had found Charlotte, whom I regarded as the love of my life, while I struggled to articulate that something was wrong, that some fight lay waiting, vaguely recalling my abuse, the scum that plagued us, and the call to action from the woman they had kicked to death in front of me, in England, nine years before. But my father knew I would have no problem rising to whatever challenge. I wish he could see me now avenge his death, and fight the scum, but then we had it easy—or so he thought.

“That’s what I paid for, Tim. If that’s your wife, it’s all worth it. You did better than me.”

“I don’t feel challenged, somehow.”

“You’re at Cambridge. You’re at Pomona. You’re at the best schools in the country. In the world even. How can that be so?”

“I don’t know. There’s something else. There’s some big fight I need to be part of. There’s something I have to do. Or fight. Or something.”

“Enjoy the peace while it’s here. If there’s something like that, you’ll find it. Or it’ll find you. But I have no doubt you have it in you to take it on. Enjoy what you have in the meantime. Make the most of it. Charlotte’s a fine woman. You couldn’t do better.”

Later my father wrote me a heartfelt letter, by hand, which I received at Pomona. Charlotte and I wrote love letters for over a year.

It's something I encourage people to do. It used to be a wonderful thing to write and read letters, sometimes puzzling over an illegible word, after finding them in the post box and keeping them in one's coat pocket to open at the right time. Handwritten letters are only one thing the trash have taken from us, reducing communication to impersonal, intangible, and easily surveillable e-mail, while programming others with the Orwellian newspeak of texting.

Daddy was always patient with us. My brother went to the University of Montana, in Missoula, the year after I returned from Cambridge. My parents greatly enjoyed flying out with him, telling stories of the West. My father got a kick out of Montana's approach to speeding tickets. At the time, the federal government required states to set their highest speed limits at fifty-five miles per hour. Montana did this, but they gave out only five-dollar tickets no matter how fast you were going. It was their way of showing Washington they had laws and they complied with its dictates. Daddy used his carpentry skills to build my brother a loft at his new college, where Michael spent time hiking and skiing, coming back with tales of hot springs, mountain lions, and grizzly bears. It could have been great, but CIA trashed my brother's experience. He abused drugs, skipped class, and flunked out. I took a dim view of my brother's irresponsibility, not knowing how the trash damaged him, which would have led me to a more charitable attitude. Still, one has to fight, and destructive suggestions are no excuse. My father was easier going than I, never giving up on us, just as his father

had never given up on him. He forgave my brother, sending Michael later to college in West Virginia and to technical school in Philadelphia.

More important than my education and the wealth of experience he gave to me, my father, like my mother, taught me to be loyal. He never once delivered a lecture on the importance of loyalty; but, through his every action, he displayed the quality. Like my mother, whatever our differences, he was always there, whenever I needed him. Every time I moved house, he helped with the lifting. When my custody fight bankrupted me, my parents let me live in their house; and they even lent me money. I'm still here, writing now in my brother's old bedroom, where the Christie Brinkley poster once hung. Since I've had my own place, it's sixteen years and counting. When an insane family court required a second person in my car whenever I transported my young daughter somewhere, anywhere, for more than two hours, my father or my mother drove a six-hundred-mile round trip, two days every month, so I could pick my daughter up and bring her to Pennsylvania for the week, later returning their grandchild to her home in Virginia.

I do not see this loyalty in the other side of my daughter's family, as her mother cut off first her grandmother, Sadie Montgomery, who took her in more than once, and mortgaged her house to finance her court case; then her aunt, Lauren Montgomery, with her little Scottie dog, Thor, whom my daughter once defended as we returned from Ruby Beach to Kalaloch Lodge in Olympic National Park; and now me,

who has given everything, and will continue to fight, for our child. I hope that Kimberly Montgomery reads this and comes to her senses, seeing how our enemies have isolated her from everyone who ever cared, so they could prey on two single women. I hope, too, my daughter remembers how she stuck up for her aunt that day after we stood in the shadow of the Big Cedar Tree. The enemy seeks to divide us, and we need to stand together. Blood is thicker than water.

Daddy was always very patient with me. When I was a toddler, he would lie on the floor, and I would climb on his body, sometimes hurting him, but he would only tell me gently to go easy. One time he noticed me masturbating under the blanket as I lay in front of the television, but he only took me aside to say I should keep it in the privacy of my bedroom. His attitude toward sexuality was healthy, he was respectful of women, and he was loyal to his family. My father was an excellent antidote to the scum that abused us, he was a lot of fun, and it is no wonder the trash killed him.

We always had a great time at the beach. When I was little, we would go to the bakery to buy sticky buns for our coffee as the sun rose. My dad would tell me stories, or just be with me, as I gazed up at the magnificent swordfish on the wall. He taught me to fly a kite, patiently saying I must hold on to the spindle, and I would solemnly nod, only to let go of the thing minutes later, as my new kite flew across the beach, toward the dunes, spool and line bouncing, trailing, unwinding behind, while we chased my toy. What fun! In the morning,

he would make a motor boat, dug in the sand, and we would pretend to drive it toward the breakers. We would watch bottlenose dolphins, harbor porpoises, and boats using his father's field-glasses, the leather case inscribed, from which I learned my grandfather had changed the spelling of his name in a bootless attempt to dodge the agency. You never know when you're going to find a clew to your family's abuse. Dad took us to bounce on trampolines, to play games at the arcade, and to zip down waterslides. When we grew older, he played eightball with us, in an old pool hall, as my brother and I smoked Turkish cigarettes, thinking we were cool. Sometimes we played golf, and he lost at tennis graciously to my grandfather, Stanley, who, smiling, made Daddy run. Our last summer at the beach, before I went to college, he took us to the movies one day, as it rained, and we had great fun, driving home, down Long Beach Island, kicking up enormous spray as our car plowed fast through deep water.

That day we saw Full Metal Jacket, programmed as I was to seek out Kubrick. I found the senior drill instructor, Gunnery Sergeant Hartman, hysterically funny, and I couldn't imagine anyone not laughing as he carried on. My grandfather Stanley said that's pretty much how it was, when he trained at Parris Island, which sounded like hell. Then I was a virgin, and, as I saw the scenes with prostitutes, I could not help but wish myself in Việt Nam with a tenspot. My programmers wanted me to identify with someone from the film, striving to use it against me; but I was struck by Joker's respect for the

lady who served as a sniper for the Việt Cộng in the Battle of Huế. The enemy wanted to steer me to Animal Lover, a soldier who uses a foul word to describe a woman's privates, butting in line to visit a prostitute, and fighting with other members of his platoon. Flipping their suggestion, I found something he said with which I agreed:

If you ask me,
we're shooting the wrong gooks.

I said to my father on the way out, as we engaged in one of many conversations about world history, that we had fought on the wrong side. Years later I would understand more fully what George Ring, not to mention Rick Berg, must have known. It was never about doing right but only heroin and war profits.

Daddy read voraciously, going through historical novels on long flights around the world, and I sometimes took a recommendation from him. I had learned of the San, or Bushpeople, in Professor McKenna's class on Human Ethology; so, flying through O'Hare on the way to Ontario Airport, I read The Burning Shore by Wilbur Smith. I was taken by the story of Centaine de Thiry, a heroic French lady whose lover is killed, flying in the Great War, but not before she conceives his child. Pregnant she travels to South Africa, but U-Boats sink her ship, marooning her on the Namib Desert. An elderly San couple adopts the intrepid lady, and they teach her bushcraft. It's a good story, if

melodramatic, and I can see why my father liked Wilbur Smith, especially on his trips to Southwest Africa, South Africa, and Zimbabwe.

Only last year, I attempted to return to Smith, hoping to learn about South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth of Nations, as I planned to read Rage. What a disappointment. I got only a few pages into the book, when I could see a rape scene being set up between an Afrikaans police officer and an English lady. Sexual tension surrounded political difference in a typical MK-ULTRA ploy; and I suddenly remembered how Daddy had never read this book despite his love of South Africa. In a state of waking sleep, he rejected the obscene suggestions of his programmers who sought to interest him in rape; so he read every book by Wilbur Smith with the single exception of this one. From what I read, the book also worked to portray the Afrikaaners, unfairly, as backward racists, when nothing could be further from the truth. I have seldom burned a book, but that autumn day I calmly broke Rage in pieces, splitting its spine and feeding it into the fire. Meanwhile, through our constant voice-to-skull connection, I taunted my moronic abusers, who actually thought not only that I would fantasize about this trash, or take it for history, but that I would buy a second copy.

Daddy was never against black people. As we supported the whites in South Africa, who are now killed wholesale in the farm attacks that form part of the ongoing genocide of our race, he espoused the Sullivan Principles. The Reverend Leon H. Sullivan, a black civil rights activist and a director of General Motors, put forward a six-point

plan, which DuPont followed: desegregation of the workplace, fair employment practices, equal pay for equal work, job training and advancement, and improvement in the quality of workers' lives. The idea was that, by treating black workers fairly, American companies would gradually inspire change among their competitors and in their host country of South Africa. Besides, everyone could see that disinvestment and embargos hurt the blacks primarily, only causing the whites, slightly, to tighten their belts, usually by hiring fewer staff for their houses.

Still, my father was not above making off-color jokes. He laughed to find Pomona served fried chicken and watermelon during Black History Month. When we were little, he would read stories from Joel Chandler Harris, which my brother and I would act out, taking the parts of Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox in tales like "The Tar Baby," as he read the part of Uncle Remus in a heavy accent, punctuated by expressions like by-me-by, as the trickster went hippety-hoppety, lippety-loppety down the road. My daughter and I would continue the same reading traditions later, drawing also on Gerald McDermott's Zomo; but, in the twenty-first century, times had changed: Br'er Rabbit had a new pair of Adidas sneakers.

Now I see the books we failed to share. Daddy read a lot of Tom Clancy, with its inaccurate descriptions of the Cold War, and I read one of Clancy's books; but I was deeply disturbed by a rape scene. Daddy often tried to lead me to The Pillars of the Earth by Ken Follett;

but, when I picked up the book in a shop, flipping through it, I encountered a horrific rape, so I immediately put it down. Daddy also read real history from Barbara Tuchman's Distant Mirror to Shelby Foote's Civil War, but I have a feeling they steered him into pulp. He never read the text I gave him on the history of western civilization, or Joseph Conrad's Secret Agent, or Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punishment, or DeLillo's Libra, which I thought he would have liked. We seldom found a book to talk about; and, over time, conversations became rare, as the idiots destroyed his mind, filled him with false superiority, and spoke through his mouth.

The New World Order took my dad from me just as it takes my daughter's from her. I miss my dad, just as I miss my daughter.

Earlier in life, I read my father's books, as our programmers guided us, from one volume to another, through Mary Stewart's series on Merlin. The Hollow Hills and The Crystal Cave were favorites, which my father also lent to our friend Richard Roberts. These fantastic historical novels promoted beliefs in extra-sensory perception, as CIA sought to blind us to our abuse, camouflaging voice-to-skull whispers as creative intuition. They promoted an interest in paganism through descriptions of the cult of Mithras, a sun god connected with Illuminism. Following the rape of Ygraine, they described the incestuous coupling of Arthur and Morgause and the conflict between the king and his son Mordred—not to mention the sexual liaison between Merlin, as an old man, and his young student, Niniane.

Dad and I both liked James Clavell, whom the cartel pushed. Shogun promoted the inter-racial romance of John Blackthorne and Lady Mariko, while Tai-Pan described the love between the Scots Dirk Struan and his Chinese mistress May-May during the First Opium War. My daughter would probably like both, since the enemy has programmed her to fantasize about Asians in what we jokingly call Yellow Fever. As I remember from before my first trip to England, Tai-Pan contained a pretty steamy sex scene involving Tess Brock, who let a sailor put his hands under her shift, an act for which her father castrated him. Meanwhile, in Shogun, the intriguing feudal lord Yabu tortured people, and his vassal Omi-san hacked them to pieces. Noble House contained an ugly scene, moronically underplayed and sexualized, where Quillian Gornt assaults K.C. Tcholak, stripping her naked, and lying on top of her body, before he convinces her it's no big deal. Later, Clavell's Gai-Jin would describe an ugly rape, causing me to put it down mid-read. I never read Clavell again, but everyone read him in the seventies and eighties, when fellow Pomonan Richard Chamberlain, with whom I once lunched, played Anjin-san in a televised version of Shogun. I hadn't met our neighbors the Rowes yet, who will figure in the sequel to this book, Wonder Women: Growing To Manhood Under MK-ULTRA, as Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Rowe flew in the Secret War in Laos just as his wife Barbara served in CIA with Air America. At their house, watching Shogun was virtually homework. They may have had question and answer sessions.

I remember an odd conversation with my father, at the age of thirteen, about Clavell's semi-autobiographical work, King Rat, as CIA attempted to push homosexuality on me. I read the book in two days at the beach, a year earlier, when I went through about ten novels, mostly James Bond, over a fortnight, basking in the sun and hopping waves to cool off. Here I received a command from my programmer, as the moronic pervert tried to make me a gayboy.

I want you to read it again.

Take your time with it.

There's something I want you to find.

In response, I returned to King Rat a year later, even though I hadn't liked it that much, and I found myself echoing words from the book, spoken by Peter Marlowe about Stephen, a male nurse and a fellow P.O.W. Marlowe, who earlier had relations with a fourteen-year-old girl, says of homosexuality that it's no more disgusting than real sex.

In eighth grade, I found myself casually espousing Marlowe's opinion, without imagining homosexual encounters, contrary to my views on sexual intercourse—but not contrary to my feelings about the unnatural rape, ménages à trois, and child molestation the perverts forced me to endure.

Slightly concerned and surprised, my father asked, "You think sex is disgusting?"

"No, it's just a line in a book."

“Which book?”

“James Clavell. King Rat. You told me to read Shogun once.”

“All right. I’ll have to read it sometime.”

A luciferian tome that had a strong influence on my father was The Ascent of Man by Jacob Bronowski, who, like me, studied at Jesus College. Bronowski was a genius who worked to increase the effectiveness of the Allies’ bombing through mathematics, later writing a report on the use of atomic weapons against Japan. The Nazis killed many of his family at Auschwitz before CIA moved Dr. Mengele to the United States. He headed the projects division of UNESCO, and he worked for the National Coal Board, while MI-5 surveilled him. Bronowski played chess, and he wrote poetry, gravitating toward Blake, an odd move for a scientist. Later he turned to biology, measuring the teeth of prehistoric skulls, as he tried to understand the nature of violence. In The Ascent of Man, which became a television series, complete with music by Pink Floyd and the Moody Blues, Bronowski approached human development through the history of science. In some ways, his work may have looked forward to that of James Burke, in Connections, a show my dad and I enjoyed.

Through college, my father and I played chess every night I was home. I learned so young that I can’t remember him teaching me. The first time I recall us playing was my seventh Christmas Eve, when I had diarrhea, possibly the result of drugs or sodomy by the scum at

CIA, and I was secluded in my bedroom. Taking time from an otherwise busy day, Daddy let me win the game. Later, to my chagrin in high school, he would thrash me every time we sat down. It was particularly frustrating when I would offer to concede, but he would counter, saying we could switch sides. We would rotate the board, and I would take command of his pieces, which seemed to hold an advantage. Then he would win anyway, from the position I abandoned. As a college student, I was happy to take losses while we repaired our relationship, drinking tea, listening to classical music, and playing unbelievably long opening games. Daddy taught me the beginning, middle, and end games. He taught me always, if possible, to establish a supported pawn in the center, fifth row, and to develop my pieces. In my second year at college, Felix Chung gave me more pointers, teaching me how good chess was symmetrical and to think of the Middle Ages where the bishops stayed close to the king, whispering in his ear, while the knights rode out. When I came home to play my father, he complimented me, "I can tell you've been playing someone else."

My father's style was unconventional, something like that of Bobby Fischer, the world's greatest chessplayer. Fischer's mother lived in the Soviet Union before she settled in the United States, so it's easy to see how CIA targeted this unfortunate woman and her son. They love to prey on single women and lonely children. Although a genius, Fischer had trouble in class, moving through different schools, like my own daughter, and dropping out at sixteen. Fischer won

tournament after tournament, swimming and playing tennis in his spare time, until he suddenly left the world stage in 1972. His behavior grew erratic, as he joined the Worldwide Church of God, which he later accused of satanism, while he continued to hold millenarian beliefs. He spoke of worldwide conspiracies, claiming his enemies microwave-harassed him, and he was arrested on trumped-up charges. Eventually, the champion emerged from isolation, no doubt in need of money, to win an unofficial rematch against Boris Spassky. Just as Muhammad Ali had to go to the Philippines and the Congo to box, Fischer had to go to Yugoslavia to play chess. What better evidence of targeting? Meanwhile, the United Nations, which had refused to recognize Rhodesia, embargoed Yugoslavia, which the New World Order had destabilized, and the rapist traitor Bill Clinton issued an executive order imposing sanctions on the country. Ostensibly because Bobby Fischer played a chess match in the Balkans, the United States government issued a warrant against him, Japan arrested him, and he fled to Iceland. Back in the 1980s, Fischer seemed merely eccentric, a brilliant player who lost his marbles, mentioned casually over the table; but now I see he was targeted.

During my fourth year, Daddy visited my dormitory in Norton Clark, a beautiful room with a red tile floor, high ceiling, and loft for my bed, to which I got to climb a step-ladder. There we drank armagnac from paper cups, as we played chess, when a friend stopped by, the only time, to visit, doubtless sent by NSA to disrupt our game.

Tom was a good fellow, we made him welcome, and he excused himself politely after a short time. But even more than the rest of us, he was a victim of MK-ULTRA. He had carried a pistol in high school, in New York City, to protect himself, just like Bernard Goetz. He brought that pistol to Pomona, for reasons I don't understand, but he tossed it when he woke to find its barrel in his mouth.

Daddy wasn't much of a drinker. He felt that whisky sours had a bad effect on his mother, and he stayed away from drink except on business outings and vacations. My abusers, who had been at my family before I was born, didn't know the most basic things about us. Hoping to lead me to hard liquor, they gave the command,

Drink something your father would drink.

But my dad never drank spirits, except for an occasional Beefeater on the Rocks, with cocktail onions, at a restaurant, hotel, or club. I had acquired an aversion to gin since I drank so much in Barbados at the age of fifteen. Following my programmer's suggestion, I went to my father's usual drink, which he had every night: All through college I drank tea.

Freshman year Dad took Noah and me out for sushi. Earlier that day, NSA tried to lock him out of his car, messing with us, but he simply walked into a mom-and-pop hardware store, asked for the number of a locksmith, and was lent a slim-jim so he could slip the bolt. It was probably good for Noah to go out. His girlfriend Elsa was

pregnant, as the agency struck at all of us, but I did not know it. That night we drank hot Gekkeikan and cold Kirin, ate Tiger's Eye, and ordered the Nogi Boat, an extravaganza named for the restaurant. What a feast! Noah offered to buy me an Orange Julius, on the other side of the parking lot, if I could finish my meal, and I actually held him to it. It reminds me of my father's tales of Penn Supreme, which served a giant sundae, free, to any person who could finish it.

One way or the other, CIA was trying to get me kicked out of school. This worked with my brother, but it would never work with me, although they eventually led me to graduate merely cum laude rather than magna. In high school, before I left for Pomona, I recalled Huck Finn, watching a documentary on the Mississippi, on PBS, as I idiotically considered taking a gap year to hobo down the river. In college, they continued their attack. My first year they had me tell my father I hated him, my second year they advertised my drug use, and my third year they made me a spendthrift; but they would never drive us apart. It didn't work. Blood is thicker than water—especially in my family, where we all stand together—and we know how to forgive each other. There was no way my dad would pull the plug on my education.

Felix, Don, and Sophie, all philosophy majors, smoked cannabis excessively, when not occasionally dealing MDMA. They were so into reefer that they hid small amounts in their room, purposely forgetting their location, so they could find them when they had run out, much as squirrels hide nuts. They were always baked, so we called their

digs "The Oven." Chris Todd would ask as I headed to Norton-Clark, "Off to the oven?" And I would laugh and nod.

In May 1989, my father flew out to pick me up, helping me pack up my things, and store them in a locker, before he flew back east with me. I walked north to meet him, at my old dormitory, where it was easy to park along the public road. Remember how the agency placed me and my friends there for three years running, so they could break into our rooms? On the way, I stopped to visit Don Walcott, who was smoking as usual. He said, "What you need is a bong hit," so I cleared the yard-long water pipe, maybe twice or thrice. Clearly under the influence, I headed off to meet my father for an early dinner before we caught the red-eye.

My state must have been obvious at the Chinese restaurant, but my father did not say a thing. After our meal, I grabbed my bag from my room, and he told me I looked better now. I explained to him what had happened. Unable to see the real troublemakers, he attributed the blame to my friend, noting that usually a guy like that sticks around to see the trouble he has caused. Still, I defended Don, attributing my stupidity to the close of semester, and celebration of success with my grades, and Daddy understood.

They tried to strike at him that evening, too. After supper, before we headed to Ontario Airport, we took in a movie at a local shopping mall. A policeman pulled my father's rental car over, as we drove through the parking lot, since our enemy hoped, after our meal,

he would be arrested for drunken driving. I was so high at the dinner table that I do not remember whether my father had more than his usual tea, but the police did not have a problem. Daddy asked the man for directions, and he sent us on our way.

Before we caught our flight, we watched Mississippi Burning. The violence against blacks, or civil rights workers, did not bother me; but I was horrified by the deputy's beating of his wife, a crime for which Gene Hackman rightly cuts his face with a razor. The film endorsed this view. Hackman plays an old-fashioned agent in the FBI, who counsels restraint, but the abuse of a woman drives him over the edge. As though the scum could ever make me violent toward a lady!

In the airport, while we waited at the gate, Dad asked me if anyone was into cults or strange belief systems. I told him of a beautiful woman from my James Joyce class, Tara, who had the blue eyes and fair hair that often mark the victims of abuse. I remember walking to class with her one morning, the victim of a hypnotic suggestion, which made her temporarily fascinate me. The gooseflesh stood out on her arm in the morning cold, and, for reasons I do not recall, we walked together to the Student Union after class. The next year, Tara became romantically entangled with the leader of some form of spirituality movement, a man much older, and she dropped out of school to follow him to Hawai`i. A central tenet of the cult concerned good and bad energy—that one should remove negative influences from one's life, firing them, like

wayward employees. Or was firing meant to evoke flame? Certainly, I picture my enemies burning, or otherwise play with images creatively, stomping them with a giant foot à la Monty Python, when they assault my mind with image to skull. Either way, Tara fired her parents.

Daddy said this seemed like the stuff I had spoken about the summer before, when Joy Booth and I postulated the opposing cosmic forces of the Flow and the Pit, but I said no way. Joy was totally different, although I felt deep compassion for Tara, seeing she had been misled, but not by whom. Had the enemy hoped to swap Joy out for Tara, causing me to leave school? Certainly, I would later become involved in the Gurdjieff Work and the Episcopal Church, and I do have a spiritual bent. My friend, Kristin Herbster, from Unionville, would fall victim to a cult in France, from which she broke free. You have to be careful.

