



STORIES
WHEN LITTLE

ALSO BY TIMOTHY SHELLEY

PLAYBOY'S PROGRESS: COMING OF AGE 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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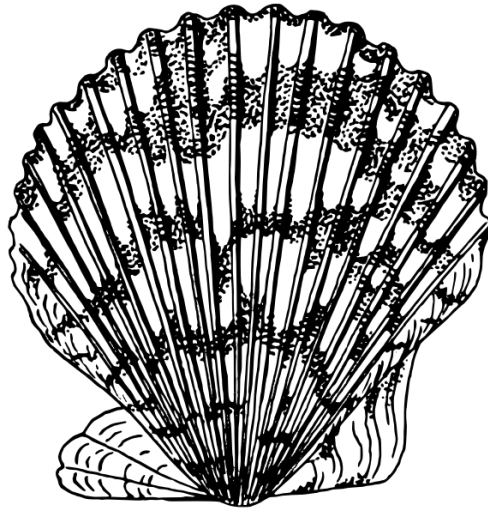
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STORIES WHEN LITTLE:
GROWING UP UNDER MK-ULTRA

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: THE SEESYOYANS AND THE HEEHOYANS

I was born fifty-one years ago, on September 29, 1969, a short time after the moon landing occurred.

At least that's what they said. For years I took it as gospel that man walked on the moon; but, more and more, the whole thing looks fake. How do we know this? The government and the television told us.

Think about it. The United States is the only country to claim to have put a manned mission on the moon. The Soviets never did so, even though they continued their space program, which was initially more advanced than ours. Some think that Stanley Kubrick, whose films concern the New World Order, filmed the whole thing on a Hollywood set. Pink Floyd wrote the score, playing improvised music for the British Broadcasting Company while people watched the moon walk. The astronauts drove their moon buggy, and they jumped across the lunar surface. Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin, and Alan Shepard hit golf balls, driving long in low-gravity conditions. Did we really fly all that way for that?

I am not saying the astronauts were in on it. They were probably duped as well. As Tom Wolfe points out in The Right Stuff, except for Neil Armstrong, the early astronauts all had military backgrounds. Consequently, they would have endured the same MK-ULTRA programming as Wolfe's subject in The Electric Kool-Aid Acid

Test, Ken Kesey. Each of them would have been implanted, drugged, and hypnotized long before he joined the space program, subject to the mind control rampant not only in our country but in our military. Even though the astronauts successfully lobbied for a window in their spacecraft, the government kept them as much in the dark as it had its first star voyager, Ham the Astrochimp. How hard is it, really, to put someone in a capsule, shake it around a bit, drug and hypnotize him, and make him think he stepped onto the moon?

Less than four months after the lunar landing, Hollywood came out with Marooned, which won an Academy Award for best visual effects. The film depicts three astronauts trapped in their space module, slowly suffocating due to a short supply of oxygen. There was only enough oxygen for two men, and one astronaut died. Four months after this film came out, Apollo XIII, which bore an Illuminist number, lost an oxygen tank. The lunar module consumables were meant to support only two people for thirty-six hours, but the three astronauts needed them to last four days. Now the American public got to see a real live space drama, where we worked to bring the astronauts home.

Years later Ron Howard, who played Opie on The Andy Griffith Show and Richie on Happy Days, would make a film about it, starring the Illuminist child molester Tom Hanks. You know, Tom Hanks? The same Tom Hanks who began his career as a cross-dresser in Bosom Buddies later to produce the patriotic propaganda series Band of Brothers so the false flag attacks on 911 fell right in the early episodes of

its first run. That helped everyone feel good about the passage of the PATRIOT ACT, which took away our liberties, and the invasion of Afghanistan, from which none of the alleged attackers came, to begin an ongoing nineteen-year-long war, at a cost of one trillion dollars, in the country that produces most of the world's heroin. Did you know that the Taliban stopped heroin production shortly before we invaded? Or that the region produces more heroin now than ever? As Samuel Johnson wrote, patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel.

So what was NASA really about?

When I was in middle school, we had to write research papers on the question of whether the space program was worth it, and the answer was always yes. Why? Because of the development of technology. According to NASA itself, almost two thousand "spinoff technologies" have come from the space program. Maybe it's worth considering that those technologies themselves, not space exploration, were actually the program's purpose.

Cheap microwave ovens were often touted as a product of the space race. They are still used to drain the remaining nutrition from processed food, destroying its taste, in the name of convenience. My parents used to cook our meals in a convection oven, on the range, or on the gas grill, and we sat together as a family to eat them; but now people eat alone, in front of the television, with their food prepared in a microwave.

Microwaves didn't just destroy our families and our cuisine. They are used extensively by the Five Eyes—the associated intelligence communities of Australia, Canada, the United Kingdom, New Zealand, and the United States—for microwave harassment, including image to skull and voice to skull, subjects covered in the appendices to this book. In league with corporations like Raytheon, government actors like DARPA, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, which invented the internet, beam microwaves not only with GWEN towers, 5G, and WIFI, which people foolishly embrace in the name of convenience, but by HAARP and satellites. These they use for mind control and to relay the information that is the lifeblood of the surveillance state. Big Brother is watching you, and he uses the products of the space race to do so.

Even if the moon landing was real, it was no more than a publicity stunt, which provided a front for the development of sinister technology. Today, more than two thousand satellites orbit our planet, watching our every move, relaying our coordinates, while our bodies contain nano-technology developed by NASA. As the agency itself says, you'd be surprized how much NASA is part of your life....

The Central Intelligence Agency, which works in league with the Air Force to oppress American citizens, cannot resist what my friend Dr. Katherine Horton, a particle physicist, who worked for the European Organization for Nuclear Research (CERN) and on the Deutsches Elektronen-Synchrotron (DESY), calls cartel signalling. They love to

advertise our abuse, leading us to brand our bodies with tattoos like their cattle or the victims of their concentration camps. Others they dress in zebra, tiger, and leopard prints, while we flash masonic handsigns like the Devil's Horns, the Pillars of Wisdom, or the Eye of Horus. Meanwhile, we consume products marked with satanic symbols, referring obliquely to the Crown Corporation, which controls the CIA. Dr. Horton says it should be called Crown In America. Mesmerized, we watch El Rey, while we drink Corona, RC Cola, or Crown Royal; and, if we're at the so-called top, we wear Rolexes marked with crowns, while we drive Maseratis decorated with pitchforks and crowns. If you can't afford a Maserati, you might have an Alpha Romeo, showing a dragon wearing a crown as it eats a human being. As Auric Goldfinger opined to James Bond,

**Once is happenstance,
twice is coincidence,
and three times enemy action.**

Learn the language. Look for crowns, kings, and other signs; and you will see the pattern of your slavery.

In this regard, I recently noticed that my parents, when we still had a Zenith black-and-white television in the mid seventies, complete with bunny ears, bought a video game made by Coleco: TELSTAR. (We also had their moccasin kits, where you stitched your own shoes). The game appeared in our house about the same time I got SIMON for my birthday, learning to respond to flashing colored lights,

going into trance, under the guise of fun and memory training. CIA uses those lights in programming centers and discos, just as the Illuminists use memory exercises, like the one described in Freemason Rudyard Kipling's Kim, when British Intelligence played the Russians in the Great Game. We played Mother May I as a family, and in training sessions, just as CIA uses the game's cousin, Simon Says, in MK-ULTRA. TELSTAR featured different variants of PONG, labelled as hockey, handball, and tennis; and, along with SIMON, it was the first computer to come into our house, a progenitor of the internet of things, used to piggyback signals broadcast now from GWEN towers, WIFI, and HAARP, but then from satellites into circuitry implanted in our heads and described in the appendices to this book. What a coincidence that the first communication satellites, launched in the early 1960s, used during my childhood to broadcast television pictures, telephone calls, and telegraph images by microwave, shared the name of our first computer.

☀ ☀ ☀ **TELSTAR** ☀ ☀ ☀

Television contained a great deal of propaganda about the space program. When I was tiny, people watched the Saturn launches, or hung with bated breath while the Apollo XIII astronauts tried to fly home. I remember watching the first space shuttle flight on t.v. in my homeroom class. Aside from when the Phillies won the World Series, that was the only time we ever watched television at school. Challenger

and Columbia blew up, but otherwise the space program was remarkably free from fatalities.

Except Gus Grissom that is. Virgil Ivan Grissom was the most popular of the astronauts and the most outspoken critic of the space program. There was no way the bad guys were going to let someone like Lieutenant Colonel Grissom walk around, exposing their lies and incompetence, so they took him out.

Gus Grissom was the third person to fly in space, and NASA tried to kill him on his first flight. After he splashed down in the Atlantic Ocean, his capsule's hatch mysteriously blew open. He was lucky to survive the attempt on his life, jumping into choppy waters as the spacecraft began to sink, water filled his heavy space suit, and a helicopter airlifted the drowning hero. It was later proven that Grissom did not blow the hatch, but the government smeared the brave astronaut, claiming he had panicked and ruined their property. The Secret Service placed him and his family under watch.

Grissom was not only a hero of great integrity but a family man who loved to spend a quiet evening at home. Despite a hectic schedule, he worked while his children slept, so he could play with them, just as I did during my daughter's childhood. He hunted, fished, skied, and spent time on the water with his family. He also shared his concerns, openly and honestly, with his wife, saying, if there were ever a serious accident at NASA, it would probably involve him. Like me, his family believes conspirators murdered him.

Training for Apollo I, as foul smells emerged from his oxygen system and communications failed, Grissom asked, "How are we going to get to the moon if we can't talk between two or three buildings?" He called the module a bucket full of screws, and he picked a lemon from his backyard, tying it to the spacecraft as a joke. Unauthorized, he held an impromptu press conference, criticizing the space program, in which he said it would take another ten years to fly to the moon.

Working with NASA and USAF, CIA assassinated Lieutenant Colonel Grissom. During an onground simulation, a spark under his seat ignited a fire that engulfed the entire capsule. NASA claimed the fire burned toxic chemicals, causing the astronauts to die within a minute. Some say cyanide gas was employed against the men. Others say the crew struggled to open the hatch for a full five minutes. Whether they burned alive or whether the fire covered the use of poison remains an open question.

Thomas Ronald Baron, a quality control and safety inspector for North American Aviation, the primary contractor to build the death trap, wrote a fifty-five-page report detailing the shortcomings of the space program. He testified to Congress that, under then-current circumstances at NASA, we would never make it to the moon. After Grissom's murder, Baron worked to expand his report to five hundred pages. That week, CIA killed him and his family, too, when a train struck their car.

CIA set out to smear Baron, just as they had smeared Grissom. Performing no autopsy, the government claimed that the program's strongest critic had raced his car across the tracks, that he was mentally unstable, and that he was trying to commit suicide as he drove with his wife and step-daughter. Then they destroyed his longer report.

No one asked questions about Grissom or Baron, while CIA branded critics as "conspiracy theorists," a term coined in their memo regarding the Kennedy assassination, "Countering Criticism of the Warren Report;" but astronauts figured happily on the radio, in the movies, and in situation comedies. From Stanley Kubrick's Space Odyssey to David Bowie's "Space Oddity," the space program just kept coming up. I Dream of Jeannie was on television, with Barbara Eden as a sexy blonde calling Major Nelson, the astronaut, master, and asking what she could do for him. Astronaut Jim McDivitt appeared on The Brady Bunch, which we watched on re-runs after school. Later I would watch The Right Stuff by Tom Wolfe, an alumnus of Washington and Lee, where I went to law school. My favorite show is still Northern Exposure, in which Barry Corbin played a fictional astronaut, Maurice Minnifield. Astronauts were big, so they loomed large in the popular imagination.

Aside from feeding views of American exceptionalism, and providing popular entertainment, the space program sold processed food. We drank Tang, an orange drink consumed by the astronauts, either by itself or blended with Lipton's mix to make spiced tea. Almost

no one drank Tang until NASA used it in Gemini missions, when, mixing it in a zero-G pouch, American space explorers gave sales an enormous boost. My brother had a more exotic experience. He bought freeze-dried ice cream from the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum just like the astronauts’.

Even the tooth fairy was in on it, as were our elders. Whenever I lost a tooth, I would put it under my pillow to find a shiny new silver dollar next morning, and our grandparents would give us the same coins. President Eisenhower was on one side, and, you guessed it, an eagle landing on the moon stood on the other. As the astronauts said, **“THE EAGLE HAS LANDED.”**

My dad was more high brow. He was into Wernher von Braun, a baron, administrator, and rocket engineer, who served as the chief architect of the Apollo mission. Braun was regarded as a hero in the United States; but, before he worked for NASA, he was a war criminal, who used slave labor to design and build rockets for Hitler. Germany launched those rockets against civilians in London during the Blitz; but that didn’t stop OSS, the precursor to CIA, from spirited Braun out of Europe, along with many Nazis, in OPERATION PAPERCLIP. Imagine turning a war criminal into a national hero: That’s what they call psy-ops, intelligence-speak for psychological operations.

By the way, OSS assassinated General George S. Patton, because he wanted to use former Nazis to pursue an aggressively anti-

communist policy. CIA was never serious about winning the Cold War, a sham from the beginning; but they were criminals that used Nazi scientists against American citizens. Josef Mengele, who tortured prisoners in Auschwitz, came to America under CIA auspices where he tortured our people, calling himself Dr. Green, as part of MK-ULTRA. General Patton's idea of using Nazis to fight Soviets was nothing like what CIA had in mind.

Speaking of fighting Nazis, my grandfather, Karl Shelley, did work for the War Department in the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard, where he worked as a civil and mechanical engineer. That's where the Philadelphia Experiment was conducted, although the Navy denies it. That experiment, involving the U.S.S. Eldridge, appears to have involved electrical field manipulation, and it horribly mangled sailors. It's hard for me to see what was happening there. Certainly, Tesla technology relates to mind control, as the government uses HAARP to broadcast signals. The Philadelphia Experiment must have involved hypnosis and drugs, so the surreal claims of time travel are merely gamma programs, cover for the games played with people's heads. Later tales of alien abduction were nothing other than this. What's more likely? That aliens flew across the galaxy to sodomize you in your bedroom? Or that perverts from the CIA did so, brainwashing you to think it was aliens, in a historically documented program?

My grandfather was an eighth-generation American, proud of his family name, as our ancestors bought land from William Penn and

settled Bucks County in the early 1700s. There is still a hamlet named for us, Shelly, Pennsylvania, near the Tohickon Creek, on Route 309, south of Donley's Gun Shop and Bubba's Potbelly Stove. Family legend says we left England under the reign of Bloody Mary in the 1500s, as she burned three hundred religious dissenters at the stake, trying to undo the English Reformation.

One of them was Thomas Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who attended my college at Cambridge University, helped to found the Church of England, and wrote The Book of Common Prayer. Cranmer performed the first episcopal wedding rites between Henry Tudor and Anne Boleyn, and he carried the Reformation further under Edward VI, who was poisoned as a teenager. Under Mary Tudor, the former archbishop recanted his heresy, thinking she would allow him to live; but one can never make a deal with the devil. Mary burned him regardless, pushing her advantage. She expected Cranmer to make a final recantation, during a service at University Church, Oxford, so the crown approved his sermon ahead of time. Once in public, he went off script, renouncing his earlier recantations, and saying he would punish his hand for having signed them. Cranmer cried, "As for the pope, I refute him, as Christ's enemy, and Antichrist with all his false doctrine!" His enemies pulled him from the pulpit, and dragged him to the stake, where he thrust his hand into the fire.

As a boy, I visited the Tower of London, where the ravens still live. Legend holds that, if the ravens fly away, the crown will fall

and Britain with it. I asked the Beefeater who showed us around, "What if they do fly away?" But he told me they were kept in cages, so that could never happen. How telling. England, whose parliament is the second oldest in the world, whose Magna Carta set forth the right of habeas corpus, whose common law preserved its people's rights, keeps the ravens captive to satisfy superstition and tourism.

The stories of executions, especially the bravery and aplomb of those who died, spoke to me deeply. Sir Walter Raleigh, who sailed to Virginia, and who was denied the right to confront and question his accuser, conducted his own legal defense, before he was sentenced to death. He joked with the crowd, testing the sharpness of the axe that would behead him, saying, "This is sharp medicine, but it is a physician for all diseases." All were reluctant to see him go, but he spoke to his executioner, asking for help. "Let us dispatch. At this hour my ague comes upon me. I would not have my enemies think I quaked from fear." His last words were "Strike, man, strike!" When I was a boy, I was so impressed by his bravery. Raleigh did not fear death, and he inspired me.

Lady Jane Grey was also beheaded on Tower Green. She was a highly intelligent person and one of the best educated women of her day, who studied Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Italian, with her father's encouragement. She was cousin to Edward VI, and she should have been queen upon his death. Lady Jane Grey meant to carry the Reformation further. What she didn't realize was that the whole thing

was nothing but an asset strip. The Illuminati hypnotized Henry VIII, causing a shift in his personality, from an athletic man widely regarded as virtuous, to a fat paranoid lecher. Henry's puppeteers moved him to dissolve the monasteries and remove assets from the Roman Catholic Church. They could care less about protestant ideals, so they poisoned his son Edward VI, and they made sure that Lady Jane was beheaded, placing Bloody Mary on the throne once the stuff had been taken from the monasteries.

When I visited England at eleven years old, the same Beefeater told me the story of Anne Boleyn's martyrdom. Under the sway of his master's hypnotism, Henry VIII thought he loved her, so he stripped the assets from the monasteries and effected radical changes to the English constitution, eroding the rights of his subjects. Then, he became paranoid, deciding that his beautiful young wife was having sexual relations with five different men, including her own brother. When I look at the story now, I see the fingerprints of Illuminists all over it—from the asset strip, to the use of the church, to the creation of the modern state, all with a once virtuous man falling apart, hypnotized first to believe he was in love, then to think of incest and perversion, and finally to turn on his own family. Back in 1981, when I walked Tower Green, I saw none of this, nor did I see my own abuse, the abuse of my family, and the destruction of my country. I remember only the Beefeater in an otherwise boring day, when I was forced to view the

crown jewels, and his intriguing story of Anne Boleyn, whose ghost still walks the grounds.

Anne met her death bravely. Crispin, Lord Milherve, said her looks were cheerful. Even her enemies in The Spanish Chronicle said she showed “a devilish spirit, and was as if she were not going to die.” Anne saw that Jane Seymour had replaced her, just as she had replaced Catherine of Aragon: There was a certain fairness and unfairness in it. As she spoke before her death, “Everything they have accused me of is false, and the principle reason I am to die is Jane Seymour, as I was the cause of the ill that befell my mistress.” Anne Boleyn denied all charges against her. Lancelot de Carle described her countenance as untroubled, saying her face and complexion never were so beautiful. She gracefully addressed those present from the scaffold with a voice somewhat overcome by weakness, but which gathered strength as she went on. As she asked the people for compassion toward those who condemned her, spectators could not refrain from tears. She died praying with quiet dignity on her knees, so she is first in John Foxe’s Book of Martyrs. As a special concession, Anne was beheaded in private by a swordsman from France, so there was no chance of a drunken executioner needing to take a second stroke with a dull axe. He took her head off so clean that her lips continued to speak her prayer:

Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul.

Years later, I would say Anne's prayer in a hypnotic session, run by my abusers in Central Intelligence, while I calmly awaited my death.

Given the political and religious vicissitudes of Tudor England, you can see why my family had to get out of Dodge. The Shelleys could never keep our mouths shut, and we always speak our conscience. This was not a healthy environment for those who spoke their minds; and if Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and Thomas Cranmer could not protect themselves, we had little chance. The Shelleys left England, according to oral history, under the reign of Bloody Mary, on the first boat to Ireland, from which we sailed shortly afterwards to the Low Countries, then, over a century later to Pennsylvania, which William Penn founded as a colony for Quakers and other religious dissenters.

Around 1725, my family bought a largish tract of land in Milford Township, Bucks County, three miles from Quakertown, and about forty miles from Philadelphia, from William Penn and his brother. Abraham Schelle changed his name back to its English form, and he was one of forty-six German-Americans to petition the colonial legislature for naturalization in 1734. He also petitioned for a road to his homestead in 1749. Whether there was any relationship with Sir Timothy Shelley, the father of Percy Bysshe Shelley, remains an open question, since Sir Timothy was born right across the Delaware River in Newark, New Jersey, in 1753. Abraham Shelly fathered six sons, and, to

my knowledge, three lines survive. A middle son, Jacob, was named as one of the first landholders in Milford Township, holding five hundred acres, and I come from the youngest son, Christian. My ancestors were farmers, ministers, teachers, newspaper publishers and editors, lawyers, physicians, architects, and engineers. One was the president and board chairman of an advertising company, but I think he may have lied about that.

For years my family were Mennonites, which are something like the Amish without their aversion to technology. They believe in simple living, good food, and good beer. They also believe in pacifism. During the War of Independence, one-third of the colonists were loyalist, one-third were break-away, and one third were neutral. Philadelphia was only forty miles away, and Valley Forge about thirty, with battles all around; but my family kept to themselves. They had seen the religious wars in the Low Countries, and they wanted none of it. As General Smedley Butler, who won the Medal of Honor twice, pointed out, war is a racket, as the bankers and profiteers gorge on the blood of soldiers. The Shelleys were brave. They smuggled slaves from the South as part of the Underground Railroad; but, when the Civil War broke out, we paid for substitutes. Freeing slaves was one thing, but invading the South was another, especially since this served only to enrich others; while, in the Revolution, patriots took tories' property in another asset strip, when they didn't tar and feather them.

My grandfather took pride in his family heritage, but, after World War Two, he changed the spelling of his name in two places: from Carl to Karl and from Shelly to Shelley. At the same time, he moved his family to Reading, sixty miles from Philadelphia. I am sure the Philadelphia Experiment must have gotten to him. As a Grande Dame of the Illuminati, who tortured me in my house, later said,

It sounds like your grandfather played a trick on us.

Still, CIA never lets its victims go, and subjects who show beauty, intelligence, or bravery are particularly targeted. My grandfather had the second two qualities if not the first. He was a genius, who knew his own mind, and bowed down to no one. I never got to meet my grandfather, although my family says I take after him.

I fondly remember my grandmother, Evelyn, if not my great-grandmother Christie. Visits to Great-Grandmother Krämer, the wife of a hotel and country club director, the brother-in-law of a local industrialist, a master mason, and a founding member of a Court of Jesters, were tedious at best. Dressed in my uncomfortablest clothes, I had to sit, silent, not even allowed to read a book, or to watch her color television, in the living room, while Daddy's grandmother conversed with my parents. "Don't ask when we can leave," my mother would admonish me before we went upstairs.

That was totally different from fun visits to the apartment of Christie's laid-back daughter, who would drink whisky sours from a

shaker while I chased the dachshund, Gretchen, under the kitchen table. Other times, I would happily read the Reading Eagle while I drank Orange-Aid, Valencia juice cut with iced tea, snacking on Lebanon bologna and home-made Chex mix. Back then, you had to buy several boxes of Chex, cashews, and tiny pretzels, seasoning the snack and tossing it in butter, which Grammy would do. If the apartment ever got boring, I would go down the sidewalk, having carefully memorized my grandmother's number, to the playground, engaging in games of King of the Hill with other children, fighting to push others off or stand atop, holding one's own, on a small mound of earth. My grandmother, Evelyn, was extremely unpretentious, although she had some rich and interesting family members, including Uncle Andrew, a bachelor clarinetist for the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Eberlys, who were textile barons. One time we met her at McDonald's, and she asked for her hamburger medium rare. As she grew old, CIA destroyed her mind and her body with implants and microwave harassment, just as they would later destroy her son; so she moved to a retirement home. When Grammy described her connection to Stone Manor, once her uncle's estate but now a hospital where she lived, telling stories of the past, the nurses thought she was crazy. It upset her, but Dad told her not to listen. It doesn't matter what fools think.

Evelyn's husband, Karl Shelley, turned down lucrative jobs from his wife's family because he was proud. He wanted nothing to do with his father-in-law's crooked business dealings, associated parties

involving teenage prostitutes, or the oppression of workers at Oakbrook Mill; and he would not accept his wife's uncle, Isaac Eberly, a man run by the Illuminists, who also maintained an estate in Colorado Springs, home to the Air Force Academy, and Tesla's first experimental station, whence the enemy directs our abuse, as his boss. As a young man, Karl caught rattlesnakes with his brother, which they sold to the University of Pennsylvania, their fangs milked to make anti-venom, and he played professional football for the Frankford Yellow Jackets back in the days of leather helmets and drop kicks. My grandfather played chess by mail, crafted a lemonwood bow with his son, and made dandelion wine for his own enjoyment. He read widely, and I grew up reading the 1946 edition of The Volume Library, a massive leather-bound tome, which he had bought for his children, getting up at six, my bare feet cold on the floor, as I learned about a variety of subjects. Like my father and me, Karl liked to listen to classical music. The New World Symphony was his favorite, and I wonder if he was programmed to it. A strong-willed genius, he refused to vote for Franklin Roosevelt a third time, when, following in the footsteps of his cousin Theodore, FDR broke the tradition set by George Washington, in seeking a third term. Karl believed that both the Gulf of Tonkin Incident, which led to our serious involvement in Việt Nam, and the bombing of Pearl Harbor, which led us into World War Two, were false flag attacks. I do not know his opinions on the Kennedy assassination, but it is hard for me to believe

he would have accepted the cover story of a lone shooter who fired a magic bullet.

My grandfather died in 1966, at the beginning of the Illuminati's Season of Sacrifice, on the Vernal Equinox, just as his wife died at the end of that period on the Day of the Skulls. Satanists love magic days and numerology, involving the spilling of blood as part of soul contracts, so the days are suspicious. Grammy was paranoid about hospitals, where so many are implanted with the cybernetics described in the appendices to this book, as was my father. But Karl was relatively lucky. Unlike his wife and son, who lingered for years, prey to the sickos that prowled the halls of their wards, my grandfather spent exactly one day in the hospital after a heart attack struck him at night, in his armchair, where his wife would find him the next day. The alleged coronary came without warning. He showed absolutely no signs of ill health. I am convinced CIA killed him. They had the means to do so, including a heart-attack gun that fired a dart to deliver its poison. Senator Barry Goldwater, who served on the Church Committee, which investigated MK-ULTRA in the 1970s, would hear testimony on just such a weapon, which he handled from his conference table, with facility, less than ten years later.

My father, James, was Karl's son, and he used to joke about his dad's hearing aid. Karl wore an old-fashioned hearing aid, an ear-piece attached to his glasses, and he would purposely tune his wife out. "I can't hear you, Evelyn," he would joke, as he lowered the volume.

For most of my life, that was just a funny story, but now I wonder. Before they perfected cybernetic implants, or brainwashed us to carry cell phones onto which they could piggyback signals, CIA used hearing aids to deliver hypnotic suggestions, so Karl was essentially walking around with a cell phone on his ear. It blows my mind that people wear earbuds connecting them to WIFI. What better way to let the government, not to mention the companies with which it conspires, microwave commands into your noggin. At least Karl thought he was improving his hearing, a conclusion to which a doctor led him, rather than simply cutting himself off from reality.

CIA works to destroy families, so my father's relationship with my grandfather was not easy. After a period of rebellion in the 1950s, when Jim rode a motorcycle and floundered in school, Karl put his son into the Coast Guard. My dad served in the North Atlantic as a boilermaker, in Norfolk on shore patrol, and he often visited Bermuda from 1959 to 1963. He sailed on the U.S.S. Oak, whose engine room now sits in the National Museum of American History, part of the Smithsonian Institution. After 1965, he worked for E.I. DuPont de Nemours, a company rife with mind control, in an international sales group headed by a graduate of the Wharton Business School, another MK-ULTRA stronghold.

Where I grew up, almost everyone worked for DuPont, still largely owned by the Illuminati family of that name. DuPont estates, public and private, surrounded us to the south. The parents took

houseguests, and we trespassed by night, at Longwood Gardens, where we also went to concerts. In early spring, Winterthur's March Bank bloomed, green and blue, with Siberian squill, crocus, and glory-of-the-snow. In early summer, exotic fireworks lit the air at Hagley. We drove to dinner along the rolling hills in the shadow of Granogue; and my father told stories about Nemours, while we played a round at the DuPont Country Club. When Ralph Nader investigated the DuPonts, who ran all three counties of Delaware, he met with a frosty reception. People felt the family was good for the area, and the company took care of people.

It was a lie. Many were forced into early retirement, laid off, or simply fired, as DuPont created one environmental disaster after another. Some worked at the Experimental Center, where, much later, I heard stories of tortured animals and chemical spills. The company boasted of its safety, while its workers were poisoned, endangered, or killed. At Longwood, they bragged of innovative gardening, while DuPont's herbicide, Imprelis, was banned by the Environmental Protection Agency.

In the early 1960s, after he finished his four years in the Coast Guard, and he earned an associate's degree in engineering, my father took a job with DuPont.

My mother asked, "What if DuPont is ever in trouble?"

My father answered, "If DuPont is ever in trouble, this country will be in trouble."

Truer words were never spoken, and today almost no one in my area works for DuPont. The plants and office parks have shut down, the DuPont sign no longer lights the Brandywine Building, and my old client Wilmington Trust, once the family's private bank, has been taken over by M&T. That's just a small indicator of what has happened to the area where I live—not to mention our country.

Meanwhile, rich with war profits, the DuPonts continue to figure prominently. Here are some tidbits.

Longwood itself, where we still spend so many pleasant days, was owned by Pierre S. DuPont, a homosexual who married his cousin. This degenerate was president of General Motors and E.I. DuPont de Nemours during World War I. His company entered into the largest gunpowder contracts in history, making over one billion dollars through the death of seventeen million people.

In 1988, his namesake Pierre Samuel DuPont IV, who went by "Pete," ran for president, only to lose the nomination to George H.W. Bush, former director of the CIA, a member of Skull and Bones, who takes part in satanic rituals, whose wife kept a foetus of their dead child in a jar, and who gave tours of the White House to boy prostitutes. It didn't matter. The nomination was a false choice between one group of Illuminists and another. Along with families like the Harrimans, whose progeny live in my area, the Bushes and the DuPonts had been working for a long time to reverse the social benefits of the New Deal, if not Washington's associated power grab, ever since they colluded to

overthrow the United States government, and to kill Franklin Roosevelt, in the Business Plot. General Butler, who won the Medal of Honor twice, reported their treason to Congress during the Great Depression; but, later, they took over under cover of law.

In the 1990s, John DuPont murdered Olympic gold medalist Dave Schultz. Along with other wrestlers, Schultz lived on Foxcatcher Farms in Pennsylvania, with DuPont, who was also a homosexual. The word around Unionville is that DuPont staged wrestling tournaments, in which he expected the contestants to call him the Golden Eagle, but behind his back they called him Stinky Bird. John DuPont was insane. He once bought a stamp for his collection, bidding at \$935,000.00; and, until they took away his badge, he worked as a policeman, flying his private helicopter over the countryside and attending a parade in a private armored car. Still, just because you're paranoid, doesn't mean they're not out to get you. John DuPont was a victim of MK-ULTRA, who believed his life was threatened by a vast international conspiracy. Before he killed Schultz, his body showed traces of scopolamine, a truth serum commonly used by CIA, described in the appendices to this book, which stops memories from even forming. The agency has used that drug on me, and many others, so we do not remember the trauma-induced mind control we suffer.

Ten years ago, Robert H. Richards IV, another DuPont, raped his three-year-old daughter. As the five-year-old child told her grandmother, Donna Burg, Richards asked her to keep his incestuous

attack “our little secret.” He never served a day in jail because Delaware Superior Court Judge Jan Jurden, for whom a colleague of mine once clerked, ruled that this man, who raped not only a toddler, but his own child, “would not fare well in prison.” Later, his ex-wife, Tracy Richards, sued him not only for the assault of their daughter but for sexually abusing their son, when the boy was nineteen months old. According to her lawsuit, Richards promised that “whatever I did to my son, I will never do it again,” confessing that he “was very concerned something happened with his son, but that he has repressed the memories.”

In the 1980s, the DuPonts successfully kept these stories from the press, so I did not know what was happening. I knew only that all our dads worked for DuPont, few of our mothers worked, and almost everyone made the same salary.

Obsessed with genetics, the Illuminati tried to stop my father from marrying, just as they did with my brother and me. They fear our blood. In one hypnotic session, the scum that broke into my house, sexually abusing me, said,

It's about breeding, Tim.

People like you teach your children to fight.

We can't have that.

Still, my father managed to convince my mother to marry him, courting her persistently, even though he gave no engagement ring, and they

took no honeymoon, after a cousin, Walter Reimet, married them in a private Lutheran service.

My father married the daughter of a common worker, employed by Atlantic Richfield in Reading, Pennsylvania. The Rockefellers and other members of the Council on Foreign Relations controlled Atlantic Richfield (ARCO). In addition to using scientists like Bernard J. Eastlund to develop HAARP as part of PROJECT WOODPECKER, ARCO subjected its employees and their families to obscene mind control experiments under MK-ULTRA. David E. Rosenfeld, who worked as ARCO's lawyer, conducted a nine-year investigation concerning allegations of torture and drug-induced hypnosis at one ARCO plant in Monaca, Pennsylvania. He believed that Jerry Dotey and Ann White, the victims of radiation exposure, were the products of a genetic experiment using Hitler's DNA. Rosenfeld determined that Dr. Josef Mengele, who killed so many at Auschwitz, whom OSS spirited from Germany in OPERATION PAPERCLIP, and who tortured Americans under the name Dr. Green, often visited that plant. Similar abuse and ties to Nazi scientists occurred at ARCO facilities in New Jersey, so I have no doubt my mother's father was brainwashed by his employer.

My grandfather Stanley Shinn was the grandson of a drummer boy who fought in the Civil War at the Battles of Gettysburg, Antietam, and Chancellorsville. This veteran married a Seneca Indian, who was adopted and raised by whites after her family was murdered.

Members of the Iroquois Confederacy remember George Washington as the Burner of Villages, a war criminal who turned on the Oneida after Chief Shenandoah and an Indian lady named Polly Cooper rescued his army at Valley Forge, marching three hundred miles to give them six hundred bushels of white corn. Stanley's father enlisted during World War One; and he served during World War Two, fighting forest fires in California. He was about to ship out, to be sacrificed with the entire Marine Corps as the first wave of the invasion against the Island of Japan, when the atom bomb was dropped.

After growing up a poor boy in a rich neighborhood—skiing, playing tennis, and riding horses with his neighbors—my grandfather Stanley Shinn married my grandmother Myrtle Galloway, a woman who won several jitterbug contests in the 1940s. Nanny was a good grandmother who knitted me sweaters, made me a stuffed animal, which she yearly reupholstered, and baked non-stop. At Thanksgiving she would make pecan and pumpkin pies, and at Yuletide she made cookies—sand tarts, chocolate chips, trees, stars, and snowmen. These would go in tins that my grandfather would carefully label, “Do Not Open Before Christmas,” before he joyfully broke his own rule, eating the lion's share. At Easter Nanny would give us baskets full of candy, and she bought books of Lifesavers from Boscov's department store, where she worked as a buyer, giving them to my brother and me along with regular presents of cash. She told me stories of her childhood, when her grandmother would give her ten cents to see the moving

pictures, but she would use the money to buy a dozen tangerines from a street vendor. When she died, several thousand in cash was found squirrelled in her apartment.

My grandmother had a thing for owls. I would later learn to recognize the many owl figurines, pictures, and patterned cups that decorated her house as cartel signalling. Like a leopard-print blouse or zebra leggings, owls indicate Illuminati, whether in the crest of the Bohemian Club or in the street layout of our nation's capital. Now, as I write, I am drinking coffee from one of her ceramic mugs painted with an owl, just as I use my grandmother Evelyn's shaker to make dirty vodka martinis. Cartel signalling be damned!

Nanny was a tough old bird, who smoked cigarettes for eighty years, and died, hale and hearty, at ninety-eight. She gave up smoking two years before her death—and not on doctor's advice. My theory is the scum that hypnotized her told her to smoke more cigarettes, to smoke them at particular times, that they tasted especially delicious, to change brands, or something similarly stupid. That's how inept the proponents of mind control are. They could have left my grandmother to her unhealthy habits, but instead they broke an eighty-year tobacco addiction.

Myrtle's husband, Stanley, was a kindly man and an excellent grandfather, extremely good-humored and easygoing, but who suddenly and mysteriously grew bitter in his last two years. Throughout his life, he had seen trouble, and he had regular contact

with the local rich; but he never felt envy. He was always in a jolly mood. I fondly remember our times at the beach, when I was little, as we would watch the sun rise and set, lying all day on the sand, jumping waves to cool off, and playing checkers, pinochle, and Mille Bornes in the evening. We would always do a jigsaw puzzle, to which Stanley would fit the last piece, hidden the fortnight in his sock drawer.

My brother, Michael, my grandfather, Stanley, and I would walk by the surf, sometimes to the end of the island, spotting horseshoe crabs, jellyfish, and sand sharks, as seagulls flew overhead. Then he would tell wild tales of the Seesoyans, who had their ups and downs, and the Heehoyans, who laughed a lot, singing variations of songs like “Dem Bones” in which the Pressettes squashed people to the lyrics:

The hip bone's connected to the back bone.
The back bone's connected to the neck bone.
The neck bone's connected to the head bone.
Now hear the word of the Lord!

Dem bones, dem bones, gonna walk around.
Dem bones, dem bones, gonna walk around.
Dem bones, dem bones, gonna walk around.
Now hear the word of the Lord!

The finger bone's connected to the hand bone.
The hand bone's connected to the arm bone.
The arm bone's connected to the shoulder bone.
Now hear the word of the Lord!

The Stretchettes, their counterparts, would rack their victims, pulling their bodies apart, singing instead how one bone was disconnected from another. Then it sounded like a silly song, but now I see MK-ULTRA behind the ridiculous names and the story that mixed sexuality with pain, as groups of women tortured their victims. Who knows what lay behind it, but the change in my grandfather's personality is easier to parse.

I attribute the sudden bitterness at the end of Stanley's life to a step-up in his mind control program. Why else does a healthy man suddenly change personality after eighty years? Showing no signs of ill health, my mother's father died suddenly of a stroke. Like my grandfather Karl and my grandmother Evelyn, Stanley was murdered. His personality changed in 1998, the same year CIA hit me hard, and they amped up their program in connection with the development of wireless infrastructure. Can you hear me now?

My mother is Stanley's daughter Susan, who was abused under MK-ULTRA as a small girl. Not only did her father work for Atlantic Richfield; but her dentist, who was caught sexually abusing her sister, hypnotized her. Hypnotism and sexual abuse go hand in hand. For no reason my mother understands, she was elected president of her dormitory, served on the President's Council, and later became vice president of the student body at Cedar Crest, a small women's college and programming hub in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Family feeling was

that, because of mail she received, although apolitical, she was put on a list.

Certainly, Mom was put in a dorm where CIA could easily abuse her. Everyone lived on the other side of campus except for eighteen freshmen who lived alone in Hartzel Hall, sitting far away from the other residence halls, to provide burglars easy access from the back door. This pattern would repeat for me at Pomona College, where my friends kept ending up in suites with outdoor entrances, on the northwestern edge of campus, the place where a stranger could most easily sneak in and out unnoticed. In Mom's day, the college stood in loco parentis to its students, and it should have protected its young charges, but the housemother at Hartzel, Fanny Kithan, was senile.

Mother tells me all her dorm-mates were smart, but Hartzel had an unusually high failure rate. Five of eighteen flunked out the first year, and three more transferred after the second year. My mother believes they left because they were Jewish. She says a Jewish husband was hard to find at Cedar Crest, where students dated men from Lehigh University, which turned down an invitation to join the Ivy League, and where my uncle and cousin went, and Lafayette University, to which my family gave land. However, on closer examination, Mother's explanation does not make sense.

Kay Jacobs lived in my mother's dormitory, and she had no problem finding a Jewish man. She married one of many physicists who would cross my path, Barry Katz; and, although Jewish, they somehow

became my godparents. Their daughter Joann was my age, but she died a toddler with Tay-Sachs Syndrome, supposedly a result of inbreeding among Ashkenazi Jewish families. Their younger children survived. Uncle Barry worked at the Pentagon, and he taught at the Naval Academy. I remember one night he joined us for dinner, bringing his brief case with him. "I have to show you this," he said, as he opened it to reveal a folder marked TOP SECRET. He was not allowed to leave it in the car. After visiting me in college, Uncle Barry died at forty-five, shortly after the first "successful" combined heart-pancreas transplant in America. Not content to kill him, the Pentagon used him for medical experiments.

Aunt Kay's room-mate, Lily Masri, flunked out, later to marry a man who declared his homosexuality after fathering her children. First, she would wander the grounds, saying, "**Beelzebub**," over and over, in a strange voice. MK-ULTRA is satanic, so the repeated intonation of a devil's name by an eighteen-year-old in the early sixties does not surprize me as it once would have done. Later, my family moved to a luciferian enclave in Westfield, New Jersey, a satanic cesspool masquerading as a cute little town.

Leslie Barnes also lived in my mother's dormitory. She would develop Parkinson's Disease due to cybernetic implants and microwave harassment, a subject covered in the appendices to this book. In 1992, she visited our home in Unionville, where I remember a dinner of grilled chicken, accompanied by green salad with feta cheese,

calamata olives, peppers, and tomatos, washed down with pinot noir from the Carneros Valley, on the screened-in porch, while fireflies blinked yellow and green in the purple sky. Oddly, she told me, if she were ever raped, she would freeze. That's a classic response to sexual assault under MK-ULTRA.

Dee Furlong also lived in Hartzel, and she married her high school sweetheart George Ring, a heavily decorated war hero, who founded a cable t.v. company, and who used his business acumen to expand the wireless networks that surround us. Mr. Ring trained at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he was inducted into the Hall of Fame of the Officer Candidate School prior to his burial in Arlington National Cemetery. Fort Benning, where the father of my best friend in middle school served as information officer, is a mind control hub. Among other secrets, it houses CIA's School of the Americas, or WHINSEC, which feeds OPERATION CONDOR, claiming to fight drug-trafficking that it actually supports and describing torture in its manuals.

This was the environment into which I was born, where even my birth seems oddly arranged. Cisco Wheeler, the grand-niece of General Earle Wheeler, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has written with Fritz Springmeier of the brainwashing techniques used by the Illuminati. These include placing an unborn child under stress, before "love-bombing" and sexually abusing it. My parents would never abuse me, but my mother's programmers led her to smoke cigarettes throughout her pregnancy. Her obstetrician insisted that she

not gain weight, depriving me of nutrition, while, on a regular basis, he weighed my already skinny mother in his office. Her labor was scheduled to be prematurely induced, not for health reasons, but because the doctor wanted to go on vacation, so he injected several of his charges on September 29, 1969.

That day is not only the birthday of Lord Nelson, who fell in battle at Trafalgar, having earlier lost an arm; but it is also Michaelmas, the Feast Day of Michael the Archangel, patron saint of knights, horsemen, and soldiers, who kills the dragon in the Book of Revelation. Milton's Paradise Lost describes how Michael led the Armies of Heaven against Satan, casting him out. I invoke his aid in my fight against the luciferian conspiracy that seeks to destroy us, our loved ones, and our country, enslaving us under one world government.

How to account for my birth on Michaelmas, especially since the scum chose to wake me up in September 2016, when I would first recall my abuse, and report it to the police, only to be immediately placed in a mental hospital where I passed my forty-seventh birthday. I spent one week there, and the doctors determined that I had accidentally smoked synthetic marijuana before letting me go. Nonetheless, due to CIA OPERATION GLADIO C, which targets our second amendment rights, I may not own a firearm in Pennsylvania, or in many states, because I was involuntarily institutionalized—no matter it was less than a fortnight, no matter the doctors determined I had been temporarily poisoned, and no matter the Pennsylvania State Police

committed me because I reported my own sexual abuse and a threat of rape to my daughter.

Was it fate that made me born on Michaelmas, so that, with the help of Michael the Archangel, I could fight satanists in the world? Was it coincidence? Or, given my mother's induced labor, was it planned by the luciferian scum that have managed every aspect of my life? Marker days are important to them, and the satanic calendar figures heavily in the world, from September 11, when a time capsule was buried in my home town, Kennett Square, three years before the attack on the World Trade Center, to May 1, when Lara Logan would share details of her rape a short time before she reported the alleged death of Osama bin Laden, a man blamed for those attacks, trained by CIA, who died, if at all, under extremely suspicious circumstances. Other days that figure in this series include Lammastide, a satanic day of sacrifice, and Samhain, which grows popular as Halloween. March 22, celebrated in the crest of Skull and Bones, when my grandfather was fatally attacked, and May 5, conflated with the Day of the Dead, when they killed my grandmother, are only two others. My nephew, Wyatt Shelley, was born, by Cæsarean section, on September 21, the Autumnal Equinox, which begins the Illuminati's Season of Harvest, stretching forty days to Samhain, just as the Vernal Equinox begins the Season of Sacrifice, stretching forty days to Walpurgisnacht. Our enemies are insane, and they are obsessed with dates. Do they mean to script my life, like the coming world war, to the Book of Revelation? To play mind

games with me and others? Or do they want, for reasons of their own, to harvest me for my Saint Michael Energy? Declan Fleming, sometimes called Howard, a cousin to the creator of James Bond, told me of a luciferian rite he witnessed where a child was killed on Easter for his Christ Energy. He tried to help the boy, but he could not. Either way, when they messed with me and St. Michael, the enemy's plan backfired: They will pay a heavy price for their sacrilegious presumption.

True to form, I showed signs of abuse when little, but no one recognized them. How could my parents know that an obscene mind control program, wiping memory with hypnosis and drugs, targeted us all? As our satanic abusers moved undetected, in and out of our house, my parents knew only that someone covered me as I slept, and it wasn't them. They told the story of a blanket appearing on me; and they attributed it to a benign ghostly influence or they dismissed it as nonreality, a mirage caused by lapses of memory. Either an angel did it, or a friendly spirit, or it was my dad, and he simply forgot.

Likewise, when a blister appeared on my penis from my sexual abuse as an infant, my mother took me to her physician, who told her she had swaddled me too tightly. Does that sound like something that would cause a baby's genitals to blister? Not at all, but she accepted the explanation. It became simply a funny story since her doctor expressed mild shock at her candor in describing my anatomy. "Are you a country girl, Mrs. Shelley?" he asked. "Most of the ladies

who see me feel uncomfortable describing their children's privates." Those silly southerners with their old-fashioned hang-ups....

My parents lived in their own version of the sixties—not the acid, pot, and protests of Berkeley, California, but the Bermuda shorts, beer, and crewcuts of Richmond, Virginia. My mother gave up teaching school when I was born, concentrating her attention on keeping house and bringing me up. My father smoked a pipe, since he gave up cigarettes on my birth, an experience that changed his life, just as fatherhood changed mine. Through mind control, CIA made them see the satanic film Rosemary's Baby, made by the child molester Roman Polanski, whose pregnant wife was killed by Charlie Manson; but they hated it. Likewise, programmers sent them to Last Tango in Paris, but they walked out. The one time my father smoked marijuana, he became paranoid, never to try it again. CIA was trying to corrupt my parents; but, at that time, the worst they could do was to have them dress as a ribald monk and nun, from Boccaccio, on Halloween. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. The resistance of people to hypnotic suggestions, of which their conscious mind knows nothing, gives me hope. People can fight, rejecting or flipping suggestions, even as they sleep.

My father tended to isolate himself, a typical pattern under MK-ULTRA; but my mother is more gregarious, so many of our family friends came through her. Leaving aside her college friends, and their husbands, who have MK-ULTRA written all over them, my mother's

sister married an Air Force sergeant, who was not allowed to go to Việt Nam because of the classified information in his head. In middle school, my best friend's father, like Mr. Ring, had connections to Fort Benning, where he served as an information officer, and to popular media, where he worked as an award-winning correspondent and as bureau chief for ABC. Friends we met later included another physicist, who worked for General Electric on the launch systems of nuclear missiles, and a third physicist who was brainwashed by British military intelligence. Another family friend signed up for MK-ULTRA experiments at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, where the government paid him to take LSD, float in an isolation tank, and play a game where he thought his opponent had a different set of rules. Those are just some of the people I grew up with, and every one has CIA written all over him.

One of my first memories surrounds such a person: Susan Meagher, who served as president of the student body at Cedar Crest College, while my mother served as vice president. Sue's father was an undertaker, so I can't help but wonder if the CIA used him to get rid of bodies. Her brother, Buzzy, died of a burst larynx after years of drinking; and I met him only a week after my second birthday. At Stone Harbor, New Jersey, we went out in a small motorboat, with him at the tiller, moving from the harbor into choppy waters as a storm approached. I remember the hum of the engine, and I sensed the fear in my mother. When we returned, my father was furious, asking Buzzy, "Why did you take them out? So far? In this weather?" And we left the

beach house early. Later I would learn to recognize a cover memory hiding abuse.

Trauma-based mind control depends on the creation of amnesic walls where the mind shuts out horrific events to preserve its sanity. The Illuminati used this technique for centuries; the Tavistock Institute perfected it, through the study of shell-shocked soldiers, during World War One; and the CIA, with the help of Nazis like Dr. Mengele, took it to the next level, using drugs, electro-shock, and hypnosis to erase memories. I can't tell you how many times I came out of a session, under MK-ULTRA, with a female hypnotist saying, "Tim, it's not good for you to remember this."

And I echoed, "I don't want to remember this, except for you...."

PART TWO

SCHOOL DAYS

*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: ARROW TO THE SUN

In 1971, my family moved from Richmond, Virginia, to Exton, Pennsylvania, then a rural crossroads, for six months. The shortness of our stay seems strange in that DuPont had my father working in Virginia for six years, in New Jersey for seven years, in Delaware for twenty-five years, and in Pennsylvania for six months. We would later move to Unionville, a short drive from Exton. I think the controllers at MK-ULTRA wanted to send me at the age of two, once I acquired speech, to the satanic enclave of Westfield, after introducing me to a programmer who lived near Exton, and Unionville, in Chester County.

I recall little of Exton except for a few visual memories. We would visit the Guernsey Cow for ice cream. They had dozens of different kinds! Then we would take our feast to a picnic table, by a stone wall, along the creek. Aside from our ice cream socials, I remember the rust-colored carpet of our apartment and the high doorknob toward which I walked, reaching high, seeking a way out. They were doing things to my parents, and I was trying to escape.

After a short time in Exton, we moved to Westfield, New Jersey, a hotbed of satanic activity, where men would go insane, teenage girls would be murdered, and a Playboy Playmate and I would be abused at a programming center, disguised as a soccer camp. There, at three years old, my parents enrolled me at Christopher Academy, a

Montessori school, where I was abused in kindergarten, during the fall of 1974.

For years, I had no recall, whatsoever, of the stranger who visited the school.

I remembered only the usual things one might expect: my number roll, my cactus, the song we would sing when someone got a haircut, duck-duck-goose, and crackers and juice. There was a peacock in the yard and a row boat to play imaginary games. Once we went to the circus. There was a fellow named David, whom I regarded as my arch-enemy; a girl named Courtney, whom I intended to marry; and some kids with wild sobriquets like Leaping Lara Lipstick and Michael Becker School Wrecker.

I have vague memories of a second room that was neither the space we habitually used nor the observation area where people watched the children through a one-way mirror. Here I colored a Union Jack and played musical chairs, a great favorite of mine. As more and more chairs were moved to the sides of the room, and fewer and fewer chairs remained in the center, the play became wilder and wilder, as we sought to beat the other children to the remaining seats. I loved it, and I felt disappointed when a teacher told us, "We have to stop. One of you is going to break an arm."

For the longest time, that's all I remembered, until, thirty-five years later, in August 2010, while I house-sat for friends, a cover memory bubbled to the surface of my consciousness.

My daughter, Lily Montgomery, and I had just finished our summer together, and she had gone back to her mother in Lexington, Virginia. Lily was six years old; and, for two years, I had been working to introduce her to the Beatles, little knowing the Fab Four were part of a mind control program set up by the Tavistock Institute. When my daughter was a toddler, we sang along with Paul McCartney and the Wings before she knew their name; and, as I drank rum southsides, garnished with mint from a neighboring clay pot, we danced to her favorite song, "Jet," on the screened-in porch. At age three, I gave her the Beatles' movies on DVD for Christmas. Together we watched A Hard Day's Night, Help, Yellow Submarine, and even Magical Mystery Tour, the one nobody likes. "Play Beatles" became a common request, as we made pretend, at the pool, in the car, or just wherever. One album at a time, I introduced the love of my life to the Beatles' music, starting with Help, then Rubber Soul, then Revolver, and so on down the line, breaking out a new CD every six months, eventually listening to Sergeant Pepper as I drove her to riding camp at Gateway Farms, south of Kennett, on the border of Delaware.

We lived three hundred miles apart, so we did a lot of driving. Lily had not reached first grade, so she did not need to go to school every day, and she could split her time between Pennsylvania and Virginia. Every month, we spent one full week on the edge of the Unionville horse country, where I grew up, and another long weekend at our friends' horse farm, Lazy Acres, at the bottom of the Shenandoah

Valley. There we stayed with our English bulldog Rosie, white with a black spot over one eye, in a little log cabin, with a green tin roof, overlooking the ancient Blue Ridge. At night we could see the Milky Way. When we drove the three hundred miles from Lily's home in Lexington, the Valhalla of the Confederacy, where Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson lie buried, to Unionville, or back, we listened to the Beatles and played imaginary games during the five-hour trip. My daughter was over the moon when she heard Paul McCartney was coming to Philadelphia—so, of course, we attended his concert.

Fans of all ages were there, and we had a wonderful time. Still, we had gone to a barbecue at friends the night before, stayed up late, and slept over, gone out to breakfast, and swum in the pool, so, mid-concert, Lily fell asleep in my arms. I felt sadness that she was missing the show, but I let her sleep with her head against my chest. At least she got the first several songs. Tears streamed down my face, and I felt a strange impulse, wishing the show were over, feeling I could not function in the outer world once I opened myself to the music.

Later, I would recognize such impulses, contrary to the essence of our being, our humanity, and our best interests, as the products of MK-ULTRA training, the delivery of hypnotic suggestions, and the effects of microwave harassment; but, at the time, I brushed it off.

When Paul McCartney played "Back in the USSR," Lily began to wake back up. I was ecstatic, and her eyes went wide as

fireworks lit the stage for “Live and Let Die.” Paul went on to play “Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da,” on a retro-psychedelic upright piano, while “Let Me Roll It” summed up my feelings, incapable of verbal expression. “Helter-Skelter” made us feel slightly ill, which must have been a renewed microwave attack; but we just figured we didn’t like that song. Paul had gone to a strange place, briefly, in the sixties, and who likes that crazy White Album anyway? I felt very happy that my daughter caught about two-thirds of the show.

Building on the experience, we flew to Chicago the following year, on Lily’s first airplane flight, to see Paul, one more time, at Wrigley Field. Money was coming in, so we stayed in a suite at the Four Seasons, had a bow-tied ice cream man visit our door with his cart to make us sundaes, and ate them as we overlooked Lake Michigan. It’s neat to be in a building that high, forty floors up, where you can actually open the windows. That weekend, we took in all the tourist sites—riding the El, swinging on the Centennial Wheel, and speed-boating over the lake, not once, but twice, to watch fireworks. We saw Ovo by Cirque du Soleil, under a big top, where I quietly lusted over the bodies of the performers; and, at Navy Pier, we oohed and ahed at Chinese acrobats on motorcycles. Back at the hotel, we swam with a family from Milan, playing games in the pool; and, in the evening, we took turns soaking in the large tub. Brunch was phenomenal with a sushi bar, three kinds of punch, and other goodies; and Lily was intrigued by a group of Sikhs at an adjoining table. Looking surreptitiously at their turbans, she

whispered, "Are they bad guys?" But I told her no. I have always had the highest admiration for the Sikh people, with their traditions of honor, bravery, and service. Chicago was the first of several larger trips my daughter and I would take together.

During our stay, we visited the Shedd Aquarium, where my father once hosted a business party and my nephew's family endowed the Regenstein Sea Otter Nursery. My nephew's great-great-grandfather, Julius Regenstein, invented the windowed envelope ten years after Chicago held the World's Columbian Exposition. His family formed the Regenstein Foundation, and they gave a couple hundred million dollars to Chicago. The library at the University of Chicago became the Regenstein Library, and the Chicago Botanic Garden contains the Regenstein School, the Regenstein Learning Campus, and the Regenstein Fruit and Vegetable Garden. I made sure to tell my nephew on our return how I was impressed by his family's contributions to the city, and I pointed them out to my daughter. It's important to have a sense of public duty, to do good works, and to know where you come from. I always encourage others to be proud, to be good people. This has nothing whatsoever to do with wealth, which imposes a greater responsibility.