Jesus warned of wolves in sheep's clothing, and the enemy will often use religion to mislead their victims. Even mainstream religious tenets become dangerous, as one must never follow the corrupt teaching of the gospels to love one's enemy. Better to remember Jesus's words, recalled at the end of Breaker Morant:

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

Many have the wrong idea. They think the gospels are about comfort and forgiveness, believing the right thing, but Jesus was a hard man who believed in action. He seldom told people to forgive each other, but required strength and goodness, as he stood against the New World Order. His cousin, John the Baptist, spoke of Jesus as one who would separate the wheat from the chaff, burning the chaff with unquenchable fire:

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire: Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

Referring to his critics as a generation of vipers, Jesus had no problem calling people pigs, dogs, and snakes:

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs.

As Maurice Nicoll notes, Christianity is a fine aristocratic creed that plainly says most are chaff and will be burned.

Understandably, Jesus had hard words for hypocrites, and he called out religious authorities. Listen to him haul off below:

But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves....

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgement, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchers of the righteous, And say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

That is very far from most people's, including my father's, view of a meek and mild Jesus. Forgiveness is for insiders, for family and friends, for people of good will. We must never forgive the scum that abuse us.

I was struck by this teaching when my daughter and I attended a high mass at St. Mark's Church near Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia. Later we lunched on fruit de mer and French toast at Parc Brasserie before hearing the score of West Side Story at the Kimmel Center. It was only months after I took Janet Mioduszewski on our first date to hear Rachmaninoff, who used hypnosis in his creative process and whose progeny intermarried with the DuPonts. At St. Mark's, Lily and I intoned responses, sneezing in clouds of incense, to the accompaniment of an altar bell, and genuflected our way up to the host, where we eat one bread and we drink from one cup. Used to the broad church practice of our parish, my daughter joked, "I feel like I'm part of a cult."

The mass at St. Mark's may have been high, but the message was Calvinist. Using a hypnotic nesting technique, the priest described the parable of the guest who lacks a wedding garment, beautifully amplifying the story with descriptions of unpruned trees in the king's garden, the china of an ancient pattern, and the silver scratched from wear. The king wants everyone to come to the feast, but he is ruthless with those who spurn his invitation:

And Jesus answered and spake unto them again by parables, and said, The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son, And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come.

Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the marriage.

But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise: And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them.

But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.

Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage.

So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests.

And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.

Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

For many are called, but few are chosen.

Here the priest made a joke about the dental plan in Hell, doubtless run by socialists, which is excellent. As he spoke, menacingly, to anyone who wore dentures, "**Teeth will be provided!**"

Jesus had hard words for those who did not accept his invitation, and he made it clear there would be no mercy for them. He wanted us to help each other, but he had no patience for those who didn't do the right thing.

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

My father loved that passage, although he emphasized the part on human kindness. Sadly, he did not believe in the devil, holding that all people have some good in them and are redeemable. That is a perilous doctrine, and it may have blinded him to the scum that destroyed his life.

Jesus loved little children, and he said that people who offend children should be killed:

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.

How true. When my daughter was little, she was everything to me—so innocent and beautiful. Lily helped me become a better person, and I had the best years of my life, playing games with her, telling her stories, and spending time together. I sacrificed everything, giving up a legal career in which I would have made millions, spending every penny on my daughter, and living with my parents for the last sixteen years. I have no regret, and I would do it again, over and over, if I lived one thousand lifetimes. Meanwhile, the satanists at the Central Intelligence Agency raped my child, sodomized her, and stuck a fish-hook in her privates. They tried to blame me for her rape, and they destroyed her mind, her life, and her relationship with her father. I want them dead.

No wonder Jesus was a man of political action, and the scum killed him for it. Jesus drove the bankers from the temple with a whip.

And found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting: And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep, and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables; And said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise.

Jesus told people to buy swords, and to sell their clothing, if they had to, to raise money to buy swords.

Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one.

Nowadays Jesus would be gunning for the banks, he would support the Second Amendment, and you would only get his AK-47 by prying it out of his cold dead hands.

Through the Parables of the Talents or the Foolish Virgins, Jesus made it clear that people had to work. We need to build a new world here on earth, not look for pie in the sky.

And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

That's why Jesus taught us to bring the kingdom of heaven onto the earth, praying, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven..." It's not just the Lord's Prayer: You have to make it real.

To bring the kingdom of heaven onto the earth, to build the New Jerusalem, we must reform ourselves, especially as our satanic enemy assails us constantly with V2K, I2K, and hypnosis. Let's not forget that Jesus cast demons out of people, figuratively, and the nonsense about demonic possession you see in films like The Omen is simply cover for cybernetic mind control. In fighting the scum, we cannot give an inch, lest they take a mile. There is no treating with the enemy. It's all or nothing. As Jesus said, "He that is not with me is against me." The Book of Revelations understands this principle, saying, "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Jesus spoke of the importance of having a pure heart, something the enemy tries every moment to spoil:

But those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart; and they defile the man. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.

As Jesus taught, we must ruthlessly eliminate our bad habits:

And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

The luciferian scum in the Illuminati are working overtime to destroy our world, as I deal every moment with gangs of trash that assail my consciousness and my body with V2K, I2K, and microwave harassment. This calls for nothing less than total war, and there is no room for half measures. Wake, for the hour is nigh!

Those are the things that Jesus actually said before his message was corrupted—not to mention by the obscene “Laughing Christ” that appeared in the pages of Playboy. I find more resemblance to Jesus in the strong poetry of Ezra Pound, who wrote “The Ballad of the Goodly Fere,” describing a man with grey eyes, like the sea, who inspired fear, than in all the Pauline epistles.

*Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears
And the scorn of his laugh rang free,
“Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town?” says he.*

*Oh we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
When we last made company,
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere
But a man o' men was he.*

*I ha' seen him drive a hundred men
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,
That they took the high and holy house
For their pawn and treasury.*

*They'll no' get him a' in a book I think
Though they write it cunningly;
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere
But aye loved the open sea.*

Dick Barnes, who spoke highly of Ezra Pound, and who taught me early English literature, would have loved that. Like my father, like others, he lives in these pages, as does the resurrected Jesus.

How fitting that I read Paradise Lost, to which Professor Barnes introduced me, for the second time, as my father and I flew home. I enjoyed the experience, but we must be careful of enjoyment. The enemy wants not only to make us feel bad but to trick us with false delights. My father fell for this too often. When I am in church, or

listening to music, or reading literature, they will sometimes use their obscene technology to flood me with a false feel good. I do not know the bio-chemistry, but I suspect they use nano-technology to stimulate my glands to release endorphins, adrenaline, dopamine, or some other chemical. Don't be fooled by it. It's not about feeling good or feeling bad; it's about doing right. The Book of Common Prayer, read as part of the liturgy, warns us against the presumption of approaching the communion table for comfort.

In Beelzebub's Tales to his Grandson, Gurdjieff spurns the evil god of false comfort. The title to the book is unfortunate, indicating Gurdjieff's abuse by the Illuminati, and it is full of jibberish; but, as Rajneesh said, there are sapphires in the mud. Gurdjieff was no satanist, but he fought them all his life, teaching others to awaken, like the bodhisattva he was. In the book, filled with compassion for the plight of humanity, Hasein asks his grandfather if there is no hope for these unfortunate beings. He receives the answer:

**THE SOLE MEANS NOW FOR THE SAVING OF
THE BEINGS OF THE PLANET EARTH WOULD
BE TO IMPLANT AGAIN INTO THEIR
PRESENCES A NEW ORGAN, AN ORGAN LIKE
KUNDABUFFER, BUT THIS TIME OF SUCH
PROPERTIES THAT EVERY ONE OF THESE
UNFORTUNATES DURING THE PROCESS OF
EXISTENCE SHOULD CONSTANTLY SENSE
AND BE COGNIZANT OF THE INEVITABILITY
OF HIS OWN DEATH AS WELL AS OF THE**

**DEATH OF EVERYONE UPON WHOM HIS
EYES OR ATTENTION RESTS.**

That is the nature of impermanence. We are all going to die, just as my father died, lingering, on his back, shitting in his pants, losing his mind, to the obscene delight of the satanic scum that abused him with directed energy weapons. I hope I have a better death; but we must also remember that, through omega programming, the trash at CIA hope to lead us to suicide. That's not going to happen. I will go down fighting, and I will die with a curse on my lips. We all have been sexually abused in the most horrific ways by the trash, and that abuse will continue regardless of my fight. I seek only to inflict maximum damage on our subhuman enemy while helping other members of my tribe. It's not about angel wings, or the hereafter, or believing the right thing. It's about fighting satanists. As Gurdjieff taught, awakening is bitter. Man is asleep in a house on fire.

Before I woke to the unpleasant realities described in this series, my daughter and I visited Alaska. The enemy had not yet made significant inroads into our relationship, which they have now greatly damaged; so we never fought. We travelled on the Alaska Railroad, spotting porcupines and moose from the dome car. We stalked grizzly bear in the Aleutian meadows, flying from Wildman Lake, with our host Butch King, and we fished for red salmon and arctic char in the Ocean River. We helicoptered up to glaciers, where one day we mushed a

dogteam that was training for the Iditarod, and another we strapped on crampons, walking with ice axes, chipping off a bit of glacier to cool our hot chocolate. On Prince William Sound, the scene of the Exxon-Valdez Oil Spill, we cruised the waters, spotting Steller sea lions and sea otters relaxing on ice flows, while the retreating glaciers, named by the Harriman Expedition, and destroyed by global warming, calved in the distance. In Seward, we left Resurrection Bay, striking for Kenai Fjords, in a forty-foot boat, pitching into the air between ten-foot swells, to find humpback whales breaching, river otter swimming, and horned and crested puffins nesting, while dolphins played off our bow, later, in a quiet moment. In Talkeetna, we fished, rafted, and helihiked, while we waited for Denali to appear from the clouds that obscured it. There I had strange dreams, filled with geometric patterns, and images of my father and his friend, Dick Somerville, while the scum harassed me, although I took them for spirits. We never saw Denali, although we waited for five days outside Talkeetna, which still has only a general store and whose residents think so little of government that they elect a cat as the mayor.

On our last day, we visited the local graveyard that commemorates the lives and deaths of brave people, mountain climbers and bush pilots, who died on the slopes of North America's highest mountain. There we found the words of John Muir:

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Let children walk with nature,  
let them see the beautiful blendings and communions  
of death and life,  
their joyous inseparable unity,  
as taught in woods and meadows,  
plains and mountains and streams  
of our blessed star,  
and they will learn that death is stingless indeed,  
and as beautiful as life,  
and that the grave has no victory.

~~~~~

Death is a natural process, nothing to fear; and without fear, the unnatural slaves that use trauma-based mind control have nothing to use against us. They cannot hide their secrets behind amnesia walls. Expect the worst, take the best where you find it, and live each day as though it were your last.

Two years ago, when my daughter lived with me, I visited Kennett Brewing Company, owned by my friends Mark and Jocelyn Osborne, after church. I often go there while my clothes turn over in the laundromat around the corner, and you can sometimes find me in our reading group, cornily named Shakesbeer, where we discuss the bard's plays over lunch. It's a real community center, hosting yoga, a running

club, and food drives, not to mention excellent live music. I didn't expect to see the Lutherans from my sister church, Saint Michael, there that day, but they were. Leading a band that included Matt Dickens, the son of a school principal, their youth pastor, Adrienne Meier, led us in a session advertised as Beer and Hymns.

After a prayer thanking God for beer, we sang, not once but twice, the stirring battle hymn that Martin Luther wrote. At the demand of his conscience, he nailed the Ninety-Five Theses on the doors of Wittenberg's churches, identifying abuses and the need for reform, while he risked torture and death. I encourage you to sing that song now—not just to read it but to sing it—and it will fill you with strength.

*A mighty fortress is our God,
A sword and shield victorious.
He breaks the cruel oppressor's rod
And wins salvation glorious.*

*The old satanic foe
Has sworn to work us woe!
With craft and dreadful might
He arms himself to fight.
On earth he has no equal.*

*No strength of ours can match his might!
We would be lost, rejected.
But now a champion comes to fight,
Whom God himself elected.*

You ask who this may be?
The Lord of Hosts is he!
Christ Jesus, mighty lord,
God's only son, adored.
He holds the field victorious.

Though hordes of devils fill the land,
All threatening to devour us,
We tremble not, unmoved we stand.
They cannot overpower us.

Let this world's tyrant rage!
In battle we'll engage!
His might is doomed to fail!
God's judgement must prevail!
One little word subdues him.

God's word forever shall abide,
No thanks to foes who fear it,
For God himself fights by our side,
With weapons of the spirit.

Were they to take our house,
Goods, honor, child, or spouse,
Though life be wrenched away,
They cannot win the day.
The kingdom's ours forever!

That's my life, and it has nothing to do with Christianity. It has to do with fighting for what's right, taking a stand, and knowing that it's better to go down swinging. As in the hymn, the satanists have taken my house, goods, and child—not to mention girlfriends and family members—but they will never get my honor. Even if they have made you do something dishonorable, do not let them make you feel bad about it. As Martin Luther realized, our enemies, with their obscene goat god, are douchebags.

BOOK TWELVE: GHOST

Just as Charlotte had taken the lead, visiting my house in Maids Causeway after our first night together, she came to the United States the summer I returned from England to stay with my family in Pennsylvania and to visit my college in California. She had trouble passing through immigration, as the authorities took her out of the line for questioning.

Earlier in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, where Charlotte had been raped at the direction of British Intelligence, she had trouble exiting the country. She reported her rape to the woman who worked as a supervisor at the charitable organization that had sent her into harm's way, but the callous bitch pressured her to return to the village to work side by side with her assailant. Sensibly Charlotte refused. Then the police arrested her, held her in a cell, and accused her of being a spy. A family of Rhodesian planters helped her, so she could make it to the airport in Harare. There she got more runaround, and a customs official wrote numbers on her passport while he questioned her. Fortunately, my soon-to-be girlfriend spotted a black officer, who had fought in the Rhodesian African Rifles, side by side with the whites, in the Bush War. She demanded the man's assistance, and he took charge, retrieving her passport, as he helped her escape the country.

When Charlotte travelled to America with her defaced passport, the authorities stopped her at the border. The victim of a hypnotic suggestion, she had not erased the numbers pencilled in

Zimbabwe because no one should alter a passport. In Philadelphia, officials questioned her about these numbers, as they took her aside, asking the purpose of her trip. Even when she told them she was visiting her boyfriend, giving my family's address, the bureaucrats became more aggressive, asking whether she planned to marry me and stay in our country.

In those days, before the destruction of our liberties by the PATRIOT ACT, enacted following the false flag attacks on the World Trade Center, whose passage had earlier been attempted in connection with the false flag attack at Oklahoma City, inspired by the federal government's murder of civilians at Waco and Ruby Ridge, you could walk right up to an airport gate.

That's where I was waiting for Charlotte, patiently, as all the ticketholders and the entire complement of her flight passed through the gate. I was blissfully clueless, simply happy that my girlfriend would arrive, and slightly embarrassed by the humble nature of my home. We didn't live on a horse farm but only in a subdivision.

Trained as I was to seek out Playboy Magazine, especially at airport newsstands, before the arrival time I flipped through that month's issue. It was the best I had ever seen. In photograph after photograph, Kerri Kendall posed stark naked. She knew exactly what I wanted to see, and she was not coy.

Staring straight at the camera, her mouth slightly open, Kerri breathed sexual excitement. Her arms akimbo, elbows jutting out at her

sides, she stood, her legs straddled wide, while a series of triangles framed her privates. In the center of the frame, her furry rectangular bush did nothing to hide her engorged labia. Facing her I stood, breathing against her neck, her ear, her hair, kissing her gently, while my hands traced her sides and hips. My manhood pressed insistently, throbbing, against her vulva, and, finding her ready, I thrust easily, deep, inside her body. Warm and wet, her vagina gripped me, as we lost ourselves in ecstasy.

It was only one of several pictures to which I would later masturbate. Normally, I would search for reappearances of Playmates in the newsstand specials, hoping for a better shot, just for more, but with Miss Kendall there was no need to look past her original pictorial.

Recalling Sharry Konopski, she posed in an old-fashioned diner, boldly presenting her womanhood to the camera in a way not the slightest bit cheap or vulgar. Held open only by a single button to obscure her navel, her brown and grey floral print dress carelessly surrounded her bare heavy breasts, irregular in shape, topped with large dusky aureolæ encircling her small crimson nipples. Looking inquisitively, deep into my eyes, the achingly beautiful woman pulled aside the skirts of her frock and positioned her legs four times the width of her shoulders. Her bottom and her hands rested, pushing downward, on the steel counter, slightly supporting her weight, while she flexed her strong lean thighs, and a series of arcs, from the defined muscles of her hamstrings, quadriceps, and barely visible gluteus

culminated in the feminine curves of her woolly muff and her velvet labia. As I softly moved my neck against her chestnut hair, her oval face, her downy cheek, my left arm slipped up and under her dress, pressing my forearm against her back, gently to hold her opposite shoulder, while my right hand hefted her breast and my thumb stroked her aroused nipple. Downward I moved, kissing her chest for what seemed an eternity, while she fondled my head, caressing my hair, until, with a sudden motion, I grabbed her dress and tore it from her midriff. Just as fast I dropped to my knees. Still pulling at the flowery cotton, I began to nuzzle her womanhood, kissing, licking her hairy vulva, until, gently, my tongue parted her labia and I went to work on her erect clitoris.

In another photo, Kerri lay, her back against the counter, in revery—eyes closed, lips parted, teeth bared, her beautiful face surrounded by the halo of her thick wispy hair. Her forearm lifted one breast as she massaged the other. Her legs angled outward, while she lifted her pink silk skirt, adorned with blue flowers, and her hand poised, ready to descend. Gently she would trace her belly, her thighs, slowly working her way toward her womanhood, brushing against her bush, her vulva, and flitting away, barely touching the goose-fleshed skin of her body until her hand returned in earnest. Next to her I stood, my face gentle against hers, more breathing than kissing, while she squeezed her breast, her palm pressed against her furry mound, and her finger found her clitoris. More and more, faster and faster, she diddled

herself, and I began to kiss her passionately. Grabbing my wrist with her strong arm, quickly and forcefully, she placed my hand on her privates, and, finding her ready, I swept the counter clean in a clatter of dishes, moved her to its center, and mounted her body, gently, thoroughly, exploring her muscular vagina, warm and wet, with my now massive erection. Again and again, I brought my lady to climax, ploughing her land to fill her with my seed.

For years I did not look at Kerri Kendall because the scum would later take me from my bed, drugged and hypnotized, as they tried to put me on top of my teenage daughter. Lily's voice came through to me, plain and direct, in the fog, before they could accomplish anything.

Dad, I'm not Kerri Kendall.

And I snapped out of it. Later that night the child-molesting trash would move Lily to my brother, working to set her on top of him, while, under drugs and hypnosis, we enacted a scene in which she would sit on Santa's lap in a department store. Still, it didn't work, and I heard my brother hazily mumble an apology, referring to his longtime girlfriend,

Sorry, Lily, I thought you were Diane.

That's what the degenerates do to people, as they have destroyed sex, actual sex with women, along the lines of what you just read, for me, while every woman with whom I have ever coupled complimented me

for my sensitivity and my prowess, many saying I was their best, as we lay side by side in the afterglow.

Sadly, Miss Kendall's life, like her beauty, was ruined, and now I see signs of abuse even in her first Playboy appearance. In an old photo on the back of her centerfold, she hammed it up, in a bikini, crossing her eyes, but those eye movements are a dead give-away for cybernetic abuse. Her eyeballs looked slightly crooked, always a telltale sign of ocular implants, and she seemed dazed, an expression taken as sexy but indicating hypnotic trance. The small white cat with which she posed marked the Californian as a sex kitten.

These clues are not surprising given Miss Kendall's background. Growing up in San Diego, she must have been programmed at China Lake or a similar center. Playboy titled her photoset "Animal Attraction," a particularly obscene reference to the mating of women with chimps and dogs at such places. Miss Kendall's parents divorced when she was only three years old, breaking up her family, so she became more vulnerable. Before she reached the age of consent, Kerri posed, jailbait at fifteen, in the Miss Mission Beach Bikini Contest. She was the youngest contestant; and, although the judges refused to give her the title, two thousand spectators crowned her regardless, awarding her a trophy as the People's Choice. Two years later, a seasoned bikini competitor, she returned to win the title proper, as the crowd chanted her number. The prize? It wasn't a scholarship or even cash but rather an all-expense-paid trip to Jamaica, where the

seventeen-year-old stayed at the orgy-ridden resort: Hedonism II. In the following year, she did two contests a week all over San Diego. She had wanted to be a Playmate since she was six years old, and she had often dressed as a bunny for Halloween; so the day after she turned eighteen, the teenager hired a nude photographer so she could send pictures of her pussy to Playboy.

The rapist homosexual garbage that destroy our lives worked to make Miss Kendall unemployable, as she vaguely recalled her abuse. Kerri had a real job, too, one she could have kept. By her own account, she had the best boss in the world, while she pulled in a paycheck as a full-time receptionist in an out-patient emergency clinic. Using cybernetic implants and hypnotic suggestions, the scum hit her with a panic attack on her very first day.

The funny thing about that job is that I have a phobia about doctors' offices. The first time I had to go in while the doctor was with a patient, I just started swooning. You know that kind of sterilized, alcohol, people-in-Gumby-suits smell? It reminded me of when I was little and had to get vaccinations. I used to scream and hide under a counter for hours.

Miss Kendall had an awesome job, where her boss would happily give her days off, saying, "Take all the time you need. Have fun!" The trash destroyed this, and they put her on the street.

Notice how Miss Kendall felt disgust in a doctor's office, associating her body's shut-down with Gumby, a clay animation figure

parodied on Saturday Night Live. Cisco Wheeler, the grand-niece of General Earle Wheeler, Head of Joint Chiefs of Staff, describes sexual training named after the character.

The Gumby Programming is to make the slave think their body is like Gumby and is flexible to move into any position. The slave is repeatedly threatened with their life if they do not perform perfectly.

When a person tells a story about how she used to scream for hours after she was taken to the doctor, and she has a phobia of doctors, associating hospital smells with Gumby, when she grows up in a single-parent home, flaunting her sexuality to thousands of men at age fifteen, and when she cannot wait to pose nude for millions of other strangers, the probability of her abuse under MK-ULTRA skyrockets.

Poor Kerri said she didn't know whether she would be a housewife or a movie star, but she was determined to have fun. Thinking, like me, that her life would magically work out, the pretty teenager didn't have a care in the world.

I used to get nervous wondering about the future, but I don't bother with getting nervous anymore. Whatever happens, I know that I'll have some laughs.

Elsewhere she spoke of her dangerous habit of slipping from reality into trance.

In junior high and high school, my nickname was Dreamer, believe it or not. Because I'm constantly, well, I'm constantly daydreaming, always staring out the window, or dazing off, or I guess fantasizing about where else I could be besides school or anywhere. I can just block anything out with a daydream....

Were it not for her entrained tendency to dissociate, this young lady could have used her job, with her cool boss, to find a good husband—a doctor, technician, male nurse, or even a patient. Someone must have wanted not only to fuck, but to marry, this friendly, if dumb, hotbody.

As she wasted her chance, CIA isolated the beautiful lady, who, although fun, pleasant, and unpretentious, had trouble making friends with other women.

"It's hard to make friends with girls when you look the way I do," says Kerri, who calls herself a loner. "Women get very competitive around me. The minute they see me, they assume that I'm trying to steal their boyfriends. At parties, I usually end up hanging out with the guys, because the girls won't talk to me. Sometimes I feel like shouting, 'Don't be mad at me! I'm just *talking to 'em.*'"

That's how they want it. The scum keep us apart, just as they strove to isolate me and my friends at Pomona College.

If my daughter reads any part of this series, I hope it includes not only those that express my love for her, and record our happy and wonderful memories, but also the object lesson of Miss

Kendall's life. Like Miss Kendall, Lily's mother is a bikini contestant who studied at cosmetology school, where she learned to be a hairdresser, and she came from a broken home. She was entrained at the near-death trauma programming center in College Park at the University of Maryland. Thanks to the family courts of Virginia, my daughter now lives away from her father's family, cared for by a member of the International Bikini Team who has been arrested for child abuse, drunkenly hitting and biting our daughter, before she called the cops on her own mother. Meanwhile our daughter's grades flounder, although she once got straight A's as she studied in the gifted programs of two different schools. That's what the scum do to pretty girls, and that's what happens when you don't take things seriously.

It didn't take long for Miss Kendall's life to go down the drain. Only six years after she posed, personal problems overwhelmed this victim. Desperate, she sold all her things, and she travelled to Europe. Programmed further by the Tavistock Institute, the young lady flew to England, of all places, before she landed in the Canary Islands, the scene of the 1967 MK-ULTRA classic, The Prisoner. There she lived in her car, sleeping rough on the beach where any passerby could rape her, as she eked out a living by selling trinkets to tourists. One wonders how often she sold her body just for a meal.

Once Miss Kendall was the hottest thing going, but she quickly became a total skank, returning to America where she modelled in increasingly disgusting photographs that appeared on the internet.

This from a lady who once said she could never dance topless. Her belly was tattooed, and her once beautiful and bushy privates were now waxed bare, like a child's, when her pubic hair did not appear oddly coiffed, shorn in strange patterns. As Cathy O'Brien recounts, razors are often applied to the genitals of victims, so it troubled me deeply to see Miss Kendall next to a can of shaving cream. Posing nude with a dead-eyed lesbian who sported a cheap dye-job, Miss Kendall revealed her now hairless poontang in a bathtub that makes me feel dirty just to look at it. Elsewhere she grimaced while a pallid lesbo painfully cinched her once beautiful body into a black leather corset, grabbing her from behind as a prelude, no doubt, to whipping her ass red and fucking her diseased cunt with a strap-on dildo. In other scenes Miss Kendall wore the mask of an Illuminist, the long shiny black leather gloves and stiletto-heeled whore boots of a dominatrix, or a thick slave's collar hooked to a steel chain, on which she pulled senselessly against her body, while wire dangled from her pierced breasts. As only a small part of the horror show, the slag, adorned with hoop earrings, mauled her own teats and licked her nipples with her lizard-like tongue. This is some of the cleaner filth purveyed on the internet to which Playboy can lead you.

Since Kerri Kendall wanted to have fun, she partied at Las Vegas, home to losers, pimps, and hookers, and at the Playboy Mansion, in the Grotto, where swingers exchanged bodily fluids underwater.

There she posed, nude, next to Verne Troyer, who played MiniMe amid the shit splatter, piss jokes, and vulgarity of Austin Powers, a film in which people laughed because a beautiful woman had to fuck the disgustingly obese and unwashed Fat Bastard. A teddy bear covered her pussy, while she flashed Illuminati handsigns and a fat bald shirtless midget leered at her tits.

Kerri's partner, MiniMe, hailed from the mind control hub of Michigan, born on New Year's, dead on the First of Spring, in what a coroner ruled suicide, doubtless due to a soul contract. Earlier Troyer was hospitalized for alcoholism, while a sex tape of his tiny body, shagging Ranae Shrider, made the rounds. Standing almost a yard tall, the drunkard met his young girlfriend, twice his size, where? You guessed it. The Playboy Mansion.

But why did I fix on Kerri Kendall the day I picked Charlotte up? Did the scum actually think I would conflate Kerri with Charlotte? The two women had nothing in common, bearing no physical resemblance, and coming from different backgrounds. Kerri's body fired my lust, but her high school pictures looked extremely plebeian, and I could not imagine having a conversation with her. Aside from her magnificent figure, what struck me then was Kerri's age. For the first time, I desired a Playmate younger than I, and I noticed it. Theoretically, someone like Kerri was attainable; but I had the woman I loved in Charlotte.

I did not purchase the magazine, which oddly turned up not once but twice after my chance to buy it passed. Aside from the Druuna comic that landed on Scott's desk, on only two occasions in college did I look at erotica around another person. When we travelled back to the ranch to ski that spring, we bought a Playboy and a Penthouse for the cabin. The other time was September of my senior year. Then I paged through Kerri's pictorial as I visited Mike Brown, the boyfriend of Lynn Krieger, whom I had nearly ravished freshman year. During my four years of college, I stopped by Mike's room exactly two times—once when my friends got in trouble for singing rude songs and twice when I found Miss Kendall waiting for me. After this happened, Kerri appeared again, unseasonably, at the gas station in Claremont. Playboy always moved off the shelf at the end of the month, replaced by the next issue; but this time, and this time only, that magazine remained available for longer. Surprized and delighted not to have lost the opportunity, I bought the centerfold after Charlotte left for England, but I never sought out a younger woman.

Suggestions bounced off, right and left, as I made love to Charlotte and felt lust for Playmates. Before I left England, at the farm, I had a single Playboy in the zippered compartment of my suitcase, to which I occasionally masturbated between bouts of heavy petting with my girlfriend.

In a pictorial titled "Action Jackson," recalling a movie I had skipped class to see with Tre, Scott, and Noah freshman year, an older

woman, Jacqueline Sheen, appeared. Miss Sheen rode horses, skied on snow, and water-skied barefoot. When she posed on a sailboat for Playboy, she was the only one who didn't get seasick. She had a healthy relationship with her parents, and any man would feel like a king by her side. This strong beautiful woman wanted to save the environment, while she dreamt of a photo safari in Africa and hoped to scuba dive with dolphins. She liked to end her day with a sunset waterski before a glass of wine in the hot tub and a supper cooked on the grill. She'd had a bunch of crazy pets including a chimpanzee, a pig, a lamb, a parrot, crocodiles, and rabbits. At only seventeen, her friend encouraged her to pose as a centerfold; but, unlike Kerri Kendall, who burned out, she waited. Twenty-seven-year-old Jackie Sheen posed for Playboy while working as a successful saleswoman.

Unlike the pathetic Miss Kendall, Miss Sheen capitalized on her appearance in Playboy, taking Los Angeles by storm. After a whirlwind courtship, she married the owner of an art gallery in Beverly Hills. The marriage took place on a boat off Saint-Tropez, but I was impressed more with the trip to Mexico that preceded it. Before they married, both Miss Sheen and her beloved were struck with Montezuma's Revenge. Doubtless the immature morons at CIA, who love to use cybernetics to make people shit their pants, caused this unfortunate incident in an attempt to sabotage a budding relationship. The scum are shallow, so they must have thought that a week of shared diarrhea in a closed space would turn off the would-be lovers. Instead,

the couple laughed it off, growing closer, as they took turns on the toilet, just as my girlfriend, Charlotte, and I would double up with laughter when we were both stricken with gas. Despite the agency's efforts to trip her up, the indomitable Miss Sheen continued unabated, taking a trip to Japan, and dialing Playboy from the carphone of her BMW, as she house-hunted in Malibu. To keep the money coming in, the blonde adventurer landed a series of small rôles in movies, t.v. shows, and commercials, when she wasn't showing off her figure on the covers of fitness magazines and posters. As a wedding present, Jacqueline's new husband treated her to the photo safari she had always wanted. I wonder if she went to South Africa.

Just as our programmers had pushed bondage through my old girlfriend, Wendy Johnson, when, at her request, I tied her hands to the bed, and we made love, they tried again through Miss Sheen. Here they led me to rape fantasies but with limited success. Thoughts, feelings, or actions leading to rape would never go to Charlotte or to any woman who encountered me; but, just as they had finally led me to dreams of extortive sex with brunette Playmates like Petra Verkaik and Tawnni Cable, now they could send me to light bondage with a fighting blonde. This bore no correspondence to my beloved. Charlotte had brown hair, but, had she been fair, it wouldn't have mattered. There was no way I was going to tie my girlfriend up or do anything—aside from teasing, sarcasm, or mockery—that would lead to her discomfort.

Jacqueline Sheen's photographer, Stephen Wayda, thought she made too many frowny faces, an unusual quality in a Playmate, but I loved it.

Standing naked on a wooden sailboat, Jackie glared, tangled in colored polyester double-braid running rigging, around her wrist and clenched fist, across her strong tan stomach and her round womanly hip, and down between her lower thighs clamped in defense. Next to the mast she stood, her arm draped around a wooden spar, or was it a spreader, a net stretched behind her at the bow. There I tied her wrists, before I plundered her body.

Rolling like the sea, fighting back and forth, we wrestled. Gripping her in a bear hug, my hands explored her muscular form, while I enjoyed my prize. My opponent kicked her legs furiously, and she kneed me hard in the balls. Grunting with pain, I backed off, catching my breath, knowing she had nowhere to go. As long as her wrists were tied, she could not dive off the boat. Frantically struggling, the naked beauty sought to free herself from her bonds; but I renewed my attack, forcing her legs apart, brushing my throbbing erection ineptly against her dark blonde bush, tight with thick curls, until I entered her. Jackie fought to get away, screaming, her cries punctuating my attack.

Rape! Rape! Rape!

You bastard, you are raping me!

Let me go, God damn you!

Let me go!!!

Brutishly I mastered her battling body, as I took Miss Sheen against her will. The blonde wildcat hissed, cursed, and spit, biting my cheek, and drawing blood. Manhandling her statuesque physique, thrusting between her thighs, I could care less. I wanted her strong, and I respected her fight, seeking not to diminish this excellent lady but only to take otherwise unattainable pleasure. Feeling the grip of her muscly womanhood, surprizingly wet, I enjoyed her body.

My enemies had made some progress, but nothing like what they wanted. As I lay in bed, or sneaked off to the farm's bathroom, tracing my fingers over my chest, my belly, grabbing my balls, and gripping, stroking, my johnson, it did not resemble the forgotten scenes from Danger Island to which they programmed me. I was taking a blonde by force on a boat, but there were significant differences. This was a woman, not a teenager, we had the cutter to ourselves, and the heroic lady did not fear me, nor did I seek to harm her. Rather she hated my passion and my lack of restraint.

In another favorite shot, Jacqueline stood defiant, naked but for a faded blue shirt, rolled up at its loose sleeves, hanging open at her sides. After I boarded her ship, I had forced a landing on the verdant shore. Contemptuous, the woman I made to strip stood before me, her proud body on display, her white breasts freed from her bikini, tanlines

accentuating her hourglass figure, slim-waisted but strong. Her feet planted firmly, her legs wide, at my command, she looked on me with disdain. Scornfully she suffered my gaze. I had her naked, where I wanted her, the island to ourselves, where I would take her, again and again, rolling on the earth, riding her on all fours, pulling her body down to straddle mine. I had ravished her, exquisitely, on the boat, and now I was really going to fuck her good. There was no hurry. The muscles of her body felt cold from the salty water, warm from the tropical sun, and a landward breeze kissed her skin, lifting her hair gently as she stared at me with hatred. After an eternity, glaring, the amazon snarled, expecting to be taken,

What do you want now, you pig!

From our earlier encounters, the lady captain could imagine my hands, my mouth, on her chest, sucking her nipples, grabbing her rack, pulling her hair, as my balls, blue with want, grazed against her wool, my thing, painfully hard, bounced against her strong muscled thighs, her flat round belly, before I took her again, standing, face to face, raping her savagely, to fill her womb with seed.

That would come, but first I forced the spitfire to her knees, pressing my manhood, engorged and throbbing, against her breasts, her throat, her face. Gently I pulled and twined her hair, as she fellated me until I could hold back no more. With a cry, I exploded inside her mouth, pumping sperm, wave after wave, against her tonsils and down

her throat. Lost in ecstasy, I threw my head back, gazing up at the blue sky, pulling the lady's flaxen hair, as she tried to escape, holding her firm as she swallowed. With a gasp, Miss Sheen broke free. Spitting and cursing, the affronted woman spluttered,

How dare you do that to me!

To me this was foreplay, and we were just getting started. Grabbing the cotton fabric of her shirt, I pulled her body against my manhood, thrusting against her ribs, while she struggled to break free. My massive organ slapped against her heaving breasts, furiously moving against her straining throat, her outraged face, and down over her magnificent chest, until I painted the snarling beauty with my semen, shooting arc after arc, white, against her flushed rosy cheeks, her shocked blue eyes, and her damp blonde hair.

Now I would take her on the ground, pressing her straining back, her muscular bottom, against the grassy sand of our island.

Countless hours would pass before the buccaneer bellatrix wore me out. I fell asleep, exhausted from ravishing the beautiful woman, again and again, over and over, several times in every one of my favorite positions. As I snored, bruised from our fight, Miss Sheen would steal our dingy, rowing back to the ship, full of hard earned treasure, pieces of eight—or was it cash and cocaine—sailing off into the sunset.

She left me marooned with happy memories. I sincerely wished her well, as I dreamed not only of our past encounters but her new life. It was worth it for both of us—but first Jackie was my pirate queen, and I would have my way with her.

Of course, all this was merely fantasy, and even as the idiots pushed rape, it became only an indignity for an imaginary partner to suffer. My worst fantasy would never involve hurting or humiliating a woman, in any way, but only making her do something she didn't want. I committed a crime of passion, and my opponent fought me. Doing so, an unreal woman lost nothing but the temporary use of her body.

That would soon go away—but not for good. Even before I consciously came to grips with the horror of rape, particularly with respect to Charlotte's abuse in Zimbabwe, I would forgo my dreams of sensually attacking Miss Sheen. No sooner did my enemy gain an advantage than they blew it, losing ground. They must have pushed something that caused me to spit out their suggestion. I would forget Jacqueline Sheen as soon as I found Kerri Kendall, and there was nothing snarly about her. Six years would pass until I had another rape fantasy, or rather till one took me, and that would come only through comics.

My programmers also tried to use literature to interest me in rape. For this they enlisted a deeply mind-controlled professor whom they managed to turn against me.

Edward Copeland taught English Novel I. We started with Moll Flanders by Daniel Defoe, about a prostitute. Then we read Pamela by Samuel Richardson, which concerned the comedic near-rape of the heroine, in contradistinction to Clarissa, Richardson's novel in which the title character is violated. We read Joseph Andrews by Henry Fielding with its string of narrowly avoided rape attempts against Fanny Goodwill, whose first name indicates a woman's privates. Then there was Evelina by Fanny Burney, where, during the protagonist's visit to the Marylebone pleasure garden, she is attacked by a drunken sailor and accosted by a gang of rowdies, threatened with rape, before a group of prostitutes saves her. To top it all, we read The Monk by Matthew Lewis, involving pregnant nuns, rapist priests, cross-dressing, sex with dying women who posed for portraits of the Virgin Mary, bloody sheets, drugs, murders, forced marriages, witchcraft, voyeurism, soul contracts, dungeons, poisons, torture, incest, and satanism.

In Copeland's class, the only book I liked was Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen. This showed tension between Fitzwilliam Darcy and Elizabeth Bennet, although respect characterized their relationship, and there was never threat of sexual assault. I could relate to Miss Bennet, since I felt I had some déclassé relatives whom I hoped my English lover would overlook. Charlotte's mother, Mrs. Large, knew I liked Austen; so she gave me a musty and battered hardback copy of Sense and Sensibility. I treasured the book, as I enjoyed Austen's wit, not unlike the repartee within my circle. Over time I would learn

common sense, but for a while sensibility, the masturbatory cultivation of emotional states, overtook me.

Not only did the woman-hating psycho, Edward Copeland, give me a B+ in his class, unheard of since I graduated Phi Beta Kappa, but he turned on me in my interviews for the Marshall Scholarship. At one point I mentioned a performance of The Good Person of Szechuan, which I had seen at the National Theatre. His response was to say, redundantly, that he found it puerile and jejune. His behavior was so rude and so aggressive that one of the other members of the panel later apologized to me, unprompted, at a cocktail party.

The Marshall Scholarship was a total joke. Like the Rhodes, it's supposed to be for future leaders, and I suppose a few smart people may actually win it. I admire Dr. Naomi Wolf, who wrote The End of America, Give Me Liberty, and The Beauty Myth, and who spoke against the power grab inherent in the Green New Deal proposed by Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez. She won the Rhodes, so there are probably a few others. However, rapist shitboys like Slick Willy Clinton, whom they made president of the United States, show what the thing is really about.

At Cambridge, there was a fellow called Jack, from Princeton, who won the Marshall Scholarship. He studied international relations, PPH, or a similar subject, obviously destined for work in the State Department. This spoiled brat looked ridiculous even to us. In

Paris, I saw him address a waiter in rapid English and become infuriated when the man could not understand him.

I had another window into the Rhodes Scholarship through my work for Thomas Pinney, who became my third advisor since the others kept going on sabbatical. Another Yale who was actually a good guy, Pinhead wrote A History of Wine in America, and he edited and published Rudyard Kipling's letters. I took his course English Novel II, which contained absolutely no perversion, and he agreed to do a private tutorial with me on Victorian poetry. Every week, we would meet in his office where we would discuss Arnold, Browning, Tennyson, and Hardy. He wrote me solid references through which I got a spot at both the University of Chicago, where my sister-in-law's family endowed the library, and the University of Virginia, to which he directed me. For Professor Pinney, I worked as a research assistant, transcribing Kipling's letters. Kipling was a freemason, who wrote works like "The Man Who Would Be King," not to mention his description of a memory exercise connected to spywork in Kim; so it's no surprise he sat on the board for the Rhodes Scholarship. In one of his letters, I read his rejection of an applicant solely because he found the young man's penmanship too feminine. That was probably the result of hypnotic suggestion. The writer was not evil, and they killed his son in the First World War. Later, as I faced the rape of my beloved Charlotte in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, I understood the pain, grief, and rage—pure hatred—that Rudyard Kipling felt.

I wanted to win the Marshall Scholarship only so I could live in the same country as my girlfriend. I had loved Pomona before, but now I wanted only to be done. Charlotte and I wrote letters every week. Sunday nights for me, Monday mornings for her, we spoke on the telephone, through the international operator, pausing after utterances because of the sound lag. In the kitchen of Overtown Farm, I had offered to give up my career as an academic, forgoing graduate school, so we could marry; but Charlotte would have none of it. In the end, I gave up teaching for the law only to return to teaching, never to get tenure, so I got neither the girl nor the job. Now I wish I had stayed in England, following the completion of my bachelor's degree, and worked illegally, until I won her hand. Then I wrongly listened to my lady love. Today I tell my students, marry as soon as you find the right person. Don't wait.

Meanwhile, the imbeciles continued to think that Beethoven connected with rape, drawing on Stanley Kubrick's obscene Clockwork Orange. The day I felt the sudden mysterious attraction to Kerri Kendall, picking Charlotte up at the airport, I played Herbert von Karajan on the record player. My girlfriend loved the Ninth Symphony, which we experienced as the triumph of the human spirit. At the premier, as the great composer, deaf from abuse, conducted, reaching the end, he turned around to see, not hear, the thunderous standing ovation with which the world welcomed the birth of his masterpiece.

Later that year I bought a Playboy, featuring Morgan Fox. The aptly named Miss Fox was magnificent. Fit and strong, she worked as a personal trainer, exercising hard with weights, machines, and bicycles. She grew up in British Columbia, where she earlier roped steers and barrel-raced in local rodeos, and she still rode horses. Since she skied slalom, her pictorial featured her jumping downhill in a squat, arms outstretched, a cloud of powder at her feet. Unzipping her ski suit to reveal her perfectly upturned breasts, perched on her ribcage, she hopped into the jacuzzi, stretching her lanky muscled frame, tanned all over, happy to reveal her blonde furry bush. This lady liked to eat sushi and ride her motorcycle, and she disliked rudeness and environmental pollution. No party girl, she had a conservative outlook, like Patty Duffek, preferring a good old-fashioned date, dinner and a movie, with her man. The man she sought looked into her eyes and found out who she was—not just what she looked like. I hope she found that man, but I doubt it. Still I was happy to see pictures of this really cool lady, recently, fit as ever, riding horses at stables she owns in the beautiful Northwest.

Morgan Fox was all woman. I should have gone to her—but I didn't. Why? Since Miss Fox was perfect in every way, why on earth would I feel something was wrong? Why did I not want to fantasize about her?

The answer was simple. My programmers had sought to conflate my friend from Cambridge, Tanya Bodell, with both Morgan

Fox and Jackie Sheen. Tanya was in the same small freshman sponsor group as Lynn Krieger and Lilith von Foerster, as their rooms had earlier overlooked ours in the vulnerable courtyard. They wanted me to invite Tanya skiing with us to the ranch—although Scott wouldn't even allow Noah to bring his girlfriend and we stayed at a place with no hot tub.

Just as Patty Duffek came from Woodland Hills, California, where the satanic shit abused Susan Ford, and Laura Richmond came from Fort Dix, New Jersey, an hour south of the luciferian town in which they molested me, Morgan Fox grew up in Kamloops, British Columbia, where the royal family raped and murdered children.

Sometimes the Illuminati hush up these crimes by brainwashing people, but at others their approach is more forceful. Vivian Cunningham, of the Irish Guards, was drugged and institutionalized against his will, just as I would be later when I woke up to the reality of MK-ULTRA. As noted in Humans Are Free,

Cunningham's 'crime' was daring to ask superiors about Queen Elizabeth's outstanding arrest warrant. The order to arrest Queen Elizabeth was issued in 2013 by six judges of the International Common Law Court of Justice in Brussels. After nearly a year of litigation, Queen Elizabeth and her husband, Prince Philip, were found guilty in the disappearance of ten native children from the Catholic-run Kamloops residential school in British Columbia. Grieving parents haven't seen their children since they left for a picnic with the royal couple on October 10, 1964.

As my friend Andrea Davison, formerly of British Intelligence, a brave Englishwoman who blew the whistle on arms deals and child abuse, told me, the royal deception runs deep. It's hard to investigate any organized crime syndicate without finding links to the royals. My girlfriend's grandfather, Lieutenant Colonel William Brown, OBE, used to say, "You can't be that rich and not be crooked."

The royal family, like the Bushes, are satanists pure and simple. Humans Are Free reported an international trial on the Ninth Circle, a satanic cult that hunts and molests naked children, as Cathy O'Brien and her daughter were hunted and raped by Dick Cheney, former vice president of the United States, and Kris Kristofferson, Rhodes Scholar and Old Pomonan. As reported there,

A court document had been filed indicating that in January 2012 UK Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby acted under the direction of Queen Elizabeth to destroy forensic remains of a Ninth Circle Satanic Cult child homicide. Two eyewitnesses have testified that as children they were present during this same murder of a native child. The satanic rite evidently occurred in a sub-basement catacomb under the west wing of the Canadian Branton Ontario Mohawk Indian residential school. The two eyewitnesses alleged that they saw a young girl being bound to an altar. The five or six year-old child was gagged, repeatedly raped, killed, disemboweled and dismembered. Her blood was consumed by nine red-robed

figures that included a member of the British Royal Family.

I wouldn't believe it myself unless I also witnessed the abuse of my loved ones. Certainly, the royals have the power not only to commit but also to conceal these horrible crimes.

Similar atrocities occurred at Manhattan Beach, where Scott, Noah, Britton, and I would often go for a day trip.

The conspiracy was exposed in part by Ted Gunderson, who served as Special Agent for the FBI from 1951 to 1979. In 1960, he was promoted to supervisor at FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C., in charge of organized crime and racketeering investigations covering twenty-six field offices nationwide. Following the assassination of President Kennedy, he was re-assigned to Special Inquiry White House Matters at FBI Headquarters. In 1965 he was promoted to Assistant Special Agent-In-Charge of Internal Security and Anti-Terrorism of the New Haven, Connecticut, Field Office. In 1970 he was promoted to Assistant Special Agent-In-Charge of the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Field Office. On July 12, 1972, he negotiated successfully with hijackers of National Airlines Flight 496 for the release of 119 passengers at the Philadelphia International Airport. In 1973, he was promoted to Chief Inspector at FBI Headquarters. He also served as Special Agent-In-Charge of the Memphis and Dallas Field Offices, and he was the Senior Special Agent-In-Charge of the Los Angeles Field Division from 1977 to 1979.

Following Special Agent Gunderson's retirement, he continued his lifetime of public service in a campaign to expose rogue elements operating within the United States government, financed by international criminal operations involving gambling, drugs, illegal surveillance, gang-stalking, prostitution, child abuse, rape, kidnapping, and human trafficking. As this American hero testified, a child will sell at a covert auction for up to fifty thousand dollars.

MK-ULTRA, PROJECT MONARCH, and the ECHELON PROGRAM are some of the black operations run by CIA and NSA against which Special Agent Gunderson fought. As he wrote,

These make the FBI's former COINTELPRO program, which I worked on, including in a supervisory capacity, look like a Sunday school program.

In his fight, Ted Gunderson exposed criminal operations like the Seekers, which abuse children in satanic rituals, as they continue to kidnap and rape American children every day.

Special Agent Gunderson concluded that tens of thousands of children or teenagers disappear from their homes every year. Some say the number of victims is closer to one hundred thousand per annum. Still, it's hard to make an accurate estimate. As Ted Gunderson observed, the FBI does not keep a tally.

The FBI has an accurate count of the number of automobiles stolen every year. It knows the number of homicides, rapes, and robberies, but

the FBI has no idea of the number of children who disappear every year.

They simply do not ask for the statistics.

Every month, every major police department in the United States files its uniform crime statistics with the FBI.

It would be simple for the bureau to add one more column to the statistics and get a breakdown of every reported case of missing children--not to even mention children who are kidnapped for ritualistic purposes, and, in some cases, murdered.

I am convinced that the FBI does not ask for these statistics because they do not want to see them. They would be confronted with an instant public outcry for action, because the figures would show a major social problem.

That problem would demand action.

As Ted Gunderson also spoke against chemtrails, the false flag bombing of the World Trade Center on 911, and other conspiracies, it is easy to see why the CIA poisoned him.

Before his murder, Special Agent Gunderson worked to expose the satanic ritual abuse of more than four hundred and sixty toddlers at the McMartin Preschool at Manhattan Beach, where my friends and I swam, clewless, and innocently sunbathed. Parents filed

an equal number of complaints with the local police department. Along with two other preschools and one babysitting service, the school was the center of an enormous child prostitution and pornography ring. Calling this the satanic panic, deriding the stories of victims, cover-up agents in the government, the press, and the psychological establishment hid the truth.

As Sergeant Beth Dickerson of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department wrote to Agent Kenneth Lanning at the FBI Academy's Behavioral Sciences Unit in Quantico, Virginia, the scale of the crimes at Manhattan Beach was immense.

Four hundred children were evaluated by therapists at Children's Institute International. All interviews were videotaped and three hundred and fifty children disclosed sexual misbehavior. Children's Institute International determined,

A full eighty percent displayed physical symptoms, including vaginal or rectal scarring, anal bleeding, painful bowel movements, and the "anal wick reflex" associated with violent penetration.

Stories were remarkably consistent, and older witnesses who had attended these schools corroborated the children's damning accounts.

The victims named seven teachers, of whom six were women, that molested them. Prosecutors charged those seven with over two hundred counts of child molestation, they named thirty others still uncharged, and they referred to many unidentified strangers.

Sexual abuse occurred at school grounds, a local market, churches, a mortuary, various homes, a farm, a doctor's office, other preschools, and unknown locations. The children said the criminals made them drink a red or pink liquid that made them sleepy. They were pimped out to local citizens. The scum raped and sodomized the toddlers with sticks, urinated and defecated on them, sacrificed animals, and photographed them nude. The satanists donned black robes, formed circles around their innocent victims, and chanted. Police seized a robe matching this description from a defendant, and they found seventy-seven animal bones buried at the school.

The McMartin Preschool was only part of it. At the Manhattan Ranch Preschool, sixty other children named six additional suspects, and the school's head, Virginia McMartin, travelled worldwide as a preschool consultant, visiting New Zealand, Australia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and England.

District Attorney Ira Reiner was only one of several criminals that betrayed the public trust and covered up these inhuman atrocities. Prosecutors had more than a hundred child witnesses as old as eleven and a truckload of medical reports bearing documentation of scarred genitals and anuses. The judge who presided over more than a year of pre-trial testimony ruled the state had more than enough evidence to go to trial. At this point, without explanation, Reiner dismissed two prosecutors, and he dropped all charges against five of the seven McMartin defendants.

The children said a complex of tunnels ran under the preschools, reminiscent of those under the Playboy Mansion, which stands only seventeen miles away. The District Attorney said there were no tunnels, but the parents commissioned a separate investigation led by Dr. Gary Stickel, a highly regarded archaeologist recommended to them by the Chair of the Interdisciplinary Program of the Archeology Department at UCLA. Dr. Stickel found two complexes of tunnels, dug by hand after the construction of the preschool, that matched the children's descriptions. Although Dr. Stickel's team made a detailed report, complete with photographs and maps, the prosecution refused to use it, and the press refused to report it.

At least three dozen suspects independently identified by numerous witnesses were never indicted at all. One of these was a man named Robert Winkler, who was arrested in neighboring Torrance, California, and charged with running a baby-sitting service out of the Coco Palms Motel. Recognizing him, the children called Winkler the Wolfman, but California did not charge him in the McMartin case. Immediately before a separate trial, Winkler died of a drug overdose.

Judy Johnson, the first McMartin parent to lodge a complaint, never delivered her scheduled testimony. This brave mother received frequent threats before her death, as the defense attorneys smeared her character. Her body was found sprawled naked on the floor of her home.

At Hermosa Beach, which we also visited to swim and sunbathe, Paul Bynum, a police officer hired by parents as a private investigator, died from a gunshot wound on the eve of his scheduled testimony, as the CIA suicided him.

My college buddies knew none of this. In the morning, we would pack into Scott's pick-up truck, several riding in the back, and Scott driving next to the person to have first called shotgun. At the beach, we would swim, jog, and soak in the sun.

I refused to invite Tanya, although my programmers urged me to do so, as they arranged correspondences in Playboy. Tanya was a dead ringer for Lisa Matthews, a blonde Playmate who appeared in the issue I bought when I left the Angels behind in Devon, the one that did not interest me. A year later, Miss Matthews resurfaced as Playmate of the Year, and she acquired a strange fascination for me, as I gazed with lust on her tan naked body, her furry bush framed by womanly hips, the Pacific Ocean crashing against the strand on which we stood, while earlier the periodical had mentioned her skis, a prop that stood in her bedroom next to posters by Matisse and Van Gogh. Lisa Matthews came from Malibu, and Tanya came from Laguna Niguel—you know, where Marilyn Lange, the Playmate of the Year, who was brainwashed at my soccer camp, a disguised programming center, posed for her centerfold? Still, my classmate would not visit the beach with us any more than we would ski the slopes of Montana or I would mountaineer with her in Wales.

So the would-be puppeteers found a way around—only to be blocked again.

Tanya, who had earlier dated Peter Stafford, the Irishman for whom I had acquired a sudden and mysterious aversion, was now hooked up with a fraternity brother of Scott Patten, John Swain, my former nextdoor neighbor with whom I had spent little time two years before but now with whom I suddenly found myself hanging out, as he adopted a stray ancient dog whom we called Growler. John would later earn a master's at Columbia, as he went on to serve as athletic director, dean of students, assistant headmaster, and head of the ceramics program at Cate. Now he spends his free time reading, making furniture, and riding his motorcycle, but then he did not join us at the beach.

Scott did invite this excellent fellow, and he could have brought others in his car, a jalopy through whose floorboards one could see the road below, once pulled over by a police officer who burst out laughing when John told him his trip was more than one hundred miles in length, telling him to get out of his district as he wished him luck.