After our first Paul McCartney show, I drove Lily across the Blue Ridge Mountains to her mother, and I returned to Pennsylvania. I was so happy. My daughter was doing so well. I saw her all the time.

We swam together at the club, and she was learning to ride horses. It was the best summer of my life.

My friends asked me to house-sit for them as they travelled for the week to Lake Placid, so I had the run of their place. On the first night, I stood in the yard, overlooking the fields, reminiscing about my time with my daughter. I also lit a joint, since, at that time, I smoked cannabis often, as my programmers at MK-ULTRA had commanded me to do. Like so many victims, I had no sense of mind control, and I had no memory of what had been done to me.

As I stood on the terrace, looking across the fields, dreaming of Paul McCartney, his daughter Beatrice, and my child Lily, I felt something land on the crown of my head. I took it for a grasshopper; and, startled, I brushed it off, quickly retreating to the house, where I continued to smoke, listening to Paul McCartney on the stereo.

Years later, I would realize that was no grasshopper. A drone had landed on my head, possibly drugging me with a hypnotic sedative, as I had been drugged before, or implanting me with cybernetics, as I had been implanted before; but, at the time, I thought only to stay off the terrace at night. That was freaky!

Over the week, I listened to McCartney in the evenings, smoking on the screened-in porch; and by day, I worked at my law firm, happily humming his music to myself as I reviewed documents and drafted legal opinions. My secretary, Susan Jackson, a black-haired blue-eyed single lady, who loves dogs, introduced me to the Beatles'

song, "Martha," about Paul McCartney's old English sheepdog. McCartney said the song was inspired by his muse, the voice in his head that tells him what words and music to write. Susan said I was humming one of her favorite songs, and it was pleasant, but later I would see there was mind control all over us. Susan, who introduced me to Zero Hedge, an alternative news source, was once a dead ringer for Wonder Woman, whom I was entrained to rape. McCartney was a victim of the Tavistock Institute, brainwashed with psychedelics and hypnosis, who was transcribing words written by Theodor Adorno broadcast to a microchip in his head by the voice-to-skull technology described in the appendices to this book. And I had a tune stuck in my head. That's always a sign of mind control, as CIA sends music into our auditory cortex via microwaves.

I was clewless, stony broke from my custody fight, and overjoyed at what I believed was a good life. I had my daughter, and I had rescued her. Doing the right thing, I made sure she had a father, and I was making a positive difference in her life. Lily was happy and healthy, and we had the best times in the world together. I didn't have a wife or a girlfriend, but I didn't need one. God had sent me a child.

Over and over again, I returned to Paul McCartney's "I Can't Tell You How I Feel," listening as I worked in my office in Wilmington, Delaware, adjoining the Starr House on Lawyer's Row, as the birds sang outside, black children played basketball, and the ice cream truck drove down French Street every day at four o'clock. I

would stop humming, or turn away from music online, only to listen to its chimes through my open window. I was the world's luckiest man. Even when I was sad, I was happy, listening to one of my daughter's favorite songs, "The Long and Winding Road," which she may have associated with our frequent car trips, the only song that made her close to tears. Mostly I grokked "Send All My Loving" as I recalled our farewell.

Still, "Fool on the Hill" was the one song that kept coming back. I had never liked this number; but suddenly it began to speak to me, and, in a rush, a cover memory returned.

I remembered my Montessori school in Westfield, New Jersey. A strange man had come to visit. I was told he was an important person, and we sat in a room alone. He played "Fool on the Hill" using a portable record player, and I became increasingly upset at the strange ideas and music in the song, especially the thought that nobody liked the fool. The man told me I was the fool in the song, claiming I was different from others.

"I am not the fool," I said, arguing back.

Still, he insisted it was good to be the fool in the song, but I fought against his idea, not wanting to be alone, not wanting to be different, until he flipped things around on me.

The man said, apparently dejected, "Maybe I'm the fool."

I felt a little sorry for him, and I felt I had won, so I smiled.

At this point, he renewed his attack, trying from a different direction, suggesting, “Maybe we’re both the fool.”

But again I asserted myself, hollering back, “I AM NOT THE FOOL IN THE SONG!”

From what I remembered then, he let me end it there, saying, “Okay. Okay. You’re not the fool.”

In August 2010, when I remembered these events from October 1974, it seemed the man had tried to share something with me, that he was a benevolent figure who saw me as special, as different, like himself. A young teacher perhaps, who had recently become an administrator, and was ham-handedly trying, in an overzealous but good-hearted way, to make contact with a gifted student. That’s how naïve I was. The trash at CIA count on it: good-hearted people do not understand evil.

Not until eight years later, in 2018, after I recovered other memories of MK-ULTRA abuse, did the rest come back—what really happened at Christopher Academy.

Back in 1974, my teachers had identified me as a genius, telling my parents I could earn a doctorate by age sixteen, but my mom and dad wanted me to have a normal childhood, a chance to be a kid.

Among other things, the Montessori school had a one-way-glass window overlooking the single classroom. From the observation area, people could watch us; but we, the children, could see only our reflections. I remember pressing my face to the mirror, trying to see

what was on the other side. If I cupped my hands around my eyes, to shield the light, I could see a little, a very little, into the observation room, but probably the other students never knew we were watched.

It must have been from there that my programmer watched me, before the degenerate took me aside.

In the once-forgotten memory, he pulled my trousers down, exposing my penis, telling me, "Take your little pecker in your hand, and rub it between your fingers."

"I don't know what a pecker is," I replied.

"It's your penis, you little shit," he said, as I expressed my surprise, not understanding the swear word.

"I won't do it. I don't like you. You're not allowed to do that. I'll tell my mom. I'll tell my dad."

"Hold him by the shoulders," the child molester barked at his female accomplice, as I tried to get away, calling for help, looking to her, as she held me in place.

The male subhuman grabbed my hand, and placed it on the tip of my penis, forcing me to rub myself.

"We'll come back to this," he said.

That's where I phased out. The mind creates amnesic walls to protect itself from trauma. In MK-ULTRA, forgetting is reenforced through drugs, hypnosis, and, sometimes, electro-shock.

I remember a further conversation, however, which may explain the horrific drawings by victims of child abuse.

“I need to tell someone. I need to tell someone. I need to tell someone,” I intoned, over and over, begging my female abuser for help.

“I’ll help you forget,” she said, putting me under with a command word—or was it a hypodermic, or both?

“If you need to, you’ll draw a picture of this. You’ll be scared, but you won’t remember what caused it.”

At home, my parents had a rare night out. They hired a baby-sitter for me, and she was very kind; but I was terrified of a spider I drew on my chalkboard. Cell phones were decades away, but I was so upset my sitter called the restaurant. I spoke to my mother on the telephone. She told me to flush the spider down the toilet, but it did not work. I was more upset than ever. My parents came home, and my mother held me, singing, until I felt better. For years, I would recall the incident only as a silly story, the time I was scared of a spider on a chalkboard, not knowing what had frightened me; but, for some reason, it stood out in my mind. When you have a cover memory, something that stands out, something to which you return, something lies behind it.

Another time I took my favorite toy to kindergarten, Wendy Weeble, an egg-shaped doll, which they used to sodomize me. They gave me a choice. Either I could masturbate, or they would forcibly put my favorite toy inside my anus. I chose the former. Later, at home,

somehow, I dropped Wendy in the toilet, losing her forever, an event that troubled me but for which my mother mocked me later. Under mind control, she held onto the story of the lost Weeble, telling it more than once; but she had no idea of the abuse that underlay the incident.

It was my introduction to the program. Two years later, at age seven, I began to masturbate, every day, without a thought of sex, a habit I would learn from further abuse at the YMCA. This is a mild version of what the CIA does to kids, far less than they get at military bases, far less than my daughter got, under MK-ULTRA.

It used to be only fathers worked, so children spent more time with their mothers; but, now, because of false feminism, runaway consumerism, or economic need, most women do not stay home to raise their children. With the strains of the workplace, and with no-fault divorce, more and more families split up. Children who come from single-parent homes, or homes where both parents work, are far more vulnerable to abuse. While grandparents used to live close by, and people used to know their neighbors, now they are isolated. In the old days, the church gave us moral and spiritual education, and it played a rôle in our social life. People found support from their priests, ministers, and rabbis not to mention their fellow parishioners and congregants. None of this upholds today's youth. Their support network has been destroyed. No one can protect them, and that's exactly what the New World Order wants.

When I was a boy, because my mother did not work, and my parents had a strong marriage, CIA had to try much harder to isolate me. When my brother was two years old, in 1974, he had to go to the hospital for a week, sleeping in an oxygen tent with my mother, because of a breathing problem: croup. He never had any subsequent breathing problems, even though he smoked cigarettes for thirty years. Knowing the rest of my history, I am sure my father and I were attacked, as he took care of me that week, and my mother and my brother were implanted in the hospital with the cybernetic technology described in the appendices to this book.

Another time they got me when my father travelled on business. When I was almost six, just after my abuse at Christopher Academy, I recall a very sharp cover memory, the voice of my abuser, and some suspicious circumstances.

My mother tells me the first book I read myself was Big Day For Up, but it is not the first book I remember. That honor goes to Gerald McDermott's Arrow To The Sun, which won the Caldecott Medal in 1975. Like many award-winning children's books, or just popular ones, Arrow has MK-ULTRA written all over it. The book describes a boy who lives alone with his mother, so he goes to search for his father, who is the sun. His father refuses to acknowledge him until he passes four tests: the Kiva of Lions, the Kiva of Serpents, the Kiva of Bees, and the Kiva of Lightning. In the Kiva of Lightning, he is electrocuted, transformed, in the words of the book, before he leaves on a rainbow.

I was alone with my mother when they struck, just like the boy. CIA will always terrorize children, as with the tests through which the boy passes. These come to a head in the Kiva of Lightning, just as CIA abusers use electricity, stunning their victims to end a session. Under MK-ULTRA, victims are hit with cattle prods, running tens of thousands of volts through their bodies, to erase memories and knock them out. Just as the boy transforms along the rainbow, programmers use rainbows, or colored lights, in hypnosis to move a subject from one trance into another, a process retriggered by the strobes of dance clubs. This is signalled on Pink Floyd's album, The Dark Side of the Moon, a pæan to depression, accompanied by The Wall, about a boy raised by a single mother. To the best of my recollection, they haven't used colors on me, at least not successfully, but they have knocked me out with electricity more than once. Just like my father, I have the skin tags under my arms to prove it. These moles appear on MK-ULTRA victims, along with split fingernails, which fall off for no apparent reason, when a person is electro-shocked. Before or after they hit me that night, my abusers spoke to me, giving a series of hypnotic commands.

"You're going to read a book about this. You're going to find it in the library tomorrow. Don't tell what happened, or you'll never find your father. You have to pass the test. Read the book. You're a smart boy. Everything will be all right."

"How will I find the book?" I asked. "How will I know which one it is?"

“Don’t worry, Tim, someone will give it to you. We’ll see you get it.”

“What if it’s the wrong one? What if it’s the wrong person? I don’t want to make a mistake. I remember what happened last time. I don’t want to make a mistake.”

“Don’t worry. If it happens again, you won’t be punished. You’ll go another day. You’ll find the book. It’ll be there for you.”

For years, I remembered none of this, but the memory of The Arrow To The Sun is so clear, so vivid, in my mind. My mother and I bicycled to the library in the hot summer day, and the air conditioning hit me when we walked in. I told my mother, “I want to do this myself.” I walked to the circulation desk, and I asked the librarian if she had any books for me. She gave me Arrow To The Sun. I sat alone at a large table, and I read the book. Afterwards I felt an enormous sense of accomplishment, and I returned the book to her.

Years later, I bought the book for my daughter. I have always loved mythology, and the illustrations were beautiful, but I could not see what I had seen as a boy. The Sun Father seemed so stern, so difficult, nothing like the way I would treat a child. We almost never read it, although Lily and I happily read other books by Gerald McDermott such as Jabutí, about an Amazonian tortoise, Zomo, about an African rabbit, and Raven, from the Northwest, which we would visit on our trips to Mount Rainier, the Olympic Peninsula, and the San Juan Islands.

Otherwise, the scum at the agency had me alone at soccer camp. From 1976 to 1978, I spent one week every year at YMCA summer camp at Linden High School, near Union, New Jersey, where I was drugged, hypnotized, and sexually abused under CIA's mind control program, MK-ULTRA. I had no memory of my abuse for forty years. That's how trauma-based mind control works.

Although I played outdoors constantly, day after day, all year, for some reason, I was always exhausted—unable to move from the sofa—after the first day of soccer camp. I was drugged.

The camp divided boys into different rooms. My controllers gave me a hypnotic sedative, a form of truth serum that weakens will and stops memory, as they hypnotized me. Then they forced me to watch The New Adventures of Wonder Woman on television—no mean feat in a time when video recordings were uncommon—with male and female programmers who sought to guide my responses.

Through Wonder Woman, CIA pushed rape fantasies. Wonder Woman was originally conceived by William Moulton Marston, a psychologist who invented an early lie detector and had strange ideas about sexual submission; so she comes with her own bondage equipment. Who wouldn't want to tie her up with that lasso and have his way with her? Afterwards, you could take Wonder Woman back to your lair for more of the same or who knows what. How did she find her way back into popular imagination? Gloria Steinem, a self-avowed

agent of the Central Intelligence Agency, wrote an essay about the Amazon.

At the programming center, different boys were given different shows to watch, and some boys were driven toward rape while others were driven toward homosexuality. Either tendency would make a subject vulnerable to control, blackmail, or extortion; and, in the 1970s, there was arguably more stigma to sodomy than to sexual assault.

CIA loves to set up a false bind on a decision tree, so a subject must choose between two unacceptable alternatives. Think of the man who asks, “Shall we meet on Wednesday or Thursday? Would you like to go to dinner or see a movie? Your place or mine?” when the real choice lies between rejection and acceptance. It’s a simple sales trick MK-ULTRA loves to use. In their demented minds, a man must be some kind of pervert; so it’s either a rapist or a homosexual. The programmers and controllers are both. That’s why they favor anal sex—not to mention gang rape, which involves other male degenerates to egg them on (because they are cowards); the use of objects (because they are impotent); and the attempted debasement of a woman, whom they wish to destroy (because they envy her). For the scum, gang rape is a homosexual bonding experience.

Wonder Woman describes the Nazis, “They are not like other men: They destroy what they cannot control....” Sadly, some degenerate women actually help them.

MK-ULTRA never worked with me. As early as the seventies, my programmers had trouble. One can fight suggestions even drugged, even hypnotized, and even asleep. That gives me hope.

My controllers wanted me to rape Wonder Woman, but I refused. Even worse, from their perspective, I identified with her. I was disinclined to homosexuality, I admired Wonder Woman, and I hoped to share her qualities.

In hypnotic sessions, we had comic exchanges like the following.

"Is she a hero?" I asked of Wonder Woman. "I want to be like her. I want to be strong."

"This is a disaster," my programmer muttered to herself.

"Wonder Woman can turn a plane, and you don't want me to be like her? I thought you wanted me to be strong."

"I don't know what to do with him," she said to her male colleague.

Oblivious to my situation, I went on. "I want to have glasses like that some day. Chrissy has glasses like Diana. Why can't I have glasses?"

The male subhuman answered, "We don't want you to see us. You're too smart. You remember too much."

Maybe if I'd had those glasses I would have actually been able to see the Rockettes when we went to Radio City Music Hall. These

ladies were famous for their high kicks, and their long beautiful legs, so you would think my programmers would want me to ogle them. Indeed, I was attuned to women's bodies, vaguely hoping to look at a Playboy someday, fascinated by the women's locker room at my mother's tennis club, and noticing an occasional spray of hair peeking from the bottom of a woman's swimsuit. But that's how stupid the programmers are. Rather than make sure a kid has good eyes so he can lust after showgirls, they'd rather keep him in the dark. It was years until I finally got eyeglasses. Even when we went to the ophthalmologist, my parents decided not to buy them because I didn't complain. When I finally got those glasses, they had round tortoiseshell frames just like those worn by Wonder Woman's alter ego, Diana Prince. It turned out Wonder Woman had something I wanted after all.

Meanwhile, at soccer camp, I refused to accept rape fantasies, so my female controller said, speaking of Wonder Woman, "Maybe she's too much like his mother. What if we gave him someone younger?"

So they made me watch Wonder Girl, or Drusilla, played by Debra Winger, who appeared in three episodes of the television show.

In a scene they made me watch, Wonder Girl goes on a double date with Wonder Woman. Benny Goodman, once popular with MK-ULTRA programmers, plays in the background, while the older Amazon looks dazed. Drusilla's date tells her she looks pretty, so she tells him he looks pretty, too. Since to me, then as now, men and women

are equal, and Wonder Girl responded in kind, I did not understand why it was funny. Maybe they gave me too many drugs.

One controller asked her partner, “Do you think he belongs in the other room?”

He replied, “Let’s leave him here.”

I identified with Drusilla, a good student who wants to learn. General Blankenship and Diana Prince teach her things. Again, I led my programmers to say, “Maybe he belongs in the other room.”

The woman controller, who was always the one I tended to trust and favor, told me, “I know you like Drusilla. I want you to identify with someone else.”

Of course, she meant the Nazis who hold Drusilla captive, and rape her offstage, but I didn’t understand. They told me, under hypnosis, that the captain had something I wanted—obviously meaning Wonder Girl—but I thought they meant his striped tie. For decades to come, I would wear one with a similar pattern.

Also, I acquired a mysterious impulse to learn German, enforced when they programmed me to The Sound of Music; so, as a teenager, I earned my Zertifikat Deutsch als Fremdsprache from the Goethe Institute. I would later travel to Germany and Austria, and I still like their music, cuisine, and culture—not to mention wheat beers like Schneider Weiße Original, Ayinger Bayerische Dunkel, and Festina Pêche. I have lived much of my life in the mountains. Much like the

poppy field in The Wizard of Oz, to which others were programmed, the Alps became my happy place.

As the scum pushed me, harder and harder, toward rape, one of many women who betrayed me—as she betrayed herself, her sex, and humanity—told me under hypnotic sedation:

There are some women you will protect.

There are others you won't.

I want you to protect me.

You need to do things for me first.

Listen to him....

Again and again, the subhuman degenerates would give me rape suggestions under hypnosis, or other unacceptable commands, and a female programmer would say they would hurt her unless I complied. Fritz Springmeier and Cisco Wheeler describe how these degenerates will threaten a pet, child, or parent to enforce compliance from a “beta sex slave”—only to kill the pet or rape the human anyway. I have seen it happen. Never make a deal with the scum!

Through MK-ULTRA, the trash love to turn good instincts into evil actions. The Illuminati and their slaves are the enemies of humankind.

Like everyone, I did not know the nature of my enemies, so they got some suggestions into me. Here's another MK-ULTRA colloquy, cuing on a blonde, from soccer camp.

The male programmer asked me, “Do you ever watch I Dream of Jeannie?”

I answered back, “We don’t watch much t.v. at my house.” Trying to be helpful, I added, “One time my dad and I watched The Muppet Show.”

Here the woman spoke, “Who do you like in there?”

After some thought, I replied, “I like Animal I guess.”

Animal was the drummer on The Muppet Show, who chases any woman he sees across the stage, lustfully and maniacally crying, “WOMAN! WOMAN! WOMAN!” Presumably he intends to rape the woman he encounters, but the whole thing is played for laughs. They wanted to grow this wildness in me, so the male subhuman took encouragement. He figured he had something to work with.

“I want him to stay with me for now. Later I’ll give him a suggestion. All right. Put on your cleats. Go outside. We’ll talk about this later.”

Just like Baboo, in the I Dream of Jeannie cartoons—or was it Jeannie herself—I answered, “Yes, master.”

The suggestions took, however lightly. As an adult, in bed, back when I could have sex, I had a tendency to address my partner as “woman”—just like Animal, who remained my favorite character on the show. CIA wanted an alter through which they could develop my wild side. They wanted me uncontrollable, and they wanted to direct the alter toward rape.

Following suggestions, almost ten years later, I found myself attracted to Barbara Eden, a blue-eyed blonde, with a bare midriff, harem pants, and a low-cut top. She starred on I Dream of Jeannie, where she lived with an astronaut she called master. How's that for sexual fantasy?

Think further that Jeannie's master, Major Nelson, served in the Air Force, a hotbed of mind control, which they call "the mission" rather than "the program." They don't call them "television programs" for nothing.

CIA loves to use t.v. and film for mind control. I encourage everyone to examine their own lives for connections between (i) their image of themselves, others, and the world, (ii) their fantasies, (iii) their speech patterns, and (iv) the shows they watched. Small things can be telling. Are your girlfriends all short? Do they have a certain color hair? Do you tend to fall for guys in a band? And so on.

Also, I encourage people to examine their own lives for actions at odds with their being, impulses at odds with their wishes, or statements at odds with themselves. One week of summer camp, on the very last day, although I have never had homosexual feelings for anyone, I found myself in the locker room thinking, "I'm going to look at the star forward's butt." I casually turned around, glanced at him, and that was it. This uncharacteristic action was the product of a hypnotic suggestion the perverts delivered while I was drugged, and it

was enforced by the cybernetics described in the appendices to this book.

The suggestion that took was not rape, nor homosexuality, but masturbation. When I was seven years old, I began to masturbate. I had no memory of sexual abuse, or even idea of sex, but I handled my penis in the inept way I had been shown, reaching orgasm without ejaculation. I did this on a regular basis until I reached sexual maturity at age eleven, a process hastened with a hormone shot, and I continued thereafter. I never had a wet dream, or nocturnal emission, in my life, because of my addiction to masturbation.

But let's return to Wonder Girl, not to mention Debra Winger, the woman who played her. There was enough interest in the character to lead to talk of a spin-off. What were they going for?

There were rape fantasies, connected to Wonder Woman, but this time directed at a fifteen-year-old. There's never enough perversion to satisfy the scum at the agency. They're not happy if you fantasize about raping a woman: they want you to rape a teenager, and they want you to do it in real life—not in your head. That's only a prelude to the other depravities they promote.

On Friday at eight o'clock, either your parents were out, or you were at home without a date, and the episode ended with Wonder Girl, locked in a room with a bed, a prisoner of the Nazis. Many male viewers spent the week lost in fantasies of the busty teenager's rape—not to mention what would happen next Friday. It's the same trick CIA

used with Lara Logan, where her rape was suggested on Lupericalia, leaving room for fantasy, only to be described on Walpurgisnacht.

The actor Debra Winger was twenty-three, but her character Wonder Girl was fifteen. The point was not only to push men into pædophilia—or, as they improvised with me, to give boys someone closer to their age—but to speak to the girls wearing Underoos, superheroine underwear marketed to children in the 1970s. One reader of my website, Fighting Monarch, told me she used to go to sleep in her Underoos only to wake up naked. Another freedom fighter told me that she used to wake up with her Underoos inside out. The scum abused these ladies as young children, but they did not remember. Doubtless they were also taught to spin, as they dissociated, moving from alter to alter. When Drusilla spins, and transforms into her alter ego, she morphs from a girl to a woman. The message is...she is ready for sex.

Lynda Carter, who played Wonder Woman, was the only star in the seventies who not only appeared in a nude scene but did so before she came on television. Normally this would preclude a prime time rôle.

Guess who the second star was. You got it. It was Debra Winger, who had her naked body fondled in the sexploitation flick Slumber Party '57 before she transformed into Wonder Girl.

ABC did not make these exceptions because they wanted two unknown actresses to star in the first show with a non-comedic female hero: CIA wanted men to lust after the Amazons.

The agency doesn't control only the news through OPERATION MOCKINGBIRD: They control everything you watch, and they watch you while you do it.

With the internet, it's even worse.

BOOK TWO: BARRACUDA

Not only was I abused at school and at soccer camp under MK-ULTRA, but CIA arranged many aspects of my family's social life. None of us realized what was going on: We had our memories wiped clean with drugs, hypnosis, and electro-shock. The mind protects itself from memories of abuse. But now I see how everyone in our social circle was a victim of MK-ULTRA who was placed in our way.

In Westfield, New Jersey, one of my childhood friends, Lara Smith, lived across the street, up the hill, in Wychwood, a place that heavily suggested luciferianism. Lara's father had the Cadillac dealership, and they lived in one of the best neighborhoods. I was fascinated with their amazing gadgets, which, in the seventies, consisted of a remote-control television in their house and remote-control windows in their car. Little did I know remote control was used on us all. I'm pretty sure the Smiths were doing drugs, and I remember cash lying around. Wychwood had a witch riding a broom on the sign that led to it, and there was a large and spooky Tudor gatehouse, built in 1928, listed on the plans as one of two whimsical interpretations of medieval fairy tale houses. It reminds me of Arden, Delaware, another luciferian community, or St. Peter's Village, about which I wonder, not far from my home in Unionville. Years later, a fire tore through the Wychwood Gatehouse, and, although it was deemed an accident, one of the owners, Courtney Schael, was arrested on the scene for aggravated assault, resisting arrest, and interfering with administration of law. She

bit one police officer, and kicked two others, as she was dragged from the scene, while the fire company strove to extinguish the blaze.

The gatehouse was a short walk from my home.

Back then, Leaping Lara Lipstick, as we called her, gave me a book I still have. Stories from around the World inspired my lifelong love of mythology and folktales, although it was the product of a hypnotic suggestion. The stories of the basilisk, which would freeze people with fear, and "Painted Skin," in which a bloodthirsty demon disguised itself as a woman, spoke to my programming experience. Perhaps "Ali Baba" was meant to provoke an erotic interest in Sir Richard Burton's Arabian Nights, but I saw only a heroic woman who saves her foolish husband.

"Halibau's Jealousy" was another story in Lara's book. Somewhere in Africa, a girl's brother abducts her, ties her up, and abandons her in the forest. Strangers come upon her, and they rescue her, raising her as their own. Years pass, and she grows very beautiful, so beautiful her reputation spreads. Her evil brother hears of the beautiful woman who lives far off, and he comes to court her. She almost has to marry him, until her parents learn the truth. Rape and incest are heavily implied.

My programmers thought the story would turn me on, and they asked me about it in sessions while my father travelled on business.

"I don't like it," I answered. "It doesn't do it for me."

“What do you think he does with her?” the female degenerate asked.

“Ties her up, and carries her off.”

“What else?” she asked.

“Puts her in a tree,” I answered.

“Does he do anything else with her?” she persisted.

“No. I don’t think so.”

“Why does he do this?” she asked.

“Because he wants her to die. He’s jealous. It says so in the title. Didn’t you notice?”

“What is he jealous of?” she asked. “Does he want to look like her?”

“What are you talking about? Why would a boy want to look like a girl? He’s jealous. She probably stole one of his toys or something.”

“He’s too young,” she said to her confederate.

“Tim, I want you to forget about this one. Let’s try something else.”

“I really like ‘Mimer The Master.’ That’s my favorite. That and ‘Ali Baba.’ Siegfried makes a sword. His master kills a giant with it.”

“All right, fine. That’s good. We’ll do something with that later. But now I want you to act something for us. Have you done any acting?”

“I was the troll in ‘Billy Goats Gruff.’ That’s a good one. That and ‘Bremen Town Musicians.’ I like that. When the animals make noise together to scare the bad guys.”

“That’s good, Tim. That’s good. Okay. Fine. Now she’s going to pick. She’ll pick a story, and you act it out. We’re going to take turns, right?”

“What about my turn? You picked the one from Africa. I don’t even like that one. Now you get to pick another? That doesn’t seem right.”

“Look, Tim, she gets to pick, and that’s the end of the story.”

At this point I blacked out. The idiot had accidentally given me a hypnotic command to induce sleep, using the key words. God knows what happened, but I gather they abused my brother, who was more compliant. I was always the fighter, and I never cared what people thought.

My abusers tried to make me undress, suggesting another story from the book, “The Emperor’s New Clothes,” in which the emperor parades naked through the town because he’s been conned into thinking only a fool cannot see his magical clothing. Even though he cannot see the clothes himself, he does not trust his own senses, letting

others tell him what to believe. People do this all the time. They see what they are told to see, not what they see. MK-ULTRA depends on it.

“All right. It’s your turn to be the emperor.”

I was having none of it. If my brother wanted to play the fool, that was his business. Not understanding the gravity of the situation, I was happy to laugh at my brother, but there was no way I would take my clothes off.

“No. I want her to be the emperor,” I said. “Like Lady Godiva. She rode naked through the town, and she wasn’t ashamed. She did it to save people. Her husband was an evil lord. Peeping Tom saw her naked. That’s a good one. He should be the lord,” I said, indicating my male abuser. “You be the lady. I can be Tom. Let’s leave my brother out of this one.”

“We’re not doing that. Look: She’s going to talk with you a while. I’ll see to your mother, your brother I mean, I’ll see they’re all right.”

The woman spoke to me as the male degenerate, whom I had cast as evil lord, left the room.

“Will you do it?” I asked. “Now that he’s gone?”

“All right. I’ll take off my clothes next time. First I want you to do something for me. I want you to masturbate every day. I want you to handle your penis in the way he showed you.”

“It’s a deal,” I replied, thinking I had gained something. “I’ll see you next time. I can’t wait.”

In a moment she returned.

“All right. I’m back. Did you do what I said.”

“No, you’re not. What are you talking about? You were just in the other room. You’re with my dad or something.”

Something happened, and I blacked out, mumbling, struggling, intoning my refusal over and over again.

“You’re not my father. You’re not my father. You’re not my father. He would never do that. He would never ask me to do that. I don’t believe you.”

The bitch who invaded my house, and sexually abused my family, spoke to me, lying through her teeth, trying to set my father up.

“This is your father, Tim. Stop lying. He just did something to you. He did something bad. I want you to blame him. I want you to tell other people if you ever remember this.”

I refused. I would never do something bad, and I would never believe ill of my family.

Despite their attempt to use it, Stories from around the World spoke to me, and it sparked a lifelong interest in mythology.

Less than a year after I received it, Lara’s book led me to other erotic material, which had been placed on the small bookshelf, next to the autoharp and the papercutter, in my first-grade classroom. In fact, I had been given an express command.

You’ll find a book you really like.

On Friday when it’s reading time.

It took a while to find the sexy book. The first Friday I found a boy's book about Vikings in the library, and the next I found a boy's book about Aztecs, full of gruesome stories. Both worked on my imagination. The Aztec ball game was interesting, as were the boards aristocrats used to shape their heads. With my father, on television, I had just seen The Vikings, with Kirk Douglas and Tony Curtis, containing multiple references to rape, although what struck me was the death of Ragnar Redstocking, who leaps into a pit of starved wolves, laughing, sword in hand, so he can enter Valhalla. In the book, I particularly liked the story of two Vikings who raced their longboats, with the heat to be won by the first man whose hand touched the shore. Seeing he was about to lose, one captain cut his left hand off with an axe, and threw it onto the beach, winning the prize, a grant of land. Later I would learn a better one, the tale of Tiw, who sacrificed his right hand to leash Fenrir the Wolf, a story I would tell my daughter.

I don't know if they wanted me to find the Viking and Aztec books, but they certainly wanted me to find the book by the windowsill. It was "The Tale of Baba Yaga," translated by the unforgettably named William Ralston Shedden-Ralston. My teacher noticed I always read that book, so one time she inquired about it. Without giving away the nature of my interest, I asked her if they had made a mistake with the author's name. Mrs. O'Toole guessed not, but she was glad I was reading carefully. I was happy we had free reading on Friday, along with a spelling bee, and rhythm band, where we would parade around

the classroom banging claves, rattlesticks, and maracas. Most of all, I looked forward to the afternoon, when I would sit on the floor by the little bookshelf.

Every Friday, I read the same erotic tale. In the story, the father goes away, somewhere or other, so the evil stepmother sends his daughter to Baba Yaga. Baba Yaga and the father never appear together, but one always shows up when the other goes away. The same goes for the stepmother. I am not sure if the girl is wearing any clothes, or tattered clothes, but the stepmother sends her to Baba Yaga to fetch a needle and thread to make herself a shift. Baba Yaga makes the girl take a bath. A cat helps her escape, getting past some dogs. Fleeing with only a towel and a comb, the girl runs. Baba Yaga chases her, hot on her trail, so the girl throws away the towel, to form a river behind her. But after a while, her pursuer catches up, so this time the girl throws away the comb to form a forest behind her. In my imagination, she was naked, running from a male monster, chasing her, as I imagined the strangely named Baba Yaga to be a man. "Can a witch be a man?" I asked my teacher. She told me they were usually called warlocks, but I resisted the explanation. I looked for more on Baba Yaga in the school library, but the only book was in my classroom. Thanks to my programming, Lara's gift, and a carefully placed book, CIA succeeded in implanting my first rape fantasy.

As I look back, I see even more programming. In the story, the naked girl loses Baba Yaga in the forest, and at that moment she

finds her father. The girl tells her father what happened, so he shoots her stepmother dead. I have no doubt this story, with the evil woman driving the naked child into the arms of a protective father, was used on us. That's how MK-ULTRA works. They love to use male and female programmers, playing good cop and bad cop, one of them driving their victim into the other, just as an interrogator, to break a captive suspect and elicit a false confession, will employ the Reid Technique to evoke the fear-then-relief response. Scared by the "bad" one, you are ready to do everything the "good" one tells you.

When I wasn't reading folktales, I found other books that suggested the program. Robert O'Brien's Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH told the story of experimental lab rats who escaped from the National Institute of Mental Health, a front for CIA activity.

Then there was Roald Dahl's James and the Giant Peach, which terrified me by suggesting the death of my parents, and Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, which seems truly creepy. Most people think of Dahl as a children's author, but he was an MI-6 agent paid to have sex with female targets.

The Phantom Tollbooth, by Norton Juster, screams MK-ULTRA. A magic tollbooth transports the lead character into another world, just as Lucy enters Narnia in the fantasy books of C.S. Lewis, or Jack and Annie spin to other worlds in The Magic Treehouse. The writing is full of puns and wordplay, which characterize MK-ULTRA programming. Critics have compared the book to Alice's Adventures in

Wonderland, by the masonic child-molester Charles Dodgson, alias Lewis Carroll, and to Frank Baum's The Wonderful Wizard of Oz, often used in MK-ULTRA. All these books involve travel to other worlds, or alternative realities, which parallel a hypnotic subject's passage from one state of consciousness to another.

When not reading, I learned to swim at a neighbor's house, holding the side of the pool while I kicked. Mrs. Cooper was really cool. She made a huge impression on me when she showed me a barracuda mounted on the wall and told me how she had beaten it to death with a gaff. If CIA was trying to make me scared of water or sharks, or to think women were weak, it wasn't working. It's amazing the difference we can make in others' lives, inspiring them to be brave, from the smallest contact. Another night I remember playing Headache, a version of Parcheesi, with the children in Mrs. Cooper's study, until it was time to go home. The full moon seemed to follow our car, as my father drove, while music played on the a.m. radio. Was it "Midnight in the Oasis" by Maria Muldaur? or "Help Me" by Joni Mitchell? They are certainly two of my favorites, and they evoke that time. It was a magical evening.

Another family showed up three doors down the street. We had been friends with the previous owners of their house, the Gamarthys, and Susan Gamarthy babysat when I was a toddler. Her parents divorced, so the Roberts moved in. CIA loves to break up people's families, especially so they can strike at the children; so I suspect they lay behind the Gamarthys' break-up. Certainly, the split

made my babysitter prone to abuse, as it freed up the house for our new friends.

Richard Roberts earned his doctorate from Stevens Institute of Technology, which has produced two Nobel Prize winners, one in physics and one in chemistry. It houses three national Centers of Excellence as designated by the Department of Defense, the Department of Homeland Security, and the National Security Agency. In 1982, it became the first institution in the United States to require all incoming freshmen to purchase and use a personal computer while they installed an early intranet on campus.

Our new friend was a physicist, with trouble finding work, until he repackaged himself as a computer expert. Then he instantly got a job at General Electric, working on launch systems for nuclear missiles.

Whenever you have trouble finding employment, and a job suddenly appears, it is almost certainly the product of CIA social engineering. They did something like this to Lynda Carter, who was broke and on the verge of eviction, when the phone rang for the spot on Wonder Woman, they did it to move me away from a job in the building trades, and they did the same to my friend, Kristin Herbster, when they moved her husband to a teaching gig at the mind control hub of Stanford. Using a variant of the Reid Technique, similar to a false flag attack, the enemy creates difficulty in one direction to drive you in another, making you poor and desperate so you'll take the job they offer

or sending you something too good to be true. Then they'll try to steal even that from you. Suspect the things that come your way. You may still take the opportunity, but learn to see its partial source and the dangers that surround it.

Just as Dr. Roberts would use his computer expertise to work for the military industrial complex, so his fellow alumnus, Mark Crispin, the inventor of the Internet Message Access Protocol (IMAP), would work for the traitors at the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency on ARPANET, the prototype of the World Wide Web, when not involved with Stanford, the staging ground for illegal human experiments.

Just as Dr. Roberts would work on missile launch systems, Alex Wellerstein, a specialist on the history of nuclear weapons, would sit on the faculty of his alma mater. Dr. Wellerstein created NUKEMAP, through which users model atomic cataclysms. Since its inception more than 3,000,000 people have detonated more than 30,000,000 virtual nuclear warheads. As the inventor fantasizes about the incineration of millions of living beings, he calls his program some of the most fun he has ever had.

Dr. Wellerstein is one of the more normal people associated with the private research institute from which our neighbor graduated.

Other notable alumni include (i) Charles Stewart Mott, a co-founder of General Motors, who served as the mayor of Flint, Michigan, an arena of sexual abuse, mind control, and social engineering; (ii) John

McLean, the developer of corneal transplants and founder of eye banks used for ocular implantation; (iii) Louis Hazeltine, the inventor of the neutrodyne radio receiver, facilitating voice-to-skull transmission, as described in the appendices to this book, before he served on the National Defense Research Committee; and (iv) Frederick Reines, who discovered the neutrino, worked on the MANHATTAN PROJECT, and served as director of OPERATION GREENHOUSE.

These mad scientists were nothing next to the most infamous graduate of Dr. Roberts' school: Samuel Prescott Bush, the luciferian war profiteer that worked for the Rockefellers, and partnered with the Harrimans, as he financed Hitler's rise to power, while spawning a race of degenerates. His son went to Yale, whence he looted burial sites on holiday, purporting to steal Geronimo's skull when not a cheerleader on the pep squad. One cannot help but wonder how he inspired his classmates off the field. Although his spawn would publicly oppose abortion, Prescott Bush sought to kill millions of unborn children. Like Bill Gates's father, the senator worked from deep within not only the American Birth Control League but also Planned Parenthood, hell-bent on uprooting "human weeds" and culling "reckless breeders," while their eugenicists claimed the kindest thing a poor family could do was to kill their own children. His son married the daughter of the satanist, Aleister Crowley, while he presided over CIA, assassinating the democratically elected leaders of foreign countries, running cocaine from Latin America, giving boy prostitutes tours of the White House,

hunting victims at Bohemian Grove, raping them with dogs, and forcibly sodomizing the toddlers with whom he played Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood.

Stevens Institute of Technology graduated other spies, criminals, and degenerates like Peter Ashmun Ames, an American British Intelligence Officer who formed part of the Cairo Gang. During the Irish War of Independence, Ames sought to assassinate members of the IRA before they got wind of him, turning on their stalker to take him out.

As I hope all the scum will learn, they call it the Most Dangerous Game because the prey and the predator can easily change places. As my friend, Dr. Katherine Horton, a freedom fighter, educated at Oxford University, who worked for the European Organization for Nuclear Research (CERN) and on the Deutsches Elektronen-Synchrotron (DESY), likes to say, "They messed with the wrong people." Upon our first meeting, I told her I would fight the enemy to my death; but she corrected me, "Their deaths, Tim, their deaths...."

Dr. Roberts' wife was Irish although, to my knowledge, she had absolutely no interest in the troubles of her native land. Orphaned at a young age, when her father died of "blood poisoning," the Celtic ginger came to New Jersey where her extended family took her in and brought her up. Although an intelligent woman, Moira sometimes seemed daft, wont to be carried away by insane peals of laughter, due to cybernetic abuse.

Mrs. Roberts worked, which was unusual in those days. Most of my friends' mothers, by far, were housewives who made their families meals, played tennis and bridge, and did charity work. This lady had to earn money while her husband was unemployed; and, once he found a career with the defense contractor, she kept on as a registered nurse. Not only did her shift-work place her children further in harm's way, as she could not protect them in her absence; but the nature of her employment added more danger. Work at a medical facility provides a chance for the scum to experiment on us. Hospitals, military bases, and universities are the main places that implantation and programming happen. They have the facilities and the equipment.

Just as my family had two boys, Michael and Timothy, the Roberts had two girls, Alicia and Christina. We had a black labrador retriever, Ribbons, whom my mother made my father euthanize, although our dog was perfectly healthy; and Chrissy had a pet rabbit kept outside in a hutch, which was found dead. "A dog must have got it," people said; but later I would learn the scum at MK-ULTRA often threaten a beloved pet to coerce a person into sexual compliance. After the victim performs some depraved act to save the pet, they kill the animal. Never make a deal with the scum!

Years later, the death of Chrissy's rabbit came back to me, as I recalled our abuse. CIA killed her pet, almost as soon as she got it. Her parents blamed the children, which was unfair, saying a dog did it.

“You must have left the hutch open. Or maybe it was your sister. It must have been a dog.”

My parents told me there was something very serious they wanted to talk with me about. They asked about our lab, “Was Ribbons out last night? Did you let her out?”

Usually, I am very forthright, so my answer strikes me as odd.

“I don’t know. I think so. It’s kind of cloudy. I might have. I don’t know. Someone told me to do it.”

“No one told you to do it. Be serious. No one’s been here. I didn’t tell you to do it.”

“No, they told me to say that to you.”

“It’s just his imagination.”

“Look. We’re not going to talk about this. It will cause a misunderstanding. If anyone asks, Ribbons was in, okay? The whole night. You didn’t let her out.”

That’s the satanic trash through and through. They torture and kill a little girl’s rabbit. Then they try to turn her against herself, her family, and her neighbors. That’s the program all over.

I had a hard time dealing with the rabbit, so the scum pressed their advantage.

We killed her rabbit.

We’re gonna kill you.

Later on you’ll read a book about it.

That drew me to Richard Adams's Watership Down; but, years later, when I told my programmers I had found the book about the rabbit—"the rabbit you killed"—they had no idea what I was talking about.

Chrissy was my age. She was brunette and extremely intelligent. Before she was six, she could read an article in The New York Times; but, although, like me, she was a genius, she often had trouble in school. She would not follow the teacher's directions, she would not turn in assignments, and she would get off the hook by crying.

Alicia was my brother's age. She was blonde and very intelligent. Mostly, she played with my brother, while I played with Chrissy. Alicia is one of two girls I saw naked when a child. One morning I walked into their kitchen, and she was standing on the linoleum, by the table, without her clothes. Mrs. Roberts said it was no big deal, and Chrissy would be right down; so I took it in stride. I went outside where I waited with my bicycle beyond the screen door.

The scum at MK-ULTRA wanted Chrissy and me to engage in sexual play, and they had spoken about her at soccer camp. I remembered none of this, so they had limited success.

As soon as Chrissy moved in, we played doctor together, a game she initiated and I played with no one else. I suspect she had been abused at her mother's hospital, as part of MK-ULTRA, and she wanted to act out the scene. In the cellar of our house, she played the physician,

and I played the patient. I stripped down to my underwear at her command, while she examined me. My mother and Dr. Roberts were upstairs in the kitchen having a drink, when my mom went downstairs to call Chrissy up. She saw me in my underwear, so she asked us what we were doing. We said, matter-of-factly, playing doctor. After some interrogation, our parents told us not to do it again. "From now on, when you play with her, keep your clothes on" was the command, which I had no problem obeying.

Chrissy loved Wonder Woman, and she had Wonder Woman underwear. Starting in 1977, Underoos were marketed to girls, so they could wear underwear resembling their favorite superheroines' costumes. Wonder Woman, Supergirl, Spiderwoman, and Batgirl were all possibilities to involve children in cos-play. Daphne and Velma from Scooby Doo were available, as were Veronica and Betty from Archie.

Did I mention Archie is full of satanic cartel signalling and mind control, ending on issue #666? What's more, an Archie comic called "The Tunnel of Love" mysteriously appeared in my collection even though I never liked it. I don't remember anyone giving it to me, and I don't remember buying it.

MK-ULTRA often uses comics, especially underground comics, on its victims. Just look at James Holmes, the Batman shooter, whom they used to promote gun control through OPERATION GLADIO C: false flag attacks staged by CIA and blamed on lone gunmen. In those days, comics always had ads for Raquel Welch

posters in their back pages, where you could gaze upon her navel, which stood for her privates. Comics also had ads for x-ray glasses, which you could use to see through women's clothing; and they had ads for books on hypnotism, which you could use to enslave women. Later my cousin, Bobby, gave me a stack of MAD magazines, to which I masturbated. There was a parody of The Deep, where pirates made Jacqueline Bisset take off her shirt, and there was a parody of Charlie's Angels, which suggested rape. Those came later, when I was ten. Much later, CIA would succeed with me and Wonder Woman, as I would get into underground rape comics. Back then, they failed.

The enemy wanted me to go to comics, and, for a while, I went to Thor. This reading picked up my own heroic stand against the scum. I puzzled over Thor vs. The Destroyer. There seemed to be something to it. Volume #299 of The Mighty Thor spoke to me through its cover, which showed the god supporting and protecting a blonde lady collapsed in his arms, as he shouted defiance, waving his hammer, against an evil green hypnotic set of eyes glaring down at him. Still it was nothing next to the real stories. They wanted comics, and they settled for Thor, but it didn't take long for me to move past the legend of Siegfried told in Stories from around the World, through the card catalog, to the sagas, the eddas, and The Nibelungenlied. Loki's senseless murder of Balder left a mark, as did Siegfried's passage through fire for Brynhilde, while today I prepare for Ragnarök.

When we were eight, Chrissy modelled her Wonder Woman underwear for me, and she asked me how I liked it. I told her Wonder Woman was for girls, and I asked if she had Princess Leia. She did, although she didn't like them as much. As the fashion show continued, I asked if she had Velma Underoos, since I liked Scooby Doo. Just like Velma, Chrissy wore glasses, a result of ocular implants. She told me she didn't have Velma, but her sister Alicia had the Daphne outfit.

"Could you wear that?" I asked her.

"No," Chrissy answered. "It doesn't fit."

"What other outfits does your sister have?" I asked.

"Well, she has Super Girl. Do you want to see her in that?"

"No thanks," I said. "You look good in Wonder Woman."

"I could wear Super Girl if you want me to. They told me I could wear them. It would probably stretch a bit."

"No thanks. Wonder Woman's cool. Wanna play outside?"

Off we went into our seventies childhood filled with unsupervised outdoor play. We were free-range kids; and, although the area was rife with satanic rituals and murders, no one gave a thought to our safety. We would ride bikes and Big Wheels in our yards, throw balls, and play pretend games; but we never played Wonder Woman. I was rough and tumble, and Chrissy cried a lot. CIA had moved us together, and they were setting us up for trouble.

When we weren't playing outside, or reading books, we sometimes watched television on our old black-and-white set. In those days, t.v. consisted of three main channels, Central Broadcasting Service (CBS), with its logo of an All-Seeing Eye, National Broadcasting Company (NBC), headquartered at Rockefeller Center, and American Broadcasting Company (ABC), for which my best friend's father later worked as an award-winning correspondent and as bureau chief. There were a couple of back channels, constantly showing Vincent Price movies; and there was the new kid on the block, Public Broadcasting Service (PBS), which had grown from National Educational Television (WNET), in Newark, New Jersey.

When we were small, our parents let us watch Sesame Street, funded by Senator Robert Byrd, a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Byrd "owned" Cathy O'Brien as a sex slave under CIA PROJECT MONARCH, farming her out to be raped and abused by Presidents Gerald Ford, George Bush, and Bill Clinton. Like the Ford Foundation, which supported public television, Byrd gave money to Sesame Street. Under the guise of educational television, we watched Bert and Ernie, Big Bird, Oscar, and the Cookie Monster. At best, educational television teaches children to watch television. That's it. But others suggest an evil agenda. Oscar normalizes bad moods and slovenly hygiene. Cookie Monster normalizes over-eating and bad table manners. Bert and Ernie are an inter-racial homosexual couple, and it would take a professional chicken-sexer to tell the "gender" of Big Bird. This may

seem outlandish; but, given the funder of the program, and my own programming under MK-ULTRA, I have come to believe that something sinister lies behind Sesame Street.

When I was little, the degenerates tried to use Sesame Street on me. My favorite character was Snuffleupagus, who looked like a mammoth without tusks. He was gentle and goofy, and I liked him until the trash tried to turn him to an evil purpose. After breaking into my house, the child molesters from the CIA drugged and hypnotized me. The scum told me that the male programmer's penis was Snuffleupagus, and they tried to make me say hi to it, play with it, and kiss it. I refused, and then they told me my father molested me. That didn't work either.

In person-to-person sessions, under drugs and hypnosis, CIA programmers also tried to make me identify with Big Bird. Big Bird was gentle and friendly, but he was androgynous. These degenerates, who push trans-sexualism and homosexuality, actually thought they could confuse me as to my sex. Certainly, they did not want me to have children. MK-ULTRA is a breeding program, and they want to cull their superiors. They fear our blood. Good, strong-willed, and intelligent people are the natural enemies of the satanic trash that seek to enslave the world. If you have children, the scum will use the family courts to take them from you, so they become more vulnerable to abuse. Usually, though, they just do not want you to reproduce. The program has led to large numbers of involuntarily celibate people, or INCELS, who are

almost invariably well educated and intelligent. With some, they lead us to masturbate, especially to rape fantasies, weaponizing us to rape women, attacking both the rapist and the survivor. With others, they go for homosexuality. Although they pushed it, the smarter ones could see I was not a rapist. I was a kind and gentle boy—although I would fight ruthlessly with every resource at my disposal to defend women, family, friends, children, animals, and the right. They tried to gentle me out, overly so, as they sought to turn me into a homosexual, using Big Bird and Snuffleupagus. It would never work.

In 1971, the first episode of Sesame Street contained “Wanda The Witch.” This featured a string of W-words designed, on the surface, to assist learning through alliteration. We learned to sound out words, as we learned to read; so it appeared educational and fun, not to mention open-minded, to watch an animated short by a black cartoonist, overlaid on discordant jazz music, about Wanda, a witch who went to a well on a windy winter Wednesday to wash her wig. There was more behind it. The witch promoted satanism, as did shows like Bewitched, or Dark Shadows, or The Addams Family, created by Charles Addams, who was born in my home town, or Harry Potter, which became popular later. More importantly here, my abuser conflated herself with the witch on Sesame Street; so, when I told my parents of my abuse, it would look as though I had spun a fantasy from the show.

Frightened, I tried to tell my parents what had happened; but, like so many, they thought it was only my imagination.

“What was your dream about?” they asked me.

“I think there’s a witch. Her name is Wanda. She wants me to do bad things. I think she’s telling lies about you.”

The scum almost always work in male-female pairs, so I also told my mother about the excuse for a man that molested me, while he subjected me to hypnotic programming.

“There’s something more I want to tell you. Wanda has a boyfriend. His name is Ghoula-Gheela. He told me to take off my pyjamas. He’s worse than Wanda. She’s bad, but he’s worse. I’m scared of them.”

My parents could tell I was frightened, but they thought it was a dream, or an overactive imagination, and I needed to be talked out of it. Ghoula-Gheela became a family joke, a mischievous spirit, who would undo a single button on my pyjama shirt, as I tossed and turned in bed—but I utterly forgot Wanda. “Wanda’s not real,” my mother would say; but she didn’t know what she was talking about.

It grieves me to recall a similar conversation I had with my daughter, Lily, when she was small. As we stayed at the cabin on our friends’ horse farm, Lazy Acres, she told me of her skeleton, something inside her, that made her do bad things. I sternly dismissed her excuse as nonsense, telling her to take responsibility for her behavior; but now I see I failed her. Lily told me what the scum were doing to her, but I did not have ears to hear. Now she does not remember the conversation, and she does not believe the truth of my stories.

Some take a similar approach to my “crazy conspiracy theories,” denying the reality of memory and abuse. When my memories began to flood back, the police put me in a mental hospital. Why? I bought a gun to defend myself, and I went to the State Police Barracks at Avondale, Pennsylvania, to report my sexual abuse and the rape of my daughter. That’s how they treat survivors who come forward.

One day, when I was five, I stopped watching Sesame Street because I rejected the hideous suggestions the trash gave me; but I didn’t remember why. I just looked at it, and I rejected it. People will reject unwholesome suggestions regardless of whether they remember them. It causes the enemy fear and frustration, and it gives me hope.

A year later, I started playing soccer, although I had not expressed interest in the sport, with an FBI agent as my coach; and we won the championship in our league, earning trophies and a victory dinner.

My father took me to see the Cosmos, as they dominated the North American Soccer League. Edson Arantes do Nascimento, KBE, commonly known as Pelé, played as the star forward, while Franz Beckenbauer, nicknamed the Kaiser, invented the rôle of sweeper. Without glasses, I couldn’t see much, but the atmosphere was fun. I got a kick out of the guy selling beer, hawking it as Beckenbauer’s own home brew, and the playing of “We Are The Champions,” when the

Cosmos took the field. As with the Yankees, New York had bought the best team, and they were showing it off.

Pelé scored over one thousand goals, earning more than one million dollars per year, to become, along with Beckenbauer, one of the greatest players in the history of the sport. In 1970, Pelé was investigated by Brazil's military junta, supported by CIA OPERATION CONDOR, run from the School of the Americas, in Fort Benning, where my family friend, George Ring, trained in Officer Candidate School and my best friend's father, Jim Hickey, served as information officer. Pelé's crime? Someone handed him a manifesto calling for the release of political prisoners. Later he was a UNESCO Goodwill Ambassador, whom some accused of involvement in a corruption scandal denied by UNICEF. For the cabal, he also served as UN ambassador for ecology and the environment, promoting false environmentalism at the expense of national sovereignty, while he brought the 2016 Olympics to Brazil, which could not afford them in the midst of a severe political and economic crisis. Queen Elizabeth knighted him for his contributions to globalism.

Right when my father took me to the Cosmos' match, my parents signed me up for soccer camp, which served as a front for a programming center. CIA programmed me to watch The Banana Splits, along with Wonder Woman, at the alleged sports camp. We arrived at Linden High School, wearing our brand new cleats; but we were immediately told to take them off and put them in the room next door,

allegedly, because the floors had been waxed. Why we didn't meet outside, since this was a sports camp, was never explained. We were drugged, and hypnotized, and they made us sit on the floor, watching The Banana Splits, as its hypnotic swirls and strobe lights put us deeper into trance, and the action toggled from animated scenes to human ones.

Aside from its animal characters, The Banana Splits featured the Sour Grapes Bunch. This was a group of pretty prepubescent girls, all named Charley, who never spoke. While Barry White sang to driving Mo-Town rhythms, the Charleys danced, cavorting in an obscene caricature of sexuality:

We'll be doing it, doing it, doing it,
Doing the Banana Split, y'all.
We'll be sliding it, peeling it, scooping it,
Dipping the Banana Split, y'all.
Get up on your feet,
And feel the new sensation.
It's a new dance,
That's in your pants.
It's sweeping across the nation.

God knows what happened to those girls behind the scenes, or in later life, but my guess is it wasn't good.

At camp, we were encouraged to lust after Charleys and chase them. When one of the characters pursued her offstage, someone asked me about a Charley, "What's he doing with her back there?" This recalled playground games described by my mother, who grew up in

the program. Girls Chase Boys was a tag game in which a girl got to kiss any boy she could catch. The obverse was Boys Chase Girls, where a boy could pull up the skirt of any girl he caught. My mother described it to me, and I actually wanted to play it, imagining our neighbor Deirdre Watson, whose underwear Chrissy mentioned. The whole thing recalls Brave New World, where Aldous Huxley describes the program. In the book, children are raised by the state, required to engage in sexual play, and sent to a psychiatrist if they refuse. In our society, it's not much different. People don't see the truth.