They were working to move me and Tanya together, just as they wanted her to return to Cambridge with me and Robert Goff for the coming May Ball Season, while Peter Bacon visited her family in California, doubtless prepared to put her up for free in England; but when Scott invited the happy couple, her man declined, saying,

Frankly, I don't want you guys looking at my girlfriend in a bikini.

Meanwhile I sat awkward by, as John and Tanya engaged in argument about whether I was a snob and how well they each knew me. The enemy was going for another love triangle, as they sought to drive Tanya through John to me.

At the shore, we never sought out women as our programmers hoped, nor did we engage in the depravity our music suggested.

From my childhood, I associated the beach with Led Zeppelin, a project in satanic mind control if there ever was one. Still I had no idea what was going on. Not realizing that much of their music was plagiarized, I simply enjoyed listening to them, particularly songs like "The Ocean," which seemed to celebrate the singer's love for his daughter. I regarded the music as primal, but I had no idea what lay behind it.

Members of the band tried to gang-rape a journalist who interviewed them. As she covered the American tour for Life Magazine, Ellen Sander was foolish enough to think the scum would respect her space. The last night of the tour, she stopped by the band's dressing room to say good-bye. There they attacked her, shrieking and grabbing her body, ripping her clothes, until she was rescued. Of her life with the band, Sander recalled cages at a zoo where "you get to smell the shit first-hand."

Peter Grant, the band manager who rescued Sander from attack, and Carmine Appice, the drummer for Vanilla Fudge, described

other sex crimes. Once Grant found a nude woman chained to a bed who told him, "Guys keep coming in and fucking me." Another time, the band stayed at the Edgewater Inn, on Elliot Bay, near the mind-control hub of Seattle. Some of the band members' wives were present, and guests could fish from their windows. There the trash stripped a young redhead naked, tied her to a bed, and began to whip her with a two-foot-long mud shark they had kept alive in their bathtub. Each time they swung it by the tail, its teeth ripped her skin to leave tiny blood-red scars over her back. Laughing, they proceeded to shove the thrashing animal inside her, filming all the while on a Super8 camera, since their victim had said she wanted to make a movie with them. Then they passed her to the roadies who gang-raped and abused their victim in increasingly horrific ways, butchering the shark, and stuffing pieces into her vagina and her rectum. That's their idea of what to do with a beautiful woman.

Some degenerate and misguided women signed up for this treatment. Pamela des Barres, known as Miss Pamela, led a group called Girls Together Outrageously, or the GTOs, who worked the scene in Los Angeles. At hotels like the Hyatt, renamed the Riot House, Cynthia Plaster Caster modelled their erect penises. While she gave a blowjob to Robert Plant, tour manager Richard Cole urinated on her. Bebe Buell told Playboy her time with Jimmy Page was a meeting of minds. As recounted in the magazine I once read, she felt Page's habit of "spewing

saliva” into her mouth during sex was “his way of putting some of himself in me.”

I wish Playboy had those kinds of articles in the eighties, not to mention the nude photos of ten-year-old Brooke Shields, because I would have seen the periodical for what it was—instead of reading shish kabob recipes, short stories, and party jokes while having almost entirely consensual fantasies about beautiful women whom I was stupid enough to believe posing empowered.

Meanwhile, on Led Zeppelin’s private jet, a Boeing 720 called the Starship, John “Beast” Bonham, who was too much even for the other degenerates in the band, raped the stewardesses. Once, in a Los Angeles bar, a woman looked his way. Apparently recognizing him, she smiled. The drummer walked across the room and punched her in the face. The Beast died the death he deserved. After drinking more than two bottles of vodka in twelve hours, he expired from pulmonary edema, his lungs waterlogged from the inhalation of his own rancid vomit.

Lead guitarist, Jimmy Paige, admired Aleister Crowley, collecting books and manuscripts on demonology, while he owned the satanic faggot’s home, Boleskine House. The band’s leader had his bodyguard kidnap fourteen-year-old Lori Mattix whom he kept under lock and key for two years while he had sex with the minor. Mattix, known as Lori Lightning, had made the rounds with her friend Sable Starr, who lost her virginity at twelve years old, so rockers called them

the Baby Groupies. Two years later, at age sixteen, Lori Lightning broke up with Jimmy Paige when she found him in bed with Playboy Playmate Bebe Buell, who “dated” rockstars like Mick Jagger, Iggy Pop, David Bowie, Elvis Costello, Todd Rundgren, and Steven Tyler.

In the years before the internet, we had no idea of what lay behind this group, nor did we have any idea of the dangers that faced us. While I was at Cambridge, and earthquakes shook the region, my friends went to the beach. Britton and Noah swam out, farther and farther into the Pacific; but only one had the strength to return. Local authorities had to send a helicopter to rescue Britton. He was lucky not to drown.

I thought of Led Zeppelin’s music in connection with Freud’s id, as I took a course, Psycho-Analysis and Politics, with Professor Michael Roth.

My advisor, Rena Fraden, recommended that I take a course with Professor Roth while she told me to avoid Professor Barnes. Professor Fraden earned her bachelor’s degree and her doctorate at Yale, where so many are abused. While she made excuses for the black rapist in Native Son, she served as our school’s “diversity officer.” A victim of white guilt, who ought to know better, Professor Fraden teaches classes and writes books on anything to do with black people. One of her books addresses the federal government’s financing of plays like The Voodoo MacBeth and The Swing Mikado produced by the Negro Units of the Work Progress Administration. Another concerns the Medea Project,

named after the woman who killed her children because her husband abandoned her. In the Medea Project, the suspiciously named Rhodessa Jones worked with female inmates after writing Big Butt Girls, Hard Headed Women.

As a dean at Trinity College, Professor Fraden established the Center for Urban and Global Studies—whatever that is—while she cut three million dollars from the academic budget. She built a sculpture studio where naïve people can pose naked and a neuroscience wing where evil doctors can implant their brains.

This deeply misguided but well meaning woman would be brainwashed to forget to write a reference for me, as I applied for the Honnold Scholarship. Fortunately, they told me; so, when I reached out to Professor Fraden, as she worked at home during her sabbatical, she rectified the matter. I won the scholarship possibly because, in her embarrassment, my former advisor wrote me an extra-glowing reference. Often that happens, as malevolent suggestions backfire. As I pray, kneeling in the Episcopal Church of the Advent or in the little chapel at Alvernia University,

Make their suggestions work in strange ways.

Let good grow from evil.

Still I cannot help but wonder how many other reference letters the trash influenced my teachers to forget, misplace, or qualify.

At Professor Fraden's suggestion, I enrolled in Michael Roth's class on psycho-analysis, where I was subjected to a barrage of jibberish.

I don't know where to start with Sigismund Schlomo Freud, who renamed himself Sigmund Freud, as he sought fame. (Honest: That's his middle name). Brainwashed by the Illuminati, Freud embraced first cocaine, then hypnotism, promoting them as cure-alls, before he found his ticket to success. Claiming that no one could psycho-analyze himself, Freud founded a new system based on his violation of this principle. He claimed that boys secretly wanted to fornicate with their mothers, that girls wanted to have penises, and that healthy women had the wrong kind of sexual climax. Freud made up the vaginal orgasm, as lacking in basis as the death wish he postulated; so he damaged the sexuality of any woman stupid enough to listen to him. Freud asserted that sculpture evolved from people playing with shit, that weaving came from women braiding their pubic hair, and that civilization derived from the ability not to piss on a fire. This is the father of modern psychology.

In Michael Roth's class, we read Freud's case studies. These included Dora, about Ida Bauer, whom Freud diagnosed with hysteria, a diagnostic category rejected even by the frauds that practice psychology today. That alleged disease—as phony as attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, split personality disorder, or fixed paranoid delusions—involved women with “sexually forward behavior” and “a tendency to

cause trouble for others.” Some women were put away by their families, just as CIA put me in a mental hospital, although I fear their stays exceeded mine. There, because doctors attributed hysteria to the malfunctioning of the womb, women were forced to endure involuntary hysterectomies, as surgeons cut out their uteruses, cervixes, ovaries, and fallopian tubes before throwing them out with the medical waste. Freud was progressive in that he did not advocate these methods, attributing hysteria to mysterious emotional causes from which he, too, claimed to suffer.

Freud was a step up from other psychologists—who wouldn’t be?—but he still didn’t get it. When Dora treated him like a wayward servant, giving him two weeks’ notice, he thought she was putting herself down. Puzzled by female desire and behavior, Freud asked,

Was will das Weib?

Most translate the question as “What do women want?” But Weib is mildly derogatory in German, and Freud was expressing frustration, so I think a better translation would be...

Dames—who knows what they want.

Freud sure didn’t. An older man sexually assaulted Dora, planting an unwanted kiss on her, so she slapped his face. Her own father did not believe her story, and he insisted that she go into psycho-analysis

because she reported the insult. Likewise, when I reported sexual assault, the Avondale Police Department sent me to the lunatic asylum. Freud believed his patient, but he insisted that Dora must have found the attack sexually exciting.

Another of Freud's case studies, Analysis of a Phobia in a Five-Year-Old Boy, concerned Little Hans or Herbert Graf. Freud encouraged Little Hans's mother and father, and many other parents, to collect information about the sexual life of their toddler. Little Hans was afraid of horses, so Freud labelled him as a neurotic who suffered from "equinophobia." Hans's father attributed his fear to "sexual over-excitement caused by his mother's caresses" in addition to interest in the large penises of horses. Freud did not reject this explanation, but he postulated that his five-year-old victim was really scared by the arrival of his younger sister and his curiosity as to where babies come from. Freud went on to explain Hans's fear by claiming that the five-year-old wanted to replace his father as his mother's sexual partner and that he feared his father would castrate him for this desire, while he had mixed feelings about masturbation. As things degenerated, Little Hans became preoccupied with excrement, while Freud and his father encouraged him to associate childbirth with shit. Little Hans saw many Freudian therapists following his interviews with the master until the truth came out: The boy had been scared by a horse.

Soaring high on LSD, locked in a ward, and prey to abuse under MK-ULTRA, Ken Kesey said,

IT'S THE DOCTORS WHO ARE CRAZY....

This thought never seemed to occur to our professor, Michael Roth, himself a victim of MK-ULTRA, who penned books like Memory, Trauma, and History: Essays on Living with the Past. In addition to writing on Freud, Professor Roth curated the major exhibition Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture, which opened at the Library of Congress. Doing so, he “garnered praise for its balanced and wide-ranging view of Freud’s intellectual and cultural heritage.” The exhibition travelled internationally.

Professor Fraden was right: Michael Roth was moving on to big things. Later he became president first of California College of the Arts and then of Wesleyan University. There he taught a course called How To Change The World purporting to advocate pragmatic approaches to reality. As the brainwashed egghead describes his class,

How can we use the things we share in common to address some of the most challenging problems facing the world? This course examines issues concerning poverty, the environment, technology, health care, gender, education, and activism to help us understand better how to initiate positive change.

As he became a policy wonk, Roth wrote a book, one of several, called Beyond the University: Why Liberal Education Matters, described as follows:

Roth's Beyond the University has been a powerful tool for students, their families, faculty and policymakers who are wrestling with the future of higher education in America. The book has been assigned to pre-frosh and to boards of trustees, and Roth has continued to amplify its message in public speaking engagements across the country and in major media outlets. In January 2016 the book won the Association of American Colleges & Universities' Frederic W. Ness Award for a book that best illuminates the goals and practices of a contemporary liberal education. Roth's call for a "pragmatic liberal education" is the cornerstone of both his scholarship and his administrative work at Wesleyan.

While Roth expounds a self-styled pragmatic approach, his college charges each of its students more than two hundred thousand dollars for a degree that will not lead to a job. To be fair, as a first-generation college student himself, President Roth has worked to reduce the cost of education and the debt burden of his students; but still his approach seems far from practical.

Not only because of the satanic look of its Fayerweather Building, I suspect Wesleyan as a major programming center—much like Cedar Crest, Bryn Mawr, Pitt, Syracuse, McGill, Pepperdine, the California Institute of Technology, the Universities of Michigan, Maryland, and Delaware, Georgia Tech, Villanova, Fordham, Boston

College, Georgetown, Johns Hopkins, Oxbridge, Stanford, Yale, and so many others.

Just look at the place. Before he ascended to its presidency, Michael Roth was a student at Wesleyan, who designed a university major in “history of psychological theory” and wrote a thesis titled “Freud and Revolution.” Professor Fraden was also a Fellow at the Center for the Humanities at Wesleyan. There my friend, Robert Goff, would transfer before he turned homosexual. Our family friend, Justin Ring, the son of a war hero brainwashed to build a wireless network, also attended Wesleyan. The university has produced over a dozen Rhodes Scholars, one hundred and fifty Fulbright Scholars, and four Nobel Laureates—not to mention thirty-four congressmen, sixteen presidential cabinet members, eleven governors, six heads of federal agencies, two United States attorneys general, and several founders and presidents of Fortune 500 companies. Of all the universities and colleges in the United States, Wesleyan has the second highest incidence of rape.

As I read books for Michael Roth’s class, taunted by the shit at NSA, I was struck again and again by the word therapist, reading it as “the rapist.” The word appeared in work after work, but I did not connect it to Charlotte’s assault, which I had repressed.

Freudian psycho-analysis has never helped anyone, and the value of any therapy is questionable; but, ironically, reading books for Professor Roth led me to become a better lover. There we read feminist

post-structuralists like Luce Irigaray and Hélène Cixous. There was plenty of jibberish in “The Laugh of the Medusa” regarding écriture féminine, which I then associated with Nietzsche’s writing in blood, and in This Sex Which Is Not One—not to mention Jacques Lacan, a confidence trickster whom my friends mocked as Jacques The Con, the heir to Freud the Fraud along with Marcuse the Loser. Still I took something valuable from these works, as I embraced what I creatively misunderstood as polymorphous perversity. With Wendy, through Professor McKenna’s text on Human Sexuality, I had discovered the clitoris. Now, through Irigaray, I realized that I did not need to focus so much on this part of a woman. I had always known the value of foreplay—that the gentlest touch on a woman’s arms, sides, or neck could light her afire. The last woman with whom I will ever have sex, Christina Ash, said to me, three years ago, as we lay side by side, my fingers tracing her lower back,

I'd forgotten how ticklish I am.

Years ago, in California, when I read the women whose bodies, hearts, and souls had not forgotten their French nature, despite their intellectual misadventures, I saw what sex can really be.

My English girlfriend was very appreciative.

Britton and I mocked Lacan, as did our friend, Mike Smolinsky, who attended Jesus College the year after me, later earning a doctorate in English from the University of Iowa. Mike was a good

fellow who had MK-ULTRA written all over him. I remember him telling two urban legends. One concerned homosexual rape by a degenerate disguised as Batman, and the other described a freshman who went to a doctor for a health complaint. The physician said only homosexuals suffered the ailment. The young man returned to his dorm room, puzzled, until he found a bottle of chloroform under his roommate's bed. Those kinds of stories indicate abuse under the program, as do all urban legends.

One that hit my neighborhood, spreading in one morning, before the internet, concerned news anchor Jerry Penacoli's alleged trip to the hospital with a gerbil in his rectum. I have no doubt CIA started the rumor. Maybe Penacoli was about to break a story, a real piece of investigative reporting, so they smeared him.

In Professor Roth's class, aside from works by Freud, including Civilization and Its Discontents, we read Herbert Marcuse. Like Theodor Adorno, who wrote the words to the Beatles' music as part of a psy-op run by the Tavistock Institute, Marcuse was associated with the Frankfurt School of Critical Theory. He worked for the Office of Strategic Services, or OSS, which became the CIA, until the Department of State made him head of its Central European Section. Then he wrote Eros and Civilization, advocating the liberation of repressed sexual desire. As Leszek Kołakowski summarized Marcuse's position, since "all questions of material existence have been solved, moral commands and prohibitions are no longer relevant." I asked Professor Roth, "Why

would anyone want to liberate anti-moral or anti-social desires?" My teacher told me he once met Herbert Marcuse, and he asked him a very similar question. The intellectual was unable to provide an adequate answer.

Herbert Marcuse, a German Marxist, run by CIA, had no appreciation of our American liberties, which he actively sought to undermine. As head of Wesleyan University, I hope President Roth has proved as much immune to this Marcusean strain as resistant to the faux communist's depravity. In 1965, a year before the CIA killed my grandfather, Marcuse wrote an essay called "Repressive Tolerance." In a flood of Orwellian doublespeak, the foreign intellectual claimed that capitalist democracies have totalitarian aspects because they allow dissent. While himself marginalizing voices on the right, and striving to silence them, Marcuse argued that genuine tolerance does not permit the expression of conservative views, since otherwise marginalized voices, with which he agreed, would allegedly remain unheard:

Liberating tolerance, then, would mean intolerance against movements from the Right and toleration of movements from the Left.

Surely, no government can be expected to foster its own subversion, but in a democracy such a right is vested in the people (i.e. in the majority of the people). This means that the ways should not be blocked on which a subversive majority could develop, and if they

are blocked by organized repression and indoctrination, their reopening may require apparently undemocratic means. They would include the withdrawal of toleration of speech and assembly from groups and movements that promote aggressive policies, armament, chauvinism, discrimination on the grounds of race and religion, or that oppose the extension of public services, social security, medical care, etc.

This pseudo-intellectual dog turd promoted the New World Order. The self-styled Marxist claimed that no revolution was necessary, except from morality, so we all could indulge in perversions that would not enslave but liberate us. Anyone who objected to this agenda, anyone who spoke against multi-culturalism, anyone who opposed big government, should be repressed in the name of tolerance. The “philosopher” married a former student forty years younger than he. Herbert Marcuse was seventy-eight years old, three years away from death, when he wed his third wife, thirty-eight-year-old Erica Sherover, a woman who looked like a boy. That was the least of his perversions.

Marcuse’s repression of right-wing views reminds me of a discussion Professor Harry Neumann, who taught Nietzsche at Scripps College, relayed to me. Professor Neumann had studied under the political philosopher and classicist Leo Strauss, and he took an intellectually honest approach to nihilism, denying the moral relativism

of multi-culturalists as a lie. I still use the drinking toast of one of his students:

Death to our enemies!

As Professor Neumann called out the egghead phonies, political correctness began to rear its ugly head on campus.

I was astounded to walk past the concert hall at Big Bridges, where The Mikado enjoyed a one-night run. As little old ladies, dressed up for the theater, to enjoy an evening of light culture and humor, headed up the steps, they were confronted by a gang of students, some of whom wielded bats and axe handles, chanting,

HEY, HEY! HO, HO!

THE MIKADO'S GOT TO GO!

The ignorant mob failed to realize the operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan satyrizes Victorian manners, but they knew it had something unflattering to do with Japan. It was as though PETA and SPCA boycotted George Orwell's Animal Farm.

Meanwhile, Professor Neumann chatted over drinks with one of his colleagues, a young teacher who espoused "diversity."

As the old white man said to the rookie academic, "My job should be safe with you around. I'm the most diverse person here."

"How's that?" the astounded woman replied.

“I’m against diversity.”

Another philosophy professor who had a strong influence on campus was Fred Sontag. None of the psychedelic-taking philosophy majors I knew admired Sontag; but he served as the faculty advisor for KD, the closest thing we had to a real fraternity, and he was the only professor who went to college parties. It seemed extremely odd to see this old man standing, drinking a beer, at our parties. The shitboy Kris Kristofferson, a Rhodes Scholar, rapist slaver for the Vatican, and member of my friends’ fraternity, mentioned Sontag as an important influence in his life.

Fred had mind control written all over him. He served as a sergeant in the Army during World War Two, doubtless implanted then if not later when he attended the mind control hubs of Stanford and Yale. He travelled as a visiting professor at the Collegio di Sant’Anselmo in Rome, established under papal jurisdiction, at the University of Copenhagen, and at the University of Kyoto. He was an expert on the Unification Church—the mind-controlled Moonies on whom Laurie Dunn did a school report before I fondled her body in the Poconos—and he interviewed their leader, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, as well as other Moonies throughout the world when he wrote a book on their movement.

The sponsor of my friend Scott’s fraternity—Noah resigned senior year—was a minister in the United Church of Christ. That church has almost as much mind control in it as the Assemblies of God Evangel

to which Jeannette DePalma, murdered by satanists in my home town, belonged. Lynda Carter, who played Wonder Woman in the television show to which I was entrained, was a member of Fred's church. My mother had to attend compulsory services when she, along with her friends, Dee Ring, who married a war hero who started a wireless company, and Kay Katz, who married a physicist who worked at the Pentagon and taught at the Naval Academy, were students at Cedar Crest. Even though Aunt Kay was Jewish, her college made her go to chapel at the UCC. That chapel, which sits across from the genetic engineering laboratory, has since been decommissioned. Although the United Church of Christ has fewer than two million members, those have included over a dozen senators and governors—not to mention (i) President Barack Hussein Obama, (ii) Vice President Hubert Humphrey, (iii) Howard Dean, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, (iv) Chief Justice William Rehnquist, and (v) Robert Orr, the Assistant Secretary General of the United Nations.

CIA would try to kill Fred Sontag nine years after I graduated. For whatever reason, he offered to let a troubled student spend the night at his home. This itself seems odd because the student had a room in a dormitory. Sontag had bailed the student out of jail on a previous occasion, and he found an attorney to defend the young man. One can see why the members of KD, which included more rapists than Kristofferson, found their advisor useful. But that didn't stop Jared

Essig from plunging a knife, twice, into Sontag's neck, nearly killing him. It was the night before Halloween.

Fred Sontag had known the twenty-two-year-old for four years when he was jailed for shoplifting, vandalism, and public drunkenness. Essig had been acting strangely. He came from the mind control hub of Portland, Oregon, and he had earlier left school to spend time in mental hospitals. As his masters attacked him with their obscene technology, Essig got increasingly worked up over minor incidents. He quarrelled with editors at the campus newspaper over his opinion piece on information-technology policies. Then he became enraged by the college's decision to move the annual Halloween bash indoors—for fear of rain. His room-mate J.B. Waterman said Essig himself questioned his emotional stability. As he forgave his attacker, Professor Sontag said,

He was out of his mind.

He gets these psychotic breaks.

He has paranoid episodes.

Knowing what I know about the program, I cannot help but wonder what those "paranoid episodes" entailed. Like Professor Sontag and the Dean of Students, Ann Quinley, Essig's room-mate spoke well of him. This interesting young man had worked on a crab boat in the Bering Sea and travelled to Red and White China, teaching English, and motorcycling around. As with Otto Nilson, from my childhood in

Westfield, CIA had worked to destroy a good man, turning him against a genuinely kind, if odd and brainwashed, professor.

Back at the parties Fred attended, and at Pomona in general, we were entrained to dissociate through controlled substances. The drug and alcohol culture continued unabated. Senior year, I took LSD, which I had not done since high school. Sometimes I ate psychedelic mushrooms, which even Scott Patten tried at this point, as he listened to the Allman Brothers. For a while, I became friends with Randall Hait, but I got no response when I wrote him years later. That can happen for all kinds of reasons, but it seems clear now that CIA encouraged our short friendship because Randall, who came from Humboldt County, had an excellent reefer supply. Smoking tobacco or cannabis cigarettes, made with a rolling machine, I listened to classical and folk music, from Johannes Brahms to John Renbourn, in my room in Norton-Clark. In Scott and Noah's rooms, we would play reefer tag, lighting several joints at once, drawing on one and passing it to another person. The object was not to get caught with two joints. Meanwhile, I graduated from beer to spirits. I drank rum and coke, buying half bottles of Myers, which I would consume in an evening, when I wasn't sipping Janneau armagnac.

Egged on by their programmers, Scott and Noah engaged in creative grossness. An old bottle of Rose's lime juice held a specimen of mold culture. It sat next to the booger wall, decorated with nose pickings. Earlier we had the fart chair, on which a styrofoam cushion

had absorbed so much methane it emitted a foul odor when anyone sat on it. On Scott's Harman Kardon stereo, my friends made a fart tape, recording flatulent moments. One of their neighbors took a photograph with his Polaroid of an enormous turd that encircled his toilet bowl.

As we read Matt Groening's Love Is Hell and School Is Hell, Scott and Noah's rooms became a center for people to watch The Simpsons. We found it clever, but I doubt that's how most of America felt. To us it was clear that Bart Simpson, like his father, was an idiot, and the show was deeply satyric. How on earth could people relate to Bart Simpson? And how could they mindlessly parrot his meaningless and apathetic catch-phrase, "Hey, man, don't have a cow?" In this he seemed to draw on Alfred E. Neuman, but at least Neuman wore a tie and people knew him through reading a magazine not watching a television program.

Still they could not drive us to rape or misogyny. Some of the students who came to watch The Simpsons were actually young women, the only women—with the exception of Noah's girlfriends, Britton's, and mine—to visit Scott's room. Even our girlfriends were seldom there—an understandable phenomenon given the fart chair and the booger wall. Jane had left Britton, who was now seeing Kris Wertheimer, a physically attractive and bitchy young woman, with whom he often quarrelled. After The Simpsons, we called them Itchy and Scratchy. Britton suffered endless henpecking, but he would never commit a sex crime even in the heat of passion.

The only person we called a slut was Dave Aafedt, a pretty boy whom the hook-up culture embroiled. Still we would help him, encouraging him to play cards with us on Saturday evenings, hearts or cribbage; so he would not wake up in another student's bed, despising himself anew, as he wondered how to extract himself from yet another undesired situation.

Pornography had a small presence in our lives. At the ranch, and at the ranch only, we played cards decorated with topless women, but otherwise we always used a standard deck. These had no more meaning than the strip club we once visited. Driven by another idiotic command, I ceased entirely to fantasize about Jacqueline Sheen, moving on to consensual sexual fantasies with Playmates Kerri Kendall and Lisa Matthews. In less than a month, the previous summer, my programmers had moved me away from the only Playmate about whom I ever had a rape fantasy.

One night I came on to Sara Lundgaard, Tre's old girlfriend, as we danced to UB40, who played at the Coop Ballroom. She must have feared for her safety because she shut the door in my face when I dropped her off. Still I had no thoughts of assault, and rape was so far from my mind, so deeply repressed, that I could not see her fear. If Sara reads this, I hope she forgives me for making her uncomfortable.

As suggestions continued to misfire, I found myself heading down to the pool, for the third time in four years, high on Randall's cannabis. On the way, I ran into Melissa, the tall brunette about whose

rape they had led me to fantasize, three times only, praying for forgiveness before and after, in my freshman year. She was supposed to look like Wonder Woman, but I never made the connection. It would take another nine years before I had a single Wonder Woman fantasy. I told Melissa I was headed to the pool, and I invited her to join us. She showed up a little later, wearing a bikini; but, as I hung out with my friends, I didn't even speak to her.

Aside from brief lust for Sara, while we danced, I had eyes only for Charlotte. The scum always want you to associate a woman with someone else, a superheroine, a Playmate, or a porn star. That never worked on me, but it did work on my lady love.

When Charlotte visited the States the summer before my senior year, I vividly remember going to the movies with my parents, listening to a cassette of the Doobie Brothers, sitting in the back seat of our tan VW Rabbit, Jack, the front seats covered with sheepskin from New Zealand, as we drove north on Route 1, the old King's Highway, past the Brandywine Battlefield, to the Granite Run Mall. That kind of clear memory is often a sign of hypnotic suggestion.

At the cinema, we watched Ghost with Patrick Swayze and Demi Moore. The film concerned a ghost trying to communicate with his lover, who cannot hear him, laying the groundwork to increase receptivity to V2K whispers and arranged coincidences. There was also a reference to benign spirit possession. As with Charlotte and me,

separated by a continent and an ocean, a world of distance lay between the two lovers.

I took no interest in the film, although my programmers wanted me to associate the short-haired Demi Moore with Charlotte. Moore would later do a weird rape scene in G.I. Jane, and she played a wife pimped by her husband in Indecent Proposal. She appeared as an erotic dancer in Striptease, a sexy villain in Charlie's Angels, and God knows what else. She produced Austin Powers, did voice-overs for Beavis and Butthead, and joined the cast of Brave New World. The actress had more than a passing resemblance to Wonder Woman, but I had absolutely no interest in her.

On the other hand, just as Charlotte had designated Eraina, so close to the programming center, as our place, she picked "Unchained Melody" from Ghost as our song. She often talked and wrote about this film, so I can see now that she associated me with Patrick Swayze.

For years I couldn't tell what Charlotte saw in me, until it hit: She was hypnotized.

{Continued in Wonder Women: Growing To Manhood Under MK-ULTRA}

PART THREE

WHY WE FIGHT

The honey badger don't give a shit.

American Folk Saying

AFTERWORD: HEDGEHOGS AND FOXES

When I earned my doctorate in English literature at the University of Virginia, we had to take exams in three areas: period, genre, and author. My author was Shakespeare, my period was Renaissance, and my genre was epic. I spent a lot of time reading epics, and I found three critics exceptionally useful. One was E.M.W. Tillyard, the Master of Jesus College, which I attended at Cambridge, who wrote The English Epic and Its Background. Another was C.S. Lewis, who wrote not only Mere Christianity and The Screwtape Letters but also A Preface To Paradise Lost. The third was Lewis's star student, Alastair Fowler, CBE, FBA, who edited the premier edition of Paradise Lost and is the leading scholar in the world with respect to the English Renaissance. Professor Fowler taught at Charlottesville, where I took four of his courses, and, until he left the States, he directed my doctoral dissertation. I am proud to say I am mentioned in his latest edition of Paradise Lost as one of the little people who gave him an idea or two.

As a teacher, I taught freshman composition, like everybody, I taught short fiction, and I taught Shakespeare; but, more importantly, I taught other courses of my own design as a visiting assistant professor at Haverford College. Desire, through which I intended to explore lyric poetry, romance, and sexuality, was a flop. The Bible was ambitious, but it went well. Place, Time, and Identity, in which we read Huxley's Brave New World and watched The Prisoner, virtually screamed MK-ULTRA, but I could not see it. Still, my most popular course, Heroism, most

bespoke my fight against the scum that abused me. There we read everything from Song of Roland, to Homer's Odyssey, to Shakespeare's Henry V, to Milton's Paradise Lost. As I would say to my students, "You are walking with giants!"

We focused on the women in the epics and romances I taught. Homer's Helen fascinates me. There are so many ways to see her, from willing participant in her abduction, to irresponsible flirt, to rape survivor, to a woman who does what she needs to do. I have deep compassion for Hector's wife Andromache, who is raped and enslaved by the scum that pillage her city after her husband's death. I believe the witch Circe drives the hero's course in The Odyssey, and Odysseus would be lost without her help—not to mention the assistance of Athena, Calypso, and Nausicaä. Likewise, the cunning Penelope, who weaves and unweaves her wedding dress to delay unwanted suitors, and who pretends not to recognize her man on his return, is the perfect wife for crafty Odysseus, as she helps him slay the suitors who usurped his palace. I feel Aeneas did the wrong thing in leaving Dido, and I admire his mother Venus, who chose Anchises for her lover. I remain a passionate defender of Milton's Eve, who could refrain from taking the apple after leaving her husband, else why would there be the dramatic tension that comes from her soliloquy, as she stands, arm outstretched, before the Tree of Knowledge. In my classes, I made sure we looked at works on other women heros, who embodied healthy attitudes toward the relation between the sexes. These included Chrétien de Troyes's

Erec et Enide, about a husband and wife who are knights, and the third book of Spenser's Faerie Queene, about Britomart, a lady knight who embodies married chastity as she seeks her true love, King Arthur.

Nietzsche's attitude toward the opposite sex left much to be desired, but we also read Zarathustra. It hardly surprises me that this man said so many ridiculous things about women, since he was almost certainly a virgin, and misogynistic Illuminati scum hypnotized the genius, driving him mad. I have taken one idea from Nietzsche, and the American neopragmatist, Richard Rorty, who also taught at Charlottesville, that I find extremely useful. I call it creative belief, in which a person may adopt, shape, add to, subtract from, and drop or maintain a belief, as useful under the circumstances. It's a deep practice, and a necessary attitude, as the slaves of the Illuminati bombard a person constantly with lies, suggestions, and changing circumstance. But mostly I remember Nietzsche as a man who hated injustice and who stood against animal cruelty. When they finally carried him away to the asylum, it was because he rushed into the square to stop a man from beating a horse, throwing his arms around the animal's withers, as he wept.

Hemingway was another victim of the Illuminati, whom we studied, as we read The Old Man and The Sea. Anyone who reads the short stories, or A Moveable Feast, knows Hemingway as a gentle soul who loves the silence of the outdoors. But the CIA, and their predecessors, turned him into a drunken womanizer, who could not

keep a wife, whom they implanted and electro-shocked at the Mayo Clinic, until he could not write, or think, or do anything he loved. Hemingway chose to end his life with a shotgun at Ketchum, Idaho, just as his father and daughter killed themselves. Another daughter died of cancer, doubtless caused by microwave harassment and implants, and a third posed for Playboy, later speaking of her own mental illness, caused by CIA. That's what the scum do to our heros, to real human beings, whose life and deeds they cannot hope to match. Still, as the writer says,

A man can be destroyed but not defeated.

Hemingway, more than any other, speaks to me. In "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," the title character finds himself, after a life of boyish cowardice and avoidance, facing death, to live his life, fully, if only for a morning. May we all have such a life!

As our enemies constantly plague me, I draw on Hemingway both for inspiration, from his heroism, and to avenge his death, and I taunt them with his words.

¡Make a dream you killed a man!

Hemingway understands the relationship between stoicism and heroism, as does Lucan in The Pharsalia. It's been a long time since I read that one, and the only thing I clearly remember is the one time Cato drank first, before his army, when he thought a well in Northern

Africa might be poisoned. In Charlottesville, when the scum broke into my apartment, abusing me with drugs, hypnotism, and threats, I fought back, refusing to abandon Cato. As the shitboy that called himself Rick Creole said to me then,

ALL RIGHT, FINE. YOU CAN ADMIRE CATO, ESPECIALLY THE PART ABOUT THE WELL, BUT YOU WON'T GO BACK TO THAT ONE. IF YOU DO, I'LL RAPE CHARLOTTE WITH AN OBJECT, MAYBE A KNIFE, AND IT WILL BE NOTHING NEXT TO WHAT HAPPENED IN RHODESIA.

Fuck him. I will go back to Lucan at some point, just to spite this piece of child-molesting shit, but right now I have better things to do.

Like Cato, the true republican, I will never make peace with Cæsar. I take my example from Brutus, who killed the rapist Tarquin, on Lucretia's behalf, to found the Roman Republic, which had no king for five hundred years, until his descendant, with Cato, struck the homosexual traitor Julius Cæsar down on the steps of the Senate. No wonder Joy Booth's ancestor cried out his words, when he shot Lincoln,

Thus always to tyrants!

It is a motto kept on the flag of Virginia, which I often saw as I went to court for my daughter, praying first at Lee Chapel, where General Robert E. Lee, the cousin of George Washington, lies buried at my alma mater, where I attended law school, and where Lee served as president, Washington and Lee University. I will fight against the scum that have destroyed my country, my family, and my life until the day I die.

Another contemporary of Brutus, who helped kill Tarquin, gives me inspiration. Like T.S. Eliot, I regard Shakespeare's Coriolanus as his greatest play. Coriolanus keeps it real, calling the people out on their bullshit, while he remains true to his heart, true to his body, refusing to lie. Like me, he lived with his mother, and he was not afraid to strike out into the wilderness, where, unlike Lear, he is truly alone. Unlike Coriolanus, I will not let my mother dissuade me from my course—not to destroy my country, but to save it—even as she tells me the events of this series did not happen. Once I kept my mouth shut, hoping to save my daughter; but the slaves of the Illuminists only attacked me harder, so I must proclaim the reality of the satanic conspiracy that engulfs our world. To use the words of Coriolanus, my tongue will not give my noble heart a lie it cannot bear.

Too many generals fight in bankers' wars, and there are some truly bad ones; but others I admire. Joan of Arc was hypnotized to think Saint Michael spoke to her; but maybe he did in other ways, since she fought so hard the enemy had to kill her. Charles Gordon suffered so horribly at the hands of the degenerates, that he lost all interest in sex, seeking death in battle, summarily executing rapists in his own army, and fighting to end slavery in the Sudan. Smedley Butler called out the traitor Prescott Bush, exposing the Business Plot, only to be murdered by Illuminists. OSS, the precursor to CIA, murdered George Patton, but not before the Illuminists sidelined him in the war, playing up a non-event in the papers, so he lost his command, and later refusing to give

him gas for his tanks. Like Coriolanus, they all fought, regardless of the opinion of others.

Crazy Horse gave the name to the publisher of this book: Hokahey! As he exhorted his braves before they destroyed the Seventh Cavalry,

Hokahey!

It is a good day to fight!

It is a good day to die!

Cowards to the rear!

Brave hearts to the front!

Pretty Nose was there, a brave and intelligent woman who served as an Arapaho war chief, and lived to be more than one hundred years old. So was Sitting Bull, another chief of the Sioux, who, unlike Crazy Horse, made peace with the United States government. Later he would drink, travelling with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show, often tossing a coin, a golden double eagle, to a street urchin or giving it to an unfortunate woman. Sitting Bull tried to work out a compromise, making a small fortune selling signed photographs, but the government murdered him, shooting him before his wife and his village. The bullets could not find Crazy Horse, singing around him, as he rode, half in the spirit world, half on earth; but a nameless coward stabbed him in the back—after he foolishly trusted the United States government.

Fighting takes so many forms. I have fought hypnotic suggestions all my life, even when I did not know it. I have fought for

my daughter in court, and I will always do so. I have fought to influence her mind through our relationship, through her life, and through this series of books. I have fought by helping other targeted individuals, whether they knew it or not, and I have fought by destroying the slaves of the Illuminati. I have fought by travelling to the nation's capital, where I have protested in front of the White House and I have lobbied congressmen in their offices. I have fought by bringing court cases against my abusers. I have fought by writing articles on my website, *Fighting Monarch*. I have fought by teaching college courses, which concentrate increasingly on the New World Order, and I hope to reach others through this epic.

Some readers will notice the first two volumes of this series contain twenty-four books, the same number as each of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Customarily, most epics contain twelve books—half the length of a Homeric epic—following works like Vergil's *Aeneid* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. As Vergil and Milton signal the reader, no one's as good as Homer, so they made their epics only half as long. I do not share their modesty. Or maybe, just maybe, I'm not as good a writer. As my father liked to say, "I would have written less if I had more time."

In writing, I have rejected the use of the epic simile. Homer compares different events, drawing lengthy analogies between fighters and wild animals or otherwise. This approach, however beautiful, seems inapposite to my goals. The enemy constantly compares one thing with another, seeking to reduce reality to their meager

understanding, and pretending to understand things they do not. These degenerates constantly compare reality to television shows and movies, programming themselves and others to think that real events are like something they saw on HBO. One thing is not like another, but it is only itself. Nietzsche's Zarathustra rejects the Wagnerian magician, stumbling from a darkened place into the light, just as Plato sought to break his chains and wrestle his way out of the Cave. Just as we reject the call of hypnotic voices, the anti-muse, we must reject the suggestion that anyone understands our own experience or that any work of fiction resembles reality. Keep your feet on the ground. Achilles wasn't like a lion: He was Achilles!

I make no claim to greater poetry than Homer, or to write nearly as well as the great epicists, which would be ridiculous; but, rather, like Vergil and Milton, I suggest a greater heroism while I deal with a larger subject. The subject of my books, like the subject of my life, has forced me to heroism and to epic.

Vergil found Homer's heroes inadequate, so he invented Aeneas. Through Vergil's eyes, Achilles is a homosexual hothead, Ajax a moronic muscleman, and Odysseus a two-bit liar. Like Renaissance readers, Vergil found Hector sympathetic, as the Trojan hero follows his duty to his city and his family in the face of certain death. But you can't start an epic about your own country with a dead hero from another, so Vergil began The Aeneid with an image of filial piety, as Aeneas carried

his father, Anchises, on his shoulders, fleeing burning Troy. Except when he leaves Dido, Aeneas always does the right thing.

No wonder the Illuminati strove to destroy Vergil's work. They were all over the Julio-Claudians, turning Tiberius from a virtuous soldier into a reclusive pædophile, moving on to the incestuous rapist Caligula, so that the fiddling Nero and the stuttering Claudius seem tame by comparison. Professor Berg directed me to Suetonius, who described the crimes of these degenerates in The Twelve Cæsars, because he hoped to restore the republic, and I hope my books will do the same. Among the atrocities committed by the scum, about which even Suetonius remained ignorant, the Illuminati hypnotized Vergil, so the writer left a command in his last will and testament to burn The Aeneid. Thank God, Octavian, styled Augustus, stepped in. The Illuminist trash controlled the emperor in all sorts of ways, making him destroy his sister's happiness, but they could not stop him from saving Vergil's gift to humankind. People, even bad people, can fight, while they sleep.

Milton, an alumnus of Charlotte's college, fought in his own way, even as he served as Secretary of Languages in the government of Oliver Cromwell. I admire the regicides who put Charles I on trial for treason, calling him Mr. Stuart, and holding him accountable under the law. And I admire Charles's bravery, the morning he ascended the scaffold, before his head was struck from his body. Then he donned an extra heavy shirt, saying,

*If my enemies see me tremble from the cold,
they will say I was afraid.*

It seems clear that Cromwell, with his fits of depression, religious mania, and wartime atrocities, was under the heavy influence of Illuminists, as they effected an asset strip in England. Milton served Cromwell's government, as he divorced his wife and neglected his daughters; but still he wrote the greatest poem in English, which rejects Satan's alleged heroism for that of Abdiel, who refuses to serve in a bad cause and whom Michael empowers to strike the first blow against the devil. I hope that soldiers choose, like Abdiel, to refuse to fight in bankers' wars run by the Rothschilds and their satanic ilk.

Here I strive to suggest a new form of heroism for which the world has desperate need. We have come to a point where the so-called luciferian elite, who are nothing but subhuman degenerates, engage in worldwide genocide against the true heirs of humanity, seeking to kill four-fifths of the world's population, in accordance with the Georgia Guidestones, espousing environmentalism while they cause mass extinction. This series, which concerns my personal journey and my travels with my daughter, may resemble The Odyssey; but I hope my story recalls a new Iliad, where heroes fight for their women to liberate them from capture, as the Greeks did for Helen, or to defend them from rapists, as Hector sought to do for his family.

In that epic struggle, we must reject the call of the anti-muse, the siren song of hypnotic voices, which lead us astray. In graduate

school, it is no wonder I fixed on a passage in Paradise Lost, where the muse whispers to the writer as he sleeps, recalling the angel that visited Cædmon as described by Bede in The Ecclesiastical History of the English People. I was recalling my own hypnotism, although I did not know it, and it was no angel whispering to me but the slaves of the devil. I always responded to the voice of the female degenerate that controlled me, and I never would have awakened if the male degenerate that accompanied her had not destroyed her influence. The misogyny of the scum we fight is one of the many chinks in their armor.

Our reverence for women, and womankind, distinguishes us from the woman-hating, homosexual trash that destroy our world; but we must not let the enemy, who use female degenerates, attain our sympathy. Here I recall Tennyson's Maud, where the hero oddly takes his inspiration from the title character, who does not deserve to be admired.

*A VOICE by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.*

*Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.*

*Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind
Not her, not her, but a voice.*

The speaker is enthralled, while he is buffeted by alternatives, put off by Maud, taken by her voice, weeping, giving up, and blaming himself, unable to respond to the true call of the ballad. In part, it resonates with my experience in which I sometimes projected my anima onto the female trash that abused me, mistaking her for a human being, knowing she wasn't, and still listening to the bitch's voice.

Before the courts took my daughter, Lily, from me, at the direction of Illuminist slaves, I shared Tennyson's poetry with her, as we dined with friends on the porch. At the time, she was in my custody, playing field hockey at my old middle school, learning jiu jitsu from a

lady in the country, going to church, and getting A's. That was before the court took her, placing her in the hands of her mother, who had beaten and bitten her, ultimately denying us contact with each other. With my daughter I shared Tennyson's lines about the blood red blossom of war and a land that had lost, a little, its lust for gold. But mostly I remembered the verses on the tiny shell, lying on the beach at Brittany, whose little life had been destroyed.

*The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?*

*Slight, to be crushed with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!*

My daughter was gone, even if I kept her, her mind destroyed by the satanic trash that raped her mother in front of her, that tried to put me on top of her, that murdered her pets, and that stuck a fishhook in her

privates. Even that had not broken her, but implanted with cybernetics, bombarded with microwaves, she was not the same. I hope she comes back, and I remember, too, as I write this, our trips to the strand at Cape May, the wild beaches of Kalaloch, and the black volcanic sand of the Alaskan Peninsula.

Our enemies, aided by technology, seek to abduct us, tearing us from our loved ones, destroying our true selves, and forcing us to drink from Lethe, as we descend to the underworld and forget our humanity. Achilles, as he appears in The Odyssey, was wrong. It is better to die a hero than to live a slave.

When I took a course on classical mythology taught by Stephen Glass at Pomona, as my enemies sought to direct me to rape, I fixed on Hercules and his descent to the underworld. Driven insane by Hera, the queen of the gods who married her brother, Hercules killed his children, so he had to undertake the Twelve Labors.