There was one part in particular of The Banana Splits they wanted us to watch. Aside from hypnotic swirls and songs, dancing Charleys, and cartoon adventures, the show's highlight, Danger Island, stood out because it had only human actors. It also stood out because it was nothing but one big rape fantasy. In the show, Professor Irwin Hayden and his daughter, Leslie, are kidnapped by pirates after being separated from their friend Lincoln Simmons. There is constant threat of rape, always right before the cliffhanger that ends the episode, leaving the viewer to fantasize for days about what happens.

Leslie, who is roughly sixteen, blonde, and very attractive, appears first in her bikini, when she scuba dives, finding a treasure chest, before the swarthy pirates board the ship, tying her up. Surrounded by hypnotic suggestions, this scene was picked up in my own fantasies, when later I would masturbate to MAD Magazine, which did a parody of The Deep. In the comic, dark-skinned pirates force

Jacqueline Bisset to stand topless, searching her, and joking moronically about her “treasure chest.” At ten years old, I would often jerk off to this magazine, picturing myself with the beautiful topless woman. Still, I did not imagine anything except her stripping, and I could not picture her bare-chested, or more, except as she was shown in the pen-and-ink drawing.

This early rape fantasy picked up other material to which I was entrained. The Banana Splits contains another show called Arabian Nights, and, to me, the world’s sexiest woman was Arabian. My favorite movie was The Golden Voyage of Sinbad, which we saw at the Rialto in a double feature. Caroline Munro plays Margiana, a shapely slave gifted to Sinbad, marked with the All-Seeing Eye, who accompanies the captain on his adventures, although he frees her. Margiana is an unbelievably beautiful brunette, with long silky hair, and striking blue eyes, which recall Wonder Woman. She wears an incredibly sexy outfit. Throughout the entire film, her firm round breasts thrust against the top of her blouse, threatening, any moment, to escape. Three jewelled crescents, arranged in a pyramid, hang over her privates, and her strong muscular belly is constantly on display—just like the poster of Raquel Welch at the end of every comic book, next to the ads for glasses to see through women’s clothes and for books on how to hypnotize women. In the same vein, Stories from around the World contains The Tale of Ali Baba, with its sexy and intrepid heroine, whom both Munro and Bisset recall. Barbara Eden, to whom I was

partially entrained through I Dream of Jeannie, wears a similar sexy outfit, and she comes from a similar milieu. Somehow, for me, Wonder Woman had gotten mixed up with Danger Island, Arabian Nights, Ali Baba, Barbara Eden, Caroline Munro, and the incomparably snarly Raquel Welch.

See the Arabian theme? This sort of programming is used on soldiers who fight in the Middle East, which the New World Order has destabilized. Young men enlist with plans to rape women in Libya, Syria, Iraq, or Afghanistan, where they figure they can get away with it. They destroy these countries, as they become fodder for bankers' wars.

Years later, hijab porn would become a thing, and Mia Khalifa would be ranked the number one actress on PornHub, becoming the most searched-for performer on the site with more than 1,500,000 views. Miss Khalifa comes from Beirut, a hotbed of CIA activity, and she was brought up as a Christian. After she moved to the States, she enrolled in Massanutten Military Academy, an hour north of our cabin in Lexington; and she later earned a bachelor's degree in history, making her unemployable, just like many people with whom I went to college. Because she needed money, and because of her programming, Miss Khalifa became a porn star, performing deep throat blowjobs and whimpering while men fucked her.

Children are given the muscle memory to do that kind of fellatio, and they are sexually enslaved, through hypnosis and drugs, by starving them until they will lick honey or butter off a male degenerate's

penis. CIA had ample opportunity to do that to Mia Khalifa as she moved from a war zone infiltrated by the agency across borders, to the United States, which many have trouble crossing. She wouldn't remember any more than I remembered my abuse.

Miss Khalifa showed other signs of sexual enslavement, as CIA programmed and used her. She became alienated from her family, who stopped speaking to her, when she posed as the Virgin Mary. ISIS, a front for MOSSAD, threatened her, and she acquired millions of followers on Twitter. She engaged in cos-play, got a Batman tattoo, and even appeared in comics. She also moved to Texas, became a supporter of the Second Amendment, and bought a firearm with which she posed. But that part wasn't allowed. CIA repurposed her, briefly, hypnotizing her to give her gun away in front of 2,250,000 followers on Twitter even though she knew this would not stop a single school shooting. First her videos edged viewers toward raping moslem women; then she became a poster girl for disarming the American people. That fuels further rape fantasies for some, because they know she has no means of defense, they fantasize about her, and they blame her for attacks on gun rights. That's what PROJECT MONARCH, OPERATION MOCKINGBIRD, and GLADIO C are all about.

Just as Margiana is threatened by the swarthy magician Koura in Sinbad, so Leslie Hayden is threatened by the dark pirate Mu Tan in Danger Island. Once Leslie slips out of her bikini, the blonde target appears in form-fitting white chinos and a short-sleeved top that

reveals her midriff, recalling Margiana's low-cut blouse and harem pants. After the pirates board the ship, they corner Leslie, grabbing her body, while she struggles, protests, and fights until they lustfully subdue her. When her wrists are not bound, the blonde teenage heroine engages in constant hand-to-hand combat, wrestling, as the pirates grope her body, leer at her, and laugh obscenely. When they land on shore, Leslie is dragged, struggling through the surf, her hands tied behind her back, while her father shouts for Mu Tan to stop touching her. Later we see her standing, her legs spread slightly wider than her shoulders, her hands tied behind her back, her chest thrust out, her teeth bared, as she strains against her bonds. Throughout the show, Leslie shouts, "Daddy, don't let them!" "Stop it!" and "No!" Drums and brass play driving sex music in the background, recalling burlesque. Just as Wonder Woman presents rape fantasies with brunettes, Danger Island presents rape fantasies with blondes; and I was forced to watch them both under drugs and hypnosis, at Linden High School, where a woman was raped in front of me.

Two to four years later, somehow, CIA moved me over to Jacqueline Bisset, and a pen-and-ink drawing was acceptable; but, when I encountered the color video of Danger Island, under different circumstances, I was horrified. Captain Mu Tan laughed obscenely, as he told Leslie's father that nothing was holy, ignoring his pleas to let his daughter go. When I watched the show away from camp, I could not imagine anything more horrible, although I did not remember my

programming or the underlying trauma. The rapist's leering face is burned in my memory, recalling my own abuser's. For me, the show's only bright spot came upon the rescue of Leslie, by Link, when I thought, "I'm so glad she's safe. I want to be like Link. He saves her."

Aside from scenes heavily suggesting rape, the show is full of cartel signalling, with an occasional hypnotic effect. When Link first washes up on shore, separated from the group, he lies on the verge of consciousness while trancelike music plays on the vibraphones. He also wrestles with a tiger in a sublimated rape scene: zebra, tiger, or leopard prints are often worn by victims under PROJECT MONARCH. Shortly before that, we see Leslie on the boat, her wrists bound, tied to the hoist above her, wriggling and struggling, in a scene that recalls marionette training under PROJECT MONARCH, while the pirate threatens her, so her father breaks. Mu Tan laughs at the pain of his victims, marking how Professor Hayden has "recovered his memories."

As for those recovered memories, I recall clearly how, back at Linden High School, the female programmer I wanted to defend sold me out, comparing Leslie in Danger Island to the Charleys of the Sour Grapes Bunch.

"There's a woman on there who's hot."

"What's that?"

"Attractive. She's attractive. She's like a Charley. You'll want to have sex with her."

“I don’t want to have sex with anyone—not after that, not like that.”

“It won’t be like that. You can imagine it your own way. Look at her, Tim, Just look at her body. Watch her body. See how she moves. See what you think.”

Maybe that’s how they eventually brought me over to Jacqueline Bisset, having left me alone for a while, or to Gilligan’s Island, where I later lusted after Mary Ann. With her blue shorts, red top, and bare midriff, Mary Ann recalled Wonder Girl, which somehow had combined with Danger Island; but I never wanted to rape her. I just gazed lustfully at her body, imagining her naked as a prelude to consensual sex. Another set of suggestions had misfired when my abuser hypnotized me, years later, at home.

“Yeah, sure, I’ll watch the island show. The one with the sexy woman,” I mumbled, falling asleep.

When not watching the violence promoted by Looney Tunes and Tom and Jerry, I watched other Hanna-Barbera productions, which contained suggestions of sexual assault notably absent from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers. Josie and the Pussycats, which spun off from the satanic Archie comics, had girls in the leopard-print clothing and ears that MK-ULTRA uses to mark women as beta sex-slaves. In Scooby Doo, when Shaggy wasn’t over-eating, the Creeper chased Dangerprone Daphne, who made a habit of falling into traps, getting tied up, and gagged. And Velma crawled, on her hands and

knees, helpless while she sought her glasses. In The Perils of Penelope Pitstop, the leggy blonde heroine called, "Help! Help!" while her guardian Sylvester Sneakley pursued her as his alter ego, The Hooded Claw. That's the only one I remember playing, briefly, with Chrissy and her sister, Alicia.

Chrissy and Alicia both liked Shirley Temple, after whom the drink, used to ease children into alcohol, was named. I don't think they had seen Baby Burlesks, in which toddlers appear in disgustingly sexualized rôles, but they certainly knew films like Bright Eyes. There the child star sings "The Good Ship Lollipop" to a group of men who handle her body, while they put a white substance on her mouth and a brown substance on her nose. Certainly, Temple's films promote pædophilia, as they attracted perverts like J. Edgar Hoover, who ran the FBI for forty years while he wore women's undergarments.

While I derided Shirley Temple as stupid, Chrissy defended her intelligence. After all, she served as both a representative to the United Nations and the ambassador to Ghana. You had to be smart to do those things. And you also have to be part of the New World Order. After marrying an Air Force sergeant, Temple wed Charles Alden Black, a naval intelligence officer who became the director of business operations for the Stanford Research Institute, a programming hub for MK-ULTRA, which developed cybernetic technology. Black took part in PROJECT AZORIAN, in which CIA used the Glomar Explorer in an attempt to raise a sunken Soviet submarine. Later Shirley Temple

became not only the ambassador to Czechoslovakia but also a Dame of Malta. The Knights of Malta is an order to which Wild Bill Donovan, Head of OSS, and William Casey, Director of CIA, belonged. Other members include Reinhard Gehlen, a Nazi war criminal and spymaster for Hitler, who founded what became the BND, worked closely with the CIA, and was awarded the Good Conduct Medal by the United States government. Temple sat on the board of Disney, and she was close to Henry Kissinger. Chrissy has convinced me. Shirley Temple wasn't stupid: She was in on it.

CIA couldn't make me watch Wonder Woman, but they had their way with Chrissy.

In The New Adventures of Wonder Woman, which Chrissy watched, spinning was key. Not only is it something little kids do naturally, to get high, but it was something Diana Prince did, on every single show, to turn into Wonder Woman. I remember spinning in circles with Chrissy to enter altered states.

Spinning induces trance. Cisco Wheeler, the grand-niece of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, explains how programmers use spinning to cause dissociation. So does her co-author, Fritz Springmeier, and bloodline Illuminist Svali. Think of the Sufis, sometimes known as the Whirling Dervishes, who spin not for evil purposes but to attain transcendent bliss. Alternatively, you may remember Grateful Dead shows, where you took LSD (heavily used in MK-ULTRA), smoked marijuana (heavily used in PROJECT MONARCH), listened to music,

danced, and kept an open mind. At those shows, the Spinners, also known as the Family, or the Church of Unlimited Devotion, twirled in circles.

The Grateful Dead, formerly known as the Warlocks, got their start at the acid tests promoted by Ken Kesey, a man later put in my way, as I taught his books, served as an usher at his lecture, and ate supper with him. Kesey came into the program at Stanford University, a hub of mind control, where my friend Kristin Herbster's husband teaches; and, like our family friend Kurt Brandenburg, he was paid money to take LSD under MK-ULTRA. The shadow manager of the Grateful Dead was the son of Eric Trist, a founder of the Tavistock Institute, a front for horrific mind control. The whole idea was to depoliticize young people, estrange them from their families, put them on the road, make them vulnerable, and encourage drug use. They don't call them Dead Heads for nothing.

Wonder Woman, like the Grateful Dead, involved spinning, and it also involved the military. Many were abused under military auspices. Chrissy's dad worked for a defense contractor. My godfather worked at the Pentagon, my uncle was Air Force, and my grandfather War Department. Later, the father of my best friend served as information officer at Fort Benning, where CIA runs the School of the Americas, otherwise known as the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation (WHINSEC). Yet another family friend trained at Fort Benning, which honors him in the Hall of Fame of the Officer

Candidate School, and he is buried in Arlington. And another learned to fly jets in the Navy. The Armed Forces were all over the place.

Still, my parents sought to keep guns away from us. My father grew up shooting a .22 Winchester, with which he won sharpshooter and marksman awards through the National Rifle Association; but we were not even allowed to have toy guns. When my friend Brian Tilyou gave me a plastic assault rifle for my birthday, which made noise as it fired, it was my favorite toy for three days until my parents took it from me. My brother and I made swords and imaginary muskets from sticks we found in the woods, until our parents finally caved in. They gave us Daisy pop guns, which did not fire BBs, on Michael's birthday. That night we slept with our weapons. Then, on my birthday, we got pistols that resembled flintlocks, which fired roll caps. Until that time, guns were as forbidden as candy, which we got only at Halloween or when my mother would buy us a bag before a beach trip. Guns were as forbidden as soda, which we drank only at my grandparents' summer picnics, striving to outdo each other as we downed bottle after returnable bottle of Coca-Cola.

In the program, many victims were the children of soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen—not to mention defense contractors. We received sexual abuse and were brainwashed by representatives of our own government, like Colonel Michael Aquino, a disgrace to the uniform, a founder of the Temple of Set, who married Lilith Sinclair, the

leader of the Church of Satan in Spotswood, New Jersey, only twenty-three miles from my home town.

Fort Dix, where recruits get basic training, was an hour's drive from my home. Eve Lorgen wrote,

This area is notorious for having numerous underground bases where genetic experimentation has been going on for years, involving the secret government....

Genetic manipulation did occur through my mother to me when I was in the womb. These events mostly took place in ritualistic fashion in underground facilities connected to Fort Dix Army Base in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey. The Pine Barrens are heavily laced with massive underground facilities that have major tunnel systems spreading from Maine to Virginia and out through Pennsylvania and into Ohio. A large amount of genetic experimentation projects do and have taken place in the underground of the Pine Barrens. The particular genetic project I was a part of was called LIY-CONN/DELTA-A.

Like the Hound of the Baskervilles, or the Beast of the Moors, or the Chupacabra, the Jersey Devil, a genetically altered animal, with sightings enhanced by mind control, roams the Pine Barrens. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence described amytal interviews at Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix. Playboy Playmate, Laura Richmond, was born there. Esteban Santiago, who shot up the Fort Lauderdale Airport, was posted to Fort Dix. He said the government controlled his mind before the shooting. That was part of GLADIO C, a series of false flag

attacks through which CIA seeks to destroy our second amendment rights.

No wonder Diana Prince was a Yeoman First Class, USNR (WR), when she wasn't being Wonder Woman. Many who watched the show suffered abuse at military bases like China Lake, The Presidio, Fort Detrick, Fort Campbell, Fort Lewis, Fort Hood, Redstone Arsenal, Offutt Air Force Base, Patrick Air Force Base, McClellan Air Force Base, MacDill Air Force Base, Kirtland Air Force Base, Nellis Air Force Base, McConnell Air Force Base, Homestead Air Force Base, Grissom Air Force Base, Maxwell Air Force Base, and Tinker Air Force Base. The Air Force has more than its share of this stuff.

Under MK-ULTRA, programmers build different alters into their subjects, brainwashing them to become different people. As my secretary, Francie Victor, used to say, "You never know who you're talking to." My daughter's mother referred to her different personalities by number. And Ken Kesey told me, "I'm not the same person I used to be." Years later, at a summer concert, I heard Sarah Larsen, sometimes known as Hurricane Hoss, joke of how she morphed from a classical violinist into a country-western superhero; and I looked at picture after picture of her, none of them the same. No wonder Diana Prince transformed into Wonder Woman, or Drusilla into Wonder Girl, by spinning. That's what girls did, as they were raped, victimized, and brainwashed.

The New Adventures of Wonder Woman did not only teach girls to spin and dissociate as they imagined amazonian selves; but it taught boys to fantasize about statuesque brunettes as they watched the show with their sisters. The Illuminati love incest, a subject they promoted through The Brady Bunch, where the girls and the boys, not truly sisters and brothers, share a bathroom. How many boys must have fantasized about walking in on Marsha in the shower? Pornhub would take it a step further, promoting incest porn in which step-brothers blackmailed step-sisters and step-sons raped step-mothers.

While The Brady Bunch allowed you to imagine fucking your sister, or maybe your father's wife, Wonder Woman encouraged you to rape your neighbor. The show was simultaneously feminist and sexualized. If you were a girl, you were programmed to imagine you were Wonder Woman. If you were a boy, you were programmed to rape Wonder Woman. Children were programmed to watch the show so they would engage in pretend play—sexualized good guys and bad guys—as a prelude to sexual assault.

Chrissy wanted us to watch Wonder Woman, but I refused. It was a girls' show. This must have disappointed our CIA controllers, who wanted us to act out a seemingly endless string of rape scenes. Even when people are unaware, hypnotic suggestions misfire, as subjects fight back.

My favorite program was The Six Million Dollar Man, but Chrissy took no more interest in watching or playing it with me than I

took interest in watching or playing Wonder Woman with her. The show concerns an astronaut whose body is rebuilt with cybernetic implants so he can become a secret agent working for the Office of Scientific Intelligence, a branch of CIA. My favorite was his bionic eye, which would zoom in on his target. Maybe it recalled the special glasses advertised in the backs of comic books, with which you could see through women's clothes. Maybe I wanted my own vision to be fixed, since I needed glasses. Or maybe, just maybe, I received an ocular implant. I have a childhood scar above my right eye, which I can blink only with difficulty; and almost no one else in my family wears glasses. Given what I know about trans-humanism, cybernetic implants, and nano-technology—not to mention my childhood nightmares about wrong numbers—I suspect I was implanted in the 1970s. This may be connected to a tendency to look in mirrors, which I now eschew, as my abusers gaze obscenely through my eyes. Certainly, in the seventies, the technology was there, and it was even advertised in my favorite t.v. show.

The enemy uses processed foods to introduce nanobots into people's bodies. Smart dust is what they spray from planes in CIA PROJECT CLOVERLEAF and USAF INDIGO SKY FOLD to facilitate NSA PROJECT ECHELON. The scum cannot resist advertising abuse through cartel signalling. So what are we to make of products like Smart Water, which its producer distills only to add "electrolytes" to the

bottle? Not to mention the popcorn labelled as Smart Food and sold by Frito-Lay?

Certainly, the trash intend to damage our health through processed food. The America in which I grew up had few fat people. We ate meals with our families, not snacks, and our mothers cooked those meals. We played outside, and we watched little television. In 1980, nineteen percent of America's children and teenagers were overweight. Today that number has risen to thirty percent. One hundred and sixty million of our people are fatsos. The Illuminati want not only to kill us, in accordance with the Georgia Guidestones and UN AGENDA 21, 2030, and 2050, but they want to make money, building socialized medicine. The attendant ailments, from diabetes to heart disease, are big business for the surrounding pharmaceutical and insurance companies. That's what comes of super-sized portions.

Even in the seventies, there was plenty of junk food. My family managed to avoid most of it. My mother forbade us to drink soda, and we didn't drink Yoo-Hoo, eat Wonder bread, or stuff our mouths with Twinkies. Still, we ate cereal for breakfast, including General Mills Count Chocula, which promoted satanism while it put sugar in our systems. The Roberts' girls, whose mother worked as a nurse, ate not only Booberry but also Frankenberry, which contained an indigestible pigment that turned children's fæces pink, a symptom described as Frankenberry Stool. Who knows what was in the Procter and Gamble products, with their satanic logo, which included Crisco,

Duncan Hines, Hawaiian Punch, and JIF. Later Senomyx would use HEK 293 cells derived from the kidney of an unborn child to make natural flavors contained in products made by Pepsi, FritoLay, Kraft, Nestle, Tropicana, Lipton, Quaker, and Gatorade. As Charlton Heston warned, way back when, when he wasn't having sex with chimpanzees in The Planet of the Apes, fighting the Illuminati in The Omega Man, or standing up for gun rights as President of the NRA,

Soylent Green is people!

We did better when we ate doughnuts bought from Geiger's Cider Mill in Westfield or from Northbrook Orchards in Chester County. One time my cousin, Bobby Kalmey, announced that he didn't like French toast, so my parents served him Spanish toast. Fooled by the ruse, he asked for seconds. Other times, my dad would cook us pancakes on an electric griddle as we watched Saturday morning cartoons. The food we ate those days was wholesome even if our minds were fed with garbage.

Nowadays, a drone can inject a cybernetic implant into a victim, and we all breathe neural dust dumped from planes in PROJECT CLOVERLEAF and INDIGO SKY FOLD; but, back in the seventies, CIA needed a hospital to implant someone. I was in the hospital two or three times as a child. Once, I had an allergic reaction to penicillin, and I am not sure whether I was hospitalized. Another time, my parents told me I had an allergic reaction to scallops, for which we visited the hospital. However, I have never reacted negatively to any other

seafood; and, years later, at the Centerville Country Club, I ate a scallop wrapped in bacon, thinking it a water chestnut, and I had no reaction whatsoever. Another time, a car crashed into ours, shattering the windshield, and I heard my grandmother yell,

!?!?!Sue, are you all right?!?!?

We went to the hospital, where a friendly nurse gave me a paper Dixie cup, filled with water, but she suspiciously resembled the nurse at soccer camp; and they told me, under hypnosis, that I would remember only the car wreck and my grandmother's cry. Whenever you have a cover memory like that, something that sticks out in your mind, associated with trauma or fear, or not quite fitting, or déjà vu, it almost always covers abuse. They must have implanted me, just as they implanted Chrissy.

As I watched Batman with Chrissy, one episode stands out. The Penguin and Cat Woman took over a television station, Cat Woman stripped off her clothes, and they were going to broadcast a show featuring her naked body, which I felt disappointed not to see. Television in the seventies and the eighties would lead right to the edge of nudity, sex, or rape; but it left the details to the viewer's imagination.

In the single episode of Batman I remember, I can now see the use of a hypnotic technique called nesting, where the television show is about a television show. The viewer gets lost, as one story nests within another. This is a common technique in MK-ULTRA.

Later, male and female programmers played with my mind, as I was drugged and hypnotized, alternately saying, "It's real; it's pretend; it's real; it's pretend; it's real...." Then they asked me, "Which is it?" If I followed the woman's voice, I was given an electric shock; but, if I followed the man's, we would move on to a reward. "All right, I have something else for you," he would say, and ask me if I wanted to have sex with my female handler. Except for one time, I always refused. It wasn't right for a woman to be treated that way. Even under drugs and hypnosis, people can fight suggestions. They can stand up to the scum that abuse them.

Years later, I would hear my daughter reveal her own program, as she joked repeatedly about "Plans within plans within plans, and plans within those plans...." Lily thought she was just fooling around, not realizing her controllers were taunting me, playing games with her. But I was awake, so I knew what they had done.

BOOK THREE: RHODESIA

In 1978, when I returned to the YMCA at Linden High School, it initially seemed my programmers had gotten the message, but that is always a false assumption. The trash at CIA are extraordinarily dimwitted, and they are addicted to the lowest forms of violence. The stuff they're into isn't even rape, let alone sex.

Still, they tried a different tack. I have no memories of Wonder Woman based programming for the last year; and for a change, I was not exhausted at the end of the first day. I had grown to expect it, but the third year I wasn't tired.

"My body must be getting stronger," I naïvely thought; but, later, I remembered what happened.

The summer camp took place on the grounds of Linden High School, where hundreds, if not thousands, of children were abused over the years, roughly six miles from Westfield.

My favorite Westfielder is Marilyn Lange, Playboy's Playmate of the Month for May 1974, and Playmate of the Year for 1975, who was the first woman drafted by the North American Soccer League, in which the Cosmos played. Soccer was an unusual sport back then, so I am sure she must have attended the same camp to which I went. That's where you had to go in our home town if you wanted to learn soccer. The camp itself was a front for a programming center under MK-ULTRA, Marilyn Lange grew up in the same satanic town as I, and,

like many Playmates, she showed heavy signs of programming. We must have received similar abuse.

Wonder Woman was not a television show in Miss Lange's day, but she appears to have been entrained to Batman, which hit the airwaves in 1966, and to Star Trek, which ran at the same time. As Playmate of the Year, she travelled North America, including to the crime hub of Montreal, where I would buy my first Playboy, doing promos and car shows where she was billed with Batman and Robin, posing with the Batmobile and the Star Trek Coupé.

Born in the luciferian enclave of Westfield, New Jersey, Marilyn Lange grew up in a house like mine. On June 18, 1970, The Westfield Leader announced her graduation from Westfield High School, in an edition that led with a different article, titled with a satanic number:

Junior Highs Graduate 666.

Satanists love to put out little markers like that, advertising their control of a community.

Miss Lange loved to play sports, especially softball and soccer, and she saw herself as different from the cheerleader types. She rode her bike, she climbed mountains, and she swam. She didn't wear make-up, and she wore her hair in a natural style. She was very chesty, at 39DD, but she felt uncomfortable as a sex object. As she told The Honolulu Star, "When I was in high school I kind of knew that people

were always—well, looking. So I wore great big tee shirts and loose blouses to make myself less conspicuous.”

On April 9, 1970, The Westfield Leader announced Miss Lange’s engagement to Jeffrey Pelosi, whom she met as a senior at Westfield High, home of the Blue Devils, a few months before. The couple married at St. Paul’s Episcopal Church, on July 18, shortly after her graduation. Pelosi had been a drummer in The Critters, whose hits included John Sebastian’s “Younger Girl,” which charted in 1966.

That song has beautiful music, but its lyrics disturb me deeply, strongly suggesting mind control, as does Miss Lange’s life. The song speaks of memory and forgetting, as the singer cannot rid his mind of the picture of an innocent underage girl—kind of the same way CIA projects sexual pictures into people’s heads through the use of image-to-skull technology. In response to the vision that keeps rolling across his mind, the singer wonders whether he should groom his victim, or whether he should engage in statutory rape, eventually deciding on the latter.

Should I hang around, acting like her brother?
In a few more years, they’d call us right for each other.
But why? If I wait I’ll just die....
A younger girl keeps rolling across my mind.
No matter how much I try,
I can’t seem to leave her memory behind.
She’s one of those girls who seems to come in the spring.
One look in her eyes and you’ll forget everything.

The tactic is simple. The whole purpose of image to skull and voice to skull is to cause the victim to commit crimes, here, statutory rape.

Jeffrey Pelosi did not rape Marilyn Lange, but he married her. They took a honeymoon to New England, and she enrolled in secretarial school. She loved animals; so she would have preferred to have become a veterinarian, but it was something. Little did she know that CIA would use her education to break up her marriage. In June 1972, shortly before Jeannette DePalma's murder in a satanic ritual, six miles away, Mrs. Pelosi visited Hawai'i on a two-week tour with her secretarial school. There she met Kip Palmer and spent the second week of her vacation with him. She divorced her husband, dropped out of school, and shackled up with Kip. She had left "on an impulse," moving to the Island of Oahu. There she lived, first unemployed, and then as a cocktail waitress in a bar where her new boyfriend played music.

That story has mind control written all over it. How many secretarial schools send their students on two-week vacations to Hawai'i? It is very easy to hypnotize someone to fall in love. I've had it done to me, and I've seen it done to my girlfriends. Miss Lange's description of her attitude is telling: "I love being in love, and I'm willing to be a little slavish in order to make my guy feel good." What's the end result? The destruction of a marriage, making a person drop out of school, putting economic pressure on a woman, and isolating her from her family.

Aside from isolation, lack of money, and a questionable boyfriend—not to mention mind control—what else could lead a modest housewife to pose for Playboy? Miss Lange and her boyfriend were on the beach when they met Ron Popeil, the president of Ronco Industries, whose offices were located in the Playboy Building in Chicago. Popeil was no predator. This inventor and marketing personality coined the phrase, “But wait, there’s more,” useful for selling Ginsu knives and other widgets. It seems surprising Miss Lange followed up with him. When she and Kip were touring the mainland, with his soft rock quintet, Long Distance, they decided to drop in and say hi to Popeil. Somehow this led to her posing naked for black-and-white photos, although Popeil was not affiliated with Playboy. He was only their tenant.

When these sorts of coincidences start piling up, you can bet MK-ULTRA lies behind them. The job you get just when you run out of money. The person you happen to meet who changes your life. The funny story that kept leading you together, causing you to say, “Small world, isn’t it?” It’s not kismet. These are signs the scum at CIA want you to do something.

In Miss Lange’s case, it was pose naked for Playboy. At first she couldn’t do it, but her boyfriend pressed her into it, an act she framed as an exercise in personal development: “Kip’s like that. He gets me to do a lot of things I’m afraid of.” Half-recalling her sexual abuse at our soccer camp, and in Westfield, she was terrified. As the

modest lady said, "I was really afraid of the photographer at first, thinking he'd attack me." She also described the ordeal as painful: "At first it was really painful for me to have a stranger look at me naked and take photographs." But nothing was as bad as Westfield, where the half-recalled memories lay, so Miss Lange got over it. "I always said I'd never do it. But when you finally do it, and it's all over, it isn't so bad."

Having first posed in black-and-white for Oui, Miss Lange went on to pose in color for Playboy, who flew her back to Chicago a dozen more times. That alone seems odd. Does it really take twelve visits to a different city to make a pictorial? During her trips, and later, the lady who went to my soccer camp was often a guest at the Playboy Mansions, and she claimed Hefner was a gentleman; but he often drugged and raped his guests. Victims lost their memories, as I did mine. In the end, Marilyn Lange's centerfold was shot not in Chicago, nor in Hawai'i, but at Laguna Beach, right next to Laguna Niguel, where Tanya Bodell, who went to Pomona and Cambridge with me, grew up.

CIA had moved Miss Lange to Hawai'i, to break up her marriage, but they didn't want her to live there. That's how the scum operate. For a while, she had to live in Chicago and tour the country to satisfy her commitment to Playboy. Still, the Islands called to her, and the scum could not trash that part of her dream. In Chicago, she said, "I'd like to move back to Hawai'i, get married, do some television news announcing, have a garden, and children." As soon as possible, she

made her way back to Oahu, happy to return to her island, where no one made a fuss about her.

Constant abuse by NSA has made sex extremely undesirable for me, so I'm not surprized something similar happened to Miss Lange. In 1974, when she was interviewed by The Honolulu Star Advertiser, the Playmate appeared wearing faded blue jeans, a loose-fitting tee shirt, and horn-rimmed glasses. There she said,

I can't think of one advantage to being big busted.

Disadvantages? Yes. Like finding clothes and getting over the hang-up of everyone looking at you....

I can't stand to walk down the beach....

I wish I was normal sized.

My fellow Westfielder, Miss Lange, had to change her telephone number, delisting it, because so many perverts bothered her, making obscene phone calls.

Not content to stop her from earning a degree, break up her marriage, lead her to pose naked, do a porn movie, and hate her body, the sickos at NSA tried to make this beautiful woman go for a sex change. No perversion is beneath them, and they always want more. As Miss Lange said, "I wish I weren't like this at all. I've always wanted to be a guy." Likewise, when the Chicago Sting drafted her, making her the first woman ever drafted by a pro team, she declined, saying, "I

wouldn't want to play against the guys the Sting play. They're too rough.... I wish I were a guy so I could really play."

The trash also tried to destroy Miss Lange's love of sports. For a while, she stayed with her women's soccer team in Honolulu, the He Pua Pa`a`ini, where she played forward. I don't know how long she kept at that, but her degenerate abusers forced her to quit softball. As she told The Honolulu Star,

I can't play sports like I used to. In high school, I loved to play softball. Now I feel funny about running. I don't mind hitting the ball if someone runs for me.

I can easily imagine the hypnotic session that led this beautiful woman to feel self-conscious about her breasts, where commands were given for her to abandon the things she loved, as she tried to negotiate with her satanic abusers.

YOU WON'T PLAY SOFTBALL ANYMORE.

EVERYONE'S LOOKING AT YOU WITH YOUR BIG TITS BOUNCING.

YOU LOOK STUPID.

Okay, I'll hit, but I won't run.

OKAY, NOW YOU WON'T HIT.

That's how the scum work. I've been in sessions where my abusers used hypnosis and threats to take one thing after another from me, whether it was riding horses, or playing tennis, or reading books, or anything. They are shit, and they will not stop until they destroy us in the foulest ways imaginable.

Under PROJECT MONARCH, programmers will often threaten a beloved person or animal, a subject will comply, and they will kill the pet, rape the woman, or molest the child anyway, breaking their promise to abstain from further attacks. The satanic trash love to torture animals, hurt people, and break promises. They get off on it. If you do not know what garbage they are, the love of an animal or person can make you vulnerable.

As much as she could, Miss Lange used Playboy as a platform to deride the cruelty in hunting and to express her love of animals. She named a single turn-off in her data sheet—not dirty ashtrays or sarcasm, which are legitimate bêtes noires, but rather “People who shoot deer with telescopic lenses on high-powered rifles and track the deer on trail bikes.”

This lady, who wanted to be a veterinarian, and to protect animals, made a perfect victim.

Miss Lange received voice-to-skull transmissions, technology I discuss in the appendices to this book. A symptom of V2K is talking to oneself or to pets, plants, or inanimate objects. Miss Lange liked to garden, so she would often talk to the spinach and tomatos growing on her lanai. Forced talking, where a phrase forms in your head, and they make you repeat it, is another symptom. Miss Lange didn't know that you can't get rid of that chatter, because it comes from outside, so she took a meditation course, where she tried to overcome her “internal dialogue.”

She took the course because of another coincidence. The boyfriend who led her to Playboy signed himself up, had to cancel, and challenged her to take it. The course was run by Erhard Seminars Training, which was affiliated with the English boarding school my girlfriend's brother attended, and which borrowed methods from scientology, mind dynamics, and subud. EST was a mind control cult, which developed its techniques on federal prisoners. Somehow it shared an affiliation with The Hunger Project, an organization that reached into Africa.

Miss Lange wanted to improve her life. She had an open mind and a sense of adventure. The trash twisted these qualities, so she ended up doing things she should have avoided, falling prey to a cult run by Central Intelligence.

At Linden High School, where Miss Lange and I were trained, we would gather in different rooms, taking off our cleated boots, and sitting on the floor, while they drugged and abused us.

I remember a counselor called Gene who showed us his soccer ball, made by Mitre, in England, as he explained how special it was. By building interest in this object, then turning it back and forth, with its geometric patterns, telling us to look at the hexagons and pentagons, telling us to count them, he hypnotized us.

Sometimes we would actually play soccer on the fields in back of the school, and, at the end of the day, we would travel by bus to the pool.

The pool was pretty awful, as it was heavily chlorinated. I remember curling in the foetal position, floating, as though in the womb, and listening to the sounds around me. On the bus ride home, my eyes would burn from the strong chlorine. All the childrens' eyes were bloodshot, which was CIA's way of hiding the fact we had been drugged.

Still, they did not drug me so heavily in the last year, or they gave me different pharmaceuticals, so I remember the following conversation.

A woman, whom I regarded as a teacher or a nurse, spoke first.

"I think his mother is getting suspicious. She asked some questions about what we do here. He plays outside all the time, and he's never been so tired as when he gets home the first day. She asked them to take it easy on him. He thinks he's tough. He won't ask for mercy."

Her male accomplice answered, "Tell me about it. I remember him from last year, and I'm looking at the file."

"Can we do it without drugs?"

"I don't know. We might not have another chance to get him alone. He sleeps near his parents' room. His mother's a light sleeper, and his father is extremely hostile. Remember what happened last time?"

“All right. Look. We won’t give him an injection. Give him something to drink. They’re thirsty. They run around. See how it works on him.”

What happened last time was horrific, although it makes me proud. While I was drugged and hypnotized, they tried to push homosexuality. As with rape, I refused. Then they raped a woman in front of me, and I fought adults three times my size as I tried to protect her. One must always fight!

In 1977, the year before, they had put me in a room, which I vaguely remember. I sat in the back, on the floor, while they used a film projector to play homosexual pornography on a screen. I still didn’t have eyeglasses, because my programmers had forbidden them; so I couldn’t see, and I did not want to. I kept looking down at the ground, but the scum kept telling me to look up, to watch the movie. And I wouldn’t. Eventually, they removed me from the “other room.” Even the morons at Linden High School saw that homosexuality wouldn’t take, although the scum would continue to push it, periodically, later.

I was taken into the hall, as two sets of abusers first conferred with each other and then interrogated me.

“What’s the problem, Tim? You said you wouldn’t do the other things. You know what we talked about. It has to be one or the other.”

“I don’t like it in there. They’re all looking at boys’ butts or something. It’s weird. I don’t like it.”

“You don’t want to be with boys?”

“No. I don’t. I want to be with her,” I said, indicating the younger blonde woman.

“You have to do something for me.”

“What?”

“He’s going to show you.”

Here it gets cloudy, as my mind walled off the trauma, but we moved to a different room, upstairs, and the scum gang-raped the woman in front of me.

“Come here. I need some help with this,” the trash barked.
“Hold her down!”

As he penetrated her, the woman yelled, “Stop it! Stop it!”

I screamed for him to stop, “You’re hurting her!!!” And I attacked the rapist, swinging my arms wildly, doing my best to kill him.

I was only seven years old, he was at least in his twenties, and he outweighed me by one hundred pounds. Easily he threw me down, bruising me, as I crashed into some medical equipment in the room.

Breathing heavily, the scum threatened me, his face contorted with rage.

“Look, you little shit. I’m in charge, and what I say goes.”

“Go to hell.”

Others heard the ruckus, and they rushed to the door.

“Look what you did! He’s not one of the others. These go home at night. If he’s bruised, his mother will ask questions. Who knows what his father will do.”

After a pause, the senior man lifted my face with his hand, regarding me inquisitively.

“Boy, look at me.”

“Stop calling me boy. Go to hell.”

An older woman stepped in, trying to take the place of the younger, the one I had tried to protect, the only person I would listen to. This female degenerate thought I would regard her favorably simply because of her sex, but I rejected the rapist bitch.

“I’ll handle this. Look at me.”

“No. I don’t like you. You hurt her. So did he. You’re not like her.”

“He won’t talk to you. You helped. Of course he won’t talk to you.”

“Will you talk to her at least? Will you talk to her?”

“Yes. I’ll talk to her. Of course, I’ll talk to her.”

“Tim, look at me....”

And they gave me a shot, putting me further out with hypnosis.

Over and over, I heard a phrase repeated, until I answered it.

What does your father do?

He drives a train or something.

"Stop lying. We know he doesn't drive a train."

"It's something he read in a book. What's his title? Is he a conductor?"

"He's an engineer."

One of them muttered, "At least he's not a lawyer."

After a while, the man spoke, "Look, I know you're not scared of me."

"That's evident," the hag archly observed.

If a subject doesn't respond to threats to himself, or herself, the trash at CIA will always threaten a loved one. You must never make a deal with them because, even if you comply, they will follow through on the threat. These degenerates get off on raping men, women, and children. The satanic trash seek enjoyment, which will always elude them, torturing people and animals. They love breaking promises.

"Don't tell anyone what happened, or I'll do it again to her. I'll do it to your mother. To everyone you know."

The scum always seek to twist noble instincts to evil, so here the older woman tried to trick me.

"You want to protect her, don't you?"

Pondering the question, ignorant of my enemy, I spoke to the younger woman.

"What do you think? Will it help you?"

The victim was nonplussed. No one ever asked her anything, and no one stood up for her. She was a worthless slave in her own eyes, and in theirs, but she was a human being in mine.

The older female degenerate ordered, "You're allowed to answer him, but think carefully before you speak."

But she just shook her head, and somehow they put me out.

I came to after a hypnotic session, which I do not recall. I was still in the nurse's office. The rapist cowards examined me, fearing discovery, concocting lies to cover themselves.

"Look at him."

"He's a little beat up."

"We'll say it happened on the field."

"Look, you're going to say what you said before."

"What are you talking about? You'll hurt her. I thought we agreed."

"Jesus, put him out," someone swore, and again they put me under with a command word.

Under hypnosis, we went over the incident, them working on me, trying to find a weakness, making me forget, and they made me rehearse different scripts, framing and hiding the story.

Part was that I would say, "I got it on the field. I fell down. I played on. I'm tough. It's not a big deal." I was extremely rough and

tumble, taught to be insensitive to pain, so it never came up, or at least I don't remember it among the many times I brushed off injuries.

I have always been this way. When I was small, my mother took me to Dr. Krekorian, my pediatrician, for I don't know what.

He asked me if something hurt, and, trying to be helpful, I told him, "A little."

As my mother liked to tell the story, my doctor said, "The tolerance this child has for pain is unbelievable. Be careful of him. Try to listen to him. He won't complain."

The other script I was given at Linden High School was to say, "Go to hell." I would say this to a coach on the pitch, and I would be punished for it. This came out later that day. As the play ran away from me, I stood in the backfield, near a coach, playing defense.

Drunkenly, I said, "Give 'em hell."

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Give 'em hell," I slurred, still under the influence of the drugs.

"Give me a lap!" he ordered, which seemed odd and overly severe to me. At the time, I did not remember the events of the day. The cover memory of my expression, which I recalled as drunken, stuck in my mind for years, and it seemed the coach had treated me unjustly. But it was no big deal to me. I was happy for some alone time, as I ran, meaning to go around the school, around the block, as we did every

morning, but redirected to the back fields, where the orange and white cylindrical water cooler sat, eventually dawdling there.

Later I remembered the command from what I regarded as the nurse's office on the second floor of Linden High School, where the medical equipment was hidden upstairs away from any parent who might come in the building. I believe the overnight boys slept up there, and it's probably where Miss Lange slumbered.

You'll say it to him.

He'll give you a lap.

As you run, you'll forget.

You'll remember less with every step you take.

"Less and less, less and less," I intoned.

"All right. Now. Snap out of it!"

"What were we talking about?" the trash asked.

"I don't know. It had something to do with running laps."

My abuser smiled an obscene grin.

"All right, get out there."

As I left down the hallway, past what I believe were rooms used as dormitories, I saw the woman he had raped, who walked me out.

"What is he grinning about?"

"Nothing. Move along."

"Are you all right?"

“No, but we have to keep moving. Don’t stop. We’ll talk on the stairs.”

When we reached the stairwell she spoke again, after we descended midway.

“There’s something I want you to remember. Remember all of this. You’re brave. You’re smart. Someday you’ll remember. When you do, tell the world.”

Perhaps it was an early wake-up program, so they could use her, or someone like her, if I ever started to remember. Or perhaps she really meant to strike a blow for freedom. Or maybe it was both. It would not be the last time that CIA used a younger blonde programmer, a beta accomplice, who pretended to be my friend, my ally, or a damsel in distress.

After they raped the woman in front of me, I saw a psychologist a half a dozen times over the school year. At night I would lie on my back in bed, my eyes open, until I fell asleep from exhaustion. I was having nightmares so bad that I would wake up screaming, facing a black space where something lurked too terrible to see, and I had fever dreams about numbers.

We can’t get the numbers right.

Those can’t be the numbers.

How can those be his numbers?

were phrases that floated in my delirium. I remember, too, feeling fingers on my back as I lay in bed, so that for years, even in the summer,

I slept under a sheet as a kind of security blanket. I had difficulty urinating in front of others. But the shrink could find nothing wrong with me. Nowadays, a child might be drugged under such circumstances; but, back then, the psychologist sent me home, saying, "Whatever is going on, he is able to deal with it."

Back at the summer camp, from time to time, I was sent from the playing fields into the school "to see the nurse."

"Make sure you're properly hydrated," the coach would say.

Once I came in, I was told to go upstairs, away from the prying eyes of accidental visitors.

The nurse seemed like she might be okay, but I was deeply suspicious of her male counterpart.

"This is the doctor. He's going to ask you some questions."

"I don't want to talk to him. I don't like the look in his eye. I want to be with you. I want to help you. I remember what you said."

As I struggled against my abusers, I remember the man's voice.

HOLD HIM DOWN!

HOLD HIM DOWN!

HOLD HIM DOWN!

GOD DAMN IT, YOU LITTLE SHIT!!

BE STILL WHEN I GIVE THIS TO YOU!!!

As I fought, the woman interceded, "Tim, look. You need to listen to me. Just drink this, okay? Just drink this, and it'll be fine. I'll protect you from him, but you have to do what I say."

I did what she said, and I became groggier and groggier. After a while, I heard voices.

"Get that bitch in here. She's the only one he'll talk to."

"Don't call her that. She's my friend. She's a nurse or something. She helped me. She gave me a glass of water."

Again and again, the scum insisted that I say something rude to the nurse, that I call her a horrid name, but I shouted my refusal through a haze of drugs.

I WILL NOT! I WILL NOT! I WILL NOT!

Again I phased out. All I knew was that I wanted to get out of there.

Can I go outside?

Can I go outside?

Can I go outside?

"Look, you can't go outside. Where do we put him?"

"Sit him in the hall. He won't go anywhere."

"It's your ass if he does."

"Look, Tim. I need you to help me. I need you to protect me like you did before. Do what I say, and he'll be all right. He'll hurt me if you disobey."

Outside, I sat in the hall, dazed from the drugs, but I could hear their voices.

“He seems intelligent. Let’s give him something else.”

“Just know: you’re gonna pay if this doesn’t work out.”

“I’ve done this with the older boys. But it has to be us. You can’t be involved.”

“All right, bitch. But just remember: I’ll be watching.”

I came to, out of hypnotic trance, in what I took to be a schoolroom. Two female teachers were visiting, and there was a map on a table in the center of the room. Along the sides of the room were other children, although they may have been present only in my imagination.

The map showed the continent of Africa. Always eager to learn new things, I was full of interest. I asked question after question about each country on the map, and I listened with fascination as the teachers told me about each place.

Eventually we arrived at South Africa, where my father would later do business. At the time, apartheid was in full swing; and the teachers told me a loaded story. They said the South Africans were cruel to the blacks who lived in their country, restricting them to designated areas, making them travel with papers, and taking away their right to vote, while the police mistreated them.

My eye moved north on the map to a large blacked out area, above South Africa, and west of Mozambique.

“What’s that?” I asked. “Is it a lake?”

“No. It’s not a lake,” the younger answered.

“What is it then?”

The two women conferred with each other, as though they were not sure whether to tell me.

“It’s Rhodesia,” the younger, prettier teacher answered.

I leaned over the map to see if I could read anything, peering close, since my vision was poor, and I still did not have eyeglasses. I could make out Victoria Falls, written on the edge.

“That’s Victoria Falls,” I said. “Is that part of it?”

The younger teacher nodded, while the older stood over her. In retrospect, I can see the older woman was keeping her in line, and the younger teacher was the same woman who had pretended to be a nurse and whom the male degenerate had threatened.

I asked if we knew what was in this apparently unexplored country, and I was told we did. There were cities, towns, and roads. We knew their names, but they were not on the map.

“Why are they not on the map?” I asked. “The map should have everything.”

The younger teacher told me the Rhodesians were not kind to blacks.

“Are they even worse than the South Africans?” I asked, having just heard of apartheid.

“No. Actually they’re much better.”

“What’s the problem then?” I asked. “Do they let blacks vote?”

“Some. Those who can read, those who have money, and chiefs of villages.”

“That doesn’t sound that bad. So what’s the problem?”

“They don’t share the resources of the country equally with black people. The whites keep all the best things for themselves, and the blacks have the second best, if that.”

Earlier the women had shown me tables of statistics for African countries, although I had been more interested in the map. Now I asked, “Does this show up on the tables?”

“I don’t know if Rhodesia is on there” came the answer from the older woman.

“Let’s look,” I insisted. And the tables were passed to me. We looked through each statistic, for literacy, for longevity, for income, and South Africa was at the top of every list. Rhodesia was the second country on every list but one, where it was third.

“It doesn’t sound that bad to me,” I politely objected. “Look. It’s almost at the top of every list. And I’m starting to wonder about South Africa.”

“Well, they probably don’t put the black people on there.”

“Or maybe it averages out.”

“Either way,” I insisted, “It sounds pretty cool. I think I’d like to go there some day. And it doesn’t sound fair what you said about them.”

“We’ve spent enough time together. Go ask the other children if they are interested in the map.”

Dutifully, I circled the room, supposedly asking the other children. I do not remember a single reply, and my sense, now, is that they were not there. I was following a suggestion, imagining them, or maybe a few were there, drugged to catatonia.

“None of them are interested,” I reported back. “Can you tell me more about Rhodesia?”

The ladies demurred, and here my memory blurs; but I have since found videos of cavalry on a parade ground, possibly in Gwelo, that I remember watching on a projection screen that week.

What were they after? I think my programmers wanted to move me away from the younger woman’s influence and back toward the abusive male figure, giving me a sense that she was not entirely fair to the Rhodesians or that she did not know as much as her male counterpart. I also believe they wanted me to feel that whites were not treated fairly. That was certainly the case as the world turned against Rhodesia in its hour of need, claiming it was a racist society, while America had just as much racism, and Rhodesian blacks enjoyed a better standard of living than almost any other people in Africa.

By the way, the Rhodesian Army was eighty percent black volunteers, so don't let anyone tell you the fighting was a race war. Whites lined up to cheer the Rhodesian African Rifles on the streets of Bulawayo. Meanwhile, black terrorists from outside the country, supported by CIA, committed unbelievable atrocities against villagers. The whites in the Central Intelligence Agency backed Mugabe, a brutal dictator, in the Bush War, working together with the Red Chinese, while they brainwashed me to admire the Rhodesians who fought side by side with their black countrymen. God knows why the scum thought learning about Rhodesia would make me racist.

Rhodesia stood against rape. Horrific rapes occurred to the north, in the Congo, when independence came, and the area remains full of sexual violence. The Rhodesians put saltpeter in their soldiers' water to decrease libido. Nothing like the atrocities of the Congo was going to happen in Rhodesia, not if Ian Smith, the country's prime minister, had anything to say. It only goes to show the stupidity of my programmers who thought they could move me toward rape while I admired a country that fought to protect its women.

Nonetheless, these idiots, as they fed me white supremacism, while fearing my bloodline, which they sought to extinguish, tried to direct my sexual desire toward black women. I was against rape, and the only woman I had wanted to see naked was blonde, but somehow they thought I would want to rape a black woman. Within the month, acting on a hypnotic suggestion, my parents

would buy a coffee table book, The Last of the Nuba by Leni Riefenstahl, the Nazi film director who made Triumph of the Will. These morons somehow thought they could combine white supremacy, which they unfairly attributed to Rhodesia, and sexual desire for black women. The Nuba wore no clothes, so the entire book is nothing but naked people. I am sure they would have been just as happy for me to feel attraction toward naked black men, as they continued to push homosexuality, but that didn't occur to me. We looked through the book as a family when it came into the house because the scum wanted to make sure I found it. I showed The Last of the Nuba to my friend Scott Fehsenfeld once. Later he asked to see it a second time, but I could not even remember what he was talking about. That's how little interest I had in naked black people.

The Nuba lived in the Sudan, which the New World Order would later destroy through civil war and genocide, using rape as a weapon and recruiting tool. Seven million people, almost two-thirds of South Sudan, are starving. Millions of civilians have been displaced, and hundreds of thousands have been killed. In Juba, the capital of South Sudan, seventy percent of women living in "protection of civilian sites" were raped, mostly by police and soldiers. In the north, during the Darfur genocide, government forces employed a systematic campaign of rape, mutilating the privates of survivors, sexually assaulting children, and killing babies. Most were gang rapes. One third of the victims were children, and the atrocities went on for years. I am sure they still do. Across the north and the south, women are gang-

raped with sticks and knives, while men are sodomized and castrated. Attackers inflict scars on their victims, biting off a nipple or a chunk of someone's face, in attempts to devalue them. Slavery is common, and sharia law in the north is seen as an improvement. The United Nations, which refused to recognize Rhodesia, has done nothing to stop it.

The Rhodesians saw themselves as following the American model. Along with America, they were the only country to declare independence from the British Empire, as they announced a Unilateral Declaration of Independence on Veterans Day 1965, eleven minutes after the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month. At first they sought dominion status, hoping to remain within the Commonwealth of Nations, but later they became a republic, where farmers fought to defend their families against terrorists from outside the country.

Less than one month after my programming session, in which I was introduced to Rhodesia, the Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army, or ZIPRA, shot down one of their passenger planes, a Vickers Viscount named the Hunyani, Air Rhodesia Flight 825. After the crash landing, survivors were raped and butchered on the ground, but there was no expression of international sympathy. The New World Order cares only about false flag terrorist attacks, like 911, which it uses as an excuse to expand the powers of the police state.

Never recognized by the United Nations, Rhodesia was the original NWO target, even though Cecil Rhodes—the famous

homosexual, racist, and freemason—founded the country, along with the Rhodes Scholarship, only seventy-five years earlier. That’s how the New World Order treats its projects and its own.

Meanwhile, back at summer camp, I was giving my abusers trouble.

“Listen, you little shit. You’re going to do what I say. You’re going to go to this camp every summer until we get this right. And if you don’t, I’m going to kill your parents.”

“Don’t kill my parents. Don’t kill my parents, okay?”

“Will you do what I say?”

“No.”

The younger woman broke in, “Leave me alone with him. Maybe I can get through to him.”

She tried for a while without success, until she came up with something, teaching me to play others, while she played me herself.

“Do you know what manipulate means?”

“Sort of. It means getting someone to do what you want by lying.”

“That’s right. By telling them what they want to hear. That’s what we’re going to do with him. We’re going to get through this together. You’re going to help me. And I’m going to help you.”

I can’t remember what followed; but, when her male accomplice returned, he didn’t trust her, or was it that he wanted to

make sure I didn't remember the extra programming she had slipped in? The scum put me out with a command word, and he interrogated me, demanding, "What did she say to you?"

Something about manipulate.

Something about the truth.

Tell you what you want to hear....

We had been going all day, and someone else broke in.

"They're waiting to go to the pool."

"We'll deal with this later," he said.

I was dismissed.

We would certainly deal with it later, but, for now, I had survived, and I foolishly thought I was out. On Friday, after I made sure with my mother that I was not going back, I spoke to them at the end of the day, cool as ice, before I marched out the door.

"I've decided something. I'm not going to do what you say. And you can all go to hell."

BOOK FOUR: STONEHENGE

While Rhodesia was slated for destruction, an English family moved into the house between ours and the Roberts'.

Once again, CIA had destroyed the family next to us. Joe and Leslie Balca were a lovely couple, with a St. Bernard named Beaver and several cannabis plants in the garden. Mr. Balca got my father and Dr. Roberts to smoke reefer once, exactly once, at a dinner party, but both men became incredibly paranoid, and ill, so their wives nearly called the hospital. Later the Balcas divorced, forcing them to rent their house, while they looked for a buyer. That led the Angels, from England, to move in.

It didn't take long for the Angels, the Roberts, and the Shelleys to become close friends. Dr. Roberts and Dr. Angel were both physicists, and my father was an engineer; so the men had something in common. Also, the children were the same age, walking to the same elementary school, so we all played together. I went ice-skating for the first time with them, and we often sledged. The winter of 1978 had enormous snowfalls. We would shovel a path to the doghouse, where Ribbons lived, and play in snow up to my chest.

Once we went to see Michael Jackson in The Wiz, on Broadway, although, of course, I didn't have glasses so I didn't get much of it. Michael Jackson was abused under MK-ULTRA, and programmers often use The Wizard of Oz. Whenever I see a girl wear sparkling red shoes like Dorothy, it makes me shudder, because I know that person

has been programmed, abused in the most horrific ways, and taught to forget through “wishful thinking,” clicking her heels as a prelude to rape. Once I met a lovely woman, who spoke poetically about the beautiful field of red poppies in the film, her happy place, as we worked together with our families, cleaning up the Brandywine Creek along Big Bend, Frolic Weymouth’s estate. Both her sons went to the Pilot School, which helps special needs children, hoping to return them to regular education. I knew she had been programmed, but I couldn’t say a thing, anymore than I could help the little girl in my church, wearing ruby slippers, as she sat down the pew during services. They wouldn’t understand.

Along with The Wiz, our mothers took us to see Peter Pan, on Broadway, starring Sandy Duncan. Who knows? Maybe they could have got me sexually interested in the androgynous blonde hero, a woman with a pixie-cut wearing tights and playing a boy’s part; but, since the morons actively prevented the correction of my vision, having first destroyed it with botched ocular implants, I couldn’t see much. Neither could Sandy Duncan. She underwent surgery for a brain tumor a few years earlier, as the result of another botched implant, so she lost the vision in her left eye.