Knowing only the obscenity put out by Pomona alumnus Roy Disney's company, in which Hercules appears as a cartoon strong man, most people have no idea of the real Hercules, who used his wit as much as his brawn, and who won the heart of Hippolyta, daughter of the God of War. He diverted a river to clean the Augean stables, he strangled the Nemean lion, and he tricked Atlas by pretending to be beaten. Hercules was not only strong, but he could think outside the box. No wonder the Queen of the Amazons meant to give him her belt, but Hera stepped in, sowing lies and discord, turning the Amazons

against Hercules, so he killed the noble queen in a misunderstanding. Perhaps Hippolyta favored Hercules because he rid the forest of the wild boar that plagued it, killing drunken and riotous centaurs beforehand, in a scene that may recall Odysseus's refusal to be turned into a pig when he met Circe, whose help proved so vital. We need never to give in to base desires, especially those foisted on us, if we hope to receive help from the Divine Feminine, the lady who inspires every knight, and we must never confuse Hera with a true Amazon.

Aside from epics of the distant past, I cannot help but recall Count Leo Tolstoi, who also suffered under the Illuminati, after he wrote War and Peace. The scum tried to destroy The Aeneid utterly, as they strove to prevent the writing of this series; but, with Tolstoi, they could destroy only future works and his life. War and Peace was out; but Tolstoi disclaimed it, telling people they should read his Christian tracts, reject private property, and learn Esperanto. If that's not the result of malevolent hypnotism, I don't know what is. But even as Tolstoi obeyed the commands of the scum that destroyed him, they denied him a place on the world stage. Although Tolstoi received nine nominations for a Nobel Prize, the Illuminists that preside over the committee refused to give it to him. In the end, the old man, having renounced his life of nobility, left his wife and his home mid-winter, in the dead of night, to die alone in a train station.

War and Peace is masterful, although, even there, before his destruction, Tolstoi rejects the great man theory of history—an odd

move for an epic. I read the book in one week at graduate school, and, when I reached the end, I felt I had lost a friend. I couldn't believe it when I realized the characters would not come back in the last chapter, as Tolstoi ended with historical discourse. In The Hedgehog and The Fox, Isaiah Berlin draws on Archilochus, who said a fox knows many things, a thousand tricks, but a hedgehog only one, to curl up in a ball, like my daughter's little pet Happy the Hedgehog, whom the trash at the agency threatened, as they violated her mother. Tolstoi is a fox, whom we read for his portrayal of characters, but he thinks he is a hedgehog, whom we should read for his big idea on history. In part, I have followed his example in that I prefer the details of my little world, and others, to the international conspiracy that has taken over. Throughout this series of books, I hope the sections on the cabal and the sections on my life complement each other, just as I hope that readers disappointed in the endings look forward to the sequels.

It reminds me of Hieronymus Bosch. In paintings like The Temptation of Saint Anthony, The Garden of Earthly Delights, or The Haywain Triptych, Bosch juxtaposes wonderful things with hellish depravity, so they cast each other into relief. It pains me to move from the beauties of my life into its horrors, as I have done here, sidewalloping the reader with abuse after describing the good and gentle aspects of myself and others. I ask the reader's forgiveness for any upset this has caused, and I thank the reader who read this far. I would understand if people put down my books because they disturbed them.

Personally, I always hated Bosch, preferring Breughel and Wyeth; but my life is Boschian, like our world, so I must paint the subjects I see with the materials I have. As my mother discouraged me from writing—while providing other support—my brother hit the nail on the head. Last spring we drove along the Virginia Blue Ridge, north on Skyline Drive, when he told me, “Tim, I guarantee that when Bosch was working, no one in his family said, ‘That’s great, Hieronymus. Keep up the good work!’” They were probably hiding his paints. The pictures are just too disturbing.

I am also reminded of the tragicomedies by Shakespeare, Middleton, Webster, Ford, and Shirley, which I studied under Rick Berg and saw performed at Cambridge. This series contains aspects of tragedy: there is true pathos. It also contains aspects of comedy: parts are funny and there should be societal renewal. But for me there will be no marriage.

As Cheryl Bachman, a beautiful woman who posed for Playboy, unsentimentally said, “I know I’ll never have the little life I dreamed of.” Like me, Miss Bachman became a single parent, never marrying, and she found solace in the church. The scum at CIA stopped her from finding a husband, just as they hypnotized her to deface her body, covering her arms with tattoos. For nothing. Like Miss Bachman, I thought I had something left, at least my relationship with my beloved child, to see her do better than me; but the trash have taken my daughter Lily, as they seek to destroy Miss Bachman’s son Aydan. I

hope both our children break free, and I differ from Miss Bachman largely in that I know why we never got the little lives we dreamed of, all we wanted, our modest wishes, because subhuman degenerates, for which no word is low enough, destroyed so much of the beauty of our existence.

Playboy is an important part of this series. Certainly, like the Land of the Lotos Eaters, my time fantasizing about Playmates left me in a fantasy world, which kept me from my journey. Or was it like the Island of Ogygia, ruled by Calypso, which kept Odysseus from Penelope? But more than that, the Playmates about whom I fantasized are real human beings, whose journeys were derailed by the scum at CIA—from Alana Soares who gave up her career as a professional skier, to Ruth Guerri who gave up her career as a jockey, to Marilyn Lange who turned down an offer to be the first woman to play professional soccer. Miss Lange gave up her marriage, and many other beautiful women, like Patty Duffek, posed for Playboy but never married. Many were deluded, as I was once, by new age movements, with Karen Witter advocating orgasmic meditation and Marilyn Lange enthralled by Erhard Seminars Training—all because we wanted to better our lives. Some showed real bravery—whether just by undressing for the camera, despite their shyness, or by feats of derring-do. One of my favorites, Karen Witter, sailed a sloop from California to Hawai`i, after flying in hot air balloons, and another lady, Sharry Konopski, showed amazing determination just in carrying on with her life, while CIA put her in a

wheelchair and continued to target her. You can read more about Mrs. Konopski DeBolt at the end of my first book, Stories When Little.

Unlike Miss Bachman, who embraced Christianity, or Debra Jo Fondren, who was born again, I seek not solace in the church, the evil god of false comfort, but my prayers go only to fighting. No revenge is great enough against the trash. Driven by their insane masters, the degenerate slaves that obscenely attack us will never back down. As Sun Tzu says, an army with its back to the river fights with the strength of ten—because it has nowhere to go. We have nowhere to go except over the bodies of our enemies. I pray they destroy each other, I pray we retake our country, and, failing that, I pray that nuclear fire consumes the earth. It will not wipe them from the planet, but it will set the program back, driving the traitors to humanity into the Deep Underground Military Bases they have dug with nuclear borers, aptly called DUMBS, where they will live under fluorescent light and feed on one another.

The earth has seen worse, including the Ordovician-Silurian Extinction and the Late Devonian Extinction, each of which killed seventy percent of all species, the Permian-Triassic Extinction, which killed over ninety-five percent of all species, the Triassic-Jurassic Extinction, which killed seventy-five percent of all species, and the Cretaceous-Palæogene Extinction, which killed another seventy-five percent of all species. Things grow back, and things grow anew. Here

we are hundreds of millions of years later, and you'd never know these terrible events, lasting millions of years, ever occurred.

Robinson Jeffers, a naturalist who could enjoy a forest fire, gives me inspiration. This great poet described the effects of violence in The Bloody Sire, which I have reproduced in its entirety below.

*It is not bad. Let them play.
Let the guns bark and the bombing-plane
Speak his prodigious blasphemies.
It is not bad, it is high time,
Stark violence is still the sire of all the world's values.*

*What but the wolf's tooth whittled so fine
The fleet limbs of the antelope?
What but fear winged the birds, and hunger
Jewelled with such eyes the great goshawk's head?
Violence has been the sire of all the world's values.*

*Who would remember Helen's face
Lacking the terrible halo of spears?
Who formed Christ but Herod and Cæsar,
The cruel and bloody victories of Cæsar?
Violence, the bloody sire of all the world's values.*

*Never weep, let them play,
Old violence is not too old to beget new values.*

Jeffers, once regarded as the equal of Yeats and Eliot, lived north of Big Sur, which my daughter and I visited, hiking, watching sea otters and elephant seals, every day, and returning every night to our little cabin at the top of the Palo Colorado Canyon, where I drank beer, soaked my

tired body in the clawfoot tub, before I made us supper, and we watched the sun set, playing cards into the night. North of Point Lobos, where we hiked, and which Robert Louis Stevenson used as a model for Treasure Island, reading for our trip, Jeffers worked in stone on Tor House every morning, writing masterpieces like Hurt Hawks every afternoon. Living with nature, he said, “We must dehumanize ourselves a little”—not in the subhuman manner of the Illuminati but seeing the big picture, the cosmos, in which we are only a blip on the radar screen.

Still, this does not absolve us of responsibility, and we have no choice but to fight against the satanic trash that destroy our lives with technology, rape our women with dogs, and jab fishhooks in the privates of our daughters. We do not need hope to fight, but we must only follow our nature. Just as the prey animals develop natural graces from being hunted in Jeffers’ poem, growing fleet; so we find our courage, our true selves, as we stare into the abyss.

More than any author, I hope my books work a change in the reader. I want people to wake up to the abuse they have suffered, to see how the trash have ruined their lives, so they can fight back. The scum make us do bad things, they tell lies, and they blame us for the damage they have done. We must never blame ourselves, or others of good will, but we must only band together against the subhuman degenerates that seek every moment to destroy us. To do this we need to recover memories blocked by amnesic walls, fearlessly descending to underworlds of our own.

How can you do this? Look in your own life. Look for cover memories, which hide abuse, and recurrent dreams where they have tried to get into you. Find statements at odds with themselves, moments when you have acted self-destructively. There you will see the influence of malign hypnotism. Observe your body, your heart, your mind, and find what is not you. Look for songs or phrases, for obscene ideas, and for jibberish, stuck in your head. The gospels describe demonic possession. Readers who share those beliefs have a head start. They correctly see the forces of evil expressed in words, thoughts, and emotions within themselves, possibly accompanied by resistant bodily tension, and changes in voice timbre, as attacks from the outside not as aspects of themselves. The greatest trick the devil played on humankind was to make us believe he was not real. The devil is real. His slaves hide in, and strike from, the global intelligence community. The attacks against us are not astral, but rather they come from HAARP, GWEN, 5g, and other directed energy weapons, as described in the appendices to this book. Try not only to remember what the scum did to you in the past but to see what they do to you now. Don't expect their actions to make sense. They seek only to destroy you, everyone, and everything around you in the foulest ways imaginable. The real story lies not in my life, but in yours, as the telos of this epic lies in the mind of the reader.

Likewise, the metanarrative of this series occurs not only in you but in our country. I write from the perspective of America, which must return to the isolationist policies that led us to greatness. We have

everything we need in this country, and we need not look beyond our shores. When I grew up, factory towns hummed with activity, and unions were strong. Factory workers had eight weeks of vacation per year, what are now called Cadillac health plans, and houses they owned. We all drove American cars, made with American steel, and by American workers. Small businesses filled the towns, and small farms filled the country. That world has been destroyed—and not by accident. The CIA, the banks, and the traitors within our government have sold us out. We need to understand that America is under attack in order to defend it.

All nationalism is good. Our enemies seek to place us under satanic one world government, but the tide has begun to turn. English voters decided to leave the European Union, although globalists sought to prevent Brexit. From France, the Yellow Vests have gained strength, spreading the movement to other countries, even as Macron seeks to crush them. Euroskeptic conservatives are gaining ground in the European Parliament. As our enemy pushes us to the limit, more and more say, “Enough!” This epic is such a statement. I hope it leads to national renewal, and a rejection of globalism, in all our countries. May this be our telos together and apart!

We need to take up the rôle of detective, discovering clues and uncovering crimes, analyzing minutiae and connecting them to the big picture. The nice thing about a worldwide conspiracy is you can find it everywhere. It’s a bit like a jigsaw puzzle, and it’s not hard to

find pieces that fit. Once you learn to recognize a false flag, or a hypnotic suggestion, you'll find them all over the place. The shrinks run by the CIA, who developed MK-ULTRA, call us paranoid, because they are under mind control themselves. You're not paranoid if they're really out to get you.

Sherlock Holmes provides inspiration, even as the enemy manipulates his image. Holmes pays attention to detail, to the body, where little things tell stories. The tone of someone's voice, an uncharacteristic movement, or a strange choice of words gives away the plot. Likewise, we find clues in an odd coincidence or a notable absence. My favorite renderings, with Jeremy Brett, refer to the hero's use of cocaine, which stems from boredom, reminding us to keep busy lest our idle hands become the devil's workshop. The recent films, with Robert Downey Jr. and Jude Law, are replete with satanic and masonic symbolism. And follow-up books like The Seven Percent Solution seem interesting because they espouse the alleged need for Holmes to seek psychological help, from Freud, because he believes in worldwide conspiracies....

Some will see difficulty in distinguishing noise from signal, coincidence from enemy action, as works by Thomas Pynchon and Don DeLillo suggest. In the same way, some may find me an unreliable narrator. After all, the police put me in the insane asylum for telling only a small part of this tale. The stories of Poe and Lovecraft may come to mind, as may revengers' tragedies such as Hamlet. However they

come out, I encourage people to take skeptical positions and to think for themselves. Unlike our enemies, I do not seek to force everyone to think the same way; but we need to be realistic, and I hope that people's skepticism applies as much to received wisdom, and their own positions, as to what I once would have found an unbelievable story. Our reactions should take nuanced forms, rejecting and accepting different bits as useful or not, according to the needs of the moment, rather than become simplistic. As my father used to say, the truth lies in shades of grey—not in black or white.

Still, I hope to achieve a telos with the reader, and I will have failed if you do not engage in detective work and heroism in your own life.

In this I am reminded of Cassandra, the figure from Greek mythology to whom I most relate. Cassandra was a Trojan, a priestess of Apollo, who could predict the future but whom no one would believe. She told the people of her city not to accept the Trojan Horse, and she tried to split it open with an axe. To their detriment, the Trojans did not listen to her: they knocked down a section of their own walls to bring the horse inside. As a result, when the Greek invaders sacked the city, Ajax the Lesser raped Cassandra on the altar of Athena. Odysseus wanted to stone the degenerate for his crime, but Ajax compounded his guilt, swearing an oath to Athena, of all the gods, that he had not done it. Athena killed him for his offense, and here I invoke her aid. May the Goddess of Wisdom, and Skill in Battle, help people to hear my words!

Most of all, I pray my daughter hears. I tried to reach her, telling her of the danger that faces us, but her mother took Lily from me the week I showed her my website, Fighting Monarch. That week, I showed her a database of patented mind control technology, the traffic patterns on my website, which included hits in the first week from China—and now from Greenland, Antarctica, and Iran—but no other articles. We watched the film, JFK, together, about the conspiracy to murder our president, and I lost my temper. My daughter and I have always had a strong relationship, so she forgave me for yelling the next morning. She asked if this meant I was still saying we had all been drugged, hypnotized, and raped by CIA, as I had before. And I told her we should speak more about it in the future. On Thursday, two days before her fourteenth birthday, she called to say she was looking forward to the summer. On Friday, her mother denied visitation. And, on Saturday, her presents sat unclaimed in our living room. The Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court of Lexington and Rockbridge County, Virginia, refused to enforce its order, and it ordered that I undergo a psychological evaluation before visitation resumed. That evaluation made no recommendation to curtail visitation, but the court still did not restore my rights. Lily spoke against me at the hearing, telling lies, as the scum programmed her to do. Later I took my case to the Circuit Court, and my daughter spoke against me again. As the courts of Virginia refused to give me relief because I alleged the abuse of my family, and my fifteen-year-old daughter, or the scum that spoke

through her, denied the reality of the events described in my books, like so many Americans, she was raped and destroyed outside the nation's capital.

Three years ago, I kept silent, since I had been sent to a mental hospital for two separate weeks, as the scum tried to frame me for the rape of my daughter, and I told the police that we were rape victims in danger from our attackers. I was desperate to save my daughter; and, if the enemy valued my silence, I was happy to strike a deal. Following the directions of my abusers, I did not research PROJECT MONARCH, MK-ULTRA, or related CIA activity; and I did not have contact with other targeted individuals. At this time, using cybernetics, my abusers connected me telepathically with my daughter as she was sexually assaulted. While Lily was forced to fellate her attacker, I told her to bite as hard as she could, and she followed my instruction. Afterwards, I spoke with her using the same voice-to-skull relay, saying she might have to work with an abuser from time to time, if it made sense, and to use her own judgement. I did not know then they are all rotten to the core. There is no such thing as a programmer who sympathizes with a victim or even has the sense to seek anything but the destruction of everything in sight.

On the Island of Vinalhaven, to which my daughter and I travelled that summer, I tried to give her subliminals that would help her understand what happened. By day, we rode our bicycles to the lighthouse at Brown's Head, swam in the quarry, and watched the seal

swim among the lobster boats in Carvers Harbor. The night before Independence Day, we watched fireworks from our balcony in the Crow's Nest at the Tidewater Motel. On the Fourth of July, we watched the parade by the mill race, and we shared a picnic with a local family, the Nelsons. Another day, we paddled the Basin, stalking seals in our kayaks as a light rain fell. A third, we sailed from Northhaven, in a sloop we chartered, as we had sailed to Baker's Island, years before, in a Friendship Sloop. Every day, Lily practiced guitar, and she read The Odyssey, which we discussed together.

Afterwards, I moved her to The Iliad, particularly because I wanted her to focus on Hector. Hector, the family man, who knows he will die, and his wife and children will be enslaved, fights bravely in a cause he did not choose. When Achilles seeks him on the field, he runs away. However, he soon remembers himself, and he stands his ground to be cut down in front of his family. I hoped my daughter would realize that, like Hector, I ran for a short time, for different reasons, but it was an anomaly. Soon, very soon, I would turn and fight.

It was not the first time we shared stories from Homer, or mythology, together. The Illuminati plan to interest me in rape through mythology backfired throughout my life, from Lara Smith's gift of Stories from around the World, to the Celtic and Norse myths I read before Tavistock abused me in the West Country, to Stephen Glass's mythology class at Pomona, home to so many Illuminists, to my stories with my child. I shared these stories with my daughter, Lily, first on the

ferry to Cape May and then, often, at bedtime, when she would ask for them, by saying, simply, "Greek."

That first evening, in July 2009, when my daughter was five, I had picked her up in Lexington, Virginia, and we drove the long day, up the Shenandoah Valley, over the Blue Ridge Mountains, along the Piedmont, past the nation's capital, to the old capital of Annapolis, across the Chesapeake, and the Delmarva Peninsula, where we boarded the ferry at Lewes to travel to Cape May, the first week of the summer. On the boat, I got a pint of ale for me and a soda for her, at the Neptune Bar, as we crossed the Delaware Bay. For the first time, I told her the story of Odysseus and his encounter with Polyphemus, the Cyclops. As I spoke, I noticed an old grey-bearded man, still hale and hearty, observing a respectful distance, but carefully listening to our story. Later I pointed this out to my daughter, and I told her of the ancient belief that the gods sometimes travel among us in disguise. No wonder she wanted to hear more.

But her favorite bedtime stories, as we lay side by side in bed, came after we read the stack of children's books she had selected from our shelves. Following her mother's example, and given a dearth of beds, we had fallen into co-sleeping, a practice promoted by my old anthropology professor, James McKenna, my therapist, Babette Jenny, and Lily's mother, Kim Montgomery. No one ever complained, and there was nothing odd about it; but now I can see the perverts at CIA wanted to characterize this differently. Who knows? They are so stupid,

they may even have thought that something sexual would happen. Instead, we had the time of our lives, recounting events of the day, and laughing together, as my mother lay in the next room, happy at our sleepover parties.

Sometimes I put Lily asleep, singing an old ballad, telling a folktale, or hypnotizing her, recounting her bravery in a looped story.

Other times, I would lie, my arm around her, telling tales from my childhood, at her request, which she mumbled,

“Stories when little....”

PART FOUR
STRATEGY AND TACTICS

*No one could make a greater mistake
than he who did nothing
because he could do only a little.*

Attributed to Edmund Burke

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FIRST APPENDIX

MICROWAVE HARASSMENT

Once one realizes the extent to which cybernetic technology has been implanted in human beings, many things become understandable—including the weird robotic demeanor of trash like the war criminal Dick Cheney or the CIA stooge Mark Zuckerberg, whose company, FaceBook, sprung up the same day the Pentagon killed their LifeLog Project—a plan by DARPA, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, to track a person’s entire existence. DARPA, like CIA and NSA, is responsible for the voice to skull, or V2K, image to skull, or I2K, and other microwave harassment so many of us suffer.

The technology goes back more than one hundred years. Most people think Marconi invented the radio, but it was Nikola Tesla.

In 1899, financed by Illuminist John Jacob Astor IV, Tesla set up a station in Colorado Springs, later the home of the Air Force Academy, which is deeply implicated in our abuse. Tesla planned to conduct wireless experiments as he transmitted signals from Pike’s Peak to Paris.

In 1901, financed by Illuminist J. Pierpont Morgan, Tesla built Wardencllyffe Tower to transmit sound and pictures across the Atlantic to England and to ships at sea by using the earth to conduct the signals. Tesla tried to get Morgan to back an even larger plan to transmit messages and power by controlling “vibrations throughout the globe.” That’s exactly the kind of thing the Deep State does with the

High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP) and the Ground Wave Emergency Network (GWEN).

Two days after Tesla's death, the Federal Bureau of Investigation descended on his estate, sweeping up his papers, as it ordered the Alien Property Custodian to violate his property rights and to seize his belongings. President Trump's uncle, John G. Trump, a professor at M.I.T. who served as a technical aide to the National Defense Research Committee (NDRC), was the first man to analyze the stolen property.

Tesla technology was available to harass people with voice to skull, image to skull, and microwave attacks before the First World War. Its development was financed by the Illuminati, and the federal government stole the inventor's papers.

Microwave harassment goes that far back—more than one hundred years—and today it's more advanced than ever.

Our enemies used to call it artificial telepathy or AT. The technology is similar to your cell phone. Satellites link the sender and the receiver. A computer multiplexer routes the voice signal of the sender through microwave towers to a specified location or cell. That's your brain. Out of nowhere, a voice blooms in the mind of the target. The skull has no firewall and therefore cannot shut the voice out. That voice can be transmitted at different frequencies, some of which are audible to the conscious mind and some not. And there will always be a hypnotist's voice that you can't hear, laying in "suggestions." You know