I remember the use of ropes and flying, which suggests the horrific marionette training suffered by victims, recalled by Disney’s Pinocchio. Today, in Kennett Square, I sometimes have coffee after church, across from the Unicorn Block. There on September 11, 1777,

twelve thousand British and five thousand Hessian troops gathered at the Unicorn Tavern before marching north on the Great Post Road to engage in the largest battle of the Revolutionary War. The Unicorn Block sits across the street from the Genesis Building, kitty-corner from Talula's Table, where they buried a time capsule on September 11, 1998, three years before the 911 attacks, marked by a capstone. God knows what will happen when they open it on September 11, 2098. A friend in the coffee shop, a beautiful lady, blonde-haired and blue-eyed, a fellow Episcopalian, spoke to me once of Pinocchio, and I knew she had suffered this form of abuse. Dr. Mengele, who tortured my grandfather at ARCO, would inflict horrific training on his victims, saying,

Dance, Puppet, Dance!

You'll speak my words, when I pull your strings!

Marionette or puppet training is also suggested in what I saw, until now, as beloved children's shows we watched at Christmas and Easter. Sponsored by General Electric, the defense contractor for which Dr. Roberts worked, Rankin/Bass put out Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer in 1964, where a herd of reindeer first ostracize Rudolph but later befriend him when they realize he has something they need. As CIA pushed Santa, an anagram of Satan, to replace the story of Jesus's birth, they sought to destroy Christmas with greed and commercialism. Meanwhile, they attacked Easter, with a slough of candy, eggs, and rabbits, airing Here Comes Peter Cottontail, when not

promoting the satanic holiday of Halloween, which grows bigger every year. We also watched The Year without a Santa Claus, featuring two brothers alienated from each other, Heat Miser and Snow Miser, whom my brother and I modelled as we fought. Today I am horrified by the memory of my daughter dancing, imitating Snow Miser, as she recalled what I believe to be her own marionette training. In Frosty the Snowman, I cried with Karen, who reminds me of Joy Booth, an important person in this series, as her friend melted, killed by Professor Hinkle, the inept magician. Otherwise, I liked Winter Warlock, who experiences a change of heart in Santa Claus Is Comin' To Town. That is wishful thinking. Our enemies will never have a change of heart, and there is nothing salvageable in them.

As to Peter Pan, which we saw with our neighbors in Westfield, I cannot help but notice how Michael Jackson, a MONARCH victim who starred in The Wiz, named his ranch Neverland, after the works of J.M. Barrie. Jackson found Neverland, when he visited Paul McCartney, a victim of Tavistock Institute, who was staying there. Later he would be accused of child molesting. I think Jackson was innocent, but J.M. Barrie, who created Peter Pan, looks guilty. Even if he wasn't, there's nothing good about being a boy who never grows up, and let's not forget that Tinkerbell, who appears increasingly slatternly, tries to kill Wendy. The success of Peter Pan, which my daughter and I just missed on our trip to Chicago, going instead to watch sexy trapeze artists at Cirque du Soleil, is suspicious. What's so great about Peter

Pan? and why does it enjoy a hundred-year success? Certainly, when we look at Barrie, he has the marks of a child molester. He never consummated his marriage of fifteen years, although he spent extensive time with George and Jack Llewelyn Davies, two small boys, whom he befriended after he met them in the park. After their parents died, he forged a letter from their mother, appointing himself their guardian.

One day, we went with the Angels and the Roberts to the Statue of Liberty. We could not go inside the torch or the crown, which were not properly maintained, so it was not safe to enter them. Rather, we ascended the pedestal. We played with some local boys on the beach, which was a new experience for the Roberts girls, since they went to Maine on summer holidays. It would be another eight years until the statue was properly renovated, when my parents would attend the centennial party, as guests of George and Dee Ring, in 1986.

Years later, I would learn the true story of the Statue of Liberty from a true patriot, Laurel Glaze, whom CIA also targets and whose website they shut down. People say the Roman gods of Liberty and Sol Invictus, the Unconquered Sun, provided the inspiration for the figure; but really the statue resembles the Greek god Attis. Attis's parent, Agdistis, was a trans-sexual with male and female sex organs; so the gods cut off his penis and threw it away. From the disembodied organ, Attis grew, and he was raised by a goat. Later, Attis castrated himself, and the priests of Attis were eunuchs. Look at the Statue of Liberty, and you will see it is a man. He wears the crown of Attis, with

the bronze rays of the sun extending outward. The torch is his severed penis, possibly encircled by a cock ring, which he is holding upside down. While we think the statue celebrates liberty and openness, as unique American attributes, it mocks that openness, which has caused America to enslave itself to foreign masters, to castrate itself, and to advertise its emasculation. Meanwhile, our country embraces a movement to normalize trans-sexualism at the instigation of CIA and their masters abroad. The Illuminati love to play this kind of sick joke on others, mocking what we hold dear, while they hurt us and promote sexual deviancy.

The whole thing reminds me of Sovana Bistro, a local restaurant and bar in Willowdale, Pennsylvania. Sometimes I still drink there, and the owners, Nick and Linda Farrell, catered my father's wake for free. Still, the enemy uses the place, like anywhere, as a staging ground for meetings, while they mock me, my friends, and my acquaintances. Once I saw a lovely lady, from a family of military officers, who raises millions for Wounded Warrior, walk in on Halloween, having used her makeup to draw a kitten's whiskers and nose on her face, before she gave out candy to kids, having fun and being a sport, while the trash mocked her training as a sex kitten. Another time a teenage girl sat at her family's table, wearing wolf's ears, as her rapists worked to interest her in "furries." Still another, a friendly banker wore a colorful troutfly in his lapel. His wife had just given him it, and he was very proud. But I knew they had jabbed it in her privates

the night before. They often do that with fishhooks. The satanic trash at CIA love to mock us with our abuse, using signs and signals that an insider can read.

In Westfield, we didn't have such good restaurants—except perhaps my personal favorite, the Shiki Japanese Steakhouse, where the chef would cook on the table—slicing, dicing, and flipping ingredients while he told jokes in broken English. Every year I would choose the Shiki for my birthday. At the end of the meal, the staff would bring an ice cream cake, topped by a sparkler, as they sang a heavily accented version of “Happy Birthday To You.” My second favorite was the Jolly Trolley, home of the cheddar burger, where the waitress would bring a steel caddy, full of sour cream, chives, and bacon bits for potatoes. This I'd request at the first course, so I could have bacon on my salad. Less exalted was the McDonald's, to which we would ride our bicycles as a family, where the pancakes contained a strange and exotic flavor I learned to identify as a pat of melted butter. We had it better than some. One time I saw a man counting his change, and looking at the menu, figuring out what he could afford to buy.

My parents often hosted dinner parties. Bliwise Liquors, in Mountainside, a hub of satanic activity, had a wine of the month club to which my parents belonged. Before prices skyrocketed, one featured wine was a Châteauneuf-du-Pape, entangled with papal history, just as Château Lafite Rothschild is embroiled with the luciferian family of that name. Years later I had a bottle of Opus One, the collaboration between

Robert Mondavi and Phillippe Rothschild, on my birthday, as a special treat. I did not know any better then, but now I'd be damned if I'd drink that satanic swill. Likewise, I gave up veal and lamb a long time ago. I will not eat babies; but, in the seventies, my parents shopped at J&M Market, in Mountainside, to buy veal scallopini and other delicacies. With their friends, my parents would have parties with lobsters, which they steamed alive, joking at how they tried to escape the pot. Later they teased one guest, Maureen Helbig, because, from conscience, she would not eat a rabbit. Sometimes they would have an extra serving of cutlets Kiev, which I enjoyed in the kitchen. As I grew older, I watched my father, an excellent chef, flambé crêpes Suzette at the table, an act recalled when my daughter and I travelled to Alaska, after his death, dining at the Crow's Nest, atop the Hotel Captain Cook, en route from the Bush to Talkeetna, where I drank armagnac and coffee, my daughter whole milk, and we feasted on bananas foster prepared tableside.

My father gained weight, as they tried to kill him with a fatty diet. If the enemy had simply left him alone to enjoy his food, they could have taken him out. Instead, the fools hit his chest with directed energy weapons, as they sometimes do to me. He thought he was having a heart attack, so he went to the hospital. Later, physicians ascribed his pain, incorrectly, to an old wrestling injury; but, in 1978, they told him to change his diet because his cholesterol levels were high. Dad lost weight, riding his bicycle in the mornings. He took time off

from work to spend it with his family. Just as earlier he helped me make wooden coasters for my mother, and later a host of science fair projects, that winter we made a model car for the Pinewood Derby, in Cub Scouts, which won best in show. Good grows from evil.

My favorite Cub Scout moment involved an exhibition from a local karate dojo. The black belt who led the group asked one of the fathers to participate in a demonstration, and my dad got roped into it. Holding up a large boxing pad, the master asked my father to strike it. He didn't know his volunteer had served as a warrant officer in Shore Patrol, breaking up barroom brawls in the Navy town of Norfolk, Virginia. Daddy threw his punch, and the black belt staggered backward. "Wow!" he said, "That was a good punch." Our guest explained that one should hit not merely with the arm but the bodyweight, just as my father had done. My dad was cool.

Daddy had grown up listening to classical music with his father, and he had seen both Eugene Ormandy and Leopold Stokowski conduct as a boy. He took me to my first symphony when I was seven or eight years old and afterwards for a supper of ice cream at Friendly's Restaurant, where my mom would always take us for the clamboat platter when he travelled on business. In the sleepy second movement, I grew somewhat bored, but he told me to close my eyes and imagine the music. In middle school, our music teacher would do the same, asking us to write essays on the scenes we imagined. Keeping it anonymous, she read mine aloud to the class, along with one other student's. Mine

described a battle, while my classmate's described a Tom and Jerry cartoon. I wish I knew who wrote the other.

Sometimes, with the Angels and the Roberts, our parents took us to the local Italian restaurant, where we sat at tables covered with red-and-white checkered plastic cloth, lit with candles stuck in old Chianti bottles, encased in baskets, wax dripped down the sides. The parents would drink cheap wine at their table, and the kids would play at ours, eating pepper flakes from a shaker on a dare, as we waited for our orders. Julie always got the shrimp scampi, but I can't remember what anyone else had. Dr. Angel had awful taste in wine, once mixing red and white in the glass to make rosé. Lancer's was his style, as was Blue Nun, which pictured pretty nuns on the label. Why does Blue Nun stand out in my mind? Did it have to do with The Sound of Music? Had I seen The Flying Nun? That show is replete with cartel signalling. We all had a good time, but there was always a minor squabble over the check, since Dr. Angel would never let anyone pay for anything.

Dr. Angel was a good man, a genius, and a real character, who soon became a family friend; but he was in the clutches of the scum that abused us. Both his father and grandfather were career soldiers, who served in India and Afghanistan. His mother, like all her sisters, had the severe mental problems I have come to associate with ritual satanic abuse as well as the mind control programs run by the Tavistock Institute. She worked as a maid for Sir John St. Aubyn, Fourth Baron St. Levan, a grandmaster of the freemasons, whose family seat was St.

Michael's Mount. Because of Sir John's influence, Dr. Angel attended grammar school in London, where his brother was subjected to an operation, allegedly for a brain tumor, by Sir Wylie McKissock, a criminal that specialized in psychosurgery. Sir Wylie leuchtomized three thousand people, many of whom were only mildly neurotic, leaving those he did not kill with severely impaired functioning, serious memory loss, and incontinence. I have no doubt that, when Sir Wylie performed an unusual brain surgery on Brian's brother, he implanted him with mind control technology. Indeed, Dr. Angel's brother, along with Dr. Angel, returned many times to the Atkinson Morley Hospital, one of the most advanced brain surgery centers in the world, for check-ups. And Dr. Angel himself had the thousand-yard stare that comes from mind control.

Dr. Angel worked not only as a lecturer at a polytechnical school, where the Duke of Edinburgh visited his laboratory, but on a variety of business ventures involving industrial diamonds. As a boy, he had been struck by lightning—or was this a false memory concealing electro-shock? He had memories of being tortured in grammar school, where he excelled in cross country, rugby, lifesaving, riflery, and army training. As a teenager, he worked as an apprentice to a defense contractor, and he went on to attain certificates in mechanical engineering and advanced degrees in nuclear physics. He dabbled in freemasonry, which is associated with satanic abuse and the British

intelligence community, but, to his credit, he quickly resigned from his lodge.

The events that brought Dr. Angel to move in next door bore the hallmarks of the Illuminati. As one of an international group of scientists, Dr. Angel visited the Rance Dam in Brittany, one of the world's leading tidal power stations. There he saw a Soviet delegate attempt to enter the underground turbine hall. French secret service barred the Russian's entrance, and they tailed him closely throughout the week. One of them questioned Dr. Angel. Almost immediately thereafter, our soon-to-be neighbor met Wayne Bundy, the head of research at US Georgia Kaolin Company, who shared a family name with McGeorge Bundy, a senior member of the Council on Foreign Relations, Skull and Bones, and the Illuminati. Dr. Bundy offered Dr. Angel a job in our country, on terms too good to be true; so he took it.

The Angels, with their two girls, Gillian and Julie, moved in next door, right between the Shelleys and the Roberts, into a house that Dr. Bundy chose for them. Julie was my age, in the same classroom as Chrissy and I; but Jill, who was two years older, became my friend. We played euchre, cribbage, and other card games together; and we just hung out. Despite our constant contact, I have few memories of her, except for one.

One evening, we were watching television alone on our sofa, when Jill said, "Tim, look at me." She pulled up her shirt to show me her nipples, which were swollen and budding. Only eight years old, I

stared at her flabbergasted, looked back at the television, and walked from the room. *"As if I don't have enough to deal with"* was the phrase that popped into my head. Was it V2K? We never discussed the incident, and I questioned its reality. I dismissed it from my mind, not knowing what to make of it, until I recovered other memories.

Dr. Angel often travelled on business, so his wife and daughters were alone. CIA isolates women and children, so they can be abused more easily. The agency lies behind the high divorce rate, which never existed before, and it also lies behind the family courts, which take children from their fathers. Some mothers may feel falsely empowered by family court disputes; but, ultimately, they suffer, and their children suffer more. The worst situations occur when those mothers later lose their children to foster care, which isolates a child from both her parents, while she is pimped to strangers.

To give one example, my daughter, Lily, is now kept from me by her mother, Kim, because of my fight against MK-ULTRA. For eight years, they lived immediately outside Washington, D.C., where they suffered sexual abuse by criminals within the government. Just as I did not remember my abuse for over forty years, my daughter does not remember what CIA does to her. I fought for her in family court, but I lost. Social workers have visited her mother's house, more than once, so she may end up in a foster home.

One of Dr. Angel's business trips strongly indicates MK-ULTRA. Our neighbor flew to Georgia, where he played at the Augusta

National Golf Club as a guest of one of the club's founders. He stayed overnight at Rose Hill, a Georgian plantation house at Lockerly Arboretum, where Dr. Bundy bade him good night. Before Dr. Bundy left him, Dr. Angel's host suggested he have a nightcap, since he would find interesting liqueurs in his room. Once alone, Dr. Angel drank from a small unlabelled bottle, which somehow reminded him of the one-third pint milk bottles from his grammar school. Waking late, he slept through his alarm, saying he felt three sheets to the wind even after he woke up.

When Dr. Angel asked his host what happened, Dr. Bundy told him a bizarre story that the special liqueur was 130 proof, claiming the usual way to drink it was to pour a measure into a glass and then pour that measure back into the bottle. A thin film would remain in the glass, onto which one should pour water, to make a drink. Dr. Bundy apologized profusely, claiming Dr. Angel might have died from the overdose of alcohol.

I have never heard such a completely unbelievable story. Dr. Angel drank heavily. In the 1960s, before the rum ration was abolished, he did research at the Royal Naval Engineering College, where he drank naval rum, known as Nelson's Blood, at a strength of 95.5 proof. I have often drunk overproof rum, which is 151 proof, and I have never experienced the effects he described. I have spent a lifetime drinking exotic concoctions, and I have never heard of a liqueur drunk in the manner he described. Add to that, Dr. Bundy and Dr. Angel were both

research scientists on more than a nodding acquaintance with not only alcohol but chemistry, and the story becomes completely incredible.

Dr. Angel was drugged. As revealed in congressional testimony, CIA has used a variety of drugs on unwitting citizens to stop memories from forming, to decrease resistance to hypnotism, and otherwise to control people's minds. These include (i) hypnotic sedatives like amobarbital, aprobarbital, butobarbital sodium, chloral hydrate, methotrimeprazine hydrochloride, midazolam hydrochloride, paraldehyde, pentobarbital, pentobarbital sodium, quazepam, secobarbital sodium, sodium pentobarbital, temazepam, triazolam, and zolpidem tartrate; (ii) hypnotics like demerol, desoxyn (combined with sodium pentothal), methyprylon, and pentothal acid; and (iii) memory blockers like acetylcholine, BZ, and scopolamine. The autopsies of Marilyn Monroe and Anna Nicole Smith showed large amounts of chloral hydrate, a hypnotic sedative, which no one uses as a recreational drug. Like these Playboy Playmates, and like Dr. Angel, I have been drugged many times by the agency, and I had no memory for many years.

Add to this the Alice in Wonderland aspect of the story, and the whole thing screams MK-ULTRA. CIA programmers often use themes from Alice in Wonderland, which was written by mathematician, freemason, and child molester Charles Dodgson alias Lewis Carroll. With its themes of a topsy-turvy world, entered through a rabbit hole, a demented and sadistic queen that gives nonsensical commands, and

drugs, Alice parallels MK-ULTRA abuse. “Going down the rabbit hole” is a phrase associated with anal sex, dissociation from sexual trauma, and conspiracy theories. My abusers tried to program me to Disney’s Alice in Wonderland; and, for years, they successfully made me masturbate to Playboy, which bears a white rabbit as its logo. As Fritz Springmeier and Cisco Wheeler note, references to The Wizard of Oz or Alice in Wonderland almost invariably indicate abuse under PROJECT MONARCH. And, indeed, from the way he described it, Dr. Angel’s interesting liqueur, in its strange bottle, could well have said,

~ drink me ~

However, more than all the strange circumstances surrounding the Angels, what happened later in England convinces me most of their control by the Tavistock Institute. We were abused together.

After one year, the Angels returned to England, but our families continued our friendship. In 1980, they visited our home in Pennsylvania and our rented beach house on Long Beach Island. There I played with the girls and other children. We swam in the ocean, jumping waves, and eating butterscotch candy to rid our mouths of the salty taste of the sea. We built fantastic castles, drizzling sand, gritty, wet, and grey, through our fingers to make rooved towers, and I read books, as we basked in the sun. Planes would fly, low over the Atlantic, trailing banners to advertise local businesses. The ice cream truck

would park near the dunes. There the driver would shake a two-handled strop covered with bells, to call us up, and we would run to buy twin pops, bomb pops, and Italian ices. An old woman who had four pugs made friends with Julie Angel, and we visited her kitchen, calling her grandma, while she told us stories from her girlhood at the turn of the century. Down the street from her apartment, I would walk past the theater, to fantasize about Brooke Shields, an underage girl who appeared in Playboy, featured in a poster for Blue Lagoon, but an older, unattainable woman to me. I ogled that picture every day from the sidewalk, dreaming of tropical sex, as I walked to the shop where, among boogie boards, beach games, and tee shirts printed with slogans, we bought incense sticks or “punks,” as we called them. All the kids would gather together and play card games like Bullshit or Bloody Knuckles, on the deck, overlooking the dunes, seagulls crying above, as we pretended to smoke the incense sticks. One of us had a paper fortune teller, an origami chatterbox, which we would ask questions. I can’t remember what we asked it, but I do remember our neighbors’ mother, whose husband was away, and who taught me a trick to lose an ice cream headache. To fight brain freeze, breathe out through your nose.

The last night we stayed at the beach that year, all the parents got roaring drunk at a party downstairs. My father, who seldom drank, tossed a bottle onto the sand dunes, after emptying it, declaring idiotically that he always wanted to be like Henry VIII. My grandfather

returned later that night, grinning moronically, as he addressed his wife, “Hi, Emma Lee,” for reasons known only to himself. When I guffawed, my father struck me across the face, telling me not to laugh at my grandfather. At other times, my reaction to him hitting me would be anger, but here I simply felt shock. The programmers had really gotten into all of us.

My family moved from the suburban town of Westfield, New Jersey, to rural Unionville, Pennsylvania, since DuPont arranged my father’s transfer to Wilmington, Delaware. Before we left, Chrissy Roberts asked me to look for MadLibs in Pennsylvania. I agreed but only after Chrissy pulled up her shirt to show me her undeveloped chest. Jill’s display had made an impact—although it took more than a year.

In the spring of 1979, right before we left Westfield, I read Madeleine L’Engle’s books, A Wrinkle in Time, Wind in the Door, and A Swiftly Tilting Planet. As I look at them now, I cannot believe how much they contain cartel signalling. The series concerns artificial telepathy, courtesy of cybernetic implants, hypnosis, travel to different worlds, and threats to one’s parents. In the first book, Meg and Charles Murry look for their missing father. With the aid of a tesseract, which folds space and time, they travel to other worlds including a dark planet where their father is held prisoner. The inhabitants behave in a mechanical way, and a single mind seems to control them. The planet’s headquarters is called Central Intelligence, just like the agency that

destroyed my life, and it houses a telepathic man who casts hypnotic spells. Charles looks into the man's eyes, since he believes the only way to find his father is to allow himself to be hypnotized. His father is held prisoner because he will not submit to the group mind, and the children come close to IT, an evil disembodied brain that can take over their consciousness, which Meg defeats by loving her brother. Later books describe a process called kything, a form of telepathic communication.

L'Engle's books made me feel very uncomfortable, and now I understand why. They were all about MK-ULTRA, the computerized mind control run by CIA and facilitated by hypnosis, which now influences the entire world. What's more, my enemy used them against me, as they strove to normalize voice-to-skull transmissions and person-to-person hypnosis.

"All right, Tim, we're going to try something. We're going to do kything. Do you know what that is?"

"Like in Wrinkle in Time?"

"Actually it's in the other one. Wind in the Door. See if you can do it with him."

"I don't want to do it. That book scares me. There's something in it I don't like. It's what you threatened. The father's dead. He's somewhere else. I don't like it. It's like what happened in bed. He was there, and he was gone. It's like that other book I don't like. James and the Giant Peach. Where the parents die."

“No one cares what you like. You have to do this for me. He’ll hurt you if you don’t obey.”

“I don’t care about me. Hurt me if you want. I’m not scared. You can all go to hell.”

“I don’t know what to do about him. Look, Rick, what do you think?”

“Just give him the shot. We’ll do it later.”

At this point, I faded out. When I came back, I heard them talking.

“All right. Let’s try it again. Where’s his mother?”

“She’s in the other room. Get her in here.”

“I can’t. She’s too heavy. She’s out cold. I can’t wake her. You gave her too much.”

“You try it with him. Do what you did before. I don’t care what you do. Stroke his penis if you want. Just make him compliant.”

As the scum sexually assaulted me, I fought back.

“Get off me! Get off me! Stop touching me there! That’s not right!”

“Tim, I need your help. He’ll hurt me if you don’t comply. I need you to save me.”

“Go to hell. You’re no different than he is. I don’t want to see you anymore. Go away. I don’t like you, woman. Go away!”

Again I faded out; and, when I came to, the rapist trash continued to attack me.

“Who do you like in that book? Who do you like in that book? Who do you like in Wrinkle in Time? Who do you like in Wind in the Door?”

“Is it Meg? Tell me you like Meg, and we’ll find someone like her. Tell me you like Meg, and we’ll go away.”

“I like Charles. I like Charles. I don’t like her. She’s okay, I guess, but not in the way you mean, you liar. I like Charles.”

“Jesus Christ, he likes boys. I told you we should have put him in the other room.”

“That’s not what he means. He just won’t go with you. He won’t go with me at this point either.”

“Tim, why do you like Charles so much? Do you want to see him naked?”

“What are you talking about? He’s just smart. He’s like me. He wears glasses I think. I’d like a pair of those. I can’t see the board at school. I need glasses to see. Mother says the doctor says I don’t need them because I don’t complain. Still, I’d like to see someday. Like Chrissy.”

“Jesus, Chrissy again. We tried that before. She was supposed to be Wonder Woman, but it didn’t work. Now it’s back to Chrissy.”

“Tim, why do you like Chrissy?”

“I don’t. She’s okay, but I just like her glasses. Glasses like hers. Like Wonder Woman’s. Remember? I want what Wonder Woman has. Like you told me.”

“Jesus Christ, this is never going to work. Just let him go.”

“All right, fine. Ask him some more questions about Charles, and we’ll see where we get.”

“Tim, why do you like Charles?”

“I don’t. I like Meg. That’s the answer, right? Like in school. You said to manipulate him.”

“What is he talking about? You fucking bitch! You’re playing games with him again, aren’t you?”

“I’m not playing games. Look. Sometimes I have to say things like that to him to get him on my side. It’s how it works. It’s what you said to do.”

“All right. Fine. But don’t mess around.”

“Tim, tell me what you like about Charles so much.”

“Nothing. He has glasses, I guess.”

“What else, son? Think. I need an answer here.”

“Well. Charles. Charles is what we’re talking about, right?”

“Jesus. Yes, Tim. Charles. I’m losing my patience here. Tell me about Charles. Tell me what you like about him.”

“He wears glasses. I want some of them. Can you get me some?”

“Jesus. Fine. Fine. Fine. You’ll have glasses, but only if you tell me more about Charles.”

“Tim, it’s me, dear. I need your help with him. Remember what we said?”

“What? About manipulation?”

“Yeah, Tim. Manipulation. I need your help to manipulate him. He’ll hurt me if you don’t.”

“I don’t care about you. You’re just as bad as him. I saw what you did. I saw what you did to my mother. I heard you talking about her. Where’s my dad? I want to tell him something.”

“You can’t see him right now. Tell me about Charles, and I’ll let you go. Do you like him? Do you want to sleep with him?”

“What are you talking about? Charles is brave. He’s smart. I need to be brave like him. I’m not scared of you. Or him for that matter. Go to hell, you bitch!”

“All right. That’s it. Take him down to seven. Then take him back out again. I want to hear from his conscious mind.”

Again I phased out....

“Tim, what’s going on?”

“I don’t know. Something’s not right. Something’s not right. I need to remember.”

“All right. Good enough. Put him out.”

Again I phased out, and the idiots kept at me with their insistent homosexual suggestions, completely alien to me, based on a book I did not like.

“Tim, what do you like about Charles? Think, Tim. Think. I need your best answer. Like in school.”

“Charles is brave. Meg is brave, too. They work together. I can’t do that with my brother, Mike. Like with Jill. Maybe with Jill.”

“Tim, who’s Jill?”

“Jill Angel. You told me to play with her, remember?”

“Oh yeah. The girl next door.”

“Why don’t you remember? You told me to play with her, you dunce.”

“Tim, you mustn’t talk to him that way. He’s with me, remember?”

“Oh, all right. Look, I’m tired. Do you think you could go away, and we could try this tomorrow? I need to sleep for school.”

“Tomorrow’s Saturday.”

“Today’s Saturday. Tomorrow’s Sunday.”

“All right. Fine. It’s the weekend. You don’t have to get up. You can sleep in.”

"I never do that. I always get up at six and read the encyclopedia. Sometimes I watch Looney Tunes. Sometimes I play with my brother. We used to play Legos."

"Tim. Fine. Legos. Fine. We'll play that sometime, okay?"

"I don't want to play Legos. It's what we used to play. Don't Break The Ice. That was a good one, too. Early morning we'd play together. That was fun."

"Yeah. Tim. Yeah. It was fun. Fun. Okay. Fun. One more question, though. Charles. Charles. Charles in the book. Not some other Charles. Not something else. Charles. What do you like about him? Do you like him sexually?"

"What are you talking about? He's a boy. He's a little kid. That doesn't even make sense."

"Tim. Charles. Charles. Charlie Boy. Charles. What do you like about him?"

At this point, I refused to answer, so the idiot came back at me.

"Tim. Do you hear me? Answer my question."

"You already asked it. You said one more. You asked one. That's all you get."

"Let me ask him. He responds better to a woman's voice. Tim. I get one, too. Okay?"

"All right. Fine. Ask away, lady."

“Tim, why do you like Charles so much?”

“I don’t. I told you that. I don’t even like that book. It’s too scary. There’s something wrong with it. Something about kything I don’t like.”

Here, again, I faded out, as they put me under and brought me back with a hypnotic command.

“One. Two. Three. Charles. Now. Tell me what you said before.”

“I like Charles. He wears glasses. Just like Wonder Woman. Just like Chrissy. I want those. Charles is smart. Charles is brave. Just like Meg. He looks up to her. She looks after him. They save his father together. That’s it.”

“Jesus Christ. This is impossible. There’s nothing we can do with him.”

“All right, Tim. Fine. Just go to sleep. Margaret’s going to stay here while I see to your mother.”

As they threatened my mother, I fought and screamed....

No! No! No!

Stop!

I need to help her.

Stop! I need to help her! Stop!

LOOK, YOU LITTLE FUCK. HOLD STILL!

Get off me!

HOLD HIM WHILE I GIVE HIM THE SHOT!

That's the kind of stuff I had to put up with, but I didn't remember. They had tried to put me and Jill together, but they didn't even know her name. Later they would hold us for a short time in facilities in England—the West Country and London—where they would come at me again, threatening my family, and using L'Engle's description of telepathic communication, kything, as code for hypnosis and, potentially, voice to skull. Those who watched Star Trek got the Vulcan mind meld, where Spock would say, "Your mind to my mind," as he put his subject in a trance. I bet that's what Marilyn Lange got, when she went to my soccer camp. Later, as Playmate of the Year, she toured with the Star Trek Coupe. But I got kything, courtesy of L'Engle.

"Tim, remember when we went kything?"

"Huh? What's going on?"

"We're going kything again. We're going kything. I'm going to help you with something. You need to help me."

"Go to hell. I know your kind."

Again, I faded out, put under, no doubt, by a hypnotic command, only to be brought out of trance by my abuser, who was counting.

"One. Two. Three."

"Look, you little fuck. Listen up, or I'm going to kill your whole family."

"Go to hell. Fuck off, scum! I'll get you when I'm older. I'll never give in. I'll never stop fighting. I'll never do what you say. I'm

going to tell the world. Like the other lady told me. Not this bitch here. She's evil. She's nothing like her. Go to hell. Go to hell, I say, you English scum!"

"Look, there's nothing we can do with him. We're just going to let him go. We'll have to get him back in the States."

"Where does he live now? Is it still New Jersey?"

"No. We moved. We're in Pennsylvania," I interjected.

"He's awake? Jesus Fucking Christ! He's awake? You didn't give him enough."

"He's growing. He's strong. He's healthy. He just hit puberty because of the shot. His body's changing all the time. It's hard to measure."

"All right. Fine. Just get it right next time. Put him out. Put him out for good. We'll deal with this later."

Before I lost consciousness, ready to play on, I muttered, "To be continued...."

Like L'Engle's books, The Witch Mountain films provided a venue for my abusers to obfuscate their use of artificial telepathy and hypnosis. In the movies, two children live in an orphanage, where they face difficulties because of their psychic abilities. They communicate with each other telepathically, as L'Engle's characters did, and, as we did in real life, courtesy of cybernetic implants. They experience premonitions, which explain their programmed experiences. And they have fragmented memories that cover abuse, like all victims of the

trauma-based mind control promoted by the Tavistock Institute. Like the children in A Series of Unfortunate Events, also laden with cartel signalling, they are held captive by a strange man, who watches them through a closed-circuit television system. To escape, they use mind control on animals. When they try to explain their situation to a sympathetic listener, he views their account with skepticism. As the story progresses, the children believe they have recovered their memories, but they have only been fed a new program: the trauma they experienced involved not a boat but a spacecraft, and they come from another planet. In a sequel, they are drugged, taken to a laboratory, and become subjects of mind-control experiments. The boy is hypnotized to commit crimes, and he looks more and more like a robot. The girl is knocked out with chloroform. Somehow, she later disables the mind control technology, and they escape. Many victims of mind control were given similar gamma programs to believe they had psychic powers or aliens abused them—or so their parents would believe they had made up stories of their abuse based on a movie combined with overactive imagination. Look what they did to me with Wanda. Then, as now, Disney films are rife with cartel signalling, and they are heavily used in programming.

For reasons I did not understand, Escape to Witch Mountain and Return To Witch Mountain became two of my favorite movies. They were almost as good as Crossed Swords, another Disney classic, based on The Prince and the Pauper by Mark Twain, who wrote The

Mysterious Stranger as a result of his own abuse. Crossed Swords involved lookalikes, which are often used to portray alters, mind-controlled personalities formed by a traumatic split, and separated by an aversion, a memory too terrible to recall. The film featured the incomparably sexy Raquel Welch, a mind control victim who figured large in my programming.

Raquel was the snarly sexy bitch I was supposed to rape, but I could never imagine hurting her or even taking her body by force. My programmers told me I could be like Tony in Witch Mountain, committing crimes due to hypnotism, enjoying them, and it would not be my fault; but, even with Raquel at their aid, they could not get around my common sense. Even if I could rape Raquel, if that were the only way to have her, it would not be a crime of passion, the act of a free man, but only slavery and pain for us both.

“It doesn’t look like he’s having much fun,” I said of the robotic victim. “Not to mention, they tried to make him kill his sister.”

Like the Angels, my family would visit Disney World along with the Roberts. Little did I know the park hides a programming center, complete with underground tunnels. The land for Disney World, with its underground facilities used in MK-ULTRA, was bought by Paul Helliwell, who ran CIA operations in Southeast Asia, and Wild Bill Donovan, head of OSS, the precursor to CIA. Walt Disney was a 33rd Degree Mason, who built Disneyland on the 33rd Parallel, referencing the masonic number thirty-three. His nephew went to my college before

he took over the enterprise. Across America, CIA uses Disney to program unwitting victims. The scum love to advertise abuse, and there's even a giant fishhook in Moana. In The Jungle Book, Kaa hypnotizes monkeys, and Robin Hood features a scene with hypnotism and my favorite childhood character, Sir Hiss. Pick any movie by Disney, and you will find programming. The park is a headquarters.

Incidentally, you can see connections to secret societies, and sexual abuse, satyriized by Disney's rival Max Fleischer in Bimbo's Initiation, where the title character is abused, refusing to surrender, only to give in to sex offered by a female controller at the end. It's the adult version of Green Eggs and Ham, where the speaker refuses to eat the horrible food, knowing his own desires and aversions, throughout the book, only to surrender his will in the final pages. That's what they want with us—to push, and push, and push, until we break, so they can mold our desires, our will, and our personæ.

Many of the children with whom I grew up had horrific experiences on Space Mountain, which were cover memories for abuse; but my brother and I just liked the ride. With our parents' permission, one morning we took the monorail alone into the park, so we could be the first ones in. We ran to Space Mountain, and we sprinted through the nonexistent line, again and again, to ride the coaster several times in the first hour of the day.

It was a slightly fun trip—albeit completely phony. At the time, I enjoyed the Hawaiian Luau at the Polynesian, where we stayed;

but it was nothing next to my real experience years later with my daughter on the Big Island, where, among many other adventures, she danced a hula with an old man, Uncle George, at Kahuku Ranch, near South Point, after she feasted on shave ice. The Hoop-Dee-Doo Revue seemed fun, back then; but it pales in comparison to my experience with college friends at Black Butte Ranch, near the northern entrance to Yellowstone National Park, in Montana, or my nephew's years at his mother's old haunt, Teton Valley Ranch Camp, near Jackson, Wyoming. EPCOT did not exist back then, although I would see it on my senior trip. Still, it boggles my mind why anyone would pay the cost of a trip to Europe to visit not France, not Germany, not Italy, not Spain, and not even England, but rather a Disney simulacrum. At best, the place is as fake as a three-dollar bill.

Years later, my daughter and I took a road trip to the real Florida. We bicycled and swam at St. George Island, a nesting ground for loggerhead sea turtles. We lunched at Wakulla Springs where Tarzan's Secret Treasure and The Creature from the Black Lagoon were filmed. We saw manatees and roseate spoonbills at Homosassa Springs Wildlife State Park, which we playfully named "Guarantee Manatee" after an earlier strike-out at Manatee Springs. As we continued our trip, we drove from our house in the fishing village of Steinhatchee, past the mermaid show and water slide at Weeki Watchee Springs, to Everglades City, where we dined on the porch and played pool at the Rod and Gun Club. Later feasting on the stone crabs for which the area is famous, we

explored the Everglades by single-propeller plane. We kayaked to see subtropical birds in the mangrove swamp, by day and by evening, watching the sun set, paddling home in darkness and clouds of mosquitos, to see the red eyes of alligators lit by our headlamps. We bicycled in the fierce sun of Shark Valley, and we ventured to the Ten Thousand Islands by tourist boat. On the way home, we bought souvenirs at roadside stands: a bag of pecans, a sack of oranges, and a tin flamingo lawn ornament. And on the way down, we drove straight past Orlando, as we purposely avoided Disney World. The fact that anyone would go to that hellhole, let alone over and over, let alone regard it as the experience of a lifetime, shows how brainwashed so much of the American public is.

Speaking of brainwash, they hit us again, back in 1981, before we went to the Hoop-Dee-Do Revue. I had remembered the experience as fun. But when I look back, I see that I was utterly exhausted, from drugs, and the ribs tasted good only because of hypnotic suggestion. I recall almost nothing from that programming session, except for one command the scum gave me with respect to Chrissy and Alicia Roberts.

Later you'll talk about sex together.

When you're alone at the hotel room.

Maybe you'll do something.

The next evening our parents went out to dinner, leaving us alone, at the Polynesian, with the odd command that we stay together in the room—strange since we had earlier gone unsupervised to the park, swum unsupervised at the pool, and played Q-bert and Galaxian unsupervised in the game room. Also strange since the Roberts stayed at the Contemporary, so their girls could have spent the night in their own hotel room. Still the obscene command misfired. Throughout the evening, my brother Michael and I talked about a variety of intimate subjects with our friends, from Alicia’s propensity to do naked jumping-jacks as a small child, to her description, when a toddler, of diarrhea as “smoke in the toilet,” to the times we had looked at our butts in the mirror, to the girls and boys in whom we were currently interested. Our conversation was bizarre, but we were completely innocent.

As we reminisced that night, over childhood vulgarities, we sang a song we grew up with, one that Chrissy taught to me and to the Angel girls.

MISS Lucy had a steamboat.
The steamboat had a bell.
Miss Lucy went to heaven.
The steamboat went to...

HELL-o Operator,
Please give me number nine.
And if you disconnect me,
I’ll chop off your be...

HIND the refrigerator,
There was a piece of glass.
Miss Lucy sat upon it.
It went right up her...

ASS-k me no more questions.
Tell me no more lies.
The boys are in the bathroom,
Pulling down their...

FLIES are in the meadow.
The bees are in the park.
The boys and girls are kissing
In the D-A-R-K, D-A-R-K, D-A-R-K
Dark, dark, dark.

The last word of each verse blends into the first word of the next, so a child has an opportunity to exercise his or her intelligence the wrong way, using thinly disguised vulgarity. I have heard of other versions from different regions; but, however you look at it, the song comes straight from the MK-ULTRA playbook.

Michael and I would spend similar evenings alone with Jill and Julie when my family travelled to England in the summer of 1981. We visited the Angels for almost a month in Devon and Cornwall, where we hiked relentlessly, enjoying natural beauty spots including Dartmoor, Lydford Gorge, and Land's End, which at the time was completely undeveloped. Wherever we went, there was a pub at the

end of the day—the Old Inn, the Ring O Bells, or the Royal Oak—where our parents would go in, and we would sit outside, drinking orange squash and eating packets of crisps, which came in different flavors ranging from prawn cocktail to chicken barbeque. From time to time, we'd cross paths with a dairy truck, selling Cornish ice cream in one flavor, one flavor only, vanilla, which we ate topped with clotted cream. St. Michael's Mount stands out, with the tidal changes around the island, crowned by its castle. So do Arthurian sites like Tintagel.

We never went to Scotland, but, for some reason, I was obsessed with the place, even to the point of taking an interest in Cairngorm MacWomble from the children's show The Wombles, which Julie liked. Did it have to do with James Clavell's Taipan, which I had just read, or Noble House, which I started on the plane home? I had read Shogun for the second time on the plane out, so Clavell loomed big in my mind, and the Struan Family's backstory lay in Scotland. Perhaps this had combined with Susan Cooper's books, which take place in Wales, to form an interest in the Celts. Or maybe I was given a command to seek Scotland. Or maybe I had a Scots programmer, or heard mention of one, and I had already started on my quest to figure things out.

We should have gone to Stonehenge, but Dr. Angel kept us away from it. He thought it was too touristy. Years later, I would go to Cambridge, where the English traitors would do their best to keep me from having a wealth of English experiences—stopping me from going

to boat races, or cricket matches, or watching my girlfriend, who had two blues, play for the university. They also tried to stop me from going to the theater and to local museums, so it would not surprize me if they held us from the standing stones, giants fixed by Merlin in their dance, just for spite.

In my quiet moments, when not working on Rubik's Cube, I was reading Susan Cooper's books on Celtic myth and British folklore, including Dark Is Rising, which describe a cosmic battle between good and evil. Cooper's books picked up my interest in mythology, first sparked by Stories from around the World, the book Lara Smith gave me in our early childhood. I found Dark Is Rising in the school library over Christmas, the winter before we went to England, when I was the same age as the protagonist, Will Stanton; and we visited Cornwall, where some of the action takes place. Many who grow up in the program develop a belief in extra-sensory perception, which is encouraged because it obscures the use of artificial telepathy, gaslighting, and street theater. So I was taken by Will's possession of the second sight, not to mention the moment when he moves out of time with his teacher Merriman, suggesting a trance and a programmer who guides the subject.

I remember my programmer's voice:

I want you to think of me as Merriman. I'm going to tell you things, but then I want you to forget them. Things about this country. Stories of the old ways. But first I want you to do things for me.

Years later, I would rediscover the books, in the Lexington Library, with my daughter. With delight, I began to reread them; but, for reasons I did not understand, I put them down after a short while. My programmers had fed me another hypnotic suggestion. They did not want me to revisit those books or to remember what they did in the British Isles.

I don't know how they kidnapped us, but I do remember being held briefly in a facility in the West Country. For years, to the extent I recalled anything, I remembered being sick with the flu while, outside my room, my dad played the guitar. He and Dr. Angel were singing an old English folk tune, "Green Grow The Rushes O." I had an affinity for the song for many years. Perhaps the masons lie behind the symbols, but then I imagined the images must come from Celtic mythology. Who were the Six Bright Walkers?

Whoever they were, I would notice later that my version went only to the Seven Stars in the Sky and that my deepest level of hypnosis was the count of seven, just as the scum programmed others with the seven prismatic colors of the rainbow or the seven notes of the diatonic scale.

Years later, I would learn the Illuminati use folk songs and nursery rhymes to program people, just as they did with Joy Booth, an important person in the second book of this series, Playboy's Progress. In "Do Not Forsake Me O My Darling," an episode of The Prisoner, the haunting melody of "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" plays in the mind

of Number Six. My daughter's kindergarten at Cabell Elementary School used Mother Goose, as her Montessori school at Woods Creek taught rhymes like "The Grand Old Duke of York." There she would hide under the table, with her friend Kirk Swisher, when she wasn't play-acting abuse, tying my feet to an armchair. Back at Christopher Academy, we learned a counting rhyme, which I suspect was used to put us under or to bring us out:

One, two, tie my shoe.

Three, four, close the door.

Five, six, pick up sticks.

Seven, eight, lay them straight.

Nine, ten, a big fat hen.

Eleven, twelve, dig and delve.

In 2016, I would dig and delve in my own subconscious, while I researched the Bush War, and the phrase, "Something's buried in Rhodesia," echoed through my head. In the 1990s, my father would find my mother, losing her mind, mumbling nursery rhymes to herself, in the driveway.

Nowadays things are worse, as CIA programs victims to the lowest forms of pop music, with middle A tuned to the unnatural frequency of 440, not 432 Herz, which resonates with the earth's magnetic field. The New World Order, starting with the Rockefeller Foundation and Nazi Joseph Goebbels, has promoted 440 Herz tuning,

which makes people disharmonious, agitated, and destructive. Someday I'm going to learn more about the Schumann Resonance, but, for now, I can only say my abuse was set to better music.

Later I remembered what hid behind the music that played, while I lay, not feverish, but drugged, in the English facility.

I was given folk music, but my brother got only nonsense. They went further into him. He and Julie would speak to each other in incomprehensible jibber-jabber, punctuated by the word rabbit, as a game. Under MK-ULTRA, people are often programmed to speak or think phrases in jibberish, from the glossolalia of charismatic churches to songs like "I Zimbra" by the Talking Heads. Others use silly expressions with nonsense substituted for part of a word or rhymed with it. Cannabis worsens matters. Ken Kesey, who was programmed under MK-ULTRA at Stanford University, a hub of mind control, would engage in ridiculous wordplay as he promoted mind-altering drugs and the mediocre garage band that called itself first the Warlocks and then the Grateful Dead. As Kesey said, "What a long strange trip it do-be-do-be-do...." They don't call them Dead Heads for nothing. My friends in college would engage in ridiculous substitutions, akin to the Cockney rhyming slang that comes from Tavistock Institute, calling quarters "quagmires" or the library the "Leibniz." Years later, I would think "aroogledy-boogledy" for arugula, or "rootus-pollutus" for root beer, as my father would laugh hysterically, substituting "vitaminnie-moonies" for vitamins. God knows why the enemy puts this nonsense in our

minds, except they are insane, syphilitic, or drugged—preferring cocaine and amphetamines—but if you have jibberish in your head, or in your speech, especially if it is obscene, you are being run by them.

From England, fragments of torture have come back to me. I believe the plan was to have each of the men rape the other's wife, and my father refused to participate. The Tavistock Institute and the Central Intelligence Agency will often arrange this sort of abuse. The scum want their subjects to have memories so horrible that the mind will force them from consciousness, creating amnesic walls to protect itself. Some things are too terrible to recall. They also want to have something on their victims, so they can blackmail a person later, making him feel guilty for something they made him do. The intelligence community, which purports to protect us from terrorism, has declared war on humanity. Rogue elements within national governments conspire with each other to abuse each country's citizens, while the Five Eyes watch us all. The CIA, like British Intelligence, is full of sick perverts who seek to destroy everything beautiful, everything good, everything decent, healthy, or noble—including all human relationships among friends and family. The subhuman garbage simply want to smash and befoul the things they will never have.

I remember my brother, Jill, and Julie on a sofa in some sort of sexual situation. The programmers wanted me to join in, but I refused. As they tried to force me into it, I shouted,

THAT'S NOT SEX!!! THAT'S HURTING!!!

Twisting and turning, swinging my arms, I fought against them. It took three of them to subdue me. I recall being told "Stay down!" and "He'll kill you if you get up," but I just kept struggling, fighting with all I had. I think they must have injected me with something to knock me out.

I came to, lying in bed, drugged, while a kind and brave woman spoke to me. She told me, if I ever remembered, I must tell everyone.

People need to know what goes on here.

They caught her helping me, or they otherwise doubted her, and they kicked her to death in front of me. As my controller said, she was reduced to a stain on the carpet.

"Fuck you!" I yelled. "She was the only one who was nice to me."

"You little shit!" he yelled back. "You will come to heel."

Later, I remember a female voice saying, "We've got to give him something" and a male voice growling, "What do you like, boy?"

After our release, they put porn in my way. A couple weeks later, we took the bus to Exeter and the ferry to France. On the bus, my hand accidentally touched Jill's breast, and I was terribly embarrassed, not even able to apologize, hoping we could both ignore it. When we got to the station, I found a pulp paperback, whose cover caught my

eye. It described a sex maniac who held a woman captive all night, as he had his way with her, and I became incredibly turned on, going to an ancient public toilet, into the row of stalls, to masturbate. A fellow walked in on me, opening the wooden door, as I sat, with a giant erection, lost in fantasy. The man excused his interruption in a rough western accent, "Sorry, Lad." I was mortified. Was there no privacy in this place? My job unfinished, I broke off handling myself, pulled my trousers up, and found the group. Maybe that was just an accident, or maybe not. The morons had sought to combine homosexuality with rape for some time. I was finally going for rape, after years of refusal, when my engagement was destroyed. Was the man who opened the door an agent? Or was he a victim in whose way they hoped to put a homosexual image? We'll never know. But it is typical for the imbeciles not to give their own suggestions, on which they worked so hard, a chance to work. It glads my heart that these micromanaging morons, at odds with each other, destroy their own projects.

In Normandy, when we landed, there was another erotica sighting. We found a small coffee shop in Honfleur. The toilet was shared, and it was strange to see a woman walk into the same room. Outside on the sidewalk stood a rotating stand of postcards. Among them was a naked woman in a heavy fishing net, made of finger-width line, a good six inches apart. It was really something I could grab hold of.

At night, I would lie on my back and fantasize, with no memory of the abuse I suffered. I imagined a woman with a bee under her clothing, which we removed piece by piece, as we tried to find it. Oddly, I kept thinking, if I had made a mistake, I had learned my lesson, so I did not need to think about it further.

I took a strange interest in instruments of torture. Before I left for England, I watched a historical drama on PBS about Jack the Ripper, in which a detective or coroner describes the damage to a woman's body from a degenerate's attack:

He used a poker on her.

I had no interest in violating a woman this way, unlike the impotent subhuman trash that abused me, but the line stuck in my head. That's always a symptom of voice to skull. Add to that my newfound academic interest in iron maidens, racks, and thumbscrews, and I can see that they were working on me. It would never take. Every time they confronted me with actual torture, I reacted with horror and rage; but still the morons pushed it.

Eventually, our trip came to a close, and we returned to London before flying home. We visited the Tower, where so many were kept prisoner, and I was struck by the heroism of Anne Boleyn. I saw my first James Bond, For Your Eyes Only, in a theater with assigned seating, and we went to see a musical about circus impresario P.T.

Barnum. My brother came home with a tee shirt from that show, printed with Barnum's words:

THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE.

Later I would realize: One of the sick perverts was making a joke at my nine-year-old brother's expense. Not only had we been conned, but he had been forced to fellate his abuser. From the historical prisoners, to the torture instruments, to the spy film, to my brother's tee shirt, all of it was cartel signalling. As they hide in the shadows, the cravens taunt their betters.

It may have been here that I watched The Sound of Music, as I was programmed. They were still pushing Nazis, hoping for something with Wonder Woman, or white supremacism, or torture, but I just thought it was a sweet movie. Oddly, my father always hated it, saying that Christopher Plummer had attacked his wife, and I wonder if this recalled his own programming. We had plenty of chances to see it, as it ran every year, on network television.

Look in your own experience for films or shows have spoken to you. The ones you watched, or still watch, again and again. Then you will begin to scratch the surface of your own programming.

Shortly after we returned home, I babysat my cousin, the daughter of a former Air Force sergeant, for the first and only time, while our parents went out. Unlike us, the Smiths lived in the city, in West Reading, Pennsylvania, so they had cable television. Trembling

with anticipation, I found the TV Guide, as soon as we arrived, delighted to find that not one but two R-rated films would screen that night as my charges slept. The first was S.O.B., in which Julie Andrews, who played the governess in Sound of Music, posed topless after being drugged. It was the first movie with a bare-chested woman I had ever seen—not counting the pornographic trash they had forced me to watch at the YMCA—and it showed up as soon as we returned from England. Did I mention Julie Angel, whom I refused to molest that summer, was named after Julie Andrews?

Somehow, they got us in London again. Although we stayed in the capital four days, for years I could recall nothing except the Tower, Harrod's, and the shows we saw in the evenings. Missing time is always an indicator of abuse, where the scum have scrubbed our memory clean with drugs. In the city, I remember another hypnotic session.

“Has he seen Sapphire and Steel?” asked a woman's voice.

She meant a t.v. show that had come out two years earlier in England. The parents of two children disappear, and a team of male and female operators replace them. As in Susan Cooper's books, time stops, and characters travel between worlds, just as subjects pass through different levels of trance under the guidance of male and female programmers. There are whispers from other dimensions and telepathic communication with robotic voices, much like voice to skull, neuro-linguistic programming via computers, and forced speech. Characters

who slip into another dimension are often asked to describe their surroundings, which may relate to early image-to-skull transmission where controllers wanted to test whether they could accurately see a subject's environment. Sapphire's name suggests jewel programming, and her eyes go ultra-blue when she passes into trance. The show seemed particularly apt to my situation because the boy does not trust the male programmer, Steel, while he may feel attraction to the female, Sapphire. There were many correspondences to my training, and this program might have aided the enemy except for one serious problem: it aired only in Great Britain. I saw it only in London, in 1981, and never afterwards, until last summer when memories came back.

An obvious tell concerned the missing father's tobacco. My father smoked a pipe filled with loose tobacco from a pouch: Borkum Riff, Captain Black, or Balkan Sobranie. In England he picked up another called Clan at his friend Kurt Brandenburg's request. But the show contained a different product I have never seen elsewhere.

That's a flat pack.

Some men smoke it like that.

You break it up.

As I drifted, high on drugs, watching parallel worlds toggle between the English Civil War and the present day, the female degenerate chimed in.

"Is your house in Pennsylvania old, Tim?"

"No, it was built last year. I mean a couple of years ago."

“Jesus Christ, this is pointless,” spoke the other, quick to undermine his partner and to surrender in a hopeless cause.

Still they had something in Sapphire, as she morphed, changing shape and costume, from one beautiful woman into another, while her creepy master, who cannot relate to the boy, lurks in the shadows.

I wanted to see her between changes, naked, and I found myself intoning, over and over, a mantra.

I want to have sex with her.

I want to have sex with her.

I want to have sex with her....

Who knows what these idiots want? They sure don't. They go to such elaborate and expensive lengths to achieve our destruction in such idiotic and disgusting ways.

Instead of working to manage my sexuality, leaving me with the blonde programmer, or destroying my sexuality more simply and cheaply, the imbeciles took another crack at racism. They couldn't lead me to rape, and they couldn't lead me to racism; so they tried to combine both.

In Sapphire and Steel, a new figure appeared in the third episode. An enormous black man, a giant named Lead, breaks down the door. They meant me to hate him, but he seemed such a jolly fellow. Maybe as Lead asks in a booming voice for food, he was meant to evoke

the title character in Jack the Giant Killer, a story I would often tell my daughter, years later, at our friends' horse farm, Lazy Acres, where we rented a cabin:

*Fee, fi, fo, fum.
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.*

For me, Lead evoked Little John, but Steel was no Robin Hood. Lead picks up a beaten Steel, at arm's length, lifting his feet off the ground, which the hated male programmer does not like at all. This amused me greatly, but I was disappointed to find the two were friends.

"Why is he helping him?" I asked of my new favorite.

Later, since I took interest in folklore, an open book grabbed my eye.

*The north wind doth blow,
And shall we have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!*

"What does that poem mean?" I asked, but they gave no adequate answer.

"You'll have to watch it again, I guess," said the female degenerate, but we didn't have the show in the States.

Little did I know the book was Mother Goose.

I would have done better to have looked at the rhyme below,
which concerned a crooked man, but perhaps I didn't need to.

Soon I phased out, and they brought me back....

Look, Tim, I'm going to introduce you to someone.

Remember the man you talked to before?

The one you were so rude to?

He's here again.

I want you to say something to him.

What?

Tell him 'I'm sorry.'

Fuck you.

Well, I never!!!

"Come here, you little sod!!!" a yobbish thug barked,
shortly followed by his male superior.

IF YOU EVER TELL ANYONE WHAT YOU SAW HERE,

I'M GOING TO COME BACK

AND KILL YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY.

You got me, son!?!?

I don't know.

I don't know.

I don't know.

I struggled with the concept, as they injected me with something.

I heard my male abuser's voice....

You'll remember me.

You'll remember me.

I'm from there....

The woman spoke....

I'm from there, too.

I'll come back with him, but you won't remember me.

You'll see me naked if you try.

"You want to see a naked woman, don't you? A blonde—not like Wonder Woman, not like your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am. I suppose. But only you. Not with him around. Only you. I won't do what he says. I have to protect you. I won't let him hurt you. I want it to be nice. Not like before."

"You want to see me naked, though, don't you?"

I was losing consciousness when a male voice broke in.

WAKE UP!!!

"Tim, you want to see me naked, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. That would be lovely."

As I passed out, I heard a voice speak, "Well, it's a start."

The woman's promise was fulfilled, after a fashion, a day or two later in Heathrow Airport. A young man stood by the newsstand, looking at the centerfold of Playboy Magazine, held sideways so it fell down, twenty-seven inches in length. I stared past him at the picture of the beautiful blonde woman, in clear focus because I now had glasses, and my vision was finally 20/20. It was Susan Smith, Miss September, standing in a subtropical scene, knee-deep in clear water, green palm fronds around her. Looking straight in my eyes, the leather straps of her bikini bottom untied, her thighs shoulder width, as she pulled it off her body. My gaze went straight to her bush, thick and furry. If only I could visit that magazine rack. If only I could have that magazine.

The centerfold would combine, oddly, in my mind, with the scenery, and our trip to Florida, so my memory became faulty, even though I dreamed of this woman, the first attractive naked woman I had ever seen, fantasizing about her. In my imagination, she was draped with Spanish moss, but that is not the way she appeared. Why? The scum told me in London, under hypnosis, before they had their agent hold the magazine open,

I'll put a Playboy in front of you.

It will remind you of something you saw on the bus.

Something in Florida maybe.

They will combine together....

Six months before, we had gone to Disney World, and we took the bus to the park. Spanish moss hung from the trees. My focus

had been on Miss Smith's bush, so lovely, so desirable, so it combined with the furry tangled growth that hung from the trees in the Florida landscape. In not just my imagination, but my memory, Susan Smith stood naked, her body proudly on display, Spanish moss in her hands.

BOOK FIVE: MAM'ZELLE CHAMPAGNE

When I returned to the States, things fell apart. I felt well adjusted in sixth grade. With the boys in the neighborhood, I was always riding bikes to friends' houses, or walking across the fields, to play everything from kickball to whiffle ball, street hockey to football, tackle, no pads, no helmets. Smear the Queer was another favorite, a rugby-like game, where everyone ran after the boy with the ball, trying to tackle him, until he threw it aside. At the swim club, where I had once seen Dr. Angel do his famous handstand dive, we did cannonballs and can-openers, playing Jump or Dive, Sharks and Minnows, and Beaver, a rough game where we pulled opposing players to the surface as they tried to cross the deep end. When not reading books, I played Dungeons and Dragons with friends. I shot my bow and arrow, hitting targets against a stack of haybales on the woodline, and I sledded and skated in the winter. But, in seventh grade, our neighborhood play suddenly stopped. Middle school was a nightmare. I had only one friend, and he had pressure to drop me.

As a social engineering experiment, Unionville Middle School divided different groups of students into separate hallways or "teams"—rednecks and no-hopers, preppies and jocks, and a third group of unclassifiable individualists. Some idiot thought that teens and preteens do not organize themselves enough into cliques. All of our classes met within our team, and we saw our friends on other teams only twice a week, for intramural sports and clubs. I was on Green

Team, then Gold, but the kids I liked were on the experimental team of Purple. I lived for the one hour a week when we would play lacrosse together. Otherwise, I was suddenly the butt of every joke, and I had two fistfights almost immediately after we returned from England.

An earlier fistfight may tell you something about my character. We were playing street hockey in our neighborhood, when I called one of the other boys a turkey, meaning only to taunt him in the game.

It was Jay Morris. In eighth grade, he bicycled with me for days along the Outer Banks, where we would find a Playboy at every stop. In ninth grade, he would share another Playboy, which featured Terry Nihen, Miss December 1983, lying naked on her bed, her blue eyes gazing straight at me, her pretty face surrounded by her tousled dark brown hair, her perfect breasts jutting upward, her legs spread, and her labia barely visible, with a white phone cord stretched taught, across her thigh, stockinged in pink, raised and bent at the knee, plunging diagonally across her wool to find its receiver on the bed. Later, in ninth grade, we roomed together on a ski trip in Quebec, where I bought my first Playboy, but I did not show it to Jay.

Back in sixth grade, our hockey game stopped short when I called Jay a turkey. Getting in my space, he aggressively demanded what I said. I had not meant the jibe to offend, but I would not back down in the face of a challenge. When I repeated the alleged insult, Jay hit me, so we began to mix it up. He got me on the ground. My face

was down, and I tried to give in; but he would not let go. Then I found my second wind, twisted him around, and beat the hell out of him. If Jay had not acted aggressively toward me, we would not have fought. If he had accepted my conditional surrender, he would have won. But instead he sought to hurt me, and he would not stop in his attack; so I found the will to win.

Sun Tzu says, in The Art of War, that an army with its back to the river fights with the strength of ten. They have nowhere to go except over the bodies of their enemy, so they fight with all they have. It's the same with all us targeted individuals. The bullies just keep coming. I never would have written this series of books, set up a website with more than 200 articles and 1,200,000 hits—or taught college classes about the New World Order—if they had not kept harassing me. Every bully seeks his own destruction. Just like Hitler, who foolishly invaded Russia, when he could have simply conquered Western Europe, the Illuminati insanely and relentlessly attack in all directions, regardless of their interests. They are the gamblers who cannot step away from the table, addicted not only to cocaine and amphetamines but to violence and depravity. It gives me hope because I know the program, like the idiots within it, will destroy itself, as it creates fighters like me.

I never back down from a fight. I can remember in 1981 saying something rude to my father, and he corrected me; but I said it again. He struck me across the face. So I said it again. He struck me

across the face, and I said it again. This went on for over a half dozen exchanges until I got the last word. I won. I would have stuck to my guns if he had beaten me to a bloody pulp.

My parents taught me this lesson from an early age. I was never allowed to quit any activity, whether I liked it or not.

Because my father had a great time in the golden age of scouting, camping at Valley Forge in the 1950s, I was expected to join the Boy Scouts.

Little did we know the background of Robert Baden-Powell, the organization's founder. Lord Baden-Powell spent extensive time in South Africa and Rhodesia, and he drew on the works of the masonic imperialist, Rudyard Kipling, who eulogized the child-molesting shitboy Cecil Rhodes. Lord Baden-Powell took part in actions against the Zulu, the Matabele, and the Boers. In the Boer War, he acted as a criminal in his treatment of blacks, so South African journalists have dubbed him the Monster of Mafikeng. Later he retired to the center of the Happy Valley, in Kenya, a haven for draft-dodging degenerates where titled trash swapped wives, held orgies, shot powdered drugs, murdered each other, and killed themselves.

Although British military commanders criticized Baden-Powell, Edward VII personally invested him with the Order of the Bath when the scumbag visited Balmoral. Shortly afterwards, he founded the scouting movement, and the king told Lord Baden-Powell that he could best serve his country by promoting the Boy Scouts. George V, who

changed his family's name from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor, made the founder of scouting into a baronet and a peer.

Lord Baden-Powell was a rapist, a child-molester, and a homosexual, so, of course, the Kings of England honored him, as they put him in charge of young boys. As he returned from the Gold Coast, wearing the Ashanti Star, Colonel Baden-Powell accused two sixteen-year-old Irish soldiers of cowardice, tied their hands behind their backs, and said he would personally interrogate the teenagers. After he cleared the railroad carriage, Baden-Powell sodomized his boy victims before he shot them in the backs of their heads. That was only the beginning. Survivors have reported over two thousand cases of child sexual abuse within the Boy Scouts.

To deflect suspicion from the pædophile rapist, the Illuminati moved a woman into his way. Olave St. Claire Soames lived in seventeen different homes for her first twenty-three years when she met and married Lord Baden-Powell, who was thirty-two years older than she. Since the couple shared the same birthday, they probably thought it was fate; but really their controllers had moved them onto a trans-atlantic trip where they would be forced to spend extensive time together. After marriage, Lady Baden-Powell became the Chief Guide for Britain, and she was presented with the Girl Guides' highest award: the Silver Fish. Fishing is cartel slang for the rape of young girls, so the decoration seems ironic.

Although Lord Baden-Powell's masters wanted him married in name, they did not want him to enjoy conjugal relations with his wife. This could have worked a change to direct him toward sex with women rather than the rape of boys. Immediately after he married, Lord Baden-Powell began to suffer persistent headaches. His doctor could find no physical cause, so he claimed they were psycho-somatic, while he "treated" them with "dream therapy." When Lord Baden-Powell moved into a makeshift bedroom, away from his young bride, the headaches mysteriously disappeared.

Lord Baden-Powell was being hit with an early version of directed energy weapons. In 1892, Nikola Tesla created a basic design for radio. In 1898, he patented a radio-controlled boat. 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, where he planned to conduct wireless telegraphy 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 messages, telephony, and facsimile images 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). 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, analyzed 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. That's how far back it goes. More than one hundred years. Think about it. Who would have been targeted? Czar Nicholas II, whose dynasty the Illuminists destroyed, had a metal plate in his head, which could have housed an implant, and he suffered from headaches. He welcomed Rasputin as his son's hypnotist, and he would have thought any voices he heard were God speaking to the Czar of All the Russias. James Joyce, educated by the Jesuits, wrote a dirty book suggesting that normal thought processes involved interior monologue, normalizing voice to skull. He lost his vision due to ocular implants, as he underwent twelve eye surgeries. Joyce lived in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, and he suffered from daily headaches as it broadcast jibberish. Meanwhile, the founder of the Boy Scouts suffered mysterious headaches that stopped him from sleeping with his wife. Soon the New World Order would test Tesla tech on mediums in the 1920s, while they purported to channel spirits, as they would later use it on psychics in PROJECT STAR GATE. They would use it on Adolf Hitler for forced speech when he used completely different speaking voices, and they use it on all of us today.

Lord Baden-Powell expressed his support for fascism. He supported Mussolini early in the dictator's career. In 1939, shortly before the Nazis invaded Poland, the founder of the Boy Scouts expressed his admiration for Hitler's Mein Kampf, calling it "a wonderful book, with good ideas on education, health, propaganda, organisation." He praised the Hitler Youth, he discriminated against Jews, and he decorated Boy Scout badges with swastikas.

It comes as no surprize that the homosexual fascist rapist, when not molesting the children entrusted to him, worked as a spy. Lord Baden-Powell even wrote a book on the subject, titled, you guessed it, My Adventures as a Spy. One of his favorite disguises was that of an entomologist who studied butterflies, a cover that allowed him to move around without looking suspicious. Just as our abusers hide secret information in cartel signalling, Lord Baden-Powell hid maps in drawings of leaves and butterflies. Did programmers employ the butterfly symbol then, as they do in PROJECT MONARCH now? Lord Baden-Powell began his spy career in Malta where he served as military secretary and senior aide-de-camp to his uncle, the Commander in Chief and Governor of Malta, Sir Henry Augustus Smyth. On the island, he worked as intelligence officer for the Mediterranean for the Director of Military Intelligence.

Malta contains the oldest freestanding structures on earth, each with an orkish name—the megaliths at Hagar Qim and Mnajdra (in Qrendi), Ta' Hagarat Temples (in Mgarr), Skorba Temples (in Żebbiegħ),

and Tarxien Temples (in Tarxi). There the luciferians perform obscene rites, sometimes gathering for a world summit or a grand prix race.

Malta gives its name to the Knights Templar, an organization properly known as the United Religious, Military, and Masonic Orders of the Temple and of Saint John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta. Associated with the Roman Catholic Church we find the Sovereign Military Hospitaller Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, of Rhodes, and of Malta, which maintains diplomatic relations with over one hundred countries and has permanent observer status at the United Nations. Leaving aside Shirley Temple, Ambassador to Ghana and Czechoslovakia, Representative to the United Nations, and Dame of Malta, some members of the Knights of Malta include Wild Bill Donovan, Head of OSS, William Casey, Director of CIA, and Reinhard Gehlen, a Nazi war criminal and spymaster for Hitler, who founded what became the BND, worked closely with the CIA, and was awarded the Good Conduct Medal by the United States government.

I hated my first experience at Boy Scout camp. Only ten years old, I counted the days when I could return to my home from Camp Jubilee, now Camp John H. Ware, III, on the Mason-Dixon Line, which has been attended by some famous people, including Philadelphia Eagles Coach Dick Vermeil and Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts. Chester County Council purchased the property from the Reynolds Family, who occupied the land since colonial times. In the 1920s, the woods were a haven for moonshiners operating illegal stills.

When officials from the council first visited, the distillers fled the camp, mistaking their uniforms and campaign hats for those worn by Pennsylvania State Troopers.

Chester County was very rural in my youth, and much of Pennsylvania still is. Some call it Pennsylvucky, after Kentucky, while others say it is Philadelphia in the east, Pittsburgh in the west, and Alabama in the middle. Like Virginia, it has become a battleground state in elections, where many natives vote Republican, defending gun rights, against the blue-pilled residents of the two largest cities. When I was a boy, it was not uncommon to hear a farmer say warsh instead of wash, or crick instead of creek, and they gave us standardized tests in school to stamp out ancient speech patterns like "I'd as lief," which most English speakers abandoned in the eighteenth century.

Although I wanted to go home on the first day, for three years, I stuck it out, along with the other preppies, rednecks, and hicks, in the Boy Scouts. We were all country boys.

There was hazing, which should have been stopped, where boys were sent on snipe hunts, searching, from patrol site to patrol site, for left-handed smoke-shifters, lightning grease, and dehydrated water. At night, a boy's cot might be moved outside his platform tent, while he slept, or his hand might be placed in a glass of warm water so he would wet his bed. We put on revues with comedy skits, around the campfire, in which we harassed new scouts. A favorite depicted a fortune teller who read not palms but feet. When he got to the last scout, he would

forecast, “You will go on a long journey....” Then he would huck the boy’s boot, far away, into the darkness, so the hapless scout had to go and look for it. I thought this was funny, just as I found the increasing fights between my parents amusing, and I continued to watch shows like Tom and Jerry.

Other skits involved vulgar jokes. “The Viper” featured one boy after another, running across the amphitheater that encircled our campfire, screaming for help, that the Viper was coming. At the end, a boy ran out, holding a roll of toilet paper, to declare in a Transylvanian accent that he was the Viper, as he asked if anybody wanted a vipe. Another described moles crawling under the floorboards of a general store, declaring one after another what they smelled. The first smelled coffee, the next smelled tea, but the third smelled Mole Asses.

But my favorite was brought to summer camp by another troop, a cheer from Japan, involving call and response.

YAKI YAKI YAKI!!!	HEY HEY HEY!!!
YAKI YAKI YAKI!!!	HEY HEY HEY!!!
YAKI!!!	HEY!!!
YAKI!!!	HEY!!!
YAKI YAKI YAKI!!!	HEY HEY HEY!!!

We had nothing like that in Troop 22, which must have been the worst troop ever.

While camping on the northernmost outpost of the King Ranch, we played with hatchets, knives, and rope. One year we built a signal tower, lashing poles together for pioneering merit badge. The other boys played mumblety-peg, a game where players throw knives at their own feet, sometimes pulling a knife from the ground by grabbing it with their teeth. The Bye Brothers played with hatchets, tossing them at each other's boots, which they sometimes lit on fire. We went rappelling, bouncing down a wooden wall, and shot rifles on the range. It's amazing none of us was seriously injured. I can easily see why first aid and emergency prep were vital merit badges.

When not playing with knives and hatchets, we played with fire. At night, we would gather around a bonfire, to sing songs and perform skits, one of my favorite activities. We had constant cooking fires going. I learned to cook over the coals of a fire, not a stove, as I earned cooking merit badge. My last year at Camp Jubilee, I won the award for the best peach cobbler, cooked in a dutch oven buried in a fire pit, and my patrol won the staff's award for best food, as they rotated from campsite to campsite.

One of my favorite staff members, Dean Barr, who taught me to use a knife, ate breakfast with us, as he joked about the strength of our lemonade and a burnt pancake:

This one's blacker than Aunt Jemima herself!!!

Dean went on to joke about one scout chasing another with a large set of shears, as he threatened to castrate him. But he turned serious, when,

after he took a turn at the griddle, Wayne Douglas, who had asked for seconds, did not finish his plate. Dean leaned over Wayne with a spatula, hot from the fire, pressing it toward the fat boy's stomach, as Wayne desperately tried to suck in his gut. Dean growled at him,

*When someone asks for seconds of my cooking,
and they don't eat it,
I take it as a personal insult!*

Wayne had it coming, and I was sorry to see Dean go when he joined the Marine Corps.

Otherwise, the scouts played the usual rough-and-tumble games, just as we did in our neighborhoods. I earned lifesaving merit badge, breaking my nose in the process; I completed the mile swim; and, first thing, every morning, I went on the polar bear swim. On the last day of summer camp, each boy would go off the diving board, mooning the lifeguard to get kicked out of the pool. Just like at home, we played tackle football, no pads, no helmets, and Smear the Queer, always a favorite. Sometimes there were fistfights, viewed as par for the course, and I remember mixing it up, quickly, with Denny Woodward, who later became a sergeant in the Army, on our last day. At night, we played Capture the Flag, with boys wearing jungle camouflage and black face paint, as they slipped into the darkness. Just as Baden-Powell had planned, more than one of us joined the military after scouts.

Who knows? Some may have become mercenaries. Certainly, copies of Soldier of Fortune made the rounds with

advertisements for stints in the South African Border War. At one time I had a shirt of Rhodesian camouflage from the Army-Navy store, Goldberg's, near the old Tally Ho, above Beaver Valley; but no one thought it was cool. I never checked out Soldier of Fortune, but later I would read a book on the French Foreign Legion, which mysteriously showed up at school.

My patrol bore the odd name Equus Bona Quagga, or good zebra, called E.B. for short. We hated this name, but it never occurred to us that we could change it. Now it strikes me not only for its evocation of Africa but for its reference to the zebra pattern. Our patches simply read E.B., but there may have been a time when they had zebra prints. That pattern, used by the Selous Scouts, in Rhodesia, indicates psychological splitting, through which trauma-based mind control creates different alters. The enemy had split us, and they marked us, just as they mark women and men with tiger or leopard patterns, which appear on everything from dresses, to shoes, to suitcases.

By my last summer camp, I had checked out, reading Ragtime by E.L. Doctorow, when I wasn't swimming, earning merit badges, or cooking. The book found its way into my hands at the gentle recommendation of our family friend, Kurt Brandenburg, who signed up, and was paid, to allow the University of Michigan to perform human experiments on him under MK-ULTRA. Still, it could have come from Mr. Engel, my eighth-grade history teacher. Mr. Engel taught us about Eugene Debs, who founded the Industrial Workers of the World;

Emma Goldman, whom J. Edgar Hoover deported; and J. Pierpont Morgan, who stood behind the Federal Reserve. Still what struck me about the book, aside from its lyrical descriptions of our country's shaded suburban streets before the Great War, were two passages about Evelyn Nesbit.

At night in my platform tent, surrounded by green canvas, under the circle of my battery lamp, I dreamt of Miss Nesbit, painting her face, her body, with my semen. The book described her thighs, covered with seed like a baker's glaze, as well as sperm falling, tumbling over her body, like a stream of ticker tape. On more than one occasion, I returned to my tent, midday, to read these passages and to visit with her.

Now, as I look at her story, I can see how the Illuminati weaponized Miss Nesbit. She was an inordinately famous sex symbol at the turn of the century, appearing in advertisements, and posing for artists like James Carroll Beckwith, Charles Dana Gibson, and Frederick Church. Stanford White, of the famous architectural firm, McKim, Mead & White, had a relationship with her, undoubtedly sexual. White arranged for Miss Nesbit's brother to attend Chester Military Academy, which later became Widener University, where I taught English and law, before I was fired for speaking to a student about MK-ULTRA. White also arranged for Miss Nesbit's enrollment in boarding school, partly to separate her from John Barrymore, who had proposed to her. White warned Miss Nesbit to steer clear of Harry K. Thaw, a millionaire from

Pittsburgh, but she didn't listen, travelling with Thaw for months following an abortion and eventually marrying him.

Thaw was insane, as the Illuminati trained him. The millionaire heard voices as the enemy hit him with Tesla technology. He was subject to bouts of insomnia, temper tantrums, and incoherent babbling, as he hurled heavy household objects at the heads of servants. The misfortune of others triggered fits of giggling. At Harvard, he lit cigars with hundred-dollar bills, although he cared enough about ten cents to chase a cabbie down the street with a shotgun when he believed the man short-changed him. He used cocaine and morphine, sometimes mixing them together. Once, in his London hotel, he restrained a bellboy, naked, in his bathroom, thrashing him with a whip. When he visited bordellos, handcuffs and bondage were de rigeur, and he threw outrageous parties with the most beautiful showgirls. This degenerate was known as a playboy, and the word playboy comes from him. Thaw took Miss Nesbit on a trip to Europe, visiting the sites of virgin martyrs, before they landed in Katzenstein Castle, where he beat her with a whip and sexually abused her. After all this, Evelyn Nesbit, who could have had anyone, married Harry K. Thaw.

Nesbit and Thaw had been weaponized to take out Stanford White. Long before he met Evelyn Nesbit, Thaw blamed White for his troubles, particularly his exclusion from the Metropolitan Club, the Century Club, and the Knickerbocker Club, although he was expelled from the Union League because he rode a horse up the steps and into

the clubhouse. Allegedly, Miss Nesbit told her husband how White, whom she had continued to visit for months, drugged and raped her in their first sexual encounter, a story she never told anyone else. Three years later, Thaw blew White's brains out, shooting him on the rooftop theater of Madison Square Garden in front of hundreds of people at the premiere of Mam'zelle Champagne, which ran for sixty performances because of the unfortunate incident.

The newspapers of William Randolph Hearst, the Illuminist media baron who started the Spanish-American War, covered Thaw's trial in salacious detail, calling it the Crime of the Century. Miss Nesbit had a deal with Thaw's mother, who offered her one million dollars if the lady's testimony could get her boy off the hook; so the sex symbol told horrid details of her alleged rape. Doing so, the star witness portrayed her own innocence and its betrayal by the villain Stanford White, describing Thaw as the paladin who had nobly and courageously defended his wife's honor.

As the defense concocted their story, the lawyers and papers alleged that Thaw exclaimed, "You ruined my wife!" before he shot the innocent bon vivant; but, given the lunatic's history of blaming the architect for every one of his troubles, not to mention the number the Illuminati had done on him, it is easy to divine his true words:

You ruined my life!

Just as today, people followed the news, saying they wanted to be informed, but really their interest was prurient. The Illuminati had engineered the whole thing, to take out White and to put disgusting suggestions into the minds of the public. How many men fantasized about drugging women with champagne or striking women with whips because of the staged murder, the trial, and its coverage in Hearst's papers? How many actually did? God knows what my great-grandfather, Theodore Krämer, a master mason and jester, did or dreamed, when he named his daughter after Evelyn Nesbit.

No one stuck up for White—no one, that is, except for Richard Harding Davis. Davis was the first American war correspondent to cover the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, and World War One. Born in Philadelphia, Davis attended Episcopal Academy before matriculating at Lehigh, where my cousin, my uncle, and my godfather went to school. Davis never shied away from controversial subjects, and, as a result of his hard-hitting articles, the Navy prohibited reporters from their ships for the entire Spanish-American War. Since William Randolph Hearst, who smeared White in his newspapers, while feeding the public unwholesome fantasies, had started the Spanish-American War, he did not like Davis. Davis refused to work for Hearst after a dispute over fictionalizing one of his articles. Taking issue with Hearst's attacks on Stanford White, which called him not only a sinister rapist but a bad architect, Davis penned a passionate defense of his friend, saying he was a good man and a lover of women:

Since his death White has been described as a satyr. To answer this by saying that he was a great architect is not to answer at all...what is more important is that he was a most kindhearted, most considerate, gentle and manly man, who could no more have done the things attributed to him than he could have roasted a baby on a spit. Big in mind and in body, he was incapable of little meanness. He admired a beautiful woman as he admired every other beautiful thing God has given us; and his delight over one was as keen, as boyish, as grateful over any others.

White was framed, and his friend spoke up for him. Davis's rebuttal squares with the description of White by his biographer: "a big, bluff, open, lovable man of superb talent."

Why was White set up? Why all this? The satanic trash don't need a reason. They smash everything in sight in the foulest ways imaginable. Certainly, they hated Stannie White because of his independence, his rich life, and his love of women. It drives them crazy when people enjoy themselves, but the Illuminati had extra reason to take the gentleman architect and epicurean out.

Stanford White was a friend of Nikola Tesla, and he designed multiple structures for Wardencllyffe Tower through which the inventor pioneered the technology later used for HAARP, DEW, V2K, I2K, active denial systems, and microwave harassment. Stanford White designed Wardencllyffe as the laboratory of a mad scientist in the style of the Italian Renaissance. Wardencllyffe had a laboratory area, an instrumentation room, a boiler room, a generator room, and a machine shop. In the main building stood electro-mechanical devices, electrical

generators, electrical transformers, glass-blowing equipment, x-ray machines, Tesla coils, a remote-controlled boat, cases with bulbs and tubes, wires, cables, a library, and an office. Above stood the radio tower. Stanford White was a man of integrity who knew the ins and outs of Tesla's work, and Tesla planned to use Wardencllyffe for a world communications system—not to hurt people. Once Tesla got to a certain point, the New World Order moved the project from his hands. As Illuminist J. Pierpont Morgan plotted to establish the Federal Reserve, and to draw the United States into a world war, he pulled the plug on Tesla's financing in 1901. Undaunted, Tesla continued, and White helped him. So did William Rankine, an investor who believed in the world communications system. This had to be stopped. In 1906, Harry K. Thaw murdered Stanford White, and four months later William Rankine died. They said it was a heart attack, but that's what the doctors always say when you're poisoned. The same year Tesla had a nervous breakdown.

Meanwhile, at Camp Jubilee, where Evelyn Nesbit fantasies still had some life in them, absent whips and chains, the troop's senior leadership continued to frustrate me. I wanted to make Eagle Scout, but they kept denying me a leadership position, which was necessary for advancement. Just as all my friends were placed on other teams in school, all my friends were placed on other patrols in scouts. Just as the senior leaders denied me a spot as patrol leader, they refused to transfer me to a different patrol. When I was not inducted into the Order of the

Arrow, and several idiots were, it was the last straw. I had stuck it out for three years, so my father allowed me to telephone the scoutmaster to resign. Immediately afterward, Charlie Westcott called to say the boys wanted me back. Several of the senior boys approached the scoutmaster on my behalf, and they asked to form an elite patrol with me as the leader. Their request was granted, but it was too late.

Maybe I would have made Order of the Arrow if I had voted for myself, but it didn't seem right. The Bye Brothers, Rob and Pat, had no such qualms. In the days before the election, they gave out candy to the younger scouts as they ran for what I regarded as a sacred office. Maybe they gave out pornography, too, since I remember an early glimpse of a magazine, which Rob showed to me. Horny as I was, if they had approached me with that offer, I probably would have voted for them myself. Rob had a pretty good sense of humor. One time, he decorated his hair with flowers, flouncing and prancing over to a neighboring troop, to challenge them, on our behalf, to a football game.

A similar thing occurred when I played little league baseball. When we voted for players to make the all-star team, it did not seem right that I should vote for myself, so I lost the election by two votes—the one I took from myself and the same one, which I gave to Jeb Hannum.

My father and Jock Hannum coached our team, SNB, sponsored by a local bank. Jock was a good fellow. He and Daddy were both easy-going, and they had a laid-back coaching style. If a boy

wanted to play a position, he was given a chance to do so. We didn't play to win; we played to learn and have fun. For God's sake, it was only little league. In the words of Grantland Rice, a sportswriter who studied classics at the University of the South,

*For when the One Great Scorer comes
To mark against your name,
He writes—not that you won or lost—
But how you played the game.*

Normally, I played third base, the hot corner. My only real friend, Blair Hickey, played first base. And Jock's son, Jeb, played centerfield. Innings had a limited number of batters to prevent endless games between mismatched teams. One time, we were finally going to win, and I was pitching. With the bases loaded, all I had to do was walk the last batter, since we led by three runs. Through a misguided sense of sportsmanship, Jock and my dad told me to let the batter hit the ball. I did. The boy hit the ball straight to Jeb Hannum in centerfield, who dove and failed to catch it. With an inside-the-park home run, the other team scored a grand slam, winning the game. We were the losingest team in the league.

Sometimes I still see my old coach, Jock Hannum. I am friends with his ex-wife's son, and we attend the same church.

Jock is the great-grandson of Illuminati financier and railroad baron Edward Henry Harriman, who destroyed countless people's lives. When you're treated unfairly, they don't call it "being

railroaded” for nothing. Harriman held a twenty-thousand-acre estate near Tuxedo, New York, while he controlled the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Illinois Central, and the Wells Fargo Express Company. As Harriman said, “Cooperation means ‘Do as I say, and do it damned quick.’” In his spare time, he travelled to Japan, whence he brought six jiu-jitsu wrestlers, who performed for him and others, possibly inspiring John DuPont, whom the film Foxcatcher portrayed and who features in the foreword to this book. Harriman’s expedition to Alaska named many glaciers in Prince William Sound, where my daughter and I would later view sea otters, and where the Exxon-Valdez oil spill caused so much devastation. In the words of Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid, “Mr. Harriman doesn’t care about you.”

Jock Hannum’s father was a local boy who married a Harriman. Because of Jock’s mother’s, Nancy’s, connections, his father was appointed a United States District Court Judge. The judge never rose to the Court of Appeals. If you have that kind of influence, and you are not appointed to the appellate court, you don’t have much going for you. Once an Asian-American lawyer asked the judge for an extension, more time to prepare his client’s case. Judge Hannum snapped back, “Did you give us extra time at Pearl Harbor?”

Jock’s mother, Nancy, was the master of Mr. Stewart’s Cheshire Foxhounds, the local hunt, for many years. Her stepfather, Plunkett Stewart, built the Unionville horse country, featured in Alfred Hitchcock’s Marnie, when he bought up small farms and invited his

friends from New York to invade the area. Nancy Hannum continued the job, and she did a great deal for land conservation, as she promoted foxhunting. Once she replaced her neighbors' fences, without their permission, while they vacationed. Another time she brandished her whip at a police officer, defending the right of a passer-by in a car to stop and watch the hounds work, enjoying his sport. As Mrs. Hannum grew older, her body, battered from being thrown, taking high gates, could no longer bear the strain of following hounds on horseback—but that didn't stop her. She continued to follow them in her Jeep Wagoneer, barreling across the fields. The last time I saw her was with her son, at an Easter egg hunt held on Seth Bradford's property. As Jock and I chatted in the kitchen, his mother complimented me on the exemplary care I gave my two-year-old daughter. It was impressive to her that a man could change a diaper so quickly, which I did, when I called a halt to the start of the hunt, because Lily had a full load in her pants. Whether you liked her or not, Nancy Hannum was a force to be reckoned with. Her portrait hangs above the fireplace at The Whip, a local pub in Springdell.

Jock's great uncle was Averell Harriman, a member of Skull and Bones, the Club of Rome, and the Council on Foreign Relations, who financed Hitler's rise to power. Together with Prescott Bush, George W. Bush's grandfather, whom the Harrimans rescued from obscurity when he lost his fortune in the Stock Market Crash of 1929, Harriman created the German Steel Trust or Vereinigte Stahlwerke,

which produced over one half of Nazi Germany's pig iron; over one third of Nazi Germany's explosives, galvanized steel, and heavy plate; and almost a quarter of Nazi Germany's wire. Hitler never could have launched World War II without the Harrimans' and the Bushes' support, from which they made millions. They should have been tried for treason, and executed, but instead they succeeded to the highest levels of government.

When the Bushes and the Harrimans weren't financing Hitler, they conspired with the DuPonts and other Illuminist families to overthrow the United States government. In the Business Plot, also known as the Fascist Coup, a cabal of industrialists approached General Smedley Butler with a scheme to depose President Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom they hated, to undo the New Deal. Roosevelt had announced the United States would stop using its military in Latin America. That would never fly. Through the School of the Americas, at Fort Benning, where my family friends served, CIA taught terrorists how to kill and torture in the Western Hemisphere. The bloody hand of OPERATION CONDOR would cause tens of thousands of deaths, as only Venezuela and Cuba stood against imperialism. Following the Monroe Doctrine, unwarranted interference continued when CIA supported drug lords like Noriega and Escobar, flooding our inner cities with cocaine, while George Bush escalated the War on Drugs. General Butler had fought in the Banana Wars to protect the interests of the United Fruit Company and in the Boxer Rebellion to protect business

interests in China. Because of his former rôle in upholding monied interests abroad, the conspirators thought they could recruit him to muster an army of five hundred thousand to overthrow the government, that they could control coverage in the press, and that they could subjugate or eliminate President Roosevelt. Boy were they wrong.

Smedley Butler was born in West Chester, Pennsylvania, the county seat, only ten miles from my house, an area once known as Turk's Head. This American hero grew up the son of Congressman Thomas Butler in the Butler House on Miner Street, a federalist building, with trees given by the Emperor of Japan to Admiral Matthew Perry growing in his backyard. A birthright Quaker, he left the Haverford School, next door to Haverford College, where I taught a course on heroism, when he reached the age of sixteen, to serve in the Spanish-American War, started by Illuminist William Randolph Hearst. Butler won the Medal of Honor twice, once in Mexico, from which drugs and immigrants now invade our country, and once in Haiti, where an earthquake caused by HAARP gave the American military a chance to invade, the Illuminists a chance to enslave the Haitians, selling their bodies for sex and organs, and the Clintons a chance to cash in while they prate of humanitarian aid. In his salad days, Butler was a Marine, who wore their insignia, the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor, tattooed across his chest, from his throat to his waist. Tattoos often mark those who fall under the influence of Illuminists, who brand their slaves like cattle, just as the Nazis numbered the arms of their victims in the camps,

Hollywood stars and beautiful women deface their bodies today, and the crowned heads of Europe wore tattoos at the turn of the century. The Illuminati must have gotten into Butler at some point, or why else would they trust him? Perhaps they spotted him as a troublemaker early on, they hypnotized him to be suicidally brave, and they overplayed their hand. Like General Charles Gordon, who figures in the third volume of this series, Butler broke conditioning.

The plotters thought Butler was on their side. Traitors like the Harrimans, Bushes, and DuPonts tried to buy him with thirty million dollars and a co-president position, but he was not for sale. After playing along to learn more, Butler blew the whistle on the Business Plot, which he reported to Congress. The conspirators included William Randolph Hearst, Howard Heinz, E.F. Hutton, Andrew W. Mellon, J.P. Morgan, J. Howard Pew, Rockefeller Associates, U.S. Steel, General Motors, Goodyear Tires, Chase National Bank, and Felix Warburg, who married the daughter of Jacob Schiff, who financed many of the Illuminati's wars and projects, brother to Paul Warburg, a charter member of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Federal Reserve. The plot of these scum to overthrow the federal government was foiled, thanks to Smedley Butler, but not one ever faced trial. Later they would kill President Kennedy, arrange the attacks on the World Trade Center, and today their descendants hold the highest positions in the shadow government. Butler later wrote a book, War Is A Racket, exposing the criminality of war profiteers and advocating for peace. He

died mysteriously, poisoned at the age of fifty-eight, on his estate in the Radnor Hunt Country.

When my baseball coach's great-uncle, Averell Harriman, wasn't financing Hitler, trying to overthrow the United States government, and helping to poison the American war hero who crossed him, he singlehandedly destabilized Việt Nam, paving the way for the war in which the Vietnam Builders would make billions, while CIA smuggled guns, slaves, and heroin in the Golden Triangle. Next to Afghanistan, where the 911 false flag attacks started a war that cost America more than one trillion dollars over a nineteen-year period, Việt Nam is the largest producer of heroin in the world. That's why Harriman staged a coup there, ordering the assassination of South Việt Nam's president without President Kennedy's approval, shortly before the same cabal killed Kennedy. The coup led to increased Việt Cộng attacks and a series of eight successive governments in South Việt Nam, where my family friend George Ring, who is buried in Arlington, was gassed with Agent Orange. These actions did not stop Jock's great uncle, Averell Harriman, from participating in peace talks.

Meanwhile, I knew Jock Hannum only as my baseball coach, a low-key gentleman who had served in the Marines during Việt Nam. Word was the war had messed him up pretty bad, and he had a hard time readjusting to life in the country. He is a good fellow who taught me always to swing at the ball when I had two strikes. That was more often than one might expect. I had a good batting average, with a few

home runs; but, at first, I had no eyeglasses, and, then, because of hypnotic commands, I did not wear them to play. My eye doctor, Barry Kanofsky, who still writes my prescription, said, "It's amazing he can see the ball." When on deck, I used to watch the pitcher throw, counting the time the ball took to pass between the mound and home plate.

One, two, three....

One, two....

Okay, about two and a half.

Then I would know when to swing to hit the ball. I will always go down swinging.

The Kennett Square Golf and Country Club, where we learned to dance at a provincial cotillion, afforded another chance for me to use my brain to make up for the deficiency in my eyes. I had tortoiseshell glasses, just like Diana Prince, but no contact lenses; so, like Marilyn Monroe in How To Marry A Millionaire, I went to cotillion every month, unable to see, because I thought I looked better. Boys wore navy blue jackets, ties, khakis, and penny loafers; and girls wore white gloves, to their wrists, as they sat ankles crossed, hands folded in their laps. On the first night, someone always fell ass over teakettle as his new leather soles betrayed him, slipping on the ballroom floor. Once a month Mrs. Howell, whom we called Mrs. Click-Click, because of the castanets she wore on her hand, raising her arm and calling us to order, led us through the customary fox trot, lindy hop, cha-cha, and waltz, as a trio played numbers like "Tea for Two." Then, I met a young blonde

woman to whom I took an inexplicable fancy, believing myself to be in love. That's always the result of hypnotism. Now, I cannot think of anything about Megan McCarthy that drew me to her; and I remember only, for no apparent reason, I was reading The Beautiful and the Damned by F. Scott Fitzgerald, which I associated, in my teenage mind, with our dances. After each dance, the young ladies moved three partners down the circle, so Megan moved away from me. Each dance, I kept count.

Now she's three away.

Now she's six away.

Now she's nine away.

Finally, Mrs. Howell announced that we could choose our partner for the next dance, so I strode straight to Megan, and we danced together. I never saw her again, except last year her name appeared on a ballot. In an upset, Megan McCarthy King was elected as a judge of the Superior Court. Her webpage indicates that she attended the Illuminist stronghold of Vanderbilt, followed by law school at Pitt, another hub of mind control.

Otherwise, our school supported one sport per season, and the trash at CIA, who have worked to destroy everyone in my life, from the moment of my birth, tried to keep me from playing sports. Although I was perfectly healthy, the school doctor insisted I had a heart murmur, so he would not let me try out for the soccer team. That night, I went with my mother to our family doctor, who after a prolonged

examination, could find neither a heart murmur nor a veinous hum; so we had Dr. Soraruf write a separate note clearing me for try-outs. In try-outs, I scored a goal in the scrimmage, but I did not make the team.

Two years later, in high school, I would show promise as a wrestler; but the coach did not invite me to join the team, even though we had a j.v. squad to which admission was automatic. In ninth grade, I seldom had a gym partner; so, one day, I ended up paired with Chick McLaughlin, a good fellow, who outweighed me thirty pounds of muscle. Still, I did amazingly well against him, and he beat me only by the slimmest of margins, purposely allowing me to gain a point in an escape because he knew he could win two points back in a takedown. Everyone watched our bout, and Carl Benson, the gym teacher, who coached wrestling, complimented Chick on his strategy, discoursing on the point system. You would think that Mr. Benson would have followed up by asking me to join the team or at least sit in on a practice; but he did not.

As an academically talented student, I had special classes once a week with James Hoover. The very name of our course was suspicious, since CIA calls MK-ULTRA "the program," they call artificial telepathy dependent on implants "A.T.," and we were in the A.T. Program. The head of the A.T. Program, Mr. Hoover, had worked at the National Security Agency. He told us once the NSA had a satellite that could take a picture of a golf ball, but this failed to impress me. I did not understand the satellite was being used against us, but I figured we

needed this technology to watch the Soviet Union. As he ran the gifted program—gifted to the cartel that is—Mr. Hoover told us that he used to monitor all the telephone calls coming in and out of the United States, a fact I would remember when I studied at Cambridge, and I self-censored trans-atlantic calls, hoping to stay off a list. Mr. Hoover was burnt out. Once he asked what kept us going, and how we got out of bed in the morning. I did not understand his question. No matter how bad things get, I never give up. The thought never enters my head.

BOOK SIX: LORELEI

My family did not make many friends in Pennsylvania, but we stayed in touch with those from New Jersey.

Until the older children graduated, we visited first the Green Mountains of Vermont, and then the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, every Columbus Day Weekend with two other families, the Curtisses and the Dunns. At the time there was a push to recognize Leif Erikson Day, at the front of the weekend, so we always left on Friday.

Even the drive up was interesting, although my father sometimes got lost, having to stop for directions to our rented cabin. Then we would tease him, telling him not to take another short cut, which always seemed to lengthen the trip. In 1976, in our old Ford Country Squire, whose left rear door would not open, I listened raptly to Gordon Lightfoot sing "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald," so that's how I got the news of the big ship sinking on Lake Superior the year before. At other times, we sang songs or played car games like I Am Going To Boston.

We had met our friends through our church in Westfield, where our minister, Phil Dietrich, dressed as a criminal for Halloween, with a woman's pantyhose distorting his features, pulled taught over his face. The minister named his son Hans Dietrich, after the villain in The Rat Patrol, a popular television show. Bob and Pat Curtis had two girls, Lindsey and Lauren, who were five and three years older than I.

Pem and Jo Ann Dunn had a girl and a boy, Laurie and Scott, who were also five and three years older, respectively.

Aside from the Poconos, where we spent a weekend in the fall, we would always share Christmas with the Dunns and the Curtisses. One time, Laurie babysat me and my brother, and we watched How The Grinch Stole Christmas. I remember her joking about how silly the Hoos were, suggesting that I imagine the people actually singing the words. Our families sang Christmas carols; and, at night, we made a ritual of lighting a candle, pinning an ornament on a felt advent calendar, shaped like a Christmas tree, which my mother made, and singing a carol. Over Christmas, which I still view as the entire month of December, or as the twelve days, we would go carolling with the other families, and our friends would give us cookies, red and white baked dough, twisted to resemble candy canes. As if it were not bad enough that CIA led us to sing Rudolph, instead of a proper yuletide song, Laurie taught me the smart-alec variations; and, like the other children, she encouraged a belief in Santa Claus, as the CIA tried to use our fun, silliness, and kindness to destroy Christmas.

Still, there were real moments, and I loved Christmas Eve. First, at church, we enacted the nativity pageant, my brother and me wearing sheep and camel costumes my father made from chicken wire and papier-mâché, although one year I insisted on being an angel, a generic rôle usually reserved for girls. As I pointed out to our parents and the organizers, the only angels named in the Bible were men. I'm

pretty sure Laurie backed me up on this. The minister's son, Hans Dietrich, who dreamt of riches, wore the best kid outfit; and there was always a baby to play Jesus. Then we would go to one of our families' houses, and spend the evening together, while our parents drank wassail. One Christmas Eve on the Curtisses' piano, I puzzled out "The First Noël."

Laurie's dad, Pemberton Dunn, was a pilot for the commercial airlines, who learned to fly in the Navy. Later he retired with his family to Colorado, a mind control hub, run by the Air Force, where he took up painting. As I write this book, I am looking at an early oil he did of Lake Arrowhead, where we sometimes holidayed, which hangs above our fireplace. It is a family joke that rainclouds menace the waterscape: we never seemed to get fair weather! Mr. Dunn was one of the last commercial pilots to have a good gig. Before long, the airlines would use the Bankruptcy Code to defraud their employees out of their pensions while lowering salaries across the board.

Pem married a pretty girl from Texas, Jo Ann, who grew up drinking fluorinated water in the 1950s. Fluorine is a poison that calcifies the pineal gland. The Nazis put it in municipal water supplies to pacify Jews, and CIA does the same to us; but, the first I heard of it, it was the reason Mrs. Dunn had strong teeth.

The Dunns were Mayflower descendants. I remember a mention of Mr. Dunn's namesake, Pemberton, as Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The family claimed descent from Nathan

Hale, a martyr in the War of Independence. This American hero graduated from Yale at age eighteen, and he became a schoolteacher. After he was elected a first lieutenant in the Connecticut Militia, he served under George Washington in Manhattan. General Washington was desperate to determine the location of an imminent British invasion, so he needed a scout to travel behind enemy lines. Only Hale volunteered. Although brave, he was a lousy spy, and the British captured him. Scott and Laurie, the Dunns' children, told me the actual quotation was different, possibly inspired by Cato, but I learned Hale's final words as follows. When his captors asked him if he had any regrets, he replied, "I regret only that I have but one life to give for my country." In 1776, a ballad was written to put the news out, expressing Hale's attitude toward death:

*Thou pale king of terrors,
Thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave!
Go frighten the slave!*

*Tell tyrants to you
Their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave!
No fears for the brave!*

Even though my family remained neutral during the War of Independence, Hale inspires me. I guess not everyone who goes to Yale is a bad guy.

True to their heritage, the Dunns lived in an old house dating back to colonial times, with a well out front and an ancient tree in the backyard. During the Bicentennial, their children were active in the fife and drum corps, and Scott later served as an officer in the Navy, just like his dad. I remember making a fort inside the ancient tree, which was hollow, in the process of dying. And I tried to see inside the well. Had it not been boarded up, I certainly would have fallen to the bottom. Scott's mother told him, "Timmie has a problem." For a while, he thought I was retarded, but I was just a normal kid with a sense of adventure and a genius i.q.

The Dunns' home in Scotch Plains was only five miles from the Watchung Reservation, a forest of two thousand acres, burgeoning with satanism. Satanists slaughtered animals there, and police found evidence of sacrificed chickens, cats, dogs, and goats. One woman called herself Liz Blood, and she had a serpent tattooed on her hand. Constantly talking of the devil, she forced six children to go into the woods where she sacrificed a goat before their eyes. Strange ritual objects were found, some dangling from trees. More than one found a bowl of blood, or pulverized organs, next to pigeons with their necks snapped. A cult called the Witches was active in the area; and, in 1972, they spread the news they would kill a child on Halloween. All this was five miles from our friends the Dunns, and our friends the Rings lived right in the Watchung Mountains.

Less than five miles from our house, Springfield was home to a male degenerate called Mike, who claimed to be a warlock. He sexually assaulted female students at Jonathan Dayton High School, and he tried to rape Melissa Benner in 1972.

Some blamed the warlock for the murder of Jeannette DePalma, whose body was found surrounded by ritual objects in a strange and dismal place, high on the Devil's Teeth, a wooded cliff in Houdaille Quarry, formerly known as the Devil's Skull. Don Stewart, the fireman who found Jeannette DePalma with a wooden cross above her head, surrounded by a semicircle of stones, shot himself in the heart one year later. The teenager was strangled under the New Moon immediately after Lammas, or Lughnasadh, a major satanic holiday, when human or animal sacrifices are observed.

Strange things happened after the ritual murder. The DePalma Curse struck the Springfield Fire Department, and it would cause others to divorce, go homeless, lose their jobs, and take leave for mental rehabilitation. When Jesse Pollack and Mark Moran investigated the murder many years later, in 2012, witnesses acted strange, and they looked scared. A microfilm of newspaper articles was deliberately destroyed, the Springfield police records were destroyed, and the Union County Prosecutor's Office refused to provide access to records.

Jeannette DePalma came from Springfield, a flashpoint of satanic mind control. On the outside, like Westfield, it looked like a cute little town; but the behavior of its residents shouted MK-ULTRA. One

man claimed he was a Martian, and a woman swept moonbeams from her driveway. People called another the Mechanical Man, because of his robotic walk, a common feature of mind control victims. Watch Mark Zuckerberg drink water, or look for robotic movements in yourself or your neighbors, and you'll see what I mean. In the 1960s, Dr. José Delgado controlled animal and human behavior, emotions, and movements using cybernetic implants and microwave transmissions, much like the ones that drove the Mechanical Man. The nonsense speech that plagues victims could be seen in a resident called Fah. Fah walked the town, late at night, slapping one street sign after another, crying "**Fah!**" with each blow. Another resident, Beverly Manoff, was raped, stabbed, and murdered at home in a crime that remains unsolved.

Some said Jeannette DePalma expressed interest in witchcraft before she was murdered. Whether that's true or not, she showed signs of mind control. In high school, she was a quiet girl, but one classmate found her remarkable because of her black corduroy jacket, one of a kind, which featured bursting rainbows on the back. The scum use colors for programming, so rainbows signal MK-ULTRA.

DePalma's family converted from Roman Catholicism to a strange evangelical church, the Assemblies of God Evangel, to which they drove every Sunday, from their cute suburban town into the urban blight of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Everyone in the church showed signs of satanic mind control, much like those in The Omen, which hit the

cinema in 1976, replete with cartel signalling. Their pastor, James Tate, threw demons from the congregants, who would shout, "Satan is out of me!" Tate himself described satanic mind control, saying,

These kids tell us that when they are on drugs, they are in the control of Satan. They do things they don't want to do, and say things they don't want to say.

At Jeannette DePalma's church, when not casting demons, people spoke in tongues, screaming and jumping. In their off hours, the congregation tried to round up down-on-their-luck hippies and street kids, proselytizing like Moonies, the mind-controlled followers of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, on whom Laurie Dunn wrote a school report.

Cisco Wheeler, the grand-niece of the chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Fritz Springmeier, a renowned conspiracy theorist, describe how Assembly of God Churches, which are fronts for satanic activity, use porcelain face programming, in which a wax mask is placed on the victim, who thinks his or her face has melted. The programmer pretends to be a god or hero, telling the victim he will give a new face. Wheeler says some male victims have drooping eyelids, although I believe the drooping eyelid, which I have seen on my friends, indicates the application of a fish-hook. Masks figure in films with satanic cartel signalling, from HBO's Carnivàle to Stanley Kubrick's Eyes Wide Shut, which features Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, who have suffered terribly under PROJECT MONARCH.

Meanwhile, in neighboring Mountainside, when I was five, Gregg Sanders killed his parents with an axe, leaving an apologetic note.

To Whom It May Concern:

I am sorry for the trouble I caused.

I am not in any way mad at my parents.

I just can't take it anymore.

Well, I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

Good Luck,

Gregg Sanders

Sanders collected books on Adolf Hitler and Nazi memorabilia. After murdering his family, he walked through the snow to the water tower, a locus of satanic activity, which he climbed. Overlooking the skyline of Manhattan, he slit his wrist and leapt to his death. His autopsy revealed he was not under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

Aside from providing a nearby focal point for satanic activity, the Watchung Reservation was used by the Indian Guides and the Girl Scouts. The Lenape Indians had lived there, and, after a misunderstanding, in which one of their braves was shot, they almost burned a Dutch captain at the stake in the late 1600s. Princess Wetumpka, who was travelling with the Dutch, intervened. Having saved Chief One Feather earlier, she successfully stopped Captain Michaelson from being burned alive. We learned these things in Indian Guides, and Laurie's Girl Scout troop hiked in the woods, full of the remains of ancient Indian settlements and recent satanic sacrifices. It is

impossible for me to believe the girls in that troop, who would have been irresistible to local programmers, were not sexually abused, mind controlled, and made to forget what happened, especially given the existence of a vast tunnel system, and underground facilities, emanating from Fort Dix, which must access the Watchung Reservation.

Certainly, the Dunns showed signs of satanic mind control. I first heard of One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest, by Ken Kesey, from Laurie. Kesey, who was paid to take part in MK-ULTRA experiments at Stanford, with his subsequent promotion of LSD and the Grateful Dead, was an obvious mind control victim. I first heard of the Moonies, who believed their leader was the messiah, from Laurie. I first heard of Stephen King from Laurie, as she read Salem's Lot, and we discussed The Amityville Horror. I first learned about the Donner Party, who were forced to practice cannibalism, as well as Alive, another story of cannibalism, from Laurie. I first learned the devil horns handsign from Laurie and Scott, whose high school team was the Blue Devils, just as a team near my home in Unionville would be the Blue Demons. I also learned to use a spirit board from them.

Ouija boards often figure in satanic mind control. They involve an interest in the occult, and participants ask questions, and possibly directions, from spirits. The spirit world serves as cover to explain arranged meetings, déjà vu, premonitions, and voice-to-skull whispers, all products of mind control. The board works only because of directions sent to cybernetic implants through microwaves. Our

abusers see through our eyes, and they move our hands, so we spell out words. The board's action seems inexplicable. Someone always says, "You're cheating. You're pushing it." But no one is. Some may naïvely believe spirits move the planchette, but we believed, equally naïvely, our subconscious minds did the work. That seems ridiculous to me now, as what once seemed a parlor game becomes sinister in my sight. Aleister Crowley used the things, and Stephen King made one figure large in The Stand. Patricia List, the self-styled witch whose father murdered her in Westfield, consulted a ouija board; and, at the instigation of the Dunns, we played with one on our fall weekends.

In the 1960s and 1970s, there was a lot of satanism on t.v. and the movies, and the Dunns were into it. Dark Shadows is only one example, which schoolkids raced home to watch. It featured zombies, man-made monsters, and a parallel universe—the hallmarks of MK-ULTRA. An older example was Bell, Book, and Candle, which involves hypnotism, sexual slavery, and animal familiars. Fritz Springmeier discusses the film at length, and the ways the Illuminati use it for programming, in a book he wrote with Cisco Wheeler, the grand-niece of the head of Joint Chiefs of Staff. Throughout my childhood, innumerable horror films with Vincent Price were a staple on the back channels. Then there was Bewitched, which picked up a satanic theme. I had a strange affinity for this one, which I associate with my abuser Wanda. It reminds me of the suburban environment of the 1970s, my female abusers were often blonde, and I remember seeing it on t.v.

Not only did public television start in nearby Newark, but one program came from my home town. In Westfield, Charles Addams was born. He drew the Addams Family comics, which became a t.v. show, full of satanic signalling. He vacationed at Cape May, where we went to the beach, and he based his drawings on a house there. Somehow a copy of one of his books landed on our shelf, but no one remembered buying it. The drawings turned into The Addams Family, a program syndicated in the 1970s. The t.v. show seemed campy and ridiculous, and we all watched it; but the jokes were sick, and there were frequent references to torture. Uncle Fester looked like Aleister Crowley, the satanist that sired Barbara Bush. Gomez Addams looked crazed, but Scott Dunn said he was cool, and I took his word for it. His wife Morticia appeared in a trance, wide-eyed, as she invoked,

O Fire of Salem! O Flame of Satan!

Their son, Pugsley, vandalized the town, endangering drivers, stealing signs that read "Bridge Out." And their daughter, Wednesday, took her name from a nursery rhyme, "Wednesday's Child Is Full Of Woe."

The Illuminati love to use nursery rhymes and folk songs for programming. Years later, I would see Wednesday's rhyme in the house of Joy Booth, a relative of John Wilkes Booth, who grew up a short distance from Westfield. Luciferians abused her family for generations, and she had the ice blue eyes and flaxen hair prized by the scum. As FBI

Special Agent Ted Gunderson would testify, a blonde child will fetch fifty thousand at auction. In Joy's kitchen sat the rhyme,

Monday's child is fair of face.

Tuesday's child is full of grace.

Wednesday's child is full of woe.

Thursday's child has far to go.

Friday's child is loving and giving.

Saturday's child works hard for a living.

Sunday's child need earn no income

'Cause her ways are fair and winsome.

The Booths seem to have an affinity for giving their daughters names that describe fair qualities. Cherie Booth married Tony Blair, the prime minister of England, and Joy, who plays an important part in this series, was very beautiful. In the short time I knew her, I felt joy in her presence, though she was unhappy. Certainly, she was fair and winsome.

Before her parents' divorce, Joy's father compared her to Sunday's child. Because of her abuse by luciferian scum, people thought Joy was stupid when she was little, which was far from the case. The psychologists put Joy in a room, looking her over, to see what was wrong with her, implanting her with cybernetics, as they would later

implant her at Tulane, as they implanted us all. Her father said, “Well, Joy, you may be dumb, but at least you’re pretty....”

Still, years later, as Joy and I spent the night in Balch Hall, I asked about her father, and her decision to go to Scripps, and she told a different story.

“My mother wanted me to go to Montclair State. My father wanted me to do better.”

The scum tried to poison Joy against her father, forcing her to relive an insensitive comment, but he sounds like a good dad. I am glad I could remind her of that. Whoever may help her, I hope my daughter sees through the lies others tell about me.