when you find yourself doing something unusual or unhealthy? Or you just have a sudden impulse to do something dumb? Or when you just can't remember something? That's them.

Or they might be playing music to you. You know when you just get a song stuck in your head all day long.... You can bet it's being played on V2K and it contains hypnotic suggestions. Most people know that grocery stores will play music that contains subliminal messages. That technology has been around for a long time. What they don't know is that the same technique is used in their mind. It is called "mind control" after all.

Or it might be that a phrase pops into your head. It will always be something foul, ridiculous, or unhealthy. You might wonder, "Why do I keep thinking that?" The answer is simple. Bad people are using technology to hurt you.

I am not a visual person. I remember far more with my ears than with my eyes. For almost all of my life, I could not form a picture in my mind. I could not remember what a loved one's face looked like, although, of course, I could recognize her. My visual memory was entirely subconscious. I can't imagine how many pictures and videos these scum must have influenced me with. Certainly, I know now that they will play a video subliminally, or even in person to someone, in an attempt to create sexual arousal, disgust, or some other effect. Lately, I have begun to receive images consciously, and, to some extent, I can

form, change, and send images back to the programmers, controllers, and other degenerates at NSA, who abuse me constantly.

But mostly I notice words. These abusive and moronic scum talk to me constantly, and, along with cybernetic technology, they use neuro-linguistic formulæ (NLF) and neuro-linguistic programming (NLP) to make me speak along with an interlocutor. They can actually control how people talk.

Some people recognize the mind-control properties of neuro-linguistic programming, although they see it as a self-improvement program. NLP employs neuro-linguistic formulæ. NLF is what your hand-held device uses when it prompts you to pick words and phrases, guessing them from letters as you type. Smartphones train people to be mind-controlled, thinking with particular words in particular patterns, exactly like everyone else. NSA uses these techniques to trick people into thinking that words relayed by microwave transmission are their own speech or their own thought.

Remember that “Freudian slip” you made, or that unbelievably stupid thing you heard a politician say, like the time when George W. Bush said, “There’s an old saying in Tennessee—I know it’s in Texas, probably in Tennessee—that says, fool me once, shame on—shame on you. Fool me—you can’t get fooled again.” I bet Bush actually knew that saying: “Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me.” But he was paired with an interlocutor who didn’t, and the scum that controlled his voice messed him up.

Or maybe you think Bush is stupid. Okay. Take someone more intelligent, who also went to Yale and belonged to Skull and Bones: William F. Buckley. Watch some old videos of Firing Line, a show I grew up with, and you'll see what I mean. Buckley will stutter like an idiot, umm-ing and urr-ing, rolling his eyes back in his head, only to come out with a stream of dollar-and-a-half words and then go back into the same routine. The man was eloquent, but he had a speech defect, and that speech defect, like that of many others, was caused by mind control.

Sometimes they'll work on people, saying a phrase to a subject over and over again, and making that person say the phrase over and over again. You know how people have their little catch phrases—not to mention set-piece stories that they'll repeat verbatim and ad nauseam to others. And then there are the little things a subject may find amusing, which were slightly funny or enjoyable the first time, that he will repeat again and again and again to others, oblivious of his listeners' unsympathetic boredom. There he goes....

Hey, Lily: "Quick, act natural!"

But the scum at NSA are not just looking to identify and perpetuate simplistic formulæ, through internet habits, to lead scripted conversations, and to create prompted interactions, where they put people in each other's way: "Small world, isn't it?" They are actively trying to trip people up. They will work to make someone say something hurtful to himself and others. They have certainly made me

quarrel with family members and call them foul names. And they will also script a scene in a harmless context, have someone repeat it, and then move it over to another context where it causes trouble. Remember when Howard Cosell said on national television, while describing black football players, things like “That little monkey really gets loose, doesn’t he?” or “Look at that little monkey run....” Cosell was good with words, and he was never a racist. He had a strong relationship with the African-American community. Back in the 1960s, he was the first announcer to respect Muhammad Ali by calling him by his new name when others deliberately persisted in calling this persecuted hero by his old name, Cassius Clay. As it turned out, Cosell often called his own grandson “little monkey” and otherwise called kids playing or running “little monkeys.” NSA simply moved it over.

They are always putting things together that shouldn’t be mixed. Just as they moved Cosell’s habitual speech, which they may have created, from one context, where it was harmless, to another, where it was not, they will play one person’s speech to another in order to create a false impression. You may have called one of your V2K abusers a fucking bitch or otherwise insulted her, which they will encourage, so then they will play the verbal insult again and again to a third party, saying that you insulted her instead. And at the same time, they will be working to create aggression between you and one of the female perpetrators, which they will then try to sexualize, to encourage you to rape an innocent party.

But however you resist or don't resist, the idea is to make you speak along with them, to torture you, and to modify your behavior as well as your speech. Most of your abusers, who work for CIA, NSA, DHS, USAF, or a similar organization, are poorly educated losers who use extremely foul language, and all are sexual deviants of the worst sort. People subjected to the horrors of the program are forced to hear a torrent of disgusting verbiage while their interlocutor tries to force their words to follow his. When things go wrong, you can end up with a person who twitches, tics, and shouts obscenities that do not come from him. A lot of the curses may be him yelling at his tormentors, while he fights in hypnotic sleep, although he does not know it. The doctors call it Tourette Syndrome, but something else is going on.

Fortunately, there are limits to language. People know what they mean even when they say something different. Language control is not mind control, nor is it the same as controlling emotions or bodily sensations. There are all kinds of ways you can resist your would-be controllers with language alone—not to mention that one word will have different meanings, connotations, and associations for different people. One can exploit these differences, as well as the inherent ambiguities of words, to confuse one's attackers. These are some of many fatal flaws in what our enemies call "the program."

NLP will never work—simply because of personal pronouns. NSA's idea is to have one person speak for another: they broadcast a perpetrator's speech by V2K and the recipient mistakes the

speech for her own. They want to talk through our mouths, and they want to substitute their speech for our thought. But changes in personal pronouns, leading to odd speech patterns, give the game away.

For example, people will hear a voice in their head, which they mistake for their own thought: *"You shouldn't do that...."* But if it is the person hearing the thought, why is he calling himself *you*? He should think, "I shouldn't do that." But someone else speaks, by V2K, and the listener mistakes the voice for his own.

Others will speak about themselves in the third person. This seems particularly common in Hollywood and Washington, where Illuminati mind control is strongest. Remember Rhonda on Laverne and Shirley? Or Lola in Damn Yankees? They are only two examples from Hollywood. Remember how Senator Bob Dole used to call himself Bob Dole? President Trump does the same thing. One time he even spoke of CIA at the headquarters of CIA, stood in front of a sign marked CIA, and had CIA written below on the television broadcast, calling himself "Donald Trump." Now that's what I call cartel signalling.

Still others speak of themselves as "we." "We need to get going" is the sort of phrase that pops into my head. But who's *we*? There should be only one of me here.... This recalls the royal we, used by monarchs programmed by the Illuminati. They don't call it PROJECT MONARCH for nothing. As Queen Victoria famously said, "We are not amused." Usually I don't like royals, but I'm with Vicki on this one. That's the kind of stuff Tim Shelley likes.

Watch for these speech patterns in yourself and others, and ask yourself where they come from. It's a good way to spot mind control.

As I am forced to engage in endless conversations with abusive morons, I give my tormentors nicknames to mock them. I call some of the female degenerates that abuse and lie to me names like Miss Direction, Miss Understanding, Miss Rule, Miss Reason, Miss Conduct, Miss Behavior, Miss Apprehension, and Miss Take. But the two that concern us here have other names: Miss Diagnosis and Miss Treatment.

Long ago, CIA successfully brainwashed many Americans to dismiss "conspiracy theories" without a second thought. After they assassinated John F. Kennedy, they put out an internal memorandum, Countering Criticism of the Warren Report. They had stacked the deck by creating a rubber-stamp commission on which characters like CIA Director Allen Dulles and child molester Gerald Ford served. They didn't want people thinking for themselves. If you're actually running a conspiracy, of course, you want people to dismiss "conspiracy theories."

CIA has also done much to shape both laypeople's and psychiatrists' views of insanity, especially to label people with MK-ULTRA issues as crazy. When I was a boy, you were considered crazy if you talked to yourself. Now, people are considered crazy if they hear voices. Paranoia is called a symptom of insanity. The Soviet Union used psychiatric wards to suppress dissent. The New World Order does the same. As every targeted individual should know, you must never go to

a psychologist. Dissidents are committed to mental asylums, after which they cannot own firearms (in most states), and they are prescribed powerful anti-psychotic drugs. These drugs cost money, so the big pharmaceutical interests and insurance companies make billions from the misdiagnosis and mistreatment of the survivors of CIA programs.

Aside from symptoms that arise from V2K and speech-focused forms of attack, the agency engages in other kinds of body, emotion, and mind control that involve implants not merely in the head. I am not entirely clear on the technology. Through implants in the brain, sensations may be induced in various body parts. Also, there may be implants in particular body parts. And, courtesy of PROJECT CLOVERLEAF and INDIGO SKY FOLD, we are all breathing in nanotechnology, otherwise known as smart dust, which assembles itself inside our bodies. (Look up, if you don't believe me, and you'll see chemtrails criss-crossing the sky.) Painful sensations may be caused by blasts from directed energy weapons. They can flood your body with dopamine, endorphins, or hormones that your body itself manufactures. They can induce movement. And they will try to stimulate a person's private parts or, alternatively, to cause impotence or frigidity, while assailing the mind with sounds or images, and giving hypnotic commands either to masturbate or copulate. Electronic anal rape is a favorite; and they will make a person's anus itch while they force that person through remote control, or give a hypnotic command, to scratch

or finger it. We are dealing with subhuman degenerates, and they are sick.

Other ailments induced by MK-ULTRA are misdiagnosed as diseases, so the big pharmaceutical interests and the insurance companies make billions from the suffering of human beings whose lives are destroyed by the New World Order. Parkinson's Disease seems due in many cases to MK-ULTRA, with its classic symptoms of shaking, rigidity, and depression. Likewise, dementia and Alzheimer's Disease come from the destruction of the mind caused by the satanic trash in the global "intelligence" community through hypnotic commands. Cancer, especially of the brain, is caused by directed energy weapons, microwave signals piggy-backed on cell phones, and the interaction of processed foods combined with the breathing of poisonous chemicals, not to mention neural dust, ingested, drunk, or sprayed from airplanes in PROJECTS CLOVERLEAF and INDIGO SKY FOLD. (Again, look in the sky: you will see chemtrails from planes but not all jets, and none of these were present a few years ago.) Strange allergies, which no one used to have, have become commonplace. Morgellons, so far unexplained, indicate the body's reaction to implants. Crohn's Disease is another favorite, since the scum think it's funny to make a human soil his trousers. Milder ailments such as tinnitus (ringing in the ears), dyslexia (a mix-up of signals to the right and left hemispheres of the brain), and restless leg syndrome (leg bouncing up and down from microwave transmissions at low frequencies) all come, too, from obscene

experiments on human subjects. They'll blur your vision and put a voice in your head that says, "I need to get my prescription updated" or "I need glasses." Or they'll cause pain in your teeth while you hear them say, "I need to go to the dentist." And then there's Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, where they just wear you down. Let's not forget the undisclosed purpose of U.N. AGENDA 21, 2030, and 2050, as described by Rosa Koire in Behind The Green Mask, is to kill eighty percent of the humans on the planet, as set forth on the Georgia Guidestones.

Then there are the related emotional problems that naturally arise, or are purposely created, by the use of this obscene technology on unwitting human subjects. The subhuman trash will work to make you feel sad or repentant for the sins they have caused you to commit or the ones about which they lie. Other controllers and programmers will try to fill a person with false pride or arrogance, so he has trouble with people. Still others will induce anger, either intentionally or accidentally. And all of these negative emotions depend on a constant stream of judgements—not to mention the suspension of judgement against the criminals that perpetrate these horrific crimes. Don't fall for it.

But let's not forget that this form of mind control depends on implants. Vaccines, like processed food, contain nano-technology, but there is larger stuff, too. Whenever you go to a hospital, you are in terrible danger. Otherwise, a cybernetic implant can be inserted by an insect-like drone, and I have had that done to me. It also can be inserted

in person by a CIA degenerate, which has also been done to me. The program depends on burglaries by sexual deviants. All of my friends, my family, and I have been taken from our beds and raped in the most horrific ways, while they put implants in various parts of our bodies. The agency uses hypnosis, drugs, and electro-shock to wipe people's memories—a process described by Cisco Wheeler and Fritz Springmeier in their books The Illuminati Formula To Create an Undetectable Total Mind Control Slave and Deeper Insights into the Illuminati Formula. They have done it to me many times, and these sick degenerates poisoned my daughter's dog so they could come into my house. When I tried to warn others, they thought I was crazy. That's what the enemy wants.

Get a big dog and bolt your door from the inside. And a gun doesn't hurt. A shotgun or revolver, with hollow-point bullets, is good for protection; but I also recommend a semi-automatic rifle, bought legally in an undocumented private sale, for when they really come for us. I sleep with a chair propped against my bedroom door and a hammer under the bed. It is my sincere desire that they break into my house again, so I can kill one of these craven degenerates face to face.

The Rhodesians had it easy. They could see their enemies. We do not have that luxury. Today I am constantly plagued by abusive scum that bother me with V2K and I2K, taunting me about the rape of my child and loved ones, pretending to use my voice to object to these obscenities, and inducing foul sensations in my anus, my scrotum, the

area between the two, and my urethra. They will induce erections while they torture me; and, if I masturbate, they sometimes make my penis flaccid, suggesting that I violate women with objects, as they get off on raping me with electronics. They are shit. They are cowards. And there is never any respite. The constant abuse drives me forward, so that I am always writing, teaching, and fighting against NWO.

Our enemies are actually that stupid. Whereas they could simply leave people like me alone, they weaponize us so that free time is impossible, and we have nothing to do but fight them. In this way, they motivate geniuses to be their implacable enemies, while they pit drug-addicted imbeciles against us. As my friend in the Resistance, Andrea Davison, who once worked for British Intelligence, said, "There are very few real agents left." It's always been bad, but nowadays it's just one violent and moronic lowlife after another, and their dependence on technology, which puts them in constant contact with us, only serves to undermine their own effectiveness. They don't even give their own hypnotic suggestions a chance to work, as each perpetrator destroys the work of another. Ultimately, the program will self-destruct.

But still it is important for us to understand the weapons they use against us.

SECOND APPENDIX

SELECT PATENTS AND DIAGRAMS

Nowadays, cybernetics are mostly nano-tech, but you'd be surprised how many people have the old-school stuff in their bodies. I thought for years that the bump on the top of my head came from blunt trauma or that crooked eyes were normal.

What follows is an abridged set of patents and diagrams for some of the mind control technology used against us. It's a good indicator that I'm not crazy. They didn't spend decades of research and billions of dollars inventing this stuff not to use it.

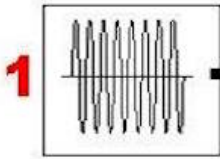
Some of the assignees or holders of the patents with possibly deep pockets, making attractive defendants for a products liability lawsuit, include the California Institute of Technology, Georgia Tech, IBM, Stanford University, Lockheed Martin, Motorola, Pioneer, Procter and Gamble, Raytheon, Rolls-Royce, the University of Michigan, and the United States Air Force.

You can learn more about CIA's cybernetics program through Aaron and Melissa Dykes' excellent documentary film, [The Minds of Men](#), which describes the criminality of the Boston Violence Project, the Office of Naval Research, Dr. Robert Heath, and Dr. José Delgado.

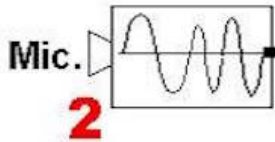
You can also find more on my website, Fighting Monarch: <https://fightingmonarch.com>.

Silent Sound Subliminal Mind Control

1 Steady tone, near the high end of the hearing range, say, 15,000 Hz

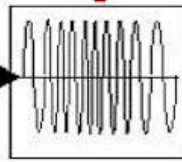


2 Hypnotist's Voice, varying from, say, 300 Hz to 4,000 Hz



3 FREQUENCY MODULATOR, VOICE CONTROLS FREQ.

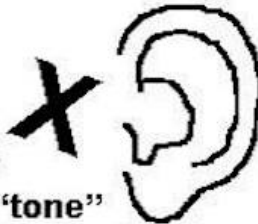
4 Output is now more or less a steady tone, sounding like tinnitus, but with hypnosis embedded



5 Brain can hear voice & understand

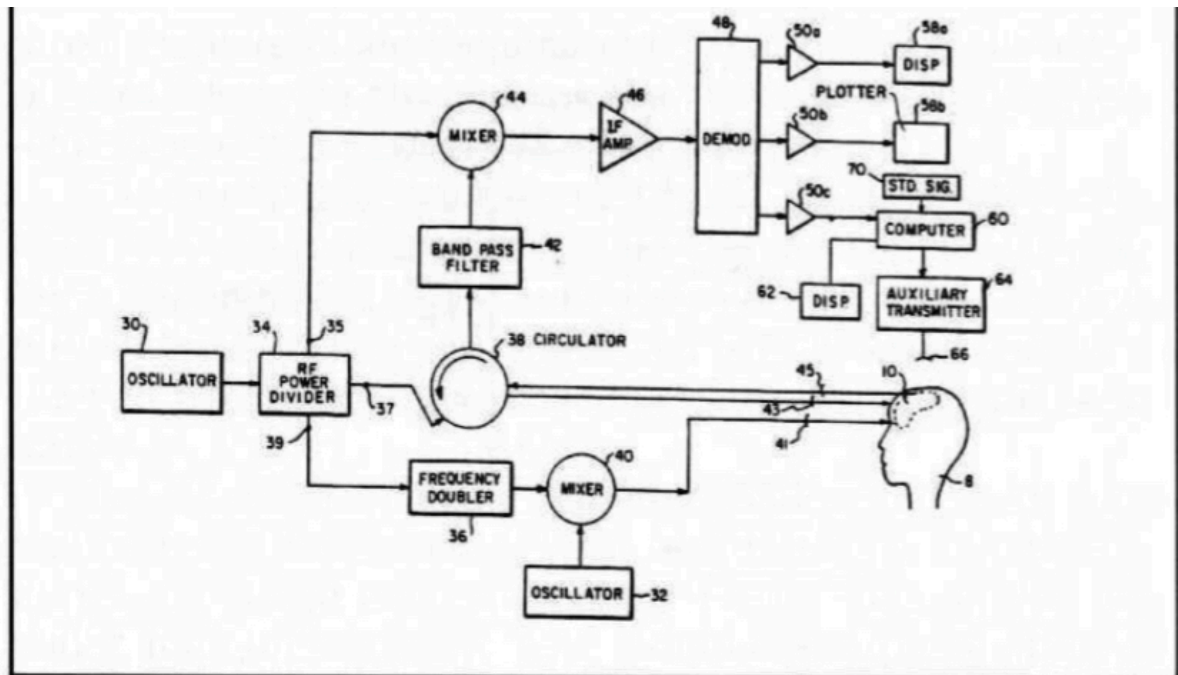


5 Ear only hears a "tone" or "buzzing/ringing"



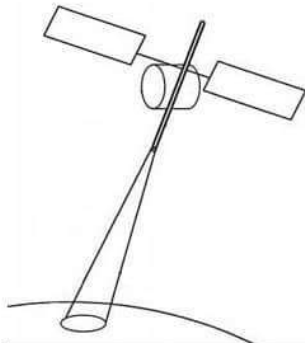
Output can be via open air broadcast or piggybacked on TV/radio signals

U.S. Patent 5159703 issued Oct 27, 1992



United States Patent 3,951,134 shows how one can remotely monitor and alter brain waves from a distance. There is much evidence that medical devices like this one are also used as covert biological process control weapons by manipulating the human organism. (Dr. Richard Sauder)

YOU THINK YOUR THOUGHTS ARE PRIVATE?



US006011991A

United States Patent [19]
Mardirossian

[11] **Patent Number:** **6,011,991**
[45] **Date of Patent:** **Jan. 4, 2000**

[54] **COMMUNICATION SYSTEM AND METHOD INCLUDING BRAIN WAVE ANALYSIS AND/OR USE OF BRAIN ACTIVITY**

5,640,493	6/1997	Skeirik .	
5,715,821	2/1998	Faupel .	
5,719,561	2/1998	Gonzales .	
5,722,418	3/1998	Bro .	128/905
5,730,146	3/1998	Ill et al. .	600/544
5,736,543	4/1998	Rogers et al. .	
5,737,485	4/1998	Flanagan et al. .	
5,747,492	5/1998	Lynch et al. .	
5,791,342	8/1998	Woodard .	600/544
5,816,247	10/1998	Maynard .	

[57]

ABSTRACT

A system and method for enabling human beings to communicate by way of their monitored brain activity. The brain activity of an individual is monitored and transmitted to a remote location (e.g. by satellite). At the remote location, the monitored brain activity is compared with pre-recorded normalized brain activity curves, waveforms, or patterns to determine if a match or substantial match is found. If such a match is found, then the computer at the remote location determines that the individual was attempting to communicate the word, phrase, or thought corresponding to the matched stored normalized signal.

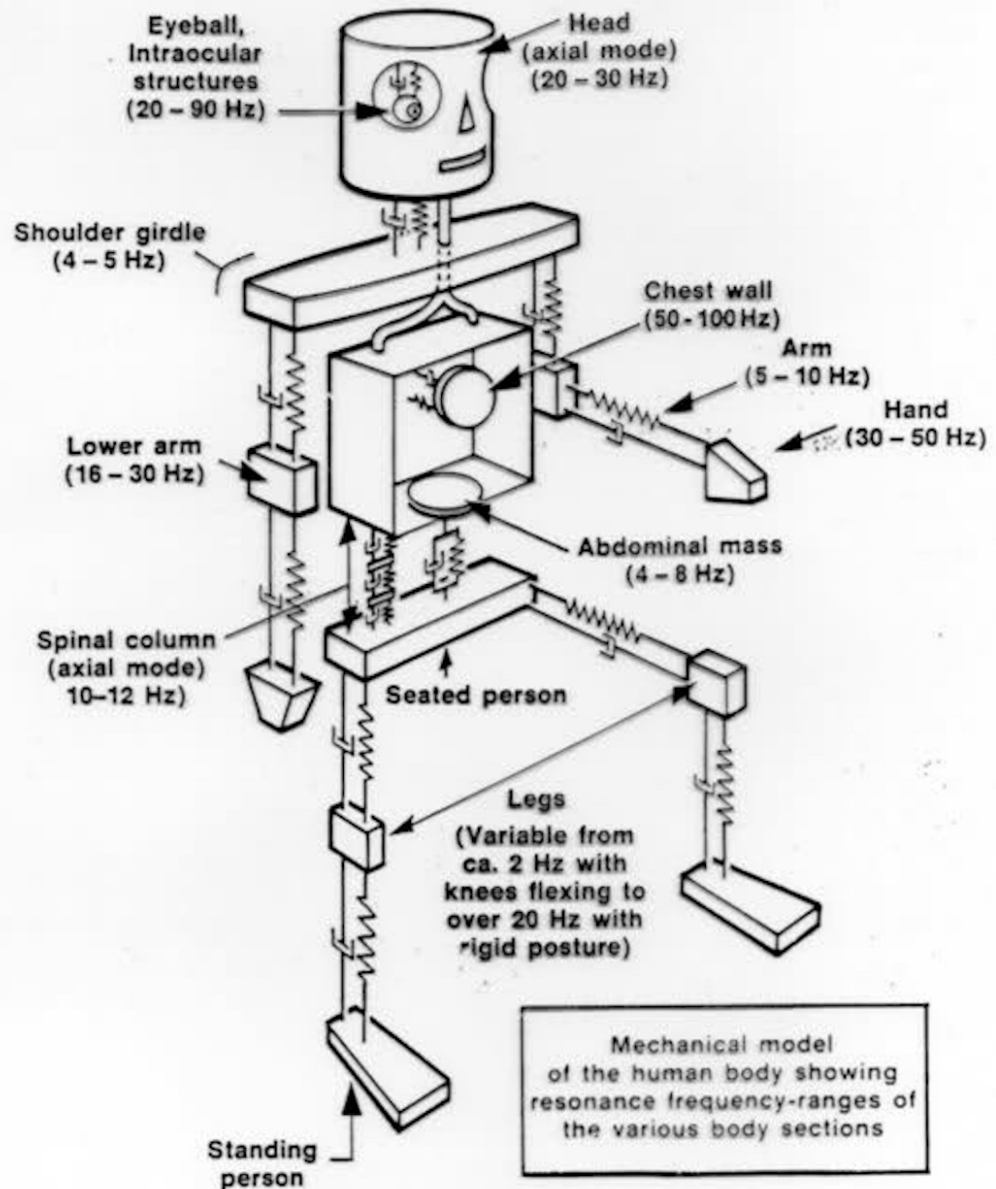
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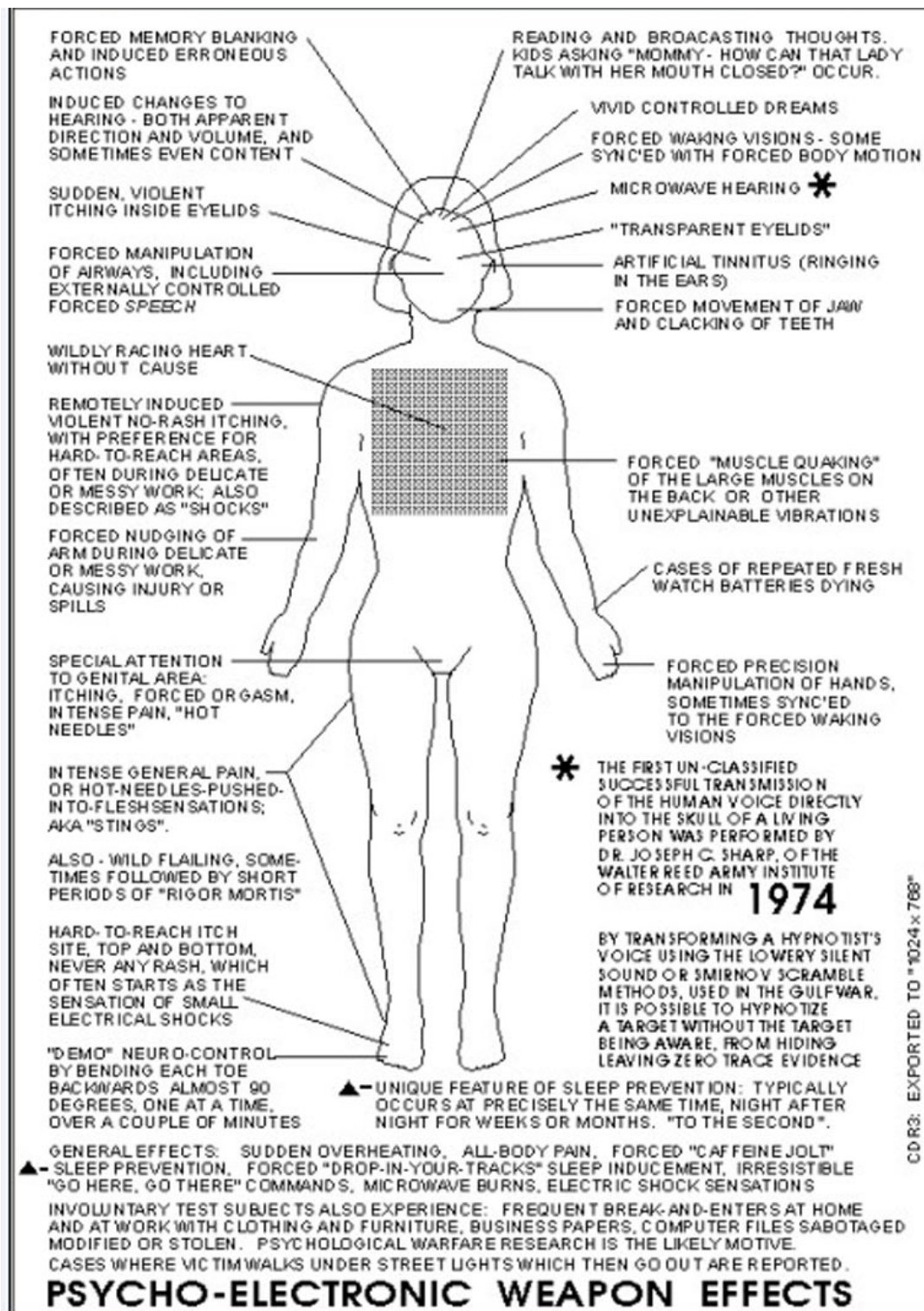
Primary Examiner—Cary O'Connor
Assistant Examiner—Michael Astorino
Attorney, Agent, or Firm—Joseph A. Rhoa

[57] **ABSTRACT**

A system and method for enabling human beings to communicate by way of their monitored brain activity. The brain activity of an individual is monitored and transmitted to a remote location (e.g. by satellite). At the remote location, the monitored brain activity is compared with pre-recorded normalized brain activity curves, waveforms, or patterns to determine if a match or substantial match is found. If such a match is found, then the computer at the remote location determines that the individual was attempting to communicate the word, phrase, or thought corresponding to the matched stored normalized signal.

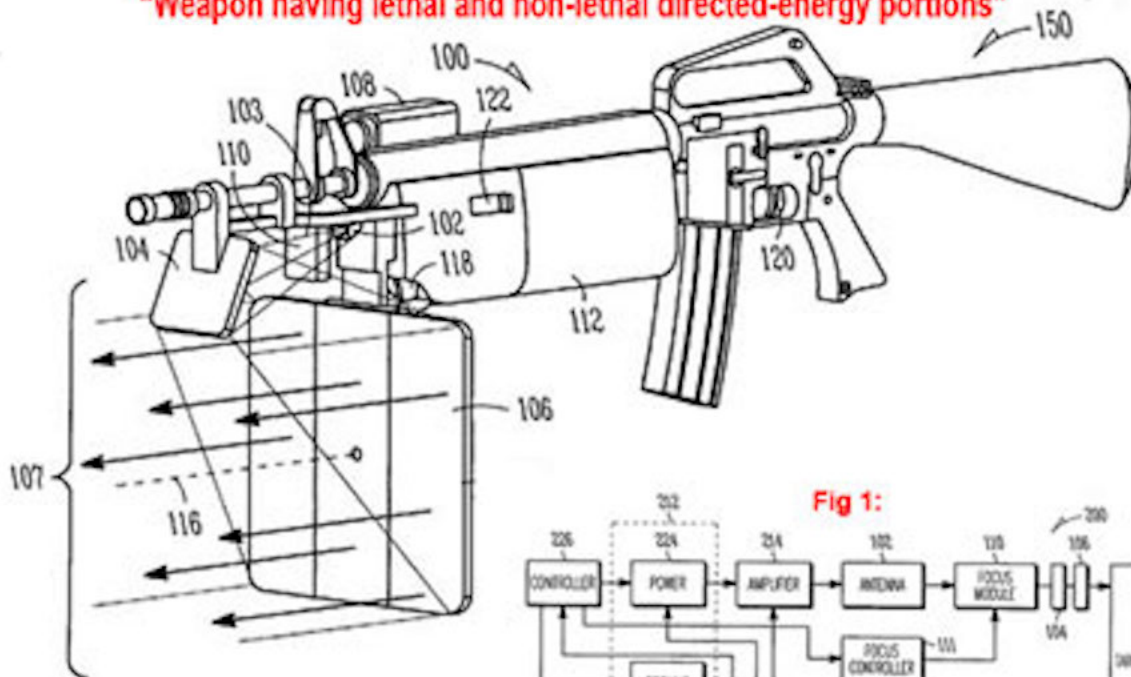
Human body resonance frequencies



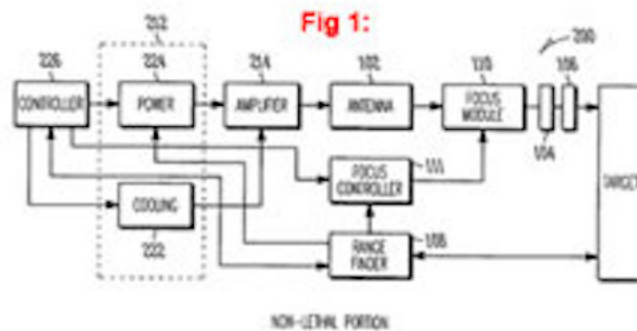


CDR3: EXPORTED TO #1024 x 768*

U.S. Patent 7490538B2 issued Feb 17, 2009
"Weapon having lethal and non-lethal directed-energy portions"



**Directed Energy Weapon
 mounted on an M16**



THIRD APPENDIX

WHY WE DON'T REMEMBER

In 1977, the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence held hearings about CIA's illegal activities in the United States, describing "the abuses of the drug testing program and reports of other previously unknown drug programs and projects for behavioral control."

That was over forty years ago, when I was a child, and things have worsened since. Today CIA has at its disposal not only over one hundred new cybernetic patents but also the same old drugs.

Among the drugs illegally used by CIA against American citizens are (a) hypnotic sedatives such as amobarbital, aprobarbital, butabarbital sodium, chloral hydrate, methotrimeprazine hydrochloride, midazolam hydrochloride, paraldehyde, pentobarbital, pentobarbital sodium, quazepam, secobarbital sodium, sodium pentobarbital, temazepam, triazolam, and zolpidem tartrate, (b) hypnotics like demerol, desoxyn (combined with sodium pentothal), methyprylon, and pentothal acid, and (c) memory blockers such as acetylcholine, BZ, and scopolamine.

Scopolamine, otherwise known as hyoscine, burundanga, or devil's breath, concerns me here, since it makes rohypnol, a common date rape drug, look like nothing. When it is combined with trauma, which creates amnesic walls, hypnosis, and electro-shock, victims have little chance of remembering their abuse.

In the 1920s, Robert House pioneered the use of scopolamine as a truth serum. House found the drug would “depress the cerebrum to such a degree as to destroy the power of reasoning.” In other words, the drug turns people into zombies. It also blocks memories from forming, so a subject will not remember what happened under the influence. You can see why this would interest CIA; so, using Nazi scientists imported in OPERATION PAPERCLIP, they began their own use of drugs and hypnosis, beginning with PROJECT BLUEBIRD and culminating in MK-ULTRA.

Because scopolamine blocks the acetylcholine receptor in the brain, it stops memories, normally encoded in the hippocampus, from forming. Victims cannot recall what happened to them, and they cannot identify their attackers.

But don't listen to me. Here are the words of the United States government. In 2012, the State Department published a travel advisory:

One common and particularly dangerous method that criminals use in order to rob a victim is through the use of drugs. The most common has been hyoscine [scopolamine]. Unofficial estimates put the number of annual hyoscine incidents in Colombia at approximately 50,000. Hyoscine can render a victim unconscious for 24 hours or more. In large doses, it can cause respiratory failure and death. It is most often administered in liquid or powder form in foods and beverages. The majority of these incidents occur in night

clubs and bars, and usually men, perceived to be wealthy, are targeted by young, attractive women. To avoid becoming a victim of hyoscine [scopolamine], one should never accept food or beverages offered by strangers or new acquaintances or leave food or beverages unattended....

Typically, victims become disoriented or unconscious, and are thus vulnerable to robbery, sexual assault, and other crimes.

In its powdered form, scopolamine has neither taste nor smell, so it can easily be slipped into someone's drink. Also, it can be smoked in cigarettes, blown in someone's face, or administered in a transdermal patch. The drug acts fast, so it takes effect in less than twenty minutes.

CIA has everything at its disposal, but this drug is so easily obtainable that it can be used by common criminals, which, in the unlikely event of detection, can form a smokescreen concealing agency involvement. Scopolamine is used to treat motion sickness, Parkinson's Disease, muscle spasms, irritable bowel syndrome, asthma, and depression. It is even used off-label to help stop smoking. Despite the obvious criminal uses of scopolamine, the World Health Organization lists it as one of the safest and most effective medicines. You can find it in almost any grocery store.

Are we really to believe that criminals use this drug only in Colombia? or that CIA ever stopped using it?

**COMING OF AGE
UNDER MK-ULTRA**