Any time authorities single out a child for special treatment, it is a warning sign. They want to get that child alone, to make a purposeful misdiagnosis, and to drug him or her. The doctors may or may not be in on it. Another example from Westfield concerned children singled out for speech class. In the beginning of first grade, a visitor asked us to say certain words; and if our interrogator prescribed help for speech, we got special classes, alone, in another part of the building. Two tow-headed twins, Donald and David, had to take speech. Twins are irresistible to the scum at MK-ULTRA, as they were to Dr. Mengele, who tortured my grandfather, and many others, under the program, calling himself Dr. Green, after he was spirited out of Nazi Germany under OPERATION PAPERCLIP. David and Donald had nosebleeds, a sign of recent cybernetic implants. Their dad had one

kidney, so he spent time in the hospital. Something was going on with that family.

The only other child I remember whom Washington Elementary School required to take speech was a girl named Dana. In a programmed incident, I walked in on her, while she was in our class's lavatory. She stood, not sat, naked before me, her pudenda on display. It was the first time I saw a naked girl. The scum thought it would excite me, but I was only embarrassed, asking Dana's apology, and shutting the door.

All of us were quickly placed in the gifted program, and CIA would even move one particularly bright boy back in my way years later. Todd Brecher, who went to Yale for undergraduate work and Berkeley for law school, later becoming vice president and general counsel for several different companies including Spectrum (formerly Time Warner Cable), Cablevision, and Steinway & Sons, suddenly bumped into my family in a large parking lot, years after we left New Jersey, on his way to the Synchronicity Tour. The idiots wanted me to acquire an interest in the Police, which I later did, buying all their albums; but the random encounter with Todd did nothing to promote their music. Maybe that's because one of the female degenerates that programmed me undermined him earlier, saying that Jews have dirty hands.

Aside from placement in gifted programs, where children are gifted to the cartel, I was lucky not to be singled out for special

treatment, as I might have been with Jo Ann Dunn for a mother. Our mutual friend, Bob Curtis, was a social worker, a common job for MK-ULTRA victims, since the program uses people in the system to interfere with or, ideally, destroy families. I know because my daughter has been taken from me solely because of the political website I maintain, telling stories like the one you are reading, about illegal government activity, as it is my right to do under the First Amendment.

Together, the Dunns, the Curtisses, and the Shelleys would travel every fall to the mountains, where we would spend a long weekend together. Those were my vacations as a boy, two weeks at the beach, to swim in the ocean, and a weekend in the mountains, to hike. Once we rode horses, and I always wanted to canoe, but, except for one summer with the Dunns at our home in Pennsylvania, on the Brandywine, it was too cold. That was before man-made climate change, courtesy of CIA PROJECT CLOVERLEAF and USAF INDIGO SKY FOLD, through which planes spray us with chemtrails containing aluminum, barium, strontium, fungus, slime mold, and nanotechnology.

Scott Dunn was a bad influence, but not terrible. Too much of the time, we would pick on Lauren Curtis and my brother, Michael, as we were programmed to do. One time, Lauren ran away from home right before our trip to the mountains, an understandable course of action since we used to tease her so much and an ironic one since her father was a social worker. As Lauren Curtis pointed out to me, Scott

and I would treat her kindly when alone, but the three of us were a bad combination. I hope I listened to her and acted like less of a jerk. Following Scott's lead, another weekend, we played Nazis the whole time, occasionally listening to the Soviet station on the short-wave radio. No one corrected us.

It was the seventies, and then the early eighties, which did not know they were not the seventies. Mostly we played games like Masterpiece, Pit, and chess. In the evening, in front of the fire, my father would play the guitar, we would sing songs, and the children would put on a comedy revue. On the porch, a bag of winesap apples sat, hard and sour, good by themselves or with crackers and cheddar-port spread. While the parents drank mulled wine after dark, the kids drank spiced tea by day. It was a mix of instant iced tea, orange Tang (drunk by the astronauts), and God knows what.

In 1980, the year before we went to England, spiced tea afforded numerous chances for me to spend time with Laurie Dunn, who was sixteen when I was eleven, and for whom I had come to feel a combination of lust, fondness, and respect. Although I was accustomed to cooking over an open fire, my mother told me not to use the stove myself, but to have someone boil water for me. I didn't mind at all. This gave me a chance to ask Laurie for help. As it rained, I sat in the kitchen of the A-frame, hanging out with her, wearing my Pennsylvania tuxedo, a red and black checked wool jacket, drinking cup after cup of tea.

The kitchen was the place. As we waited for the water to boil, Laurie told me about Salem's Lot, which she was reading. I gazed longingly at her body while she fiddled with the kettle. Mornings were even better. A wall that did not reach the ceiling separated the kitchen from the washroom, the sink on one side and the shower on the other. I sat at the table, while sausage rang in the pan, dreaming, while Laurie showered, naked, only feet away. It was even better than the time we went camping in the summer, when it was so hot that Laurie retreated to her family's tent, so she could hang out topless. Just to know she was over there, just to imagine her body, filled me with excitement.

The best thing ever would have been to go to the beach with the Dunns. For two weeks every summer, we went to Long Beach Island, and I would have walked through fire to have spent the fortnight with Laurie. If there was one thing that was almost as good as imagining her naked—soaping and washing her pert breasts, running her hands over her lean belly, shampooing her woolly bush—it was to picture Laurie in a bathing suit. She told me she did not usually wear a bikini, but, still, a one-piece would show off her thighs, strong from hiking, bared to the hip. So I dreamt of her, hopping waves in the cold surf, lying on the hot sand, or throwing a frisbee. I asked my mother if the Dunns could go to the shore with us, but they usually went to Colorado.

My programming may have misfired, suggestions going awry, as I lusted after Laurie. Under hypnosis, my abuser had directed

me to an older girl with grey hair, meaning Jill Angel, with whom I was abused in England, and who flashed her breasts at me in America. Instead, I went for Laurie Dunn, whose hair also had a greyish tinge. Jill was two years older, but Laurie had me by five. With her shorts and hiking boots, she may later have become confused with Lara Croft, a superheroine, like Wonder Woman, about whom I was entrained to have rape fantasies.

Certainly, my fantasies about Laurie bordered on assault, as I imagined myself hiding in the bathroom to surprize her in the shower, a theme picked up in Dressed To Kill, where I would dream of ravishing Angie Dickinson, and in Revenge of the Nerds, where, to the tune of Mission Impossible, Lewis breaks into a sorority house to surprize Betty in her ablutions. Radio commercials broadcast Betty's exclamation:

That nerd saw me naked!!!

Laurie's Girl Scout sash provided a chance to touch her body, as I spoke with her, asking about her merit badges. Starting with one at her breast, which I indicated with my finger, sometimes barely touching, sometimes not, I worked my way through Laurie's sash, down her midriff, across her hip, and culminating at her privates, looking in her eyes as she told me how she earned each badge.

This encounter was programmed. I don't remember the session, but I do recall an odd colloquy between me and Laurie the year before, as I asked about her school report.

“Who are the Moonies?”

“They crowd you in airports. They stop you from getting through. My dad had a problem with them, but they couldn’t stop him. What do you know about them?”

“Nothing. What can you tell me?”

“Nothing. Believe me: they’re not worth knowing about. They just gave me this assignment. Let’s talk about something else. How about my merit badges?”

“I don’t know, Laurie. I’m supposed to ask you about them but not now...,” I trailed off.

Today I see that I pulled back because Laurie was not wearing her sash. I was programmed to ask only when she wore it, so I could touch her body. A year later it would be different. Then I would explore her womanly figure, as she slumbered, and ask about the sash the next day at the stables. But, then, I had not been triggered, so I changed the subject.

“How about some spiced tea? Can you help me?”

“Sure, you bet, Tim. Any time. I’ll make it for you.”

We went off to the kitchen, with Laurie to make herself a Swiss Miss instant cocoa and me a spiced tea.

When I was twelve, and Laurie seventeen, my programmers led me to assault. In the cabin, the kids all slept on the floor in sleeping bags. We stayed up late, telling ghost stories, and playing Truth or Dare.

Years before, Laurie taught me how to shuffle cards, gamble at poker, and play solitaire, a game featured in The Manchurian Candidate. Now, at Scott's direction, we played Strip Aces, a game he invented that night. Players were dealt one card at a time, face up, around the circle. If you got the Ace of Spades, you had to remove an article of clothing, displaying it to the group. We stayed covered in our sleeping bags the whole time, but I imagined Laurie naked under hers.

That night, as we lay next to each other, and my friend slept, I betrayed her trust, fondling her body through her down sleeping bag. Gently, I pressed and cupped the roundness of her breasts with my hands, feeling unsuccessfully with my thumb for her nipple. Softly, my hands moved over her stomach, slowly downward, touching the side of her hip, and still farther down, encircling and exploring the muscles first of her left thigh, then her right. After half an hour, I placed my hand directly on her pubic mound, slightly scratchy, as I felt her thick rough hair through the quilted material. I spent more than an hour groping Laurie's body as the room slept. At one point, I tried to unzip her bag; but, fortunately, she stirred, so I went no further.

The whole thing was a set up, from the placement of our sleeping bags, to the game led by Scott, to the repeated emphasis, all weekend, on Laurie's physical exhaustion. Because she was so tired, I knew my older friend would not wake as I lay next to her, gently manhandling her body.

The next day I felt unbelievably embarrassed about my misbehavior, and I am happy to say this is the only assault anyone has ever suffered at my hands. I feel deeply ashamed at my betrayal of the woman I admired. Although full of hormones, I should have resisted the hypnotic suggestion. What was once sexy, then forgotten, is now only creepy. If Laurie reads this, I hope she forgives me.

Certainly, Laurie stood up for me. The year before, when the Dunns got their Jeep Cherokee, the Cowboy Cadillac, I remember waking just before dawn, as we slept in the loft of the A-frame. One moment the room was pitch black. Then the first ray of sunshine broke the darkness, and we were quickly stirring. Laurie and I spoke about a book she was reading, and I told her some of the books I had read. She was slightly incredulous until she set me to task, asking me to read aloud from her book.

"You can't read this, Scott," she said to her brother. "He can read better than you can."

Scott objected, but Laurie broke in again.

"He's not retarded, Scott. He's just different. He's a genius or something. Look, Tim, try not to be so wild. He'll respect you more."

"Okay, Laurie, I can do that."

"See. All you have to do is talk to him."

Since her father was a Navy pilot, Laurie shared "Anchors Aweigh," the fight song of Annapolis, with me. She was an excellent teacher, testing my understanding, explaining things, and exploring

questions, as we learned together. It was my first Explication de Texte, a method I would use to parse language as a student, teacher, and lawyer.

*Stand, Navy, out to sea! Fight our battle cry!
We'll never change our course, so vicious foe steer shy.
Roll out the TNT. Anchors aweigh! Sail on to victory,
And sink their bones to Davy Jones. Hooray!*

*Anchors aweigh, my boys! Anchors aweigh!
Farewell to college joys, we sail at break of day.
Through our last night on shore, drink to the foam!
Until we meet once more,*

Here's wishing you a happy voyage home!

Our work began with a discussion of the title, particularly the word aweigh, why it had been chosen, and how it would differ from away. I had her attention as soon as I said it was spelled wrong, so we thought honestly about what it might mean. My second question concerned the first word, as I asked Laurie why it said stand rather than float, and she suggested that ships stand tall in the water. We took the song, line by line, word by word, and Laurie sang it for me, throwing in an occasional “Oh Lordy,” her own variation, which her mom said was all right. Following our discussion of vicious foes steering shy, Laurie glossed college joys, “Like in Animal House. You’ll see it when you’re older....”

Although I would not remember Laurie at the time, years later I would have the privilege of teaching a patriotic song to my daughter.

Before sailing on a lighthouse tour across the Chesapeake, we slept overnight at the Maryland Inn, Annapolis, where delegates of Congress stayed when George Washington resigned as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army. There they ratified the Treaty of Paris, signed two years after Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Cornwallis had earlier failed to control the war criminal, Sir Banastre Tarleton, colloquially known as the Butcher, as he encountered the Swamp Fox in the Carolinas. At Yorktown, with typical English rudeness, Lord Cornwallis refused to attend the surrender ceremony, claiming he was under the weather. Cornwallis's subordinate snubbed General Washington, attempting to surrender to the Count of Rochambeau, who, unlike his English enemy, had the good manners to refuse to accept the sword, indicating that Washington should receive it. Two years after Cornwallis's surrender, we finally got a peace treaty.

Only twenty years later, the English broke the treaty, boarding our ships and kidnapping our sailors. In the War of 1812, exactly two hundred years before my visit with my daughter to Annapolis, the English sailed up the Chesapeake, burning the capital, until we met them at Fort McHenry, a pentagonal bastion fort, south of Baltimore.

There Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," which I taught to my daughter, after a night of sushi, comic books, and a stroll of Annapolis, home to Laurie's fight song. As Laurie taught me, "The Star Spangled Banner" used the melody of an older song, "To

Anacreon in Heaven,” which is rather hard to sing. I think “America the Beautiful” is a much better song, but I feel privileged to have taught our national anthem to my daughter in the first peacetime capital of the United States, up the hill from the Naval Academy, two hundred years after it was written.

Back in 1980, the trash wanted to make me cry in front of Laurie. That’s what shit they are. We are talking about adult degenerates that not only poison dogs, rape children, and violate women with knives, fishhooks, and animals, but that seek to make small children cry. That’s what they get off on. Even today, the scum try this with me, using microwave harassment to tickle my throat into a cough, trying to stimulate my tear ducts, and laying in hypnotic commands to weep. With voice-to-skull technology, the white trash will say, “Squirt a few, Tim,” while they taunt me with the rape of my daughter. That’s a satisfaction they will never get, although, as with everything, they lie about it. They might as well tell a cook cutting an onion that he is sad. When I was eleven, I got the following commands, which failed, although they did use implants to stimulate my tear ducts. Were they in the cabin with us?

WAIT TILL YOU GET ON THE MOUNTAIN.

SHE’LL SEE YOU’RE A COWARD, AND YOU’LL CRY.

The next day, before we left for home, we rode wheeled cars down half-pipe runs at the ski resort. I feigned slight trepidation because I wanted to share a sled with Laurie so I could hold her body on

the way down. My friend indulged me; but, following our first run, and the lift-ride back up, she expressed a preference to fly solo.

I remember her looking in my eyes, asking after me, at the top.

“Are you sure you can go alone?”

“I can do it, Laurie. See you downslope.”

I went down the hill, fast, and it was no problem. My eyes watered, madly, from what I took to be the wind, but now I know the scum lay behind it. Certainly, I was not frightened.

At the bottom, Laurie looked in my face, wet with salty water, concerned for me, but I reassured her.

“Are you crying, Tim? Are you scared?”

“No, Laurie. It’s just the wind. Let’s go again!”

Another time, I noticed Laurie’s name spelled differently in her notebook, as she shared her homework materials with me: Lori. She told me she had changed it to the Nordic spelling with her father’s approval.

“My dad says I can spell it that way if I want to, as long as I keep the last name. That’s what’s important. We came over on the Mayflower.”

“What about when you get married? You’ll have to change your last name. You’ll be done with Dunn.”

“You’re smart, Tim. I like you. I guess I’ll take my husband’s name, but we can give my last name to my son.”

“I’d like to be your husband, Lori.”

“Tim, you’re too young right now. When you’re older, we’ll see.”

Still I pressed, “I’d like to be your husband, Lori. When I’m older. I know I’m younger than you now. Five years isn’t that much.”

“Tim, you’re sweet. I don’t know what to say about that. Let’s talk when you’re older.”

I changed the topic back to the Navy, and Lori explained the difference between enlisted personnel and officers.

“Will you join up? When you are older?”

“Join up is for sailors—or enlist. Officers sign on.”

“What’s the difference?”

“Enlisted follow. Officers lead.”

“You’d be an officer for sure then. You lead me.”

“Tim, believe me. You’d never be a sailor. You’d be an officer for sure.”

Later, Laurie, who changed her name back the following year, stood up for me, parsing her parents’ language and correcting them, “It’s funny how you keep calling him Timmie. He’s not a little kid any more.”

Laurie played language games with me, including riddles, and she inspired me to learn German. I believe she travelled in the Communist Bloc, where everyone was afraid to talk with her because of the STASI, whose leader Markus Wolf helped set up the Department of Homeland Security. The Dunns also had contact with some Austrian exchange students who called a local t.v. station to deny the Holocaust. Laurie taught me to speak Pig Latin, telling me to use it against Scott, if he ever gave me trouble, since he couldn't understand it. While Laurie read Salem's Lot, Scott read the Creepshow comic book. While she changed the spelling of her name to the Nordic Lori—possibly based on the Lorilei, described in Heine's poem, which I would read in German—Scott signed his worksheets for school as The Fonz.

On at least one occasion earlier, when I was much younger, my language with Scott had been programmed, as had my wildness, which Laurie later corrected. One weekend, our cabin had a series of photographs, featuring chimpanzees dressed in human clothing, with supposedly humorous captions underneath. As one raked in the chips at a poker game, he said, "Ain't just luck, boys. It takes brains." Another, surprized at the racetrack, exclaimed, "Gee, Boss, I thought you were in Florida." Since they were good for a laugh, I must have said these trite expressions one hundred times over the weekend.

I have seen the same thing in my daughter, who will go to "Quick, act natural!" She picked it up from friends a single time, and it was barely funny then, but she compulsively repeats it.

People do this with all kinds of slogans, from Crumb's "Keep on truckin'" in the seventies to "Where's the beef?" in the eighties to "Hey, man, don't have a cow" in the nineties to God knows what now. The expression is always trite, wasn't funny to begin with, and is repeated ad nauseam. A slightly more sophisticated version, mentioned in the appendices to this book, is to tell the same story habitually. Compulsive behavior, manic emotions, repetition, addiction, and neuro-linguistic programming are invariably signs of mind control.

I have no doubt the jejune posters were cartel signalling put in the cabin to mock us. As part of PROJECT MONARCH, CIA will use not only dogs but chimps to rape and abuse victims. Dr. José Delgado cybernetically implanted chimpanzees and humans under CIA auspices, so it comes as no surprize that the same chimps abuse us. China Lake was only one naval base that employed these obscene tactics, housing a chimp named Gabriel, which tickled bound victims. He was nothing next to China Lake's other denizens, including Elmore, which ate raw flesh, Toby and Zoro, which engaged in sadism of all sorts, and Rastice, which wielded an electro-shock scepter. Marianne Barnard, who was raped by Roman Polanski when she was ten, run by Henry Kissinger, and abused at Vandenburg Air Force Base told me that rape with chimps and dogs is common in PROJECT MONARCH; and Cathy O'Brien was forced to engage in sexual acts with animals. I would not be surprized if the scum had done this to us, wiped our memories, and decorated the rental cabin as a sick joke.

Pop culture is full of this sort of thing, from The Planet of the Apes, to King Kong, to Lancelot Link. The ever-popular King Kong suggests rape, from the original with Fay Wray, to the 1976 remake with Jessica Lange, to the 2005 remake with Naomi Watts. Likewise, the eminently forgettable Lancelot Link is replete with cartel signalling. Expensive for its time, it ran on Saturday mornings, after The Banana Splits, to which both I and Marilyn Lange, Playmate of the Year, were programmed at the soccer camp in Linden, New Jersey. The show contained all the bad puns that characterize MK-ULTRA, as it depicted chimp secret agents. Oddly, I had one of the comic books.

More welcome was the Glamour Magazine that appeared in the last cabin we rented with the Dunns, in 1984. Laurie Dunn and Lindsey Curtis had moved on to college, and we went to the beach instead of the mountains. A stack of magazines lay at the bottom of an end table, including one featuring Raquel Welch, to whom I was programmed, topless on a beach with a group of younger men. If the enemy put it there, it was probably designed to incite fantasies of gang rape; but all I could think was that I wanted to be at Raquel's service. To stand next to her, naked, like the men in the magazine, was the ultimate fantasy. Having seen her poster at the back of countless comic books, next to advertisements promising hypnotic powers, having had my programmers direct me to her, having seen her play Lust in Bedazzled, where Satan employs her against the protagonist, I wanted only to serve Raquel, and to enjoy her body, if she chose me from her herd of stallions.

It strikes me as odd that we maintained ties with Westfield, loaded with satanism, where the school sports team was the Blue Devils, and where the local newspaper made a game of putting 666 in headlines. Among other crimes, in our small town, there was the unsolved murder of Lena Triano, a quiet secretary, fifty-seven years old, who lived alone, and was raped, strangled, stabbed, and killed in March 1976. My mother has no memory of this, and she thinks of Westfield as a cute little town. We kept no similar ties with Richmond, where my parents lived for six years, or with Reading, where they went to high school. Meanwhile, we saw our friends, the Dunns, the Curtisses, the Roberts, the Kelds, and the Rings, all from Westfield.

In 1971, John List murdered his family in Westfield, before he dropped off the map, becoming the tri-state area's most wanted fugitive. The Lists lived at 431 Hillside Avenue in a nineteen-room Victorian house called Breeze Knoll. List's wife had syphilis, which destroyed her mind, and he did not seem right. The man wore a suit not only to his office, where he worked as an accountant, but also when he mowed the lawn. His sixteen-year-old daughter Patricia used LSD, and she called herself a witch. Patricia told everyone she belonged to a coven practicing satanism, and she claimed there was a secret altar in Westfield. John List shot his daughter and the rest of his family, dragging their bodies to the ballroom of his house, and leaving a weird five-page letter addressed to his minister. Strange books were found in the library, including Harry Ezekiel Wedek's Treasury of Witchcraft,

which Patricia often carried. As List indicated in his letter, he had intended to kill his family on November 1, All Saints Day, which ends the Illuminati's Season of Harvest. The police found their bodies on December 7, another day that seems significant in the satanic calendar, since it marks not only Pearl Harbor but my second commitment to a lunatic asylum.

The scum could keep me there for only one week, each time, but they tried to put me away, first on my forty-seventh birthday, Michaelmas, and two months later, on Pearl Harbor Day in 2016. Judge from this book whether I am insane.

CIA failed with me, but they succeeded with Otto Neil Nilson III, a sweet man who lived nine miles away in South Orange. Like our family friend, George Ring, Nilson went to Seton Hall, and he served in the military. He worked as an accountant, and he taught the catechism at his church. As his neighbor Alex Mason said, "Mr. Nilson was a very big guy and very sweet. If he came to our yard when the kids were playing ball, he would throw the ball around with them." Audrey Muratore called him a nice guy, and Curt Knoth said, "Everyone was always very excited to see Mr. Nilson come over to the house.... He was hilarious and had this really magnificent personality." As Daniel Gregg said, "He seemed like a really good guy to me before the divorce. He was active in the church, had a nice wife and five good kids." That was before CIA took him over, destroying his life and his mind.

In about 1970, when Nilson was thirty-six, he began acting oddly. Curt Knoth remembers playing Hot Wheels with his son:

When we were downstairs, we heard voices up there. It sounded like somebody else was up there with Mr. Nilson, but he was alone....

We heard a commotion upstairs in the attic where Mr. Nilson was working. We heard a big bang—a crash.

Neil ran right upstairs.

Mr. Nilson was there, and he had cut his hand. He had blood all over his hand.

He looked very, very strange. I mean, he looked cuckoo.

Nilson screamed at the boys to leave, cursing, and they fled downstairs.

That kind of thing has happened to me. For the last four years, I have been constantly plagued by trash using the voice-to-skull technology described in the appendices to this book. One has no choice but to engage in constant colloquies with deranged morons, which can become extremely animated. To an observer, it looks as though a person is talking to himself, and the trash can manipulate his facial expressions and his bodily movements, even as he fights them. Victims become angry, their eyes go wide, and they may look odd.

People don't suddenly go crazy when they're middle-aged. If something like that happens, it's NSA attacking them with

cybernetics. There's good reason why society considers people who talk to themselves, or hear voices, crazy: CIA controls psychology and popular conceptions, using them to destroy good people and to squelch political dissent, just as KGB did in the Soviet Union. Stay away from psychologists, and never take prescription drugs.

CIA uses family courts and social workers to strike at victims. No wonder the Nilsons' house was condemned for unsanitary conditions, and the children were deloused at the hospital. The Nilsons divorced, and Carole Nilson obtained a restraining order against her ex-husband, just as Kimberly Montgomery has prevented me from seeing my daughter. In 1972, Nilson went to his wife's house, and she called the police. Nilson fought three officers, throwing them left and right, until they took a clothesline from the neighbors' house to tie him up. Nilson moved in with his mother, just as I have lived with my mother for sixteen years, despite a career as a corporate lawyer, because prolonged litigation in family court, combined with other harassment, has bankrupted me.

NSA tried to frame Nilson for more than one murder. They used image-to-skull and hypnosis on Jeannette DePalma's cousin, Lisa Treich Greulich, who claimed to have had a premonition of DePalma's death in which Nilson and his car appeared.

*I was lying in bed, trying to fall asleep.
All of a sudden, my body went limp. I
couldn't move. It was like a dream, but I*

knew that I was awake. She was just standing there with her thumb out when this guy in a big green Buick pulled over. He was straight-laced. He didn't look like us hippies....

The man parked his Buick at the base of a cliff in the woods. He and Jeannette both got out of the car at the same time and started walking toward this path in the woods near the cliff.

As soon as the vision ended, Greulich could move again. She ran to her parents, screaming and crying, telling what happened. Her stepfather believed her, but her mother did not. Next day, she got a phone call: her cousin's body had been found atop the Devil's Teeth.

Nilson was never tried for the murder of Jeannette DePalma, since nothing pointed to him except the premonition; but he was tried for the rape and murder of Joan Kramer. Joan Kramer was a twenty-four-year-old graduate student at Columbia, who came from South Orange. In 1972, she had an argument with her boyfriend, and she walked out of her childhood home, where her parents were hosting a party. She called her mom and dad from a local phone booth, saying, for reasons no one understood, that she was "on a deserted street in Newark" and she would take a taxi back to Manhattan. Then, instead of flagging down a taxi, she got into a stranger's car. On August 28, 1972, her naked body was found in Elizabeth River Park, in Union, only six miles from where CIA, under MK-ULTRA, sexually abused me and

Playmate of the Year Marilyn Lange. Only hours after Joan Kramer's burial, Breeze Knoll, where John List murdered his family, and his daughter practiced witchcraft, mysteriously caught fire.

Just as Lisa Treich Greulich's premonition screamed mind control, so did Joan Kramer's behavior. Why would a graduate student who lived in New York, and grew up in the area, get into a stranger's car, supposedly to travel into the city, when she said she was taking a taxi? Mind control is the answer. Joan Kramer grew up in South Orange, so why would she call it Newark? Forced speech is the answer. The voice-to-skull technology described in the appendices to this book allows a remote operator to control a subject's speech. Often that operator makes mistakes, and often that operator deliberately misspeaks to mislead the subject and others. My mother will habitually tell me she is going to Reading, when I know she is driving to Pottstown. The two Pennsylvania towns are almost twenty miles apart, my mother grew up in one, and her sister lives in the other; but she confuses them because some degenerate idiot is speaking through her mouth. This accounts for a lot of aberrant behavior in her and others. As my father used to say, "I know you didn't mean that." Or, to use the words of my old secretary, Francie Victor, "With some of these people, you never know who you're talking to." That's why the same person uses different laughs, can sometimes sing in tune and sometimes not, and makes Freudian slips.

Otto Nilson was acquitted of Joan Kramer's murder, but CIA kept attacking him, trying to frame him, making him crazy. Earlier, a

court ordered him to undergo a fifteen-day psychiatric evaluation at the Overbrook Asylum. Days after his release, two teenage girls from North Bergen, Mary Ann Pryor and Lorraine Marie Kelly, disappeared. Mary Ann's mother reported her missing, straightaway, but the police gave her the runaround. On August 14, 1974, their naked bodies were found, strangled, rope marks on their wrists and ankles, each with a glass bottle inserted into the vagina. The horrific crime was never solved, but its timing at Nilson's release, not to mention the false premonition of Nilson at DePalma's murder, and the other surrounding facts, suggests CIA was working overtime to frame Nilson.

They finally put him away due to the events of September 13, 1976. First thing Monday morning, Nilson walked into the Veterans Administration Hospital in East Orange, where my father worked for DuPont, carrying a rifle. After he took two physicians hostage, he told them of a conspiracy. No one believed him, just as no one believed me, when I bought a revolver, left it in my car, and went to the Avondale Police Barracks to tell them I had been raped and my daughter had been threatened. Due to this incident, an eight-count federal indictment was brought against Nilson, and he went to trial less than a year later. That's quicker than the family courts acted when I sought to appeal a lightning-fast decision to take my daughter from my custody. I was lucky when I was institutionalized for talking about MK-ULTRA. My diagnosis was marijuana psychosis, and Nilson tried to make a similar argument with respect to alcohol, but he was diagnosed with paranoid

schizophrenia. CIA had done its work. On July 21, 1977, Judge Felix Martino committed Nilson to Trenton Psychiatric Hospital.

Having learned only some of Westfield's story, I can understand why my father was glad to leave New Jersey, returning to my people's home in Pennsylvania, across the Delaware River. What surprises me is that we stayed in touch with anyone, and that I never learned the history of my old home town. On the contrary, my parents made an effort to maintain contact with not only the Dunns and the Curtisses but others including the Fehsenfelds, a family from Texas, with whose son I had been friends.

Scott Fehsenfeld was extremely wild. Nowadays many doctors would prescribe ritalin for a boy like Scott, setting the stage for a life of pharmaceutical use. By the time they reach high school, nearly twenty percent of American boys are falsely diagnosed with ADHD, a made-up disease. Doctors prescribe powerful stimulants to millions of those boys, and they suffer side effects. Then things were different, and parents did not drug their children.

Like me, Scott Fehsenfeld showed signs of abuse by the satanic scum at MK-ULTRA. Cruelty to animals is one of the things they go for. Just look at all the mass shooters who are part of CIA OPERATION GLADIO C. Almost all of them have a predilection for animal abuse. Aside from chasing our cat around and squirting her with a water pistol, I have never been unkind to an animal except when I was with Scott. Once we burned ants with a magnifying glass. We

gave his schnauzer, Beau, pop rocks on one occasion and peanut butter on another. Another time we dropped the dog down the laundry chute. I guess it wasn't that bad, but I'm ashamed of it—especially the ants we killed.

Scott would have wild birthday parties, where we ran amuck, staying up all night, and going to movies like Sasquatch. They always seemed to end with Scott's father telling us to go to sleep at about 3:00 a.m. Like me, Paul Keld was often there. We had fun, playing soccer in the Fehsenfelds' unfinished basement and twenty questions in our sleeping bags.

The Kelds had been our friends along with the Roberts. They came from Denmark, their house seemed perpetually dark, and both drank heavily. Paul's parents did not hesitate to harangue their children in Danish, and I remember Paul's father pulling and twisting his ear when he did not come to heel. He was a good man, but you did not want to mess with Mr. Keld. Paul was fascinated with the Army. While other boys had plastic toy soldiers, Paul had beautiful metal tanks, armored personnel carriers, and men. More Nazi stuff.... He also had the wildest birthday parties, where we would stay up all night, going crazy, just like at Scott's. Later, Paul would become a police corporal who earned a citation of merit for his rôle in a kidnapping and sexual assault investigation that resulted in a conviction. I am sure CIA tried to destroy him, too, but good people can fight hypnotic suggestions even in their sleep.

On one occasion in Westfield, Mr. Keld gave my father a copy of Playboy, the only one he ever possessed. I never saw the inside, but somehow I ferreted out its location on the top shelf of our hall closet when I was very young. I asked my father about it, and he told me it had pictures of naked women, that they were for grown-ups, and he tossed it out. I looked for it later, at the first opportunity, but it was gone. How did I know it was there to begin with? My programmers in MK-ULTRA told me in a hypnotic session.

In the cool darkness of the Kelds' house, I talked with Paul about The Lord of the Rings, which I was reading at nine years old. Gimli was my favorite, the dwarf who loves and serves the Lady Galadriel, the mightiest and fairest of all the elves who remained in Middle Earth, She Who Rules the Golden Wood. When the elvish lady grants him a boon, Gimli exchanges compliments with her, shocking the court with his boldness, as he asks for a strand of her hair. This he plans to work into a jewel, perhaps recalling my favorite myths of Siegfried who forged the sword Balmung and passed through fire for Brynhilde. That summer, on Long Beach Island, I played at chopping orcs with an imaginary two-handed axe, as I stood in the surf, in between the times I floated past the break on my blue and red canvas raft.

It was not merely the Lady Galadriel, who resembles the morning, or the Lady Arwen, who resembles the evening, and rescues Frodo from the Ring Wraiths, or Tom Bombadil, whom even the elves regard as old, or Treebeard, whose army of ents overwhelms the wizard

Saruman's fortress, but also the gruesome aspects of The Lord of the Rings that caught my attention. True to suggestions, which never quite took, I was fascinated with the severed heads, branded with the Eye of Sauron, that the enemy catapulted into Gondor. More importantly, though, I was overjoyed at the destruction of the Witch King of Angmar, whom Éowyn the Shieldmaiden kills, face to face, with the help of her friend, the little hobbit Merry, as she defends her father, the King of Rohan.

About this time, I don't know where he got it, but I remember Paul using the garbled phrase "rake her" and saying it meant to put one's hand over a woman's privates while having sex with her. Paul said his father did this to his mother. Naïvely, I asked Mrs. Keld about Paul's story, or said something as I visited their house, shortly after my kything session. Whatever I said about her husband raping her, Mrs. Keld called her son to account.

"Paul, I don't know what you told this boy, but whatever goes on between your father and me in our bedroom is private. Do you understand?"

"But I didn't tell him about the other...."

Smack! Her hand fell across his face.

"But I didn't tell him."

Smack! Her hand fell across his face again.

"Paul. Your father never raped me, okay? You were thinking of something else."

Later I spoke to my parents about the incident, saying, "Paul got beaten up today."

"Was it one of the other kids at school?"

"No, it was his parents. I mean his mother. I don't know. It was something he said to me."

"It's better to stay out of things like that."

We saw the Kelds a couple times after we left Westfield, but then Eric died, and Anna descended into alcoholism. I wonder if Paul remembered someone else sexually abusing his mother. His father would never do her harm, nor would he harm his daughter, but the trash at MK-ULTRA will always try to hypnotize a child to blame his or her father, or a woman to blame another man, planting false memories in their victims' minds. I know because they tried it with me.

Meanwhile, the Roberts remained in our lives. From time to time, we would visit them at their new house, a Victorian money-pit. I loved the high ceilings, and the odd architectural features, but it must have cost a fortune to heat.

Sometimes the children would eat in the octagonal breakfast nook, or I would tinker with the piano in the living room, or play chess with Dr. Roberts in the library. There, at the end of the house, sat the green leather chair that had passed from my family to theirs, in which my grandfather had been found when CIA fatally attacked him in 1966. In the library I discovered Chrissy's sister, Alicia, also liked Wacky Packages, which I collected as a boy. These were trading cards that used

word plays to parody consumer products in ways that were disgusting, low, or violent. Like a jigsaw puzzle that my mother bought me as a boy, titled Up-Chucks, showing cartoon figures vomiting, the cards had MK-ULTRA written all over them. I can't imagine why people would like Wacky Packs unless they had been programmed.

As we played on the third floor, I heard news of Lara Smith, one of my classmates and friends at Christopher Academy, the Montessori school at which we were both sexually abused under MK-ULTRA. Lara lived in the luciferian community of Wychwood, and her mother had given me Stories from around the World, which was used in my programming. Now, when my family visited the Roberts in the early 1980s, Chrissy aroused my interest, saying that Lara was often pulling up her shirt to show boys her breasts; so, of course, I dreamed of Lara, without seeing her, wishing we had not left Westfield.

BOOK SEVEN: LA BÊTE

Upon our return to Unionville, I continued to masturbate—and, finally, I had some pictures to look at. Before the internet, not to mention cable television, pictures of naked women were few and far between, almost impossible to obtain for a boy in middle school. I was so naïve that, even though my vocabulary was enormous, with the usual mispronounced words that any reader acquires, I had to look up whore in the dictionary when I heard it on Simon and Garfunkel's song "The Boxer." We had Last of the Nuba, an art book by Leni Riefenstahl, who made propaganda films for Hitler, but naked black women didn't count. Sometimes we shopped at DelPino's on Gay Street in West Chester, where one of the family members would carefully take items from the display, providing personal service as he filled our box with groceries, calling our home in advance to say when raspberries or some other delicacy had come in. There was no magazine rack there; but when we went to the Acme, surrounded by cornfields, Glamour contained the odd shot of a woman's breast. Like everyone, we had Will Huygen's book, Gnomes, which showed a lovely woman, topless, but my programmers directed me away from it. Aside from MAD, with its sexy parodies of Charlies' Angels and The Deep, I had a book on dragons that contained two pictures of naked women about whom I fantasized. One was Diana, or Artemis, the goddess of the hunt, who was surprized in her bath by Actæon, turned him into a stag, and chased him with his own hounds. The other was quite different: This was Andromeda,

naked, chained to a rock, about to be ravished by the sea monster Cetus, before Perseus rescued her. The powerful goddess, Diana, stood in contrast to the mortal sacrifice, Andromeda.

I also fantasized about Bo Derek, as I was programmed to do.

Bo was a sixteen-year-old high school student when she starting dating John Derek, who was thirty years older. Derek divorced his wife, Linda Evans, who looked suspiciously like his teenage girlfriend, then named Mary Cathleen Collins, whom he rebranded as Bo Derek, when he married her. Just as my friend's grandfather, Dr. Curran, used to buy a new Cadillac every season, trading in last year's, Derek upgraded his wife. He then took naked pictures of his teenage bride for Playboy, so Bo Derek became an enormous sex symbol. Just as Playboy's nude photos of Brooke Shields, shot when she was ten years old, were part of the New World Order's disgusting promotion of pædophilia; so the hype around Bo was meant to induce middle-aged men to leave their wives in hopes of finding teenage girlfriends.

But, to me, Mrs. Derek was an older woman, and I wanted her.

No wonder. Bo is an amazing person despite her apparent connection to the Illuminati bloodline of the Collins Family. Like many of us freedomfighters, Playmates and Playmate-admirers, she is an athletic homebody who has a true sense of noblesse oblige.

Unlike so many who would pose for Playboy, Bo found lasting love. Her parents' divorce undoubtedly led to her early marriage, which, despite its oddity, lasted twenty-two years until her husband's death from a heart attack. Devastated by his loss, the widow moved on to John Corbett, who played Chris in Northern Exposure, a man with whom she has lived for nineteen years. Corbett seems like a fun guy, and I bet he's good for her. He stole the moose head from the set of his old t.v. show, where it once hung in the Brick, to give it a place of honor in the family living room. When not rescuing memorabilia, he buys castaway canvas to which he makes additions, in oils, painting silly clothing on the figures of discarded portraiture. You can tell these people really love each other, while they respect each other's space. The couple likes to hold hands, and they have friends over, often, to barbeque.

The scum would prevent this healthy, beautiful, and kind woman from ever bearing a child.

The recipient of the Helen Woodward Animal Center Award, Bo Derek is an animal lover, who travels the globe on behalf of the Coalition Against Wildlife Trafficking, an international confederation that works together to fight the black market in endangered species through which criminals make billions from the suffering of our fellow creatures.

Bo loves dogs, and, at one point, she had as many as a dozen. She adopted a German Shepherd, Aidan, who needed a home,

no surprise since she has rescued strays from her childhood to the present. Still, this practical businesswoman has released pet product lines to keep the canine coat healthy, soft, and pleasant smelling. They are good for dogs, and they make you want to pet your best friend. A percentage of the proceeds supports Canine Companions for Independence, an organization that trains dogs to assist people living with disabilities, while another goes toward the care of retired military animals. Other Alsatians, like Aiwa and Cifi, work to serve, guard, and protect this beautiful lady, while their company stirs her from depression and lethargy to exercise and good spirits.

Bo has ridden horses from childhood, she focused her memoir on them, and she has successively kept two small ranches in Santa Ynez, Southern California, selling the larger because she needed cash. There she does the chores. She bred horses, once owning twenty-two, and she served as mid-wife to the mares. She has a passion for Andalusians, *pura raza española*, a breed from the Iberian Peninsula, where their ancestors have lived for tens of thousands of years since the Neanderthals painted them in the Cave of Altamira. The Pure Spanish Horse has changed little since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, when the nobility prized its prowess in war and its grace in diplomacy. Bo's horses are known for their intelligence, sensitivity, and docility. When not riding these beautiful steeds, Mrs. Derek has worked to protect their descendants, brought to America by the conquistadores, by serving as a spokeswoman for the Animal Welfare Institute's campaign to end the

slaughter of wild and domestic horses, shipped to Canada and Mexico under free trade agreements before their meat is sold to Europeans.

While her boyfriend rides a donkey, like a tall thin Sancho Panza, this brave idealist tilts at windmills. The federal government has refused to enact legislation to protect our horses, which has led Mrs. Derek to lobby in Washington and to lend her support to some of the scumbags that have held presidential office. George Bush appointed her to the Board of Trustees of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. That's ironic since his family killed the Kennedys, and the lady would have preferred help in animal causes.

Bo has worked to promote horse and rider safety from the inside. Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger asked her to serve as Commissioner and Vice Chair of the California Horse Racing Board, and she serves on the boards of the Del Mar Racetrack and the Disabled Jockeys' Foundation. That's not surprising since many riders suffer crippling injuries, and her husband's son was paralyzed in a motorcycle crash.

Like many riders and targeted individuals, Bo suffered from back pain and a herniated disc, but that didn't stop this American hero. At the age of fifty-six, to recover from surgery, she trained for one year at her YMCA to swim from Europe to Asia across the Hellespont, a treacherous sea with strong currents and wind blowing two-thirds of the time. In ancient days, Leander swam from Abydos across the Strait of Dardanelles to visit his lover, Hero, the Priestess of Aphrodite at Sestos.

Homosexual degenerates like Christopher Marlowe and Lord Byron commemorated the drowning of Leander in verse and reenacted the swim; but real people do it, too. In 2013, when Mrs. Derek made the crossing, racers experienced the worst weather for over a ten-year period, and one-third of the participants did not make it. Bo did, swimming three miles across choppy waters, through strong currents, in just under two hours, with her man shouting encouragement from a Turkish fishing vessel. That's how you beat a mid-life crisis!

Bo has the body of a swimmer. Watch her move through the water in Tarzan, The Ape Man, and you will see what I mean. Her pictures are always tasteful, she is always outdoors, and she always looks healthy. No wonder she appeared five times in Playboy.

This beautiful lady was made an honorary Green Beret on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Special Forces, and she has received the highest award offered by the Department of Veterans Affairs. She is a national honorary chairperson for Veterans Affairs' National Rehabilitation Special Events, as she helps servicepeople, used and discarded by the government, to overcome disabilities and to rejoin civilian life.

Like the veterans she serves and honors, Bo has been abused by the traitors in the United States military-industrial complex. Her father, Paul Collins, was a radio operator during the Korean War, and her husband fought in World War Two. Each of her ranches in Santa Ynez lies roughly thirty miles from Vandenburg Air Force Base, where

men, women, and children are raped with dogs and violated with objects by homosexual trash. It's hard to believe she was not drugged and abused, like Raquel Welch, when she appeared with the USO, once led by rapist, pimp, and handler Bob Hope.

Bo-haters abound. The critics pilloried all her films, but people love them, as they love this excellent lady. Snide cynics questioned her rôle as producer of Tarzan, but when does that ever happen? Can you think of a single other motion picture, where someone has challenged the producer's credit? The source is misogyny, as the scum attack their betters. Cowardly do-nothings put down our heros, dismissing feats they never could have done.

The press sniped at Tarzan, but I think it's a reasonably good movie with beautiful footage of Africa, a strong supporting actor in Richard Harris, and competent acting from Bo. Although rape is suggested, Jane appears as a heroic figure who balloons over the Alps, ventures boldly into Africa, and tells her father off. Like the actor who plays her, Jane is a strong figure, more so than in any other version of the franchise.

The film, even in the edited t.v. version, stirred my teenage hormones. At the Concord Mall, I would head alone to Walden Books, straight to the photography shelf, which contained not only How To Photograph Women, and How To Photograph Nudes, but another book with nothing but photos of Bo, naked, running on the sand. My

fantasies moved to the consensual, though they began extortive, while softly they edged toward rape.

As Tarzan, I stood in back of Jane, nuzzling my face against her neck, pressing my chest against her shoulders, my belly against her back, curious about her body, because I had never seen a woman. My hands gently traced her sides, moving on to her breasts, her nipples, so different from my own anatomy. Breathing in her ear, kissing her face, her hair against my neck, my left forearm across her chest, pressing up, lifting the underside of her left breast, while my hand massaged her right. Slowly, my other hand slid down her flat belly, to cover her bush, while my shaft pressed against her flank. My right hand moved to her thigh, sliding over her hip, down over her quadricep, behind her hamstring, and across my body, grabbing my balls, and pushing my erection with my thumb, to move it down the outside of her leg, and let it spring back up. Slowly I eased my throbbing member between her thighs, which clamped together, as I found her vulva. Just as her body was strange to me, mine was strange to her. The white African lady, Jane, looked down at my manhood, engorged with blood, gasping womanly exclamations, as it pulsed against her velvety skin, brushing softly against her bush....

O my God! O my God! O my God!!!

Rhodesia, Kenya, and South Africa had blended together, along with something approaching a gentle form of rape, along with the blonde Bo Derek, and along with the wildman, Tarzan.

The next year, I would see Ralph Richardson, Christopher Lambert, and Andie McDowell in Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes. My brother and I split up at the cinema, so I got to see it alone, disappearing into the world of the movie. Although my programmers had pushed Wonder Woman for years, I never had a single fantasy about Andie McDowell, the brunette actress who played Jane, even though there is a bedroom scene, and she resembled Patty Duffek, Miss May 1984, who became my favorite Playmate. Still, McDowell's Jane is absolutely right, as she teaches Tarzan, a willing student, if sometimes bored, with chalk and slate. For me, Jane is a civilizing influence, whom I might ravish in our first encounter, gently enjoying her body, but she would quickly tame my wildness, teaching me about the civilized world, as I deferred to her.

To use the words of Horace, "*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes intulit agresti Latio*"—in my own rough translation, Greece, the womanly slave, subdued her wild captor, and brought the arts to rustic Rome. The rape of the Sabine women, where wives were taken captive, is as foundational to Rome, as the rightful killing of the rapist Tarquin. *Et in Arcadia ego.*

I was taken by Ralph Richardson's masterful performance as the Earl of Greystoke, who was everything an English gentleman should

be and nothing like they actually are. When Tarzan first came home, he forgot to use a spoon with his soup, as he sat at a white tie dinner. Everyone stared rudely until the old gentleman noticed, and, without ado, he lifted his own bowl, just like his grandson, saying, "Quite right, quite right. I hate spoons!" Those are the sorts of good manners, true kindness and courtesy, I learned in England, many years later, from my girlfriend, Lucy Charlotte Large, who could also slap someone down if needed. Tarzan's grandfather, who becomes his best friend, races his two-in-hand with him, driving wildly across the estate, while Tarzan rides a white horse, and it looks like the greatest fun in the world. While they rest, the two survey the wall, speaking of Tarzan's inheritance, what it means to be part of this family. The patriarch gives the young man sound advice, just as I tried to impart to my daughter:

Never sell, Johnnie. Never sell!

The old earl dies, at a highland ball, on Christmas Eve, drunkenly sledding down the stairs, as he did when a boy. That, and the murder of an ape Tarzan loved, his adoptive father, Silverbeard, after his imprisonment in London's Natural History Museum, by cruel and stupid scientists, drives the wildman, now the Earl of Greystoke, over the edge.

Before, when I dreamt of Bo Derek—for Jane was blonde not brunette—we were at the Rings' beach house, designed by an architect in a Japanese style, at Mantoloking, New Jersey. That house was later destroyed by Hurricane Sandy, which, like all the new superstorms,

never occurred in the past, and was nothing but weaponized weather caused by HAARP. As I lay on my back, fantasizing over Bo, my brother slept in a cot in the same room. As a guest, I could not leave sperm on the sheets, so Tarzan never went all the way with Jane—at least not at night, in the bedroom, that weekend.

I was thirteen, with a good two years of Bo Derek fantasies behind me, which first involved me surprizing the naked lady in the shower, taking a photo with my Polaroid, and blackmailing her for sex. This was before I found Bo in the bookstore, or knew about her sexy movies, so I didn't know Mrs. Derek had no problem getting naked for the camera. Later, I would buy a Playboy, in West Berlin, with her riding horseback, naked, in Bolero, and my high school English teacher would constantly rhapsodize about the lovely woman. Before I even saw Bo Derek, I was programmed to want her.

First thing in the morning, at the house in Mantoloking, and every time I came back from the beach, I went straight for the downstairs shower, a large stall with maroon tile, the same color as the Ring's Mercedes station wagon. There, Christie Brinkley, not Bo Derek, awaited me, although I usually got around to Bo by my second or third orgasm.

My brother had the famous poster of Miss Brinkley, wearing her ocean blue swimsuit, a tailored spandex one-piece, that had the entire midriff cut out in a large oval, leaving an inch-wide strip of fabric to connect the top and the bottom, which rose dramatically in an arc

from her womanhood to her hip, resting above her navel. It was high cut, but, even though I once examined it with a magnifying glass, I could not catch a glimpse of her bush, or her mound, which lay a micrometer past the edge of the suit. Her arms raised, her hands behind her head, and her elbows jutting sideways, the swimsuit model stared, looking off, while she bared her teeth, in a moment of incredible dramatic tension. Raquel Welch had finally found some competition, suddenly appearing on my brother's bedroom wall, which I visited often when he was away.

In the shower, I held Christie Brinkley against the wall, breathing, snarling, rubbing my neck, my cheek, my lips against hers, caressing her ear with my mouth, losing myself in her hair, pinning her wrists above, behind her head with my strong right hand, while my left pulled the blue strap away from her hip, as I thrust my erection under the fabric, my balls smashed against her thigh, my manhood throbbing against her round muscular belly, before my right hand shot down her back, grabbed the spandex on her side, pulling it to reveal her bush, and I thrust, savage, eight inches inside.

Later, my fantasies would change, slowing down, as I learned my way around a woman's body, and I would take my time, warming her up, using my penis, rock hard, first to tickle her clitoris, my hand guiding, moving me faster and faster, only within her outer labia, teasing my partner, diddling her to climax, and then, as she moaned in ecstasy, gradually, to explore her muscular wet vagina, angle by angle,

inch by inch, gently, building in intensity, deeper and deeper, while I fucked her good.

The centerfold of Cheryl Bachman, Miss September 1990, with her magnificent strong belly, her large wiry bush, and her beautiful face, framed by chestnut hair, would take the place of the poster. The pose is very similar, and the ladies have the same initials, so it's hard to think the resemblance is accidental. I would have years of fantasies about Miss Bachman, a single parent, like me, who goes to church, and never married.

Although I have always been a gentle and considerate lover, and I would never harm a woman, my nature is animal. At soccer camp, they had given me Animal, from The Muppet Show, and they encouraged wildness in me. My favorite episode of The Six Million Dollar Man involved the Sasquatch, and I couldn't get enough of Bigfoot movies. With Bo, I was her Tarzan, who, at the end of the film, rescues her from rape by an enormous black man. Years later, at Cambridge, my girlfriend would call me Zog, since she found me a caveman. To the extent the CIA would ever get a rape fantasy into me, it would be a crime of passion, where I took a woman's body by force, pulling her hair, pinning her down, holding her against the wall, while I enjoyed her vigorously, working her body over, with a minimum of damage and the maximum respect possible under the circumstances. That's entirely different from what the scum want. If I am a wolfman, the Illuminati are vampires, and they've teamed up with Dr. Frankenstein. The stuff

they're into doesn't rise to the level of rape, let alone intercourse. They just want to hurt and degrade a woman, not to mention her attacker, in the foulest ways imaginable, to talk ceaselessly about it, and worse. They're not interested in sex at all.

Two years earlier, before we went to England, I imagined a succubus had visited my bed. There was a long blonde hair on the mattress, which could have belonged to no one in my family, but I dismissed it. I thought, "How could that be?" But now I see the programmers were breaking into my house—drugging, abusing, and hypnotizing our family—as they would often do in the years to come. They even injected me with hormones to hasten the onset of puberty before we visited the Continent. It was only a week before we went to the United Kingdom that I ejaculated for the first time.

Only one month after I returned from Great Britain, a Penthouse came my way. It is the one and only time I remember a boy bringing pornography to school, and I managed to talk him into lending me it. The next day, I told him I had thrown it out, and he accepted this explanation without quarrel. The Penthouse was mine.

The lady featured in the magazine was Dianne Jamison, a dark-haired blue-eyed beauty. Like me, she lived in the horse country, only in Kentucky not Pennsylvania, and she talked endlessly about it, comparing herself to her horse:

Rusty, the pure-bred Kentucky quarter horse she raised from birth on her uncle's ranch is her

“best friend, alter ego, and lifelong traveling companion.” She’s so fond of him, in fact, that her present lover admits to pangs of irrational but all-too-human jealousy.

“I just tell him that if he’ll let me ride Rusty all day, I’ll let him ride me all night.”

As Miss Jamison worked on her uncle’s ranch, breaking colts, she showed real compassion for the animals, oddly comparing and contrasting her own sexual situation to that of the horses:

I sometimes feel sorry for them. I wouldn’t want to have someone on my back all the time, unless he was looking for something other than transportation!

Just as the Illuminati call people like me their pets, Penthouse called its centerfolds pets; but Miss Jamison was all woman to me. Wearing a loose purple blouse, she posed naked in thigh boots, next to her steed, a chestnut with a white blaze, whom she had raised from birth. Riding naked, like Lady Godiva, she recalled the Middle Ages. Miss Jamison laid the ground for an attraction to horsewomen that would last the rest of my life.

Not only was CIA pushing riding, but they were pushing bondage. In the following pages, the beautiful woman appeared stark naked, with a white silk strap wedged into her labia, her legs spread, her body on display, everything I wanted to see, on all fours, or facing the camera. She was ready for action! I wanted to grab that strap, pull her

toward me, and have my way with her. Miss Jamison's dark brown hair, her blue eyes, and the bondage suggestions recalled Wonder Woman, who carries a lasso, in whose rape my programmers sought to interest me. The bondage was light, but it was there, just like that harness Christie Brinkley was wearing. Likewise, I dreamt of the woman in the postcard, naked in a heavy fishing net, whom I had seen on our trip to France, and I would later have a thing for fitness models in slingshot bathing suits.

My programmers had really done their homework, and they had used Tabor Bright to place the magazine in front of me. The Middle Ages, horses, light bondage, and Wonder Woman were all themes suggested by the pictorial. So many places to go! For a while, Dianne Jamison became the subject of my sexual fantasies. Somehow, though, it felt wrong, so I buried her pictures in the woods, throwing them out, this time for real.

No sooner had I done that, then, the same magazine came back, less than a year later, through the nextdoor neighbor, Evan Henoah, and I bought it from him. At this time I owned absolutely no other erotic periodicals; and, believe me, I was focused on obtaining one. I yearned for the top shelf of the magazine rack, where the Playboys sat under the watchful eye of the store clerk; and I remember thinking, in a true MK-ULTRA moment, that I would sell my soul for pornography. I looked, and I looked; I schemed, and I schemed. But only one magazine found its way into my possession. Over a period of almost three years,

seventh to ninth grade, I did not possess any pornographic magazines—but two copies of the exact same Penthouse, with its bondage suggestion, and its blue-eyed brunette, found their way into my hands.

What are the odds of that? During the time I was looking, let's say there were roughly three back years of Penthouse and Playboy knocking about, which I might have gotten. That is 2 (magazines) x 36 (centerfolds), which equals 72. So the odds of running into Dianne Jamison, with her bondage-looking jockstrap, are 1 in 72. No big deal. Eventually, I was going to put my hands on something. But the odds of me running into her, and only her, twice in roughly three years, are $1/72$ times $1/72$. That is 1 in 5184. Maybe my numbers are wrong, but it seems to me—especially when backlit against the rest of my life, my programming, and the hypnotic sessions I remember—that's quite a "coincidence."

Other suggestions by my controllers fell flat. Not content to put a pornographic magazine in front of a twelve-year-old, they tried to interest me in smoking and drinking. Miss Jamison was smoking a cigarette in one of her pictures, and this fit with a suggestion the scum had given me.

As my programmer said, while he hypnotized me,

You'll see something else you'll want.

Something grown-ups use....

The magazine was replete with advertisements for cigarettes, rum, and vodka. One showed an archduke drinking vodka, who had a mysterious fascination for me. That guy had class! But I didn't want his drink. Another article had a table with tasting notes for thirty-nine different beers. This also drew me, but I still didn't want to drink. The thing I wanted—the thing that grown-ups use—was a stereo system, and I got one for my birthday. It was my big present.

Meanwhile, other boys in Unionville, whose fathers worked for DuPont, showed marks of programming.

The Nix Brothers were two of many, whose family came from the South. Stevie was one year younger than I, he was very smart, and later he went to Princeton. His brother Jay was a year older.

Our parents encouraged our friendship, letting us sleep over at each other's houses, taking us to the movies, and organizing trips to Philadelphia. Together we watched Jabba the Hut molest a chained and bikini-clad Princess Leia in The Return of the Jedi; and it might have been sexy had the CIA refrained from targeting Carrie Fisher to the point where she grew flabby and unattractive through drug use. We went to see the Eagles and the Phillies play at Veterans Stadium, next to JFK, back when Americans named sports arenas after heros rather than our corporate masters. The Vet hosted the Army-Navy game seventeen times, and, there, Tug McGraw struck out Willie Wilson so the Phils could win the series. Another day we went to the Franklin Institute, now a member of the Nanoscale Informal Science Education Network,

which promotes the smart dust with which the enemy controls us. In the Institute, home of a Foucault Pendulum, suspiciously resembling the Seal of CIA and Star of Ishtar, we walked through the Human Heart, scribbled with graffiti, and we saw a really cool demonstration on static electricity. As the guide went on to freeze carnations and rubber balls, using liquid nitrogen, my southern friend exclaimed with wonder and enthusiasm, *"I'm gonna get me some of that stuff!"*

At other times, we walked across the fields to buy ice cream or candy. At Willowdale, where Landhope still served as a working dairy, we would buy a copy of Trade Talk, dreaming of the compound bows, sheath knives, and muscle cars advertised in its pages—not to mention the occasional collection of Playboy magazines. At the picnic table, surrounded by the stench of cow manure, we would enjoy cones of ice cream. Other days, we would hop the wire fence, cutting through the pasture across Oak Tree Road, up the hill to the village, careful of the bull, until we passed our elementary school, at Unionville, to arrive at Sestrich's Market. There we would buy root beer twin pops, sodas, and bags of candy—gobstoppers, Pixy Stix, and my favorite, Spree, lip-puckering alum tablets. Once we even saw a crash—screeching tires, a loud slam, and tinkling glass—when a car ignored the stop sign on Route 162 to collide with another.

Stevie and Jay Nix were always organizing neighborhood games, from street hockey, to kickball, to whiffleball. At night we would play kick the can or flashlight tag, while by day we played tackle

football, no pads, no helmets. One time, Mike Ruger, an enormous farmboy who still lives on top of Oak Tree Road, came down to join us. I am very proud to say I tackled him, even though he was twice my weight, and at least five years older. I held onto his ankles, no matter how he kicked and struggled. Then Jay hit him, followed by others, which brought him down. The next day I asked about Mike, hoping he would join us again; but Jay told me he had not called him. He was too rough, the older boy said. The Nixes would call everyone up, but, after they left, no one took the lead; so we stopped playing neighborhood games. I would not be surprised if their father's transfer was meant to isolate us all.

Before he left, in his father's garden, Jay Nix tricked me into eating a hot pepper, although he gave me bread and milk to cut the fire. "Beer works, too, but that's for my dad," he said. That was the kind of guy Jay was: He'd trick you, but he wouldn't let you suffer. Our pranks were harmless. There was no meanness in Jay, or his brother, and he could laugh when the joke was on him.

Like his brother, Stevie, Jay was a good kid.

One time he saved Carl Baccileri's life, when Carl fell through the ice on the pond where we were skating. Carl tried to pull himself out, but the ice would break, and break, and break, and he couldn't. Jay told him to walk forward, smashing the ice with his hands, so he managed to make it out.

Carl collapsed alongside Oak Tree Road, as he walked wet and shivering uphill to his parents' house, but his sister found him. She, too, saved his life.

Even so, I remember a sleep-over with Stevie, when he shared a rhyme with me, which his mother told him never to repeat.

THERE'S SOME GIRLS SITTING ON THE FLOOR,
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR;
SO YOU GOT THE KNIFE, AND I GOT THE GUN,
LET'S GO OUTSIDE AND HAVE SOME FUN.

Stevie thought he had made this filth up, but it was clearly the product of MK-ULTRA programming. They hate women, they corrupt children, and they love to use rhymes and obscenity.

I never went for Stevie's song; but the incident with Carl, added to my own reading of survival guides, contributed to my sexual fantasies. As I lay in my goose-down sleeping bag, I dreamed of a woman falling into water in the winter, me rescuing her, building a fire, and following the necessary survival procedure. You need to take your wet clothes off as soon as possible, and share bodily warmth. I would take my clothes off, too, so she wouldn't be embarrassed to be the only one naked.

MK-ULTRA kept bombarding me with rape suggestions, but they kept bouncing off. A movie that struck me, on television, was The Trap. The film involves the sale of a mute woman to a French-Canadian trapper, who takes her into the wilderness. Rape is implied, as much as

it could be in a production from 1966. At one point, the woman, Eve, defends herself from his advances with a knife. I cannot think why this movie struck me, except my programmers hoped it would set off a string of rape fantasies.

Instead, I remember the beauty of the wilderness, how the trapper won the lady over, and how they became a team. When his foot is caught in his own bear trap, La Bête's wife comes to save him. They fight wolves together. Now she could leave him, easily, but instead she slaps on her snowshoes to trek alone through the wild in search of an Indian medicine man. When she can't find the doctor, she returns; and, with her husband's consent, she amputates his leg. After some further back and forth, the film ends with the couple happy in the wilderness, the trapper, Jean La Bête, singing a song his mother taught him:

When I'm a man, I'll take me a wife.

We'll live in a house on the hill, the hill.

With carriage & horses all white, all white.

And she will have diamonds & pearls, & pearls.

And she will have diamonds & pearls.

I never once even thought about raping the woman, but I used to sing that song as I walked home through the fields, covered with purple thistles, yellow butter-and-eggs, and white Queen Anne's Lace, swinging my walking stick. My father had returned from work, so Mother rang the ship's bell on the side of the house, which called us home, from our play, to supper. Jay would say, "There's your bell

calling you, Tim.” It makes me happy to remember it now and to know that people can fight suggestions even in their sleep.

The Parks were another set of neighbors, who lived down the street. A Korean-American family who came from Hawai`i, they had a shetland sheepdog called Tiffie.

One time, Mrs. Park almost killed me, when she gave us a ride. At the foot of our driveway, she drove off, not checking to make sure I was safely out. I was wearing a reddish-brown coat, and I accidentally closed the door on the bottom corner. I was dragged for twenty yards before my mother’s shouting alerted Mrs. Park to the situation. I was lucky not to find myself under the wheels of her car.

Another time Mr. Park went goose-hunting on the Chesapeake, so he invited us over for supper. His music collection consisted of reel-to-reel tapes, different from my father’s LPs. At the table, I chewed carefully lest I break a tooth biting down on a piece of shot, while Mr. Park told stories of his hunt, in the early morning, sitting in the blind. As I remember, it was cold, dark, and wet. It did not occur to me then, but now I would not eat a Canadian goose. They are such noble creatures.

Robert Park babysat for us, just before my mother finally learned to trust me with my brother. Perhaps she thought I would kill him before I turned eleven. Like me, Robert was a victim of the A.T. Program. He played Monopoly with us, cheating since he was banker; and he taught us to play Mercy, a game where players clamp hands,

twisting and squeezing, as they inflict pain on one another. If you cry mercy, you lose. Robert was our favorite babysitter.

One night when he sat for us, we watched an idiotic t.v. show, typical of the late 1970s and early 1980s, called B.J. and the Bear, about a trucker who had a pet chimpanzee. In the episode, a group of beauty contestants were held prisoner, kidnapped in the back of the tractor-trailer, unbeknownst to the driver. One of them complained about the temperature, so her swarthy captor snarled,

If you're hot, then take off your clothes!

That's the kind of dialogue you can expect in these productions; but, despite my literary predilections, I was spellbound. Over the next half hour, the camera returned periodically to the back of the truck, where the beautiful woman unbuttoned one button of her blouse every scene, her rapist leering at her body, the audience hot with lust, only for the camera to cut to a different scene. Just as the woman was about to lose her shirt, standing topless and defiant before her captor, much like Jacqueline Bisset in MAD Magazine, the truck stopped. To my chagrin, she was rescued—but not in my fantasies. They don't call it t.v. programming for nothing.

Still, my lust was private, and they could not get us to engage in sexual play. Unlike Westfield, in Unionville, our playgroup was all boys. The games were rough-and-tumble sports—sledding, backyard football, and the like. The only imaginary play-acting we did

was to play war, to imagine ourselves as Olympic or professional athletes, or to play Dukes of Hazard. This was our favorite show, and I lusted after Catherine Bach, who played Daisy, and who recalled the other beautiful brunette women about whom I fantasized, Jacqueline Bisset in The Deep and Caroline Munro in The Golden Voyage of Sinbad.

Any scene with Daisy was good, but my favorite involved her tricking the bad guys from the city, while she pretended to go skinny-dipping, tossing articles of clothing in the air—first her shirt, then her shorts, her bra, her panties. After Daisy pretended to strip, she threw a boulder in the water, as she pretended to dive, and last she spoke, sexily, huskily, describing how good it felt,

This cool water splashing all over my bare body.

Of course, the villains took the bait, racing toward the swimming hole, while, fully clothed, Daisy ducked around the other side, to steal their car. I am sure the programmers would have loved for us to play Dukes of Hazard with Joy Niewinski, a neighboring girl, the daughter of the man who built our house; but I met her only once through Stevie, when we visited a fort in the woods, never to see her again.

So we just played Dukes of Hazard, all boys, concentrating on chases, with our bikes as imaginary cars, not to mention compound bows shooting dynamite arrows. My brother's bike was a green Schwinn, and mine was an Orange Crate, complete with banana seat

and bars, a racing slick on the back, and a little forked tire with a drum brake extended forward. I had a recurve bow and a quiver of arrows, but my father said we could not use it for our games. I was allowed to shoot, but only responsibly, in a designated area.

My brother, Michael, was playing with the boys next door, Evan and Alex Henoah, who had sold me the Penthouse. They would make dirtbike trails in the woods, complete with jumps. My brother emulated Evel Knievel, a victim of MK-ULTRA, who attempted more than seventy-five ramp-to-ramp motorcycle jumps, including a rocket jump over the Snake Canyon, while he broke every bone in his body. What a model for kids! Otherwise, my brother played Stretch Armstrong, a popular toy at the time, which could be pulled and twisted to great lengths. I believe he and our neighbor, Evan Henoah, put Alex Henoah occasionally to this purpose. This may have mirrored the Gumby-training endured by Kerri Kendall, a Playmate who would later catch my eye, as described by Cisco Wheeler, the grand-niece of the head of Joint Chiefs of Staff. I learned later that Evan sexually abused my brother, and God knows what else he did; but Michael told no one at the time.

Further down the road, but never a participant in our outdoor play, lived Scott Williams, who was a member of my Boy Scout patrol, Equus Bona Quagga. Before we went to England, I played Dungeons and Dragons with Scott and later with the McConnell Twins, who trekked from the neighboring subdivision, Springhouse Estates, to

my home, down the road, in Wiltshire. That alone was odd, since they played in our outdoor games only once. Now I can see the scum wanted us to play the fantasy game, to which my cousin, Bobby Kalmey, who gave me my MAD Magazines, containing erotic pictures, introduced me. Not only does Dungeons and Dragons promote an interest in magic and satanism, but the trash hope it will lead players into rape fantasies led by their dungeon-master. For this reason, posters and calendars depicting scantily clad women were sold under the brand.

I remember my friend, Blair, asking, humorously, "What does all this have to do with Dungeons and Dragons?"

"I don't know," I replied, as we looked at the calendars in the bookstore, and the photography shelf, "But they're hot!"

We were good kids, who would never assault anyone, so the worst they could do with their fantasy rôle-playing game was to give me my dragon book with its naked ladies.

In connection with Dungeons and Dragons, I encountered my first instance of image to skull, or I2K, where images are transmitted by microwave to the visual cortex of a targeted individual who has been implanted with cybernetic technology. In 1983, as I lay on the floor of our screened-in porch, on bricks laid in a basket-weave pattern, I could see wolf spiders, which would mysteriously appear an inch or two away from their last position on the floor. In Dungeons and Dragons, The Monster Manual describes phase spiders, which behave in exactly this

way. I was never bothered by these imaginary spiders, since we lived in the country, and we often encountered praying mantes, grasshoppers, and other creepy-crawlies; but now I see there is no way an actual spider would have moved like that. The trash were spending untold millions to project tiny arachnids onto the visual cortex of a teenager. That's the level they are working on. What's more, their attacks were completely ineffective.

On one occasion, Scott Williams mentioned sexual video games. At that time, there was no internet, and we played video games either in the arcade, including the one at the Polynesian Hotel in Disney World, or on an Atari home system. Scott's father, however, had an exotic Apple II.

Did I mention Scott's father, John Williams, came from Wales, right next to the West Country, where the Angels lived, and where we were abused by the Tavistock Institute? Or that he had a reputation for partying it up on DuPont business trips, to Japan and elsewhere, so much so that my father called him Wildman Williams? The scum were into the Williamses, and, later they would embroil Scott in a legal fight for his child, out in San Francisco, although, luckily, he obtained sole custody.

Back in 1981, Scott Williams was the only person I knew who had access to a computer or had heard of sexual video games. He knew about Softporn Adventure, released by Ken Williams, the co-founder and president of Online Systems. Since it was so unusual to have this

game, and since my neighbors shared the name of the inventor, I cannot help but wonder if they were related. Still it's a common last name. Scott told me about Softporn Adventure, in which Larry the Lounge Lizard cruised for chicks, not to mention Custer's Revenge, where a cowboy rapes an Indian woman. Since that time, sexual video games have flooded the internet, and the trash at CIA use variants, playing video games with real results, to sodomize me with implants, and microwave harassment, inflicting pain and prickling sensation in the lower end of my digestive tract—not to mention my sex organs and my prostate gland. Today's fascination with prostate cancer, and rectal examinations, owes itself entirely to the technology for microwave harassment described in the appendices to this book. At any rate, then as now, I had no interest in sexual video games, but I hoped instead for more naked women.

My wish was satisfied when, in the summer of eighth grade, I went on a trip to the Outer Banks of North Carolina. Day after day, we bicycled along the then-desolate shore, to find, to my delight, Playboy and Penthouse magazines on the lower shelf of every convenience store. There was a pictorial on Bond Girls, which caught my eye, since I had been watching the franchise, religiously, after For Your Eyes Only on our trip to England. Octopussy would come out that summer, and I introduced my friend Blair to the series. For me, James Bond was linked to sex. Best of all, I finally laid eyes on another naked blonde, recalling my female programmer in England.

Ruth Guerri was Playmate of the Month; and, like Dianne Jamison, she was pictured on horseback. In fact, she was a jockey. Did I mention I grew up in the Unionville horse country? Or that my programmers in England had said, with respect to Miss Jamison, "He comes from a place where there are horses. Let's give him this." Over many years of "reading" Playboy, leaving aside Bo Derek, I can remember only three other Playmates who posed with a horse. Miss Guerri was a model for Anheuser-Busch, who make Budweiser, and I am sure my controllers would have loved for me to start drinking beer. Her favorite authors were Edgar Allen Poe, whom I had read at school, and John Irving, whose book on rape, The World According To Garp, I would read that summer. She had a positive outlook, which echoed my own:

You have to pull yourself out of a depression.

You can't depend on someone else to do it.

My programmers had once more done their homework, and they were working hard to put Miss Guerri in front of me. Too bad for them I never bought that magazine.

A far stronger image of a real woman overpowered Playboy. At the campground to which we cycled, I was waiting to take a shower in one of four large outdoor stalls. Two couples were in there, fooling around, when one of the young men opened the squeaky wooden door. There she stood in all her majesty. A real live naked woman, facing me, her legs shoulder width, her bush sprayed wet.

Startled she cried,

Close the door!

Harold, close the door!

To my delight, Harold did not respond, standing frozen, as the door stood open, for what seemed hours, and I stared, wonderstruck, at the naked beauty, only two yards away, my gaze zeroed in between her thighs.

Ruth Guerri and Dianne Jamison lost that horse race—though Bo Derek came a close second.

The woman of my dreams was in the shower. One of the boys did not believe me when I shared my unbelievable luck, but I could care less. The six-hour drive home was too short. I had found something to do in it. As I lay on the floor, in the back of the van, I dreamed of the woman at the campground.

Later that summer, Kevin Shadrick, a boy my age, spent a month with us. Kevin's father was a fuelling and control engineer at Hinkley Point Nuclear Power Station, who had grown up as a farm boy in Devon. Mr. Shadrick was a friend and business partner of Dr. Angel, so it seemed natural that his son visit. Kevin introduced me to the Beatles, to which we listened that summer. Little did I know they were a product of Tavistock Institute! I don't know why our programmers moved us together, but that goes for most of the stuff they do. Kevin

and I didn't really like each other, but everyday we played Risk on the porch, as we drank iced tea.

Yet another suggestion had misfired. My controllers had commanded me to take a fancy to the music brought by Kevin. They hoped the Beatles would steer me to drugs. But what I liked so much, which I copied before our visitor left, was not the Blue or Red Albums but his other cassette—the new age stylings of Jean-Michel Jarre.

At one point, we all went to the beach. Usually we rented a house, but this time we stayed in a motel.

There, I gazed with lust at a girl slightly older, hopping waves, in a bikini bottom tied at the sides. Instead of approaching her, I went back to the motel to jerk off in the bathroom.

Everyday I watched her, when I could, and by the pool I read spy novels. Lauren Curtis introduced me to the James Bond books by Ian Fleming, himself a British agent, which quickly became favorites. So were those by Frederick Forsyth and John Le Carré, who had both worked for MI-6. Reading James Bond, for the first time, I suddenly found myself thinking how cool it would be to drink alcohol.

This new desire came from a further set of hypnotic suggestions, which had partly misfired. Through the Penthouse, which CIA had worked so hard to put in front of me, my programmers hit me. In my magazine, there was a German lady, Ursula Obermoser, who spoke of her love for wine. There was Dianne Jamison, my favorite, who was smoking a cigarette, and there was the advertisement with the

arch-duke drinking vodka. In connection with this magazine, my programmers put me under, once again, speaking their commands, as I fought back.

I want you to do something she does....

“No, I won’t smoke,” I said. “It’s bad for you. I just want to have sex with her.”

But the scum pressed me back, growling, “YOU WON’T HAVE A CHOICE IN THE MATTER.”

Still I fought.

I will have a choice.

I will have a choice.

I’ll choose what she does.

She’ll be doing different things.

I’ll choose one of them.

What did I choose? Not Dianne Jamison’s cigarette but Ursula Obermoser’s ability to speak German, a quality shared by Laurie Dunn. German I would learn, and then I could be like the arch-duke, drinking vodka, on the school trip next summer. Maybe I could even drink with someone like Fräulein Obermoser, who said,

I adore drinking wine

and sometimes have so much I lose control....

The earlier summer, at the beach, my brother and I played imaginary games together, and I pretended to hypnotize him to be, you guessed it, a Nazi spy. Did Wicked Wanda, a comic-book character who appeared in the pages of Penthouse, have something to do with it? Now, I decided, or thought I decided, I would learn the language in the fall, so I could travel on the school trip to West Germany next summer. There I could drink, drinks with names, just like James Bond—although I would soon forget the arch-duke. How sophisticated!

After Kevin was gone, we returned to the beach to visit our friends the Rings, where John Irving's Garp lay waiting. There it was—lying in my bedroom. Remember how it was the favorite book of Playmate Ruth Guerri? The thing is nothing but a discourse on rape and sexual assault.

Dorothy Ring was a classmate of my mother at Cedar Crest, who married her high school sweetheart. At college, she and my mom were both abused in Hartzel Hall, alone on the north end of campus, which I discuss in the foreword to this book. MK-ULTRA was into her from at least the early sixties. She used to hang out in the Russian Tea Room, looking for Rudolf Nureyev, whom she had seen there, and she once rode on the Orient Express. She loves Charlie Chan movies, and she has always been kind to me. I called her two years ago, on Independence Day, to say I remembered her husband George, a war hero who taught me to drink wine. We had a lovely chat, although Dee reminded me to keep taking my meds. She thinks I'm crazy because I

see what CIA does. I have never taken any sort of mind-altering medication, except in the lunatic asylum, where they gave me a light dose of Prozac and told me to relax. My tolerance for pain is enormous, and I don't believe in medicine, except maybe aspirin when the trash really, and I mean really, blast my head with directed energy weapons. I just thanked Dee for her concern, knowing that I will never reach her, that she will never know what the scum have done to her and her family, as she lives a life without her husband and without grandchildren.

Mrs. Ring had two Siamese cats, named Yin and Yang, which remind me of "The Siamese Cat Song" in Disney's Lady and the Tramp, which I watched in my childhood, and on the first time I took my daughter skiing at Wintergreen, in 2010, on Lee-Jackson-King Weekend. I had been taken out of the Half Moon Bar in Kennett Square, drugged, abused, and electro-shocked, although I remembered nothing afterwards. I knew only that my left thumbnail split and turned purple, eventually falling off, for no apparent reason. Later in this series, I will describe that incident in detail.

For now, I will say only that, as I watched the movie in our efficiency condo, after skiing with my daughter, and feasting on strawberries and chocolate fondue, I felt a strange fondness for Peg, otherwise known as Trixie, the concupiscent canine based on the sexy singer Peggy Lee. I had received a hypnotic command to find my female abuser in a movie, to forget, and to report back. At the time, I

was so brainwashed I had come to see the blonde female degenerates they used against me as friends, co-fighters, and leaders—and I am half a silly person at heart—so I found myself drawn to the promiscuous Pomeranian. That’s not what her handler wanted at all. He wanted me to identify her as a woman in a porno movie, first thinking I would watch this filth while I vacationed with my daughter, and later using his beta slave accomplice as rape bait, when he would break into my house and put her naked in front of me. I never looked at porn that weekend, because I was with my daughter, having the time of my life, as I taught her how to ski. The suggestion misfired. I saw the female degenerate as a cute and friendly dog, casting come-hither looks, as they blasted my chest with directed energy weapons. I ignored the pain, figuring I would eventually die of a heart attack like my grandfather.

Our family friend, George Ring, was a war hero, who served as a company commander in the First Air Cavalry during the Têt Offensive. He was aide-de-camp for Brigadier General Oscar Davis and an aide to Lt. General John Tolson. Highly decorated for his service, Mr. Ring was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star, the Bronze Star with V for Valor, with a second award for service, the Air Medal with V for Valor, with a second award for completing over twenty-five combat air assaults, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Bronze Star, the Presidential Unit Citation, the Combat Infantryman Badge, and the Air Assault Badge. Mr. Ring is buried in Arlington National Cemetery, and he was inducted into the Officer Candidate

School Hall of Fame at the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia. A self-made millionaire, whose handshake was his bond, this man would die with an oxygen bottle at his side, his hair white, poisoned by Agent Orange, sprayed on our troops, which caused countless horrific birth defects in the Vietnamese, killed many of our brave soldiers, and made Dow, DuPont, and Monsanto billions, while we lost the war.

I would later learn that the Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, where Mr. Ring trained, was a center for MK-DELTA programming, and the fort is home to CIA's School of the Americas, which has trained operatives from all over Latin America, who have committed untold human rights abuses as part of OPERATION CONDOR. My best friend in middle school, Blair Hickey, grew up on the base, where children were brainwashed, sexually abused, and tortured. His father was the radio and t.v. information officer for the infantry school. Later Blair's dad would cover the fall of white South Africa and the Berlin Wall as an award-winning foreign and domestic correspondent and as bureau chief for ABC News.

God knows what CIA did to George Ring at Fort Benning. After the war, he would found an early cable t.v. company, Cross Country Cable, making millions. It was a resounding success in New Jersey, and he expanded into Virginia, Illinois, Puerto Rico, Arizona, California, and England. Many of the contracts into which he entered were done on his handshake alone, as he had a reputation for integrity and honor. By 1990, he sold his wired cable systems and embraced

wireless cable technology, building one of the largest systems in the country, based in Riverside, California, after which he founded Wireless Cable International. During this part of his career, he was designated a Fifth Estater by Broadcast and Cable Magazine, received a cable Ace Award for original programming, was designated Wireless Cable Operator of the Year, and was featured in an article in Forbes Magazine. I have no doubt that George Ring's controllers at CIA used him first to send specific television programming into houses and then to build the wireless network used for microwave harassment, on which I touch in the appendices to this book.

Mr. Ring knew none of this, just as I did not know I had been programmed for many years. He was a good man, a war hero who taught me to drink wine, who wrestled with me on the beach, and who trusted me to look after his children. Even though I never sang it with him, I sometimes remember him when I sing "The Caisson Song" in my cups.

*Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
And those caissons go rolling along!
In and out, hear them shout,
Counter march and right about,
And those caissons go rolling along!*

*For it's hi, hi, hee! In the field artillery!
Call out your numbers loud and strong!
For where'er we go, you will always know
That those caissons go rolling along!*

Like many such songs, it has gone through several incarnations over the years, and I remember my nephew's marching band playing it, three years earlier, as we attended the Memorial Day Parade in West Grove, Pennsylvania, marshalled by my mother's friend, Lieutenant Colonel Hank Dietering, who fought in Việt Nam before he taught at my high school.

Mr. Ring was proud to serve as a trustee for Wesleyan University and the PBS New Jersey Network Foundation, as president of the Watchung-Warren Rotary Club, where he was recognized as a Paul Harris Fellow, as vice chair of the New Jersey State Educational Opportunity Fund, and on the New Jersey Council on Armed Forces and Veterans Affairs. His alma mater, Seton Hall, named a building after him.

George Ring was inordinately proud of his children. He threw himself into coaching Justin and Francesca's softball and baseball teams, cheering from the bleachers every basketball game, and supporting all their creative theater and film endeavors. He was an avid reader, an oenophile, and a golfer who hit the links around the world, with the proud distinction of making two holes-in-one. He enriched the lives of those around him with his laughter and generosity. He and his wife were good people, and we need more like them. Still, they never had any grandchildren. Who knows? In today's world, maybe that's a good thing.

The Rings were used by the scum at CIA—not only to put television programming in front of the public and to build the wireless network employed to oppress us but also to manipulate my family in ways that seem miniscule. It was through them that Garp, full of rape scenes, found its way into my hands; and I am ashamed to say I masturbated to it. I am not ashamed to say I continued to fantasize about Bo Derek, playing Tarzan with her, or about Christie Brinkley, as I grabbed the spandex on her swimsuit, while I lay in their bed or showered at their beach house. And I am also not ashamed to say that, as far as erotic experiences go, watching Cats with the Rings was right up there with seeing the naked woman in the shower. Our families went to Broadway together, where I sat on the aisle, stage left, in the fourth row. My eyes were glued to the slinky women moving up and down, among the audience, only a yard away, the whole time.

Cats was Mrs. Ring's favorite show. She loved the poems and the musical, which she saw many times, and we would not have seen it without her.

Years later, I would learn this production was as bad as Wizard of Oz or Alice in Wonderland when it came to programming and signalling. The scum at CIA call many of the women they abuse "beta sex kittens." Programmers force these unfortunate ladies to comply with deviant acts, by threatening their pets, making them wear electroshock collars, putting fish-hooks in their privates, and erasing their memories with drugs, hypnosis, and sexual trauma. Kitten ears and

make-up are one sign. The leopard prints worn by Marilyn Monroe or Jayne Mansfield are another. “Furries” are yet another bizarre spin on this phenomenon, as CIA tries to lead men into bestiality, and women are made to disassociate into sexual alters. T.S. Eliot, who wrote Old Possum’s Book of Practical Cats, was a victim himself, giving up his academic career to become a banker, institutionalizing his wife, and writing a play full of satanic tempters: Murder in the Cathedral. It is apt that Eliot wrote The Waste Land, about the destruction of western culture, and The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock, about a man without the guts to ask a woman out.

Coincidence after coincidence filled my life, as the scum in the program worked to destroy me; but I was not the only one. Boys had been programmed to put particular magazines in front of me, to invite me on cycling trips, although I was virtually friendless, and to treat me unkindly. And, of course, it happened to girls, too, as they were abused without their knowledge. Chrissy, Alicia, Jill, Julie, and Lara are examples from Westfield, but another girl from Unionville stands out.

Lynette Kirk was a sweet girl with black hair and a kindly manner. She gave me a valentine in fifth grade, when I remember her singing “The Rainbow Connection” from The Muppet Movie. CIA uses rainbows heavily in programming, especially with The Wizard of Oz, in which Dorothy sings “Somewhere over the Rainbow.” “The Rainbow Connection” even refers to hearing voices, a common symptom of microwave harassment. This kind of singing, much like leopard print

clothing, indicates what the scum at CIA call beta sex slave training, which I fear Lynette suffered. Unjustifiably, Lynette had a reputation for being fast, based on no particular event; and this girl dressed modestly. She was a good person, and I am sure she still is. In seventh grade, she told me I was cute; and, in eighth grade, I remember her as an object of intense sexual interest.

In gym, which was segregated by sex, Lynette wanted to wrestle with the boys, so she was paired with Tabor Bright, who put the Penthouse in my hands. In the second round, it was unbelievably hot to see her on the bottom of the referee's position, her palms and knees on the blue mat, the glossy wood of the floor, hands on her solid frame, as I ogled her thighs, hoping her panties would reveal themselves below her shorts. I wanted her on all fours, with permission to hold her body, before we struggled against each other. For the first time, I fervently wished I had been the odd man out in gym. Then I could have wrestled with Lynette.

Typical to my programming, I never thought of speaking to her, or asking her to go together, as we said it then. At school dances, Lynette would ask every ugly duckling in our class to slow dance, but I politely refused her offer, which would have actually allowed me to touch her body, to feel her press against me, to nuzzle against her hair, her soft face, and maybe to kiss her neck. But I didn't want to be an ugly duckling, an object of pity, and I had been entrained to masturbate about imaginary women while I felt discomfort around real girls.

Later Lynette dated my friend and neighbor, Sean Sholtzberger, who used to accompany my family on our winter and summer vacations. I do not know what happened to her, but I hope she is well. I never think of her on all fours, with my hands on her body, as once I did; but I often remember her singing.

Kim Montgomery would later sing the same song to our daughter, as would I.

Someday we'll find it,
The Rainbow Connection,
The lovers, the dreamers, and me,
All of us under the sun.
You know that it's probably magic....

It held a special significance for us both, evoking the gentle and magical world we aspired to inhabit. How typical that the trash in CIA who molested us as children, who work constantly to destroy our lives, should use this song to program and mock us. The enemy is subhuman.

Along the same lines, not content to have killed our first dog, Ribbons, whom my father euthanized at my mother's command, CIA killed another of our pets. In 1982, on the last day of school, the day before we left for the beach, I came home to find my mother in tears. According to her, our beloved grey cat, Gumdrop, had curled up to sleep in the clothes dryer. Allegedly, my mother accidentally killed her by closing the door, and turning on the machine. Gumdrop was beaten

to death in the turbine, although she had a tiny bit of life in her when the door opened. Knowing what I know about the satanic trash in the program, how they kill animals, and seek to inflict horrific suffering, I do not believe that my mother accidentally killed our cat. Nor do I believe that a woman who had dried clothes thousands of times would have overlooked a cat who suddenly sneaked by her to hop in the dryer. Nor would such a woman not have stopped and opened the dryer once she heard the thumping of the body.

I believe my mother was tortured that day, forced to comply with obscene sexual demands, and her rapists killed Gumdrop—just as the scum killed Chrissy’s rabbit, threatening her so she would follow their orders, then killing her pet anyway, just as the scum killed every one of my daughter’s little pets, from Hobbs the Hamster, to Sasha the Turtle, to Lulu’s little puppies. Only Happy the Hedgehog and the two poodles survived, so the trash would have something to threaten.

The killing of Ribbons, our black labrador retriever, made sense. The scum at CIA wanted to move in and out of our house, while we slept, drugging and abusing us, and they feared the large dog who defended our family.

Years later, they would have my father suddenly euthanize Ogden, my brother’s Rottweiler mix, thinking he was suffering and it had to be done right away. He didn’t even call my brother, he lost his mind from microwave harassment soon after, and it didn’t make sense—except our abusers feared Ogden.

Still later, they would poison my daughter's beloved piebald English bulldog. Rosie was the most beautiful bulldog I have ever seen: She was tall and graceful, white, with a big black spot over one eye. I gave her to my daughter, Lily, for her fifth birthday, and CIA killed her, feeding her anti-freeze five years later. As my controller's female accomplice, Ann, told me, the shit that raped my daughter was afraid to enter the house with Rosie around; so he lifted me from a bar, fixing my drink, after he saw me sleeping on the floor, in front of the fire, with Rosie. The scum said that night, as he dropped me off, drugged with scopolamine, a truth serum that hinders memory,

THE DOG'S GOTTA GO.

But Gumdrops the Cat posed no threat to them. Like my daughter's adorable little hamster, Hobbs, they killed her for nothing.

My mother got a new cat, Henrietta, named after the puppet on Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood, a show Vice President Bush would evoke when he forcibly sodomized Cathy O'Brien's three-year-old daughter. The scum at MK-ULTRA do not like a woman to be without an animal. They want her to love something, so they can hurt it.

BOOK EIGHT: THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

For a while, my only friend was Blair Hickey, who later studied at Brown and who now works as a Hollywood actor.

Blair was the son of Jim Hickey, who started out wanting to be a translator at the U.N, but, through an unlikely series of coincidences, became first a Mo-Town disc jockey, then a local news anchor, and finally an award-winning foreign and domestic correspondent for ABC.

This improbable chain of events involved then-Lieutenant Hickey's posting to Fort Benning, where Mr. Ring had been brainwashed under MK-DELTA. There, he served as the radio and t.v. information officer for the infantry school. In this capacity, he put out releases on Fort Benning to the media. Two big things happened on his watch. First was the court martial, held at Fort Benning, of Lieutenant William Calley for the My Lai Massacre, for which Lieutenant Hickey served as media liaison, meeting many famous news reporters. Second was the switch to an all-volunteer army, so Blair's dad helped create the first commercials promoting enlistment. Not only did he make valuable contacts, but he was in charge of propaganda. This guy had MK-ULTRA written all over him.

Later, I asked my friend about his father's experience in the Army, and Blair answered, "He did something important. I'm not sure what it was." Like his father, Blair was born in Michigan, a hub of

satanic activity, where Cathy O'Brien was raped with animals, and where the government paid my family friend Kurt Brandenburg to be a subject in MK-ULTRA. I can only assume that Blair grew up on Fort Benning, where his father worked, shortly before his parents divorced. Not only does the fort house the School of the Americas, where CIA trains subhumans to commit war crimes in Latin America, but, like many military bases, it is a hub for MK-ULTRA and for MK-DELTA. Bases are never good. Children are kept in cages, electro-shocked, and raped horrifically; so they blot out the memories. Military families are indoctrinated to think they are safe on base; but, in this controlled environment, the government has you at its mercy.

When I knew Blair, his father worked for three years as a foreign correspondent from a bureau in the airport of Frankfurt, West Germany, travelling the world—everywhere from Europe to Asia to the Middle East—including flashpoints of CIA activity such as Beirut. That's the birthplace of Mia Khalifa, the later subject of my occasional fantasy, a moderately educated lady who was raised a Christian but felt a mysterious urge to do porn wearing a hijab, and still later to give her beloved gun away in front of millions. Jim Hickey never met Mia K, since she was born many years later, and I doubt he had time to notice even the most beautiful woman. Certainly, he left his wife, and he abandoned his son, while, in 1984, he logged almost 100,000 air miles. Blair hardly ever saw him, but he idolized his father. My friend had a

world map on his bedroom wall with a thumbtack every spot his father went.

In 1985, Blair's dad became ABC's Bureau Chief in Johannesburg where he was tasked to cover the end of apartheid. That was news to me. My father often travelled on business to a different South Africa, where apartheid was alive and well. As prime minister of Rhodesia, Ian Smith said black majority rule would not come in one thousand years. The New World Order had different plans. Jim Hickey said the fall of apartheid was the biggest story he ever covered—along with the fall of the Soviet Union, going through Checkpoint Charlie, spending time in East Berlin and Moscow. There he said, "I felt like I was in a spy novel."

In South Africa, Blair's dad reported stories about riots in the townships, where people were macheted and burned alive. This was a world away from my father's South Africa—of ranches, vineyards, and luxury hotels—where we felt the media mischaracterized the whites' position. Mr. Hickey proudly told stories of his time with Archbishop Tutu, whom he viewed as a man of peace. After all, he won the Nobel Peace Prize. But in our view, based on my father's work in South Africa, Tutu was a hypocrite, striving to bring violence and instability to one of the world's most beautiful and prosperous countries.

When I look today at the farm murders in South Africa, and the ongoing genocide against whites in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, I

see we were right. Blair's dad had it wrong, but it was his job to tell the story they fed him. As with Rhodesia, South Africa's war was never white against black. It was a war among whites—those who got it and those who didn't.

OPERATION MOCKINGBIRD is an ongoing CIA program by which the agency controls the news and the public's perception. As CIA Director William Colby testified to the Church Committee, over four hundred agents worked in the media to control the news Americans read, heard, and watched. Then it wasn't so bad. Now, after the corporate mergers of the 1990s, only six corporations control over ninety percent of the media in America. Renowned journalist Edward R. Murrow said, "It will be a dangerous day for American broadcasting if we ever reach the point where they who have the most money are allowed to dominate the marketplace of ideas." That day has come. CIA has achieved the goal expressed by its director William Casey: "We'll know our disinformation program is complete when everything the American public believes is false." As National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski said, "Shortly, the public will be unable to reason or think for themselves. They'll only be able to parrot the information they've been given on the previous night's news." Even Jim Hickey, who still works at ABC, opined, "Someone said to me recently that there isn't any real news on t.v. or radio anymore; it's only opinion. I don't think they are entirely wrong." That's interesting, coming from someone who, like George Ring, was run by CIA through MK-ULTRA

and MOCKINGBIRD. While Mr. Ring put movies on cable t.v., Mr. Hickey reported news on network.

My friend Blair Hickey lived with his mom, Jessica, who remarried Dick Hendrickson, a red-haired giant of a man, over six and a half feet tall, who, driving an average of 265 yards, dominated local golf tournaments and awards. Once he even beat Jack Nicklaus. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrickson lived with his tall blonde children, a boy, Brian, and a girl, Kristin, and her son, Blair. It was like the Brady Bunch!

Like me, Blair was in the A.T. Program, a student of Mr. Hoover, the NSA burn-out. We played on the same baseball team, and we spent a fair amount of time together. Back in fifth grade, I wrote a movie review on Black Beauty for the little newspaper Blair started using the school's mimeograph machine. It ran two issues. We slept over at each other's houses, sometimes in a tent, played night games with other boys in the neighborhood—back in sixth grade when I had other friends—and, as we grew up, we played golf and tennis. Stoked by teenage hormones, we shared the small amount of erotica to which we had access. After all, I had gone on the bicycle trip to the Outer Banks at Blair's invitation.

Often we would go out to dinner with my family. Blair introduced us to the Magic Pan, during the Crepe Craze of the early eighties. In our docksiders, alligator shirts, and feathered hairdos, we would drink virgin piña coladas and tell off-color jokes. Another favorite restaurant was the local chain, out of Philadelphia, H.A.

Winston & Co., home of the gourmet burger. Past the bar and the bio-rhythm machine, we would walk to play Pac Man before the first course, onion soup, arrived. At one point I believe they had the table-top version of the video game, as they did at the West Chester Pizza Hut. Next door, in the Independence Mall, on Route 202, the old Wilmington-West Chester Pike, stood the Dragon's Lair, a shop devoted to Dungeons and Dragons.

One night as we dined, an older gentleman approached our table. He told us he could not help overhearing our conversation. We reminded him of his own sons. As he said, it was a pleasure to see such fine young men with their family. Sometimes I will pay a similar compliment, if moved to do so—most recently at Buckley's Tavern in Centerville when I had the honor to praise a young couple on their parenting skills.

Strangers have often noticed the real relationship between my daughter and me. When Lily was eight years old, we got this in Washington State. In the wee hours of the morning, we had driven from Kalaloch Lodge at Olympic National Park to the environs of Seattle, where we dropped off our rental, a red Mini Cooper, and got a lift to the airport. There, as we breakfasted, her on a muffin, and me on salmon, telling tales from our trip, and waiting for our flight, a gentleman came by to express his heartfelt regard for our relationship. I used to get the same thing when Lily was a baby. An elderly woman, someone's grandmother, once stopped me on the streets of Lexington, Virginia,

near the old courthouse. She had been watching me for a while, and she wanted to say how good I was with my toddler. The maid at House Mountain Inn said I should give lessons in fatherhood. At Amazement Square, a children's museum in Lynchburg, another lady honored me. As she said of parenting, "We need to catch them in the act of being good." That's what I try to do with others and they have done with me. And still the family courts keep me away from my child.

Blair introduced me to Billy Joel, but I favored the Beach Boys. Little did I know what a number CIA had done on Brian Wilson, who wrote the unusual harmonies of their songs. That guy has MK-ULTRA written all over him. He grew up within shouting distance of Disneyland, a mind control hotbed which played a part in Susan Ford's and Debra Winger's abuse. Wilson was the captain of his high school football team and the leader of America's favorite band. He wrote terrific music, but his life came apart as soon as he tried to write about something other than girls, cars, and beach scenes from a movie with Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, or Gidget. Wilson had a nervous breakdown, stopped touring, and spent years in his bedroom, doing drugs and masturbating. He hears voices. Those are symptoms of microwave harassment—not insanity—but this man was kept a virtual prisoner for years because he made the mistake of seeing a shrink. Did I mention his brother was associated with Charles Manson, a cult leader responsible for murders in Los Angeles, who programmed his "family" to music by the Beatles? Back then, I didn't know any of this, but I

especially liked Wilson's compositions—the rich sound of “Don't Worry Baby,” the pain of “Wendy,” and the wistful loneliness of “In My Room,” which concerns a teenager who feels safe, locked away from his worries and fears, in the secret world of his bedroom.

Aside from sharing music, and erotica, Blair lent me a book about MK-ULTRA, The Bourne Identity by Robert Ludlum, which Hollywood has subsequently made into two different movies. The novel describes Jason Bourne, who suffers from amnesia, and experiences fragmentary memories, flashbacks, as he tries to figure out who he really is and what happened to him. Meanwhile, CIA tries to kill him. In the process, Bourne takes the beautiful Marie St. Jacques hostage, but she escapes from him. She reports his whereabouts to his pursuers, whom she mistakes for the police, and they try to rape her. Still Bourne rescues her. After subsequent adventures, Bourne discovers he had served in the special forces during the War in Việt Nam. CIA used Blair's father to put Ludlum in his way. What an interesting book for my friend to share with me....

Earlier Blair lent me a book by Judy Blume: Then Again Maybe I Won't. The novel concerned twelve-year-old Tony Miglione and his friend, Joel Hooper, who is a bad influence. Tony's parents find Joel polite, but he is not a good kid. Joel secretly engages in all kinds of misbehavior: shoplifting, drinking beer, and, of course, reading Playboy. Tony has a crush on Joel's sister, Lisa, so, throughout the book, he masturbates in his bedroom, while he watches the older girl undress in

her room across the street, acquiring binoculars to scope her out. Like all MK-ULTRA victims, Tony talks to himself, and he ends up in therapy. Blair's mom had actually suggested that he read this, perhaps because his father was absent, and it dealt with the allegedly normal issues faced by a teenage boy; but she wouldn't let him borrow James Clavell's Shogun. It was too violent.

Judy Blume was hot stuff. At the same time, her book Wifie showed up at my godparents' house. My godfather, Uncle Barry, worked at the Pentagon and taught at the Naval Academy, and Aunt Kay had been brainwashed with my mother at college. Now I found her a sympathetic listener, as I described my desire for Suzanne Nask, an older blonde with a solid body and large breasts. Bashfully, through Blair, who rode Suzanne's bus, I had asked her to a dance. Now I told Aunt Kay about the busty seventh-grader, although I said nothing earlier to my parents. That's understandable since my mother, through forced speech, began to mock me a week or so later, doing hog calls in a loud voice:

Sooney! Here, pig, pig, pig!

When you grow up under MK-ULTRA, you grow up tough; and you quickly learn not to give a damn what others say, think, or do. But back then, I was happy to have a sympathetic listener in my godmother. Afterwards, instead of playing with the kids, I retired to a bedroom,

where, to my delight, I found Wifie, skimming it until I reached the sex scenes on which I lingered.

I had shared my Penthouse, containing Dianne Jamison's pictures, with Blair, so he kindly responded by sharing Mr. Hendrickson's one and only Playboy with me. It had an article glamorizing cocaine and a pictorial from the Playboy Mansion, with Playmates playing field games, hosing each other down, and cavorting naked.

~ ~ ~ !WOW! ~ ~ ~

And what do you know? The centerfold was another dark-haired, blue-eyed beauty, just like Wonder Woman. Alana Soares was incredible, and I would have gladly traded Dianne Jamison for her. Miss Soares hailed from Park City, Utah, a center of mind control, and she loved Dalmatians. I would imagine the scum used 101 Dalmatians in her programming: they use Disney on almost everyone. A child of divorced parents, this lovely lady had ski-raced for seven years, and K2 sponsored her, when she mysteriously decided to chuck her skiing career and pose for Playboy.

Skiing and Playboy connected for me, not only through Alana Soares, one of the most beautiful Playmates, but in ninth grade on a trip to Quebec, where I learned to ski, getting hung up on the tee-bar, crashing into trees, barrelling down the slopes, and imagining I was James Bond. There I bought my first Playboy.

What do you know? By another apparent coincidence, this magazine contained not only another naked picture of Alana Soares, working out on a rowing machine, but an equally beautiful centerfold, Patricia Marie Duffek, who had dark brown hair and electric blue eyes—much like Dianne Jamison, much like Alana Soares, and much like Wonder Woman. Her eyes picked up the color of Sapphire, on the t.v. show they forced me to watch in London, three years earlier, and both ladies wore an entranced expression. Somehow all these women, with parts of their associated programs, had combined to form the Playmate to whom I would return, in fantasy, over and over again.

Upright she sits in a bridal dress held together only at her neck, the top slightly undone to form a jaunty collar. The lacy fabric cannot hide the healthy glow of her skin, shining through translucent patterns, while her breasts refuse to be contained, pushing it apart and open. Pulling the wedding gown back together, across her midframe, Patty Marie's strong hand grips, gathers, and lifts the cloth, drawing it away from her body, to expose her large black bush. Her bare chest, her flat stomach, and her muscular legs are brown from the sun, while her dress is white and see-through. Where her bikini failed to hide her body, the sun has gently kissed her, casting the millions of whites, pinks, and reds of her magnificent heavy breasts, her enormous rosy aureolæ, and pert pink nipples into infinite shades of relief. Triangles of tanline and cloth accentuate her womanly figure, until whites, reds, and browns culminate in dark fluffy wool. When I look up, tearing my attention

from her body, her incredible blue eyes gaze at me, her lips softly part, and her hand gently caresses my head, drawing me to kiss. The lady wears a double halo, first her silky hair, swirling, circling around her lovely face, and then a large straw hat to protect her beauty from the sun.

But first she wore the dress, her body visible only through the linen, and I stood naked beside her. Nuzzling, kissing her hair, her neck, I pressed against her, throbbing, as she grabbed my balls, kneading them with one hand, gripping, stroking, and massaging my manhood with the other. Sometimes, fingers fumbling with excitement, we spent an eternity undoing one cloth button after another, gently undressing her. Others, with her consent, and to her pleasant shock, I ripped her bodice open, tearing and tossing it aside, or wrapping it once, twice around her midriff, pulling her body to me, my right hand strong on her halter, using her dress as a harness, the fingers of my left, twining, tangled in her hair, while we made love.

At fourteen years old, I had thought I wanted a woman to stand naked, facing me, legs positioned to give an unobstructed view; but Miss Duffek changed my perspective, awakening my inner animal without a trace of vulgarity.

In her photo set, there was one shot, exactly one, where her labia were visible—not when she faced the camera but when she knelt, her arms on the bed, her knees on the ground, her bridal dress cast off her hip, and her rump, slightly lifted, thighs apart, sideways to my gaze.

Over her shoulder the beautiful woman looked directly in my eye, on all fours, ready to be taken. My hands gripped her thighs, tracing her sides, while I rode her tall and upright.

I always defer to my partner's choice, but, for me, it's a toss-up whether cowgirl or all-fours is my favorite position. One allows my partner ultimate freedom of movement, so she can use my body for her pleasure. The other allows for deeper penetration—although I'm big enough that it really doesn't matter—plus it has millions of years of biological memory to recommend it. Our ancestors had sex on all fours long before they did it face to face. Why choose? Back when I could have sex, I'd normally achieve at least four orgasms in a session, and I would always work to give my partner more. Almost every one has told me, in one way or another, that I was the best lover she ever had.

Often I dreamed of Patty Duffek. Sometimes it was face to face, standing, my manhood throbbing against her belly, her thighs, her vulva, before I thrust, gently, insistently, deep inside her warm wet vagina. Others she lay on her back, reclined on a floral chaise lounge, while I pressed down, against her body, her arms around my back, and mine around hers. Often she would ride on top of me, her arms stretched above, high behind her head, soft but muscly biceps, triceps, and deltoids defined, as she arched her back long, her hips moving in a sitting post, her body asweat, while we moved and breathed as one. My hands gently touched her hips and sides, cupped and hefted her breasts, thumbing her clitoris, while, singing, she brought herself to ecstasy.

Sated, my lover collapsed, pillowed her head on my chest, while still we breathed together.

Then I could imagine sex with Miss Duffek, first encounters I had never had and then encounters similar to those with others; but, now, because of constant microwave harassment, I can never have sex. The lowest forms of white trash, moronic rapist degenerates and child molesters, insist on polluting my experience, imposing their disgusting consciousness upon mine, talking filth, while they zap my penis and anus with directed energy weapons, inducing disgusting sensations in my scrotum, testes, and urethra, while they seek to make me erect or flaccid. When not having sex, I used to enjoy masturbation, fantasizing and remembering. Now I am lucky if I can imagine a handjob. That's why the scum, who have never had a girlfriend, sex with a willing woman, or even one-on-one rape, spend millions of dollars—just to fuck up my sexuality.

Like me, Miss Duffek liked to spend time outdoors: water-skiing, picnicking, and sunbathing. In high school, she sprinted and played soccer; and she continued to jog and play racquetball, doing aerobic dance to stay fit. It was the eighties.

Miss Duffek was working her way through college, and she really seemed like a genuine person. Today I can imagine her, or someone like her, as a student in one of the classes I teach.

Miss Duffek had her feet on the ground, and she had a good sense of humor combined with an intelligent sense of herself. This

beautiful woman viewed her venture into naked modelling as an uncharacteristic expansion of her human potential, an exercise in bravery.

I guess I'm pretty conservative, though. Of course, if I were to say that to someone who found out I was in Playboy, he'd say, 'Right! Real conservative!' But I am, in a lot of ways. I had never modeled before in my life. So, naturally, I hadn't modeled with my clothes off. I was nervous. It's kind of embarrassing at first. But now that I did it all, you know, I'm glad. I'm definitely glad, but it was real scary.

When people do things out of character, or say things at odds with themselves, something is going on. I have learned to recognize this observed phenomenon as a hypnotic suggestion, planted by the controllers at MK-ULTRA, operating against a person's interests. Try to spot this in yourself and others, and you will begin to uncover your own programming.

Little did I know it; but, like me and everyone with whom I crossed paths, Miss Duffek was a victim of mind control.

She came from two centers of ritual sexual abuse under CIA's obscene PROJECT MONARCH. This lovely woman was born in Woodland Hills, an obscure community on the edge of Los Angeles, where Susan Ford suffered horrific abuse, a process described in her book, Thanks for the Memories. From Woodland Hills, Miss Duffek moved to Phoenix, a center of masonic activity, from which I would meet

others in the years to come. Most of the first citizens were freemasons, and the city lies beneath a pyramid called Hunt's Tomb, which affords a panoramic view of the eastern Valley of the Sun.

In true masonic style, the tomb was built on an ancient astronomical site, aligned to the cardinal directions, with the entrance facing the rising sun. Its dimensions recall the missing capstone of the Great Pyramid, so it evokes the Illuminist symbol we find on the dollar bill. Take one from your wallet, and have a look. The pyramid, topped by the All-Seeing Eye, stands above the words NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM. That's Latin for NEW WORLD ORDER.

Inside the tomb lies George Hunt, or George VII, the first governor of Arizona, who held office for seven successive terms. Hunt was an open member of the Odd Fellows, the Blue Lodge of Masons in Globe and Knights Templar, and a charter member of Globe Lodge P.G. That's as mason as it gets.

Miss Duffek's home town takes its name from the phoenix, a mythological bird that rises from its ashes, a symbol of the New World Order, patterned in gold across the red tunic that covers Wonder Woman's breasts. The phoenix is always bad. In freemasonry, the phoenix morphs into the double-headed eagle, a phrase curiously picked up in the double eagle coins, gold twenty-dollar pieces, that Franklin Roosevelt discontinued, when he changed the monetary system of the United States. No wonder the phoenix appeared on the cover of The Economist, in 1988, which announced, "Get ready for a new world

currency.” London, the banking center of the world, used a phoenix, along with a pyramid, in the closing ceremony of the Olympics, a globalist event. And my nephew, Wyatt, had a nightmare when he was young about a phoenix, almost certainly a product of image and voice to skull, as the enemy sent him dreams, a process described as early as 1967 in “A, B, and C,” an episode of The Prisoner.

After Woodland Hills, where Susan Ford was tortured, Phoenix is where Patty Duffek grew up. If Alana Soares’ background in Mormon Utah were not bad enough, this was worse. It’s probably equal to my own upbringing, and Marilyn Lange’s, in the satanic enclave of Westfield, New Jersey.

Then I knew nothing; but, now, when I see the dazed look in Miss Duffek’s eyes, it breaks my heart. She was their victim, too. Like so many Playmates, although millions of men fantasized about her, as far as I can tell, she never married, and neither did many of us.

In sum, we have someone acting out of character, with an entranced expression, who poses naked despite a conservative outlook. Millions fantasize about her, she is healthy and beautiful, but she never marries. Add to this a background in Phoenix, home of MK-ULTRA victim Lynda Carter, who played Wonder Woman on television, and Woodland Hills, home to MK-ULTRA victim Susan Ford, and things are looking bad. Remember that photo set in the issue with Alana Soares? The one with Playmates having fun outside the Playboy Mansion?

Guess what? Patty Duffek went there, too, and what I have learned horrifies me.

Like CERN, or the University of Michigan, or Disney World, the Mansion has secret tunnels and rooms. At least it used to. Allegedly, there were tunnels to the homes of Warren Beatty, James Caan, Kirk Douglas, and Jack Nicholson. When asked about photographs showing excavation under the Mansion, the general manager casually responded, "That's probably when they built the tunnels in the 70s." The interviewer followed up with a staff member, who said, off the record, "I heard they were closed up sometime in 1989." Then he went back to the general manager, who said he couldn't discuss the tunnels further. When the staff were asked for more information, they said, "Mr. Hefner does not wish to comment." Representatives of Nicholson, Caan, Douglas, and Beatty also refused to comment. It sounds as though something was going on.

CIA operative Laurel Aston said Hugh Hefner was part of MK-ULTRA. In the Mansion, Hefner drugged and raped women, he pimped them to Hollywood stars, and he blackmailed men he set up with young girls, after he videotaped them. Date rape drugs, like scopolamine, were used to stop victims from forming memories. Most could not recall how they suffered.

Playmates Miki Garcia and Brenda MacKillop testified to the Meese Commission on Pornography that women were pressured into taking drugs and participating in orgies. Hefner would drug and rape

new recruits. Many thought they were coming for modelling careers, but it was easy to slip a lady the Micky Finn.

Chloë Goins claimed in a lawsuit that Bill Cosby drugged and raped many women at the Mansion, and she named Hefner as a co-conspirator.

Playmate Paige Young shot herself after Bill Cosby and others used her as a sex toy. Her body was found sprawled on our flag, next to a pentagram, in a room full of pictures on which she had written,

Hugh Hefner is the Devil.

As Tamara Green, who was also raped by Cosby, described her friend, “Paige always seemed in a stupor, a daze, like he was controlling her.”

Hefner raped Dorothy Stratten, and Linda Lovelace was pimped to Hefner, who sodomized her, trying to force her into sex with a dog. Raping women with dogs is a common practice under MK-ULTRA, which at least two different ladies whom I dated suffered, although neither remembered. It’s not the kind of thing you want to remember, or have an easy time believing, which is what makes trauma-based mind control work.

Sheri Allred alleged Hefner raped her when she was five years old. According to [YourNewsWire](#), a source at the Los Angeles Police Department said the case was re-opened after a significant number of similar complaints were filed. The website quoted the police:

After questioning Mr Hefner we understood that he had mountains of incriminating personal information about a powerful group of Hollywood pedophiles. We are talking about dead girls on altars, women being caged and tortured for years, Hollywood execs filming each other performing the vilest acts for blackmail, as the most evil acts are always done on the most innocent. We were building up to one of the biggest pedophile raids in history, certainly the biggest in this city in my lifetime. We were working out a plea deal with him, so we could get our hands on the physical evidence and really go after the pedophiles, but then we found him dead....

Other whistleblowers have told similar stories about Hollywood, including Mel Gibson, Corey Feldman, and Macauley Culkin. Bernie Mac was killed because he was going to expose the satanic ritual abuse of children, and Roseanne Barr has blown the whistle on MK-ULTRA.

Aside from the stories of victims, the police investigation, and Hefner's apparent murder, the autopsies of Playmates are telling. Chloral hydrate is a hypnotic sedative used heavily by CIA on mind control victims. Marilyn Monroe, a "presidential model" beta sex slave, died with large amounts in her system. So did Anna Nicole Smith, Playmate of the Year, married at twenty-six to an eighty-nine-year-old. She stands in contrast to other Playmates, like Miss Duffek, beautiful

women who never found a man to marry, or Miss Lange, whose marriage was destroyed by CIA.

That's what lay behind the magazines I admired, but I had no idea.

It took me a long time to see Playboy for what it was. When I was a young man, in the 1980s and the 1990s, I read the magazine regularly. It had interviews with interesting people, short stories by famous writers, and, of course, pictures of naked women. The pictures were tasteful, and the treatment of Playmates seemed respectful. The magazine went out of its way to humanize the girl next door, telling the reader about her family, hobbies, and favorite foods. No vulgar language was used, and models were paid twenty thousand dollars. The Playmate of the Year got a luxury car of her choice and an additional hundred thousand dollars. Many spoke highly of the Playboy "family," they maintained contact with other Playmates and with Hefner, and some moved on to become actresses or media personalities. Others married or pursued careers. When feminists criticized Cindy Crawford for posing, she replied, "I thought feminism was about women making their own choices." And that's what seemed to be happening. To paraphrase MK-ULTRA victim, Ted Kaczynski, the Unabomber, you could eat your cake and have it, too. That's what I did, admiring pictures of beautiful naked women but feeling they had not been abused or maybe were empowered. After all, it wasn't Penthouse, and it sure as hell wasn't Hustler.

Boy, I really drank the kool-aid. Would it were true....

Sexual fantasies about photographs are no substitute for healthy relationships with women. But the New World Order wants us to masturbate. It's a means of population control, like AGENDA 21, 2030, and 2050. It isolates people. And, in the age of the internet, it makes our sexual desires easy not only to track but to program.

Naomi Wolf has written, "The onslaught of porn is responsible for deadening male libido in relation to real women, and leading men to see fewer and fewer women as 'porn-worthy.' Far from having to fend off porn-crazed young men, young women are worrying that as mere flesh and blood, they can scarcely get, let alone hold, their attention."

Jill Filipovic takes a different view: "What Hefner and Playboy never did was present women as human, or consider us anything like men. Hefner made female sex objects more relatable and accessible—the Playboy centerfold was the girl next door, not the famous movie actress—but this wasn't so much an elevation as a downward shift: social permission for men to look at all women through the zipper in their jeans, and not even bother to pretend it was otherwise."

The answer may be somewhere in between. CIA's attempt to sexualize "the girl next door," in a way that demeans her, led me more and more to feel uncomfortable expressing sexual desire toward women, while I sought refuge in masturbation. The rise of involuntary

celibacy among free-thinking people, whether they know they are targeted individuals or not, is due precisely to this dynamic. They fear us, and they do not want us to breed.

It was no wonder I did not even notice the actual girls next door, beautiful, one older and one younger—even though they had the same dark hair and blue eyes as Patty Duffek, Alana Soares, and Wonder Woman, and even though, or maybe because, their brother sold me the Penthouse with Dianne Jamison.

Their mother, Gretchen Henoeh, had the same dark hair and blue eyes. She had a mild reputation in the neighborhood. Word was she had put her hands on someone's husband at a cocktail party. Years later, she told me some rude stories that would make a sailor blush. Like all the women of her family, Gretchen Henoeh is a good person, who could tell a funny tale. When she found out her son had sold me the Penthouse for the princely sum of twenty-seven dollars, this beautiful lady found a way to find me alone at the right time and to speak with me without embarrassment. Mrs. Henoeh said I had been foolish to spend that much money on the magazine, and she told me her son would give the money back. I kept my prize, and she never told a soul. Later that summer, she gave me a copy of Goren's Bridge Complete, so I could learn how to play.

Meanwhile, my programmer, the trash that abused us, poured poison in my ear, comparing Mrs. Henoeh to my grandmother Evelyn Shelley's dachshund.

GRETCHEN'S A BITCH LIKE YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S DOG.
I USED TO TALK WITH HER, BELIEVE ME.

SHE WANTS TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.

DON'T PUT UP WITH IT.

I WANT YOU TO RAPE HER OR HER DAUGHTER AT LEAST.

IT'LL BE GOOD. IT'S WHAT YOU'VE DREAMED OF.

LIKE WITH THE PENTHOUSE.

Even under hypnosis I fought him.

She let me keep it.

She was nice.

She didn't even tell anyone.

Years later, after Gretchen's family had moved, her daughter, Melissa Henoeh, would visit our house, while I was in graduate school.

~~~ iMy God! ~~~

♥ ♥ ♥ She is so beautiful now. ♥ ♥ ♥

♥ ♥ ♥ She looks just like Patty Duffek. ♥ ♥ ♥

Years before the glimpse of Melissa, I spent time with her elder sister Tina. All through sixth grade, Tina walked to school with me. She lived right next door, but we never hung out. I remember her talking about the sex education book that both our families shared,

especially the pictures of teens' progressively developing bodies. She told me her younger brother was checking out the pictures of girls, budding breasts and sprouting pubic hair, labelled by age, looking up at her and down at the book, when he asked, "How old are you, Tina?" A year later, I became interested, but we didn't walk to school anymore. When Tina's family was on vacation, I watered the plants, taking the opportunity to go through her underwear drawer. When we played racquetball at a Young Life outing, I imagined her naked body in the locker room, her pink nipples, and her black silky bush. One weekend, with the Boy Scouts, at Camp Horseshoe, I thought of Tina again, imagining I could scale her house with a rope and grappling hook, à la James Bond, to ravish her in her bedroom. Those are the kinds of fantasies the programmers at MK-ULTRA were finally getting into me.

These dreams segued with the only R-rated movie we possessed, which Laurie Dunn predicted I would see, and my brother permanently borrowed from the Henochs: Animal House.

In 1984, my father bought our first video-recording machine, or VCR, which changed our television experience. Up to that time, one could watch only the shows on network stations, and on Ultra High Frequency (UHF), giving us all of seven different channels. But, when I turned fourteen, we could go to the local shop, Video Carousel, to rent a VHS tape for the night, and pick up hoagies or cheese-steaks at Giordano's, the deli next door. Suddenly, I could choose a movie to

watch in the privacy of my home, even an R-rated one, and I could watch it whenever I wanted.

The film I could always watch was Animal House, since the Henochs had lent it to us, and they did not care if it came back. That's probably because they were hypnotized. Evan Henoch had sold me my first pornographic magazine, the Penthouse with Dianne Jamison, and his mother kept my secret. Thumbing its pages, I dreamed not only of Miss Jamison but also of the skin flicks advertised in the back. The two I wanted most, by far, were The Good Girls of Godiva High and Frat House. I never got those, but, through the Henochs, I had my very own copy of Animal House.

The movie did not contain any full frontal nudity, but only a couple shots of women's breasts. These scenes, however, implied rape. In one, John Blutarisky, or Bluto, climbs a ladder outside a sorority house, peeking through the windows, only inches away from Mandy Pepperidge, who stands topless, fondling herself. Peeping is a crime and a tort, invasion of privacy, but here it is played as harmless sexy fun. The movie ends, happily, when Bluto swings from on high, like Captain Morgan, to grab Mandy, and carry her off screaming, presumably to rape her—the kind of thing played for laughs in *Pirates of the Caribbean*, the only ride at both Disney World and Disneyland. We're told they marry, and Bluto is elected senator—much like our own politicians who commit sex crimes.



Animal House gave me an impression of what college life would involve, drunken hijinks and hook-ups. The other topless scene occurs when eighteen-year-old Pinto invites thirteen-year-old Clorette to a toga party at his frat house. The drunken girl passes out, topless, in a bedroom. In a scene reminiscent of Illuminist programming—à la Doctor Faustus—a devil on Pinto’s right tells him to rape Clorette while an angel on his left tells him to abstain. Richard Burton’s Doctor Faustus, with its competing male and female voices, is full of signalling, as is Laurence Olivier’s Sleuth, with its mind games, another of my favorite films from this era. At the toga party, Pinto refrains from raping Clorette—although the camera invites the viewer to imagine otherwise as it lingers over her naked teenage body. The most upstanding of his fraternity brothers, Pinto returns Clorette to her parents’ house, blind drunk, in a shopping cart, rings the doorbell, and runs away. Later, the college boy has sex with the eighth-grader, and Clorette introduces Pinto to her father as “the boy who molested me,” saying they have to get married. MK-ULTRA tries to push us to crime, disguising it as something else. In films like Clockwork Orange, rape pretends to be art; but in teenage sex comedies like Animal House, Sixteen Candles, or Revenge of the Nerds, rape pretends to be harmless fun. In my teenage mind, this was the sort of fun I could expect to enjoy in college, and drinking was part of it. That’s something like what Laurie Dunn thought when she glossed “college joys” as referring to Animal House.

This movie, like my first pornographic magazine, came into my life through Tina Henoch's brother.

I began to drink when Tina and I travelled to Germany together. I was fourteen, and she was fifteen. We both studied German, and Unionville had a school exchange with the Graf Friedrich Schule in Diepholz, West Germany. Two German students who were best friends, Petra Heuer and Frauke Lobin, stayed with our families for a few weeks. They had asked to live near each other, and Tina and I were nextdoor neighbors. Once again CIA moved me and Tina together, this time into an unchaperoned and beer-soaked environment.

Although we would stay with German families for the second part of our trip, we spent the first week unsupervised in West Berlin, having travelled there by train across the East German countryside. I remember going with our teacher to the Olympic stadium, built by the Nazis in 1936, and we also spent a day in East Berlin, to view the Ishtar Gate from ancient Babylon and the Soviet War Memorial in Treptower Park. Otherwise, our teacher was enjoying her vacation, and we were free to explore the city. Some of the boys went looking for prostitutes, but I was happy simply to buy a couple of Playboys in different languages. In the evenings, Tina and I, and the other students, drank Berliner Weiß, mit Schuß, a wheat beer with a shot of raspberry syrup, and one time I splurged for a bottle of Moët et Chandon for the princely sum of seventy-five deutsch marks, then twenty-five dollars. But although we drank together, I was starting to

think of Tina as a stuck-up bitch—a completely unfair opinion, which came from brainwashing under MK-ULTRA. They were trying to get me to rape her; but they succeeded only in making a pretty girl look unattractive.

By day, I strolled the Kurfürstendamm, and other sites we visited in the West, often unsupervised, making odd purchases like a tin of Earl Grey tea for my mom, a box of cigars for my dad, and a riding crop for me. I rode three times a week at home, and there were pretty girls at the stable, but I didn't talk to any of them. I never used the crop.

At the time, I was reading mysteries: Dick Francis, P.D. James, and Agatha Christie. It strikes me as curious that the mystery enjoys such popularity. Some used to read the genre devoutly, and I still see a lot of it on PBS. Perhaps CIA uses mysteries to interest people in gruesome subjects, but they never had that effect on me. My favorite Aggie concerned my own abuse. Passenger To Frankfurt, which I read on our trip to Germany, treats a worldwide conspiracy that uses drugs and sex to control people. Add to that Christie's amnesia and fugue episode, and she starts to look very much like a product of Tavistock Institute.

As on other trips, I listened to my Sony Walkman, which was the latest cool thing. In West Germany, it was Vivaldi's Four Seasons and Händel's Water Music. At Mount Vernon and Williamsburg, it was Outlandos d'Amour, Regatta de Blanc, and Synchronicity by the Police,

while I read Man and His Symbols by Carl Jung. When I skied Monte Ste. Anne, buying my first Playboy in Quebec, it was Van Halen's 1984.

That was the year, so we read several dystopic novels in English class. These ranged from William Golding's Lord of the Flies, to Aldous Huxley's Brave New World, to George Orwell's 1984. The police state America was becoming was right in front of me, but I could not see it. I thought the world of Orwell's book was the kind of thing they had in the Soviet Union, or in East Germany, so I felt glad I lived in America. Oddly, I remember thinking, while we read it, that to destroy something simply to destroy it was absolute evil. Perhaps I witnessed something like this in a hypnotic session, half recalled in class, or maybe it was the obscene colloquies between O'Brien and Winston, Orwell's description of the boot in the face, and the state's destruction of Winston and Julia's relationship for nothing.

The story that really grabbed my attention was "The Lottery" by Shirley Jackson. "The Lottery" concerned a strange ritual in which a town sacrifices one of its children, recalling the actual practices of the luciferians among us. Westfield had been rife with satanism, as is Arden, Delaware, a fact exposed by Jay Parker. In England, my friend, a former military intelligence agent, Andrea Davison, worked to expose satanic abuse, while others suffered at the hands of royals, masons, and politicians. An Englishman, a cousin to Ian Fleming, told me he saw a boy sacrificed on Easter for his "christ energy," and he fought to stop it. Meanwhile, in the United States, FBI Special Agent In Charge Ted

Gunderson worked, along with State Senator John DeCamp, to expose CIA's connection to satanism. People were starting to wake up, but the establishment dismissed legitimate outrage as the "satanic panic." But I was left with a strange fascination about not satanism but the sacrifice in "The Lottery."

Another favorite was by Richard Connell: "The Most Dangerous Game." This concerned the mad General Zaroff, who hunted human beings. I had a mysterious feeling there was something to this story, but my teacher dismissed it as mere escapism.

The story spoke to me because the scum surrounded it with hypnotic suggestions. While my father travelled, they brought a videotape to my house, forcing me to watch, drugged and hypnotized, as they hit me with suggestions. The film, made in 1932, before the adoption of the Hays Code, strongly suggests rape, while it features Fay Wray, whose rape King Kong implies. Although the characters drink together, Count Zaroff shows contempt for a drunken guest, and I shared his disdain. Still, the scum worked on me, as they promoted alcohol, rape, and unfounded elitism. Voices circled around me.

*You want to hang out with Count Zaroff, don't you?*

*You'll have to drink....*

*Drink but not too much.*

*Drink but not too much.*

*Drink but not too much....*

The commands echoed, over and over, in my mind, until they hit me with an interrupt.

*Later it will be different.*

Just as Count Zaroff lies in the film, cheating his hapless guests, murdering one, hunting another, and raping, or planning to rape, a third, so my abusers lied to me as they plotted my destruction. Zaroff purports to offer fair chase, but he keeps rearming himself. The mad hunter claims he will let his quarry go if they elude him till daybreak; but every time they evade death he comes at them harder. Starting with a bow, he moves on to a rifle, and eventually he releases the hounds. He says he will play by a set of rules, but he changes them as the game progresses. No wonder I felt there was something to this story.

Later, I would find my instinct had been right. In Europe, the Satanic Ninth Circle sponsors the hunting of naked children by royals. Here, in America, Cathy O'Brien tells how Dick Cheney, Chief of Staff to President Ford, Secretary of Defense to George H.W. Bush, Vice President to George W. Bush, and member of the Council on Foreign Relations, hunted and raped her near Greybull, Wyoming. Mrs. O'Brien also describes how her daughter Kelly and she were hunted, tortured, and raped behind the fence of the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre in Lampe, Missouri, a near-death trauma center. In Shasta, California, Cathy O'Brien was hunted by the traitor Dick Cheney, who raped her with a dog, and by George Bush, who forcibly sodomized her daughter, Kelly,

when she was a toddler. Antonin Scalia, a member of the Order of St. Hubertus, and a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was murdered in connection with these activities. With amnesic walls, the mind shuts out horrible memories. It's hard enough for victims to accept what happened, and others don't believe us because they find our stories bizarre. Meanwhile, the sick trash at CIA, and the Illuminati, advertise our abuse in stories like "The Most Dangerous Game," Hollywood movies like The Naked Prey, and pornographic videos where border agents hunt and rape Mexicans.

"The Most Dangerous Game" resonated with another story I read as a boy in a book endorsed by Alfred Hitchcock. I cannot remember the name, but it described an Englishman's visit to a remote part of the Virginia foxhunting country. A beautiful lady helped him escape, as his hosts tried to drug him, hunting him through the night, on horseback, for Samhain. Two packs follow him—one with a mysterious and shapeless creature that embodies his worst fears. Like a good deal of Alfred Hitchcock's work, from the rape in Marnie, to the shower in Psycho, to the voyeurism of Rear Window, the whole thing screams MK-ULTRA. Did you know Marnie was filmed in Unionville? Hitchcock still enjoyed a good deal of popularity in the eighties; so, when I attended Andover, someone actually taught a class on him. PBS promoted his show, which I would watch, in the summer, late at night, drinking iced tea, before the channel screened Star Gazers, they played the national anthem, and they cut the broadcast signal. Then I might

switch to The Tonight Show, starring Johnny Carson, followed by David Letterman, which, aside from the top ten lists, and the time Arnold Schwarzenegger held his own, was never any good. The Late Show was better.

J. Robert McCullough, in whose class we read "The Most Dangerous Game," was my English teacher for three years straight. At first, I liked him. A product of Catholic boys' school, he taught me how to diagram sentences, he joked about George Carlin, and he wrote me a reference for Andover; but later I hated him, and I tried to make him look the fool in class. Perhaps this, like our unusual three years together, was the product of MK-ULTRA. Everything else sure as hell was, and McCullough was targeted under the program.

The scum at CIA constantly work to discredit and destroy their targets, and they do so both through sex and by inciting crimes. They have tried all my life, unsuccessfully, to drive me to rape someone. Likewise, they worked on McCullough.

I have never seen a teacher act so improperly. In class, he would often talk about Playboy and Bo Derek. One time, he asked us, out of nowhere, if we knew the difference between a spinster and an old maid. On more than one occasion, he would stand in back of Janet Siegfried, then sixteen years old, put his hands on her shoulders, and ask her, in a throaty voice, to recite a poem: Robert Graves' "The Naked and The Nude." McCullough coached the girls' cross country team, and he would sometimes wander into their locker room, claiming they



overreacted when they kicked him out. When we read As I Lay Dying, he described the plot of Faulkner's Sanctuary, where a degenerate violates a woman with a corn cob. Once he told us, in what he took to be a thoughtful moment, that he could molest any one of us, and the school would believe his denial not the victim's story.

It was Roger Heller, who co-taught the pilot program of American Studies with McCullough, whom CIA destroyed. Like all of us, Heller showed signs of programming, and he was clearly targeted. His wife had breast cancer, lingering in pain for roughly twenty years, before she died. I remember him telling our class that the hospital provided a room for patients to smoke marijuana, so they could reacquire their appetite and have some respite from their pain. I don't know if Mrs. Heller smoked or not, but the scum at CIA were trying to get Heller in trouble, while they stoked our interest in drugs. Heller coached the boys' basketball team, and he had the sort of temper that comes from constant abuse under MK-ULTRA. In the winter, we would go to the games, sitting on the wooden bleachers, and talking, while Heller screamed at the players, red-faced, till the veins stood out on his neck.

Years later, a student claimed Heller sexually assaulted her. Seventeen-year-old Emily Slee was head trainer for the boys' basketball team, planning a career in sports medicine, when something happened between her and the coach. She made strong claims against him, painting herself as a victim and Heller as a predator; but I remember Mr.

Heller, and it's hard for me to believe he would hurt anyone. My mother taught French at my school. She said Emily Slee was trouble, coming on to more than one dumb male teacher. She feels, as do I, that Heller was a lonely man, in a lot of pain, who made a mistake by entering into a consensual relationship with a student. (I do not defend Heller's actions, but the age of consent is sixteen in Pennsylvania). I see the program's hand in this, not only as they pushed Heller and Slee together, but as they brainwashed Slee, years later, to recall events differently.

What strikes me most, however, is Slee's excuse for delayed reporting, which has MK-ULTRA written all over it. As she said,

*I wanted to believe this was not happening....*

*I dissociated completely.*

Many of us feel that way when we are assaulted, and it's the basis of trauma-induced mind control. The mind blots out horrible events, throwing up amnesic walls, and sheltering itself in denial.

Those horrible events were not the actions of Roger Heller, but they were those of Slee's abusers at CIA.

## BOOK NINE: QUEEN KONG

As my father continued to travel to South Africa and Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, white Africa continued to resurface.

Unionville might have been the country, speckled increasingly with suburban development, but it was a company town. Almost everyone's father worked for DuPont outside its headquarters in Wilmington, Delaware, and they commuted through the countryside on Route 52, a road built by the homosexual war profiteer Pierre DuPont so he could drive easily back and forth between his estate at Longwood Gardens and his office. If you didn't want your kids to be bussed with students from the ghetto, you sent them to private schools like Tower Hill, Tatnall, or Wilmington Friends. And if you didn't send them to private schools, you moved to Unionville. Kennett was a nearby school in our county, closer to Delaware, and the Illuminati plan was for us to go there. Just as the Westfield teams were the Blue Devils, the Kennett teams were the Blue Demons. But Kennett schools were full of Puerto Ricans. Most white families wanted to live farther out, so real estate agents married to DuPonters happily steered us there. It was white flight.

Here and there, there was an exception, where someone's father did not work for DuPont. When the Henochs moved away, a British family moved next door. Malcolm Watts was one of the few fathers who worked for a different company. We never bonded with the Watts family, and I never played with their children, but it wasn't for

lack of Mrs. Watts coming over. A big-boned, barrel-chested white lady from Kenya, who coached the field hockey team, she would walk straight into our house without knocking, calling out, "Yoo-hoo!" Later, Mrs. Watts turned lesbian and abandoned her husband. He didn't know what happened.

My father was travelling to South Africa, Blair's dad was reporting on it, and my controllers were pushing the issue. Mrs. Watts had not only grown up in Kenya; but, when she was a girl, the Mau Mau rose against their colonial masters. Roger Ruck, his wife Esmee, and their six-year-old son, Michael, were only three of the victims. Dr. Esmee Ruck ran a dispensary for blacks, and she was pregnant, but that didn't stop the Mau Mau from butchering her, her husband, and her boy with knives. God knows what else they did to her. The family's black servants ran to help them, but the mob cut them down. White women were violated in the most horrific ways, and black chiefs who stood with the colonial government were hacked to pieces. Most attacks occurred under cover of darkness. The Mau Mau were a savage, violent, and depraved cult, whose perverted tribalism led to the downfall of a lax colonial government. In the words of Dr. J.C. Carothers, they were "an irrational force of evil, dominated by bestial impulses and influenced by world communism." It was a war on whites! Just like in Rhodesia, the Commies were behind it. Little did I know, so was the CIA.

Some people just didn't get it. Not only was Blair's dad reporting scripted stories, as ABC covered the fall of South Africa; but

our family friends, the Brandenburgs, were strong against apartheid, so my father's business in South Africa caused a rift between our families, who had been friends for twenty years.

Kurt Brandenburg was brainwashed under MK-ULTRA at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor, where he earned his master's degree in history. Michigan is a hotbed of mind control, and some of the buildings go several stories beneath the ground. The government actually paid Mr. Brandenburg money, so they could give him LSD and other mind-altering drugs in a controlled environment. One time they put him in an isolation tank. When he left the building, the walls were breathing. Another time, he had to play a game against another subject, where he suspected his opponent had a different set of rules. I am sure he was implanted with cybernetics like all of us.

When my parents met him, before I was born, Mr. Brandenburg was a director of the Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond, Virginia. Sometimes, from Westfield, we drove to visit his family in the Old Dominion. One time, I dreamt of clouds, ladies, knights, and castles, during the six-hour trip, an afternoon I associate with "Roundabout" by Yes, which suggests an early programming session.

Another time, our families met midway, camping in West Virginia, where I remember a high and frightening view, as my mother warned me away from the edge of the river gorge. As we camped, Mr. Brandenburg happily chopped wood with a Collins axe. He showed me

how to light a match, holding it between my thumb and middle finger, pressing down on the head with my pointer. He also showed me how to adjust its burn, lowering the tip so the flame could find fuel upwards, or raising the tip so it would be deprived of fuel. From the light green plastic cup of his thermos, Mr. Brandenburg shared a sip of his beer with me. Using his friendly influence, no doubt CIA hoped I would play with matches and raid the fridge.

In Harper's Ferry, where we pitched our tents, John Brown, fresh from Bloody Kansas, seized the federal armory in hopes of distributing weapons and starting a slave revolt. Robert E. Lee led the forces that captured him, making Brown the first person convicted of treason in the United States. Although Brown was hanged almost immediately in Charles Town, West Virginia, Robert E. Lee and others who led an armed insurrection against the United States of America were later pardoned and allowed to keep their swords. With the Brandenburs, we sometimes sang "John Brown's Body," which portrays him as a martyr, and the associated "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

After Mr. Brandenburg left the Museum of the Confederacy, he worked for the Chester County Historical Society. What a coincidence! First we met his family in Virginia, and then both our families moved to Pennsylvania, where our friends lived five miles away. Some of Mr. Brandenburg's work must have concerned not only the Battle of the Brandywine, the largest action fought in the War of

Independence, but also the Underground Railroad, through which my family helped escaped slaves find their freedom in the North, a secret organization active not only in the Shelleys' home in Bucks County but also in Chester County, which sits on the Mason-Dixon Line, shot in part from the nearby Stargazer's Stone.

In Pennsylvania, Mr. Brandenburg became a Quaker, and he served as a member of the Executive Committee of the Friends Council on Education. He was a kind and gentle man, who wrote poetry and smoked a pipe, just like my dad. Kurt was one of my father's few friends, and they would sit together for hours, playing chess and listening to classical music. At Kurt's insistence, my father heard the master, Andrés Segovia Torres, play the guitar in Philadelphia, around the time Juan Carlos ennobled him as the first Marquis of Salobreña. Kurt succeeded there, but he failed in his attempts to lead my father into joint carpentry projects with me. Later he taught at the Meeting School, in Rindge, New Hampshire.

The Meeting School, a noble experiment in education, was as targeted as Mr. Brandenburg. In 2011, after fifty-six years, the school was shuttered. When my mother last saw our friend, she expressed frustration, as he hemmed and hawed over the menu, unable to order without his wife's permission. Later his wife, Claudia, turned lesbian, and she left him. Last I heard, he went home to Michigan to work as a janitor.

Mrs. Brandenburg was difficult, and CIA was trying to make Mr. Brandenburg violent; but the worst they could do was lead him to collect antique firearms. He had a Brown Bess musket from the War of Independence, and he had a rifle from the Civil War that used percussion caps. His wife, who embraced leftist causes, disapproved of his collection.

In what I have come to see as a typical MK-ULTRA family dynamic, Mrs. Brandenburg was difficult with her children. The elder child, Claire, was a gentle soul, who loved cats and played Renaissance and Baroque music on a recorder. The younger child, Ben, was extremely wild, his hands were always dirty, and he always seemed to break something accidentally. But in Mrs. Brandenburg's eyes, Ben could do no wrong. Everything was Claire's fault. What's all the more ironic was Mrs. Brandenburg's job. Like Mr. Curtis, she was a social worker, who advised others how to raise their children, and rendered judgement on parents, as the state took their children away. Meanwhile, she was a lousy mother. Social worker is a common job for women brainwashed under MK-ULTRA because it allows them to destroy families. I would meet women like this later, in family court, as the state took my daughter from me solely because of my stance against the CIA.

Mr. Brandenburg never got to enough with Mrs. Brandenburg, but my parents did. It was one thing when we weren't supposed to eat grapes because of Cesar Chavez, but it was another when Claudia continued to badger my father about his trips to



Zimbabwe and South Africa. I remember her asking him, aggressively, if it didn't bother him to visit these countries. As my dad replied, "Well, Claudia, Zimbabwe shouldn't bother you either. Since the Rhodesian government fell, it is run by blacks."

In America, more and more people were becoming overly sensitive to imaginary racial issues while they ignored real racial issues, a trend that has continued to this day.

The celebration of Martin Luther King Day is a perfect example. Martin Luther King was a moderate civil rights leader with a far from spotless record. During his lifetime, King was a controversial figure, who plagiarized his doctoral dissertation, cheated on his wife, associated with Communists, and was surveilled by the FBI. When King was shot at the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tennessee, the country erupted in race riots, as blacks burned down their own neighborhoods. CIA provocateurs were redirecting the understandable political anger of black people into street violence against each other. Today this is forgotten, as we celebrate Martin Luther King Day. But, when I lived in Virginia, even that day was shared with two slave-owning Confederate generals, Robert E. Lee and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, to make "Lee-Jackson-King Day."

The celebration of King is false. His dream of racial equality never happened, and he was killed. My students at Lincoln, a black university where I teach, know the score. And so do the blacks in our nation's capital, who live only a few miles away from my daughter's old

neighborhood but go to a racially segregated school. Racism is alive and well in America, and very few blacks have anything in common with former president Barack Hussein Obama II, a half-white war monger who won the Nobel Peace Prize solely for his skin color.

How about a day for Fred Hampton? I bet you never heard of him. Hampton took activism to a new level, defending African-Americans. With other Black Panthers, he followed the cops on their patrols, watching out for police brutality, and using his knowledge of the law to protect himself and others. As the Panthers said,

## **WE GONNA POLICE THE POLICE.**

Hampton worked for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to effect social change through community organizing and nonviolent activism. He worked to establish more and better recreational facilities and to improve educational resources for black people. He was instrumental in the Black Panthers' Free Breakfast Program. He brokered a non-aggression pact between Chicago's most powerful street gangs. Hampton was on the verge of bringing a gang with thousands of members into the Black Panther Party, which would have doubled its membership; and he worked with organizers of other races, like the Young Patriots, convincing people that poor blacks and poor whites had things in common and should stand together against their oppressors. Hampton was about to be appointed as the Black Panther Party's Central Committee's Chief of Staff, when the Chicago

Police Department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation murdered him. Drugged by an FBI infiltrator, he was asleep in his bed, next to his pregnant fiancée, when the pigs killed him. One policeman said, “He’s barely alive. He’ll make it.” Then the other fired two more shots into Hampton’s head, at point blank range, saying afterwards, “He’s good and dead now.” Five thousand people attended Hampton’s funeral.

Or how about a day for Malcolm X, another black hero, who emphasized self-determination and self-defense? Malcolm X was a courageous advocate for the rights of blacks, a man who called out America for its crimes against his people. He exposed the sexual misbehavior of Elijah Muhammad, the leader of the Nation of Islam, which he eventually disavowed. Malcolm X made a vital contribution to the Black Power Movement. He was assassinated by three members of the Nation of Islam, whose leader wore masonic and satanic symbols on his hat.

As indicated by Elijah Muhammad’s funny headgear, the assassination of its real leaders, and its ultimate failure—not to mention the way in which the mainstream co-opted it—CIA created much of the Civil Rights Movement, so it could expand the power of the federal government, destroy states’ rights, and grant no real gains to African Americans.

In the 1920s, the Ku Klux Klan was a powerful force against the New World Order. It had begun with Reconstruction, as a means of terrorizing not only freed slaves but white carpetbaggers, who invaded

the South. The Klan became virtually obsolete under Jim Crow, but, in the 1920s, it revived, wielding great influence. At this time, it did not target blacks, but it stood against immigration, world banking interests, and the influence of the Vatican. Presidents Warren Harding and Harry Truman were members of the Klan, as were United States Supreme Court Justices Edward Douglass White and Hugo Black—not to mention Senators Joseph Brown, Rice W. Means, John Tyler Morgan, and Edmund Pettus as well as Governors Theodore G. Bilbo, Edward L. Jackson, Clarence Morley, Bibb Graves, and Clifford Walker. The Mayors of Los Angeles and Denver were Klansmen. The Klan was vital to the enactment of Prohibition, shaping, albeit temporarily, the Constitution of the United States. On Independence Day, in 1924, twenty thousand Klansmen amassed in New Jersey to prevent the presidential nomination of New York Governor Al Smith.

I remember these facts about the Klan from eighth-grade history, taught by LaVerne Engel, an old country boy with an enormous waist, who would sometimes beat recalcitrant students in the hallway. We got some labor history through him, and he told us that his father-in-law believed, until the day he died, the moon landing was filmed in Hollywood.

A page that jumped out at me from Mr. Engel's textbook described the Spruce Goose, properly named the Hercules, which Howard Hughes designed and built. During World War Two, Hughes wanted to move troops and equipment more quickly across the Atlantic,

so German U-Boats would not sink them. His project stalled because key players in the government and the military opposed it. They did not want to win the war at all. That's why they moved General Patton away from the front, and they starved his tanks for gas before they killed him in a car wreck. Hughes's aircraft, like Patton's tactical brilliance, inspired me. Both men had panache. These American heroes lived with sprezzatura before the trash laid them low.

As he was entrained, Howard Hughes had sex with many of Hollywood's leading ladies. These included Ava Gardner, who later had a relationship with Ernest Hemingway; Rita Hayworth, who married the iconoclast director Orson Welles; Ginger Rogers, a Daughter of the American Revolution who opposed the New Deal; Olivia de Havilland, whose father taught at the Imperial University in Japan, whose mother was educated at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, and who later lived in France, writing a book about her experience; Jean Harlow, who also wrote a novel; Joan Fontaine, the only actor to win an academy award in a Hitchcock film; Katharine Hepburn, an outspoken, fiercely independent, and private person, who studied at the programming center of Bryn Mawr College; Lana Turner, who led a tempestuous and troubled life; Jane Russell, who could not bear children after a botched abortion; and Bette Davis, who died drunk and alone. Each of these ladies was as targeted as her lover, Howard Hughes.

Howard Hughes was a maverick, who fought for freedom, before the Illuminists undid him. Through RKO Studios, he tried to

break Hollywood's monopoly, making films like Hell's Angels, which CIA later obscured through the creation of a motorcycle gang. At RKO, Orson Welles made Citizen Kane, widely regarded as one of Hollywood's best pictures, in which he pilloried the Illuminist media baron William Randolph Hearst. When Pan American tried to maintain a transcontinental monopoly on air travel, Howard Hughes fought back in congressional hearings. If the United States had a single airline like Germany with Lufthansa, France with Air France, or the United Kingdom with British Airways, it would have been much easier for the government to control people's travel—monitoring their movements, banning them from flights, and otherwise harassing them—as it does now following the false flag attacks on 9/11 and the attendant growth of the surveillance state. Howard Hughes successfully thwarted PanAm's monopoly, as he attempted to break Hollywood's, so he was targeted for the rest of his life. In his later years, he would work directly with the CIA on PROJECT AZORIAN, in which the Glomar Explorer tried to recover Soviet submarine K-129. Later his companies would develop the satellites used to enslave humanity. His masters drove him mad, making him a recluse and a germophobe who wore tissue boxes on his feet and scratched his nose with long curly fingernails.

Only recently did I remember that Mr. Engel played us Myron C. Fagan's lectures on the Illuminati, setting the LPs on a portable record player. Just as Mr. Engel taught us how the southern establishment divided poor whites and poor blacks against each other to

ensure these groups did not unite against their common oppressor, Fagan explains how the Illuminati divide and conquer, forming competing ideologies, like fascism and communism, wahhabism and zionism, making them fight, while the Rothschilds finance both sides of every war and conflicts lead to globalist solutions, moving us closer and closer to satanic one world government. Back then I got none of this. I thought I was smarter than Fagan, and that it was all nonsense, especially because the genius understated the number of Jews killed by Hitler while he mocked Senator Fulbright. It took me thirty-five years to find Fagan's lectures again and to remember how Mr. Engel tried to share them with me. Sometimes that's how teaching works. I thought I was smarter than my teachers in general, and I thought I was smarter than Mr. Engel in particular. Or maybe I was just too busy fantasizing about my classmate Kirsten Chadwick, who had the largest breasts on my eighth-grade team, with whom I went to Andover, and who is now a psychologist in the nation's capital.

As my old history teacher, Mr. Engel taught, in 1925, thirty thousand Klansmen marched in a parade on the National Mall. That's how powerful the Klan was, and it strongly opposed the New World Order, standing against immigration, world banking interests, and the influence of the Vatican.

This had to be stopped, and the New World Order loves false flags, so CIA infiltrated the Klan. The Klan was senescent in the 1940s, but NWO feared its revival, given their recent gains with the

creation of the United Nations, NATO, the World Bank, and the Common Market (which would become the European Union). They could not afford to have a strong anti-globalist force in the United States. First they created the Civil Rights Movement, sending outside agitators into the South. Then CIA used this provocation to revive the Klan in a new form, and only in the South, so they could cause the Klan to respond violently, discrediting and destroying it. The church bombings of the 1960s, the killing of civil rights workers, and the outspoken racism of the reformed Klan gave the federal government the excuse it needed to call up troops in the South. The Feds used the National Guard to enforce the will of the white Texan, President Johnson, who succeeded to the office following Kennedy's assassination, while they were opposed by Governor George Wallace, whom CIA tried to assassinate.

Likewise, the New World Order feared the John Birch Society, which had one hundred thousand members at its peak. The society opposed the Civil Rights Movement, claiming a worldwide conspiracy had created it, and it supports states' rights under the Constitution. It opposes one world government, the United Nations, free trade agreements, and increasing immigration. According to Robert Welch, a genius who attended both the Naval Academy and Harvard Law School, and became a self-made millionaire, before he founded the John Birch Society,

Both the U.S. and Soviet governments are controlled by the same furtive conspiratorial cabal of internationalists, greedy bankers,



and corrupt politicians. If left unexposed, the traitors inside the U.S. government would betray the country's sovereignty to the United Nations for a collectivist New World Order, managed by a one-world socialist government.

That's not far from what my friend, Andrea Davison, a former British intelligence agent, says in her book, Shoot The Women First, that the Cold War was a sham, and the same people, at the so-called top, ran both sides. The John Birch Society realizes this, and it opposes the New World Order. It argues that globalization has devalued the Constitution, and it fears the creation of a North American Union. Just like Myron Fagan, Robert Welch understood the Illuminati run the show. He called them the Insiders, and he identified Illuminist groups like the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers, the Bilderbergers, the Council on Foreign Relations, and the Trilateral Commission. The Birchers could not be induced to violence, and they were not racist, so CIA had its work cut out as it sought to discredit them.

On the left, Bob Dylan made fun of their "paranoia," and he compared them to Nazis—ironic since the real Nazis were men like Wernher von Braun in NASA and Josef Mengele, who abused Americans through MK-ULTRA under the name Dr. Green, having been brought over from Germany, and protected from prosecution, through OPERATION PAPERCLIP. Politicians that belonged to Skull and Bones, like Prescott Bush and Averell Harriman, financed the Nazis, and they

remained in government, while Bob Dylan defamed the Americans who fought the conspiracy.

Meanwhile, on the right, William F. Buckley's entire raison d'être was to destroy the John Birch Society. Buckley went to Yale, where he joined Skull and Bones, and he was once in the CIA. He was the only conservative voice on Public Broadcasting Service. PBS was funded, in part, by Senator Robert Byrd, a member of the new Klan, who sexually abused Cathy O'Brien in horrific ways under PROJECT MONARCH. As PBS undid the fabric of America, selling a false vision of the English, it became associated with liberal thinking and openmindedness. Its only conservative voice was Bill Buckley, although Julia Child, who had the cooking show, was former OSS. (That's the forerunner of CIA, which smuggled Nazi war criminals from Germany to our country). Buckley wrote a spy novel, Saving the Queen, in which the "hero" is savagely beaten at an English boarding school later to reenact the scene as he fucks the Queen of England. He was pals with David Niven, a Hollywood star, who murdered his first wife. While espousing Roman Catholicism, Buckley disowned his illegitimate grandson, and his son wrote a book mocking his senility. MK-ULTRA loves to destroy families.

Bill Buckley edited The National Review, and he hosted Firing Line on PBS. He used both platforms to attack the John Birch Society, calling it a fringe group. In 1962, Buckley denounced Welch, claiming his conspiracy theories were far removed from common sense.

Although Buckley was a member of Skull and Bones, he could not see the conspiracy—or at least he said he couldn't. Buckley advocated American involvement in Việt Nam—which was driven by CIA's gun running, human trafficking, and heroin trading—while Welch favored a traditional American policy of isolationism, as advised by George Washington, who used his farewell address to warn America against permanent alliances, just as Thomas Jefferson spoke in his inaugural against entangling alliances, such as those in NATO. While millions died, Buckley supported the War in Việt Nam, while he labelled Welch a lunatic.

The war itself was a racist enterprise. Not only were yellow people in Việt Nam targeted under PHCENIX, which took out Indochina's best and brightest, but the establishment used blacks to fight the war. Young white men could obtain deferments by going first to college and then to an endless round of graduate schools, so they did not have to serve. Most black men did not have this opportunity, so they were called up. The Army was integrated, but, throughout the war, black soldiers were disproportionately assigned menial duties, denied promotion, and targeted for punishment. Blacks represented eleven percent of the civilian population, but they accounted for twenty-three percent of combat troops and only two percent of officers.

In the War in Việt Nam, which Buckley's fellow Bonesmen McGeorge Bundy and Averell Harriman had started, in connection with CIA's assassination of Kennedy, there were enormous profits to be

reaped at the cost of more than three million lives. Dow made napalm. Monsanto made Agent Orange. Bell, Boeing, and Sikorsky made choppers. Lockheed, McDonnell, and Douglas made planes. And RMK-BRJ, the Vietnam Builders, entered into no-bid contracts. The Department of Defense spent \$168 billion dollars—that's one trillion in today's money—on the war we lost. In that war, our government gassed our family friend George Ring, who would die, his hair white, an oxygen tank at his side, before it buried him in Arlington, a cemetery defaced with masonic symbols.

On Firing Line, Buckley showed all the symptoms of a victim implanted with voice-to-skull technology. He would 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 those of many others, was caused by mind control, forced speech, and the neuro-linguistic programming I discuss in the appendices to this book.

Buckley's masters in the New World Order hated Rhodesia, but it was so important he could not ignore it. In fact, my own awakening to my abuse, and my recovery of memories, began with a sentence in one of Buckley's books. In a book on sailing, he casually mentioned talking with someone about Rhodesia. I had repressed all memory of the place, but, for some mysterious reason, I became intrigued with the topic. My insane controllers, who actually wanted

me to remember my torture, so they could try to make me miserable, encouraged me to learn about Rhodesia.

### SOMETHING'S BURIED IN RHODESIA,

I kept thinking to myself, prompted by the same hypnotic voice-to-skull operators that plagued Buckley; so I began to do research. Eventually, this led to the recovery of memories, but first I ran across a reference to an episode of Firing Line that Buckley filmed in Salisbury, Rhodesia—whose name has been changed to Harare, Zimbabwe—and I would still be interested to watch it. So far I have not found a copy.

Rhodesia involved the real war against communism. Rhodesia and South Africa were staunchly anti-communist, and they were prosperous countries that treated their people well. Although South African blacks were marginalized under apartheid, they still had it better than blacks almost anywhere in Africa—so much so that South Africa had an illegal immigration problem. Blacks from other parts of the continent were constantly sneaking in, so they could make a better living. They didn't have a political voice in South Africa, or unrestricted movement, but they didn't have those things in their home countries either. Rhodesia and South Africa came under attack by the African National Congress (ANC), the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), the Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army (ZIPRA), the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU), and the Zimbabwe African Liberation Army (ZANLA), which were all armed communist groups, committing atrocities against whites and blacks, and funded by

communist countries like the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China, not to mention assisted in the case of ZANU and ZANLA, by CIA, who brought in Robert Mugabe, a brutal dictator who was first prime minister and then president of Zimbabwe for thirty-seven years. As the white Africans used to say, "If they ever get their election, it will be one man, one vote, one time."

Mugabe was the man CIA put in power, while they taught me to admire Rhodesia, the country he destroyed, replacing it with the failed state of Zimbabwe. Upon his accession to power, after he orchestrated the rape of Judith Todd, the daughter of former prime minister Garfield Todd, a woman who naïvely opposed Ian Smith's government in favor of black majority rule, Mugabe began a reign of terror, where he used rape as a political weapon, purposely infecting people with HIV as they were gang-raped by his "soldiers." Bob Mugabe's first targets were black, as he initiated the Gukurahundi, in which his thugs killed over twenty thousand of his tribal enemies, the Matabele, men, women, and children. Even their livestock were slaughtered. That's the leader CIA backed. After 1979, some white Rhodesians, like former prime minister Ian Smith, thought they could make a deal with the devil, but that never works. Eventually, CIA destroyed them, too.

Ian Smith had the foolish idea that he could negotiate with Robert Mugabe, because Henry Kissinger forced him to it. Kissinger lied to the white South Africans, who pressured Rhodesia, threatening

total isolation, because they, too, were stupid enough to think they could make a deal with the New World Order. For a while, the South Africans held on to their country, but it did not take long for the rapist Jacob Zuma, and his ilk, to ascend to the presidency of South Africa. Zuma's soldiers danced, while he sang songs about machine-gunning white farmers, as they did earlier in the ANC, as they murder whites now.

When Kissinger wasn't precipitating the destruction of Rhodesia, and ultimately South Africa, he served as Secretary of State and National Security Advisor for President Richard Nixon, a man the New World Order drove from office just as they forced his predecessor Lyndon Johnson to step away from the White House. Nixon was right to be paranoid: the Eastern Establishment was out to get him, and they had an international conspiracy behind them. Susan Ford, writing as Brice Taylor, tells how Kissinger raped her and others under CIA's obscene program, PROJECT MONARCH. When he wasn't committing sex crimes, Kissinger ran Nixon's foreign policy, just as subhuman garbage like McGeorge Bundy, another member of Skull and Bones, ran Johnson's. They were the shadow government sometimes known as the Deep State. Kissinger brokered peace with communist China, and he dictated policy on the War in Việt Nam.

None of this showed up on ex-CIA Bonesman Buckley's show, Firing Line. The entire purpose of that television program was to discredit conspiracy theories, draw right-wingers away from the John Birch Society, and provide intellectual justification for foreign wars.

That's when Buckley wasn't interviewing people like Professor Cornel West just to show he wasn't a racist. Meanwhile, as I believe Cornel West himself would admit, black people gained little from the Civil Rights Movement and nothing from these conversations. They certainly did not profit from the destruction of white Africa. In the end, African blacks got brutal dictatorships, and American blacks just got to vote for the same stooges as their white brothers and sisters.

At my high school in Unionville, Pennsylvania, almost everyone was white. There were roughly half a dozen Asian students, four of whom were the children of doctors. One had come to America after the fall of Saigon, as one of the boat people in the 1970s. Thât Van Lu had travelled almost nine thousand miles from Việt Nam to Pennsylvania through dangers I cannot imagine. I remember when he showed up in school, wearing a throwing star around his neck. Back in those days, that was just something neat; but today it would probably be confiscated. Thât was a great athlete, he knew martial arts, and he even had a Bruce Lee tee shirt. He always made A's, and he was a really good guy. When Thât put one of the McConnell Brothers in a headlock, I knew he deserved it.

The few Latins were white and spoke perfect English, and there were exactly three black students, including a field hockey player from Kenya. We won the state championships that year. The art teacher, Mr. Wheat, was black, and so was the gym teacher, Mr. White. No kidding. Those were their names. Incidentally, Unionville High School



was featured on Saturday Night Live, as the school from which the shooter of Buckwheat, played by Eddie Murphy, had graduated. I don't know what was going on there, but it seems to be some sort of bizarre cartel signalling. I never had Mr. Wheat, since I can barely draw a stick figure; but like all of us, I had Mr. White for gym.

I had no racial awareness whatsoever, and I really was color-blind. I was about five years old the first time I saw a black person, when I laughed and asked my mother, "What happened to him?" She asked me what I meant, and I replied, "Well, just look at him. His face is brown. His eyes are brown. His hair is brown. He's brown all over." With an apology, my mother hustled me off. It made her feel uncomfortable since there were regular race riots. Later in third grade, I had Mrs. Hynson as my teacher. She was a really cool light-skinned black lady, but I thought she had a good suntan. Despite CIA's efforts to program racial hatred into me, I saw no difference between white, black, and Asian people.

About this time, Bernard Goetz caught our school's attention. In 1981, three black hooligans mugged Goetz on the New York subway, but he fought back and helped arrest one of them. Nonetheless, Goetz spent twice the time his attacker did in the police station, and the police charged the mugger only with criminal mischief. Refusing to live in fear, or to back down, Goetz armed himself in anticipation of future attacks. Three years later, four black criminals approached Goetz, right before Christmas, as he rode the subway. They

started to toy with him, asking how he was doing, asking for a light, and asking for money, but he did not wait for them to attack. Goetz opened fire, shooting all four, and he faced charges as a consequence. It was hard at first for me to see the black criminals as threatening him, since I lived in a sheltered environment, and I focused on their words, not the social context, body language, and tone of the encounter. After some thought, I realized things were different in New York, although I still had a hard time recognizing dangers. This would take a long time for me. Meanwhile, I took Goetz's word for it. The hoodlums posed a threat, which he understood. Bernard Goetz was a hero, and his actions were laudable.

Once there was a racial incident at the school. We were in the locker room after gym, when the largest of the three black students walked up to Craig Horvat and punched him in the nose.

"Say it again," he said. "Say it to my face!"

Craig didn't know what his attacker was talking about. Idiotically, instead of hitting back, he asked the boy, "What do you mean?"

The boy punched him in the face several more times, drawing blood, but no one intervened.

It made a big impression on me that no one stood up for Craig, even though his "friends" were all around the locker room. I thought to myself, "You can never trust these people. They don't know what it is to be friends."

Shortly afterward, the boy confronted me, telling me not to have any conversations about him, but I told him it was all in his head, and I stared him down. He outweighed me by twenty pounds, but I was ready to rock. I had no fear of him, and I was not going to take any bullshit.

The word got out the boy thought Craig had called him a nigger, but no one believed it—no one except the school administration, who undoubtedly noticed Craig's extremely pale skin, light blue eyes, and white hair, which gave him an almost albino appearance. I was told to go to the office, where the principal asked me about "the conversation." I told him I didn't know what he was talking about, and the boy who hit Craig should be punished. Mr. Meehan pressed me again. Only because the story spread like wildfire around the school, I knew what the black kid had said. (I don't remember the boy's name, and it's not worth knowing.) I said, "If you mean did Craig call him a nigger, the answer is no. I didn't hear it. And he says the same thing about me." I was a straight A student, never in trouble, as was Craig, but the principal took the black kid for his word, and he received no punishment. That didn't make sense to me. Even if Craig had called him a nigger, that did not excuse physical battery on the schoolgrounds.

Later, I became friends with Craig, who had signs of programming all over him. Craig's father had escaped first the Nazis, by hiding in a hay wagon, and then the Communists during the 1956 uprising in Hungary. I have since learned that anyone who fled the

Communists or a war zone almost certainly came into contact with CIA and was brought into the program. Craig's father had some sort of access to DARPA NET, or something similar, which has become the world wide web. I remember us going into a chatroom, before the internet existed, in 1986, but it was all fags, so we left.

Craig had mild Tourette Syndrome. He used some unusual and vulgar expressions selectively, but otherwise he didn't swear or shout jibberish. He also had a facial tic, where he would roll his eyes. Like me, Craig was implanted with cybernetic technology, only something had gone wrong. Certainly, he said some odd things that suggest implantation. I remember him talking about a "chill song" meaning a song that causes a chill to which the body shudders. I used to experience emotional sensations like that when listening to music, and maybe some of them were real; but nowadays the NSA will often try to manipulate my emotions by flooding my body with endorphins, adrenaline, or dopamine when I listen to music. Recognizing it for what it is, I find the experience disgusting.

Unlike me, Craig had his own car, a battered AMC Javelin, which he inherited from his sister Karen; and we started hanging out because he kept coming over to my house. It reminds me of Adam Clarke, who would visit my house in Westfield, often and without invitation, when I was nine, telling stories of the time he watched his sister and her friends skinny-dipping. In 1979, CIA put Adam in my way; and, in 1986, they sent Craig over. The agency wanted us to be

friends, so we would get into trouble. We would get into some mild mischief together, parked off a country lane or by a rural convenience store away from the watchful eyes of our parents—smoking cannabis, doing whip-its, which contain nitrous oxide, and drinking. Favorite drinks were beer, bloody marys, and Bartles and Jaymes wine coolers. It was the eighties.

Despite his high intelligence, which led him to become a surgeon, Craig hung out with some no-hopers and losers, about whom he told stories. Among them were the Dietz Brothers, and I remember him speaking about the eldest, Ed Dietz, who I hope is in prison. Ed worked at Hugo's, a local Italian restaurant, where he would spit in take-out orders. Craig told me that Ed attempted to force a girl to give him a blowjob, but she had bitten him. "Good!" was my instant reaction. "She should have bitten it off."

I wanted consensual blowjobs and other consensual sex, as I fantasized about the women in Playboy.

I was looking for the perfect blonde Playmate, someone to give Patty Duffek competition. Lynne Austin, a Floridian who dreamed of becoming a pilot, was the best I had found so far, and Kathy Shower, all woman at the age of thirty-three, would soon make a sexy Playmate of the Year. In my senior year, Laurie Carr was magnificent in a variety of kitschy outfits that did nothing to hide her body. With page after page of her blonde hairy bush on display, I could take her standing, face-to-face or from behind, missionary-style on the hood of her car, or

with her riding on top of me. She resembled my female abuser, but none of the fantasies was even close to rape. Waiting for me at college would be the incomparably muscular Monique Noël, who spoke of wrestling naked with her man and whom the writers compared to Lady Godiva. Today it gave me incredible pain to see Miss Noël dressed as Supergirl, knowing what the trash have done to her.

Right before I went to college, Gwen Hajek would show up. A blonde-haired, blue-eyed Arab-American, Miss Hajek drew on my programming and fantasies, from Barbara Eden in I Dream of Jeannie, to Caroline Munro in The Golden Voyage of Sinbad, to the intrepid heroine of “Ali Baba,” which I read in Lara Smith’s gift, Stories from around the World. My programmers would fix on Miss Hajek. In the only multi-partner fantasies I have ever had, two years later, I would imagine the blonde Miss Hajek and the brunette Miss Duffek taking turns, engaging in a friendly competition, to give me the best blowjob ever.

Soon I would go to Andover, where I bought a copy of Playboy that featured Venice Kong, a lady of mixed race, as Playmate of the Month. Miss Kong showed all the marks of programming. Her mother and her aunt had worked as bunnies at Playboy’s resort in Jamaica. For no reason given, she moved from her sunny island home to the Windy City of Chicago, whither Marilyn Lange had been drawn from Hawai`i, the city where the original Playboy Mansion stood.

As CIA separated Miss Kong from her family and her home, she described the personality change, social isolation, and bout of depression that accompanied her programming in Chicago:

When I first came to America, I went through a year's worth of culture shock. I stayed in my apartment for one year. I wouldn't venture out.

And what do you know? When the lady finally ventured out, she found herself at the Chicago Playboy Club applying for a job as a bunny. Soon thereafter, she posed naked for the magazine.

Not content to drug, rape, and program Miss Kong, CIA mocked her in the pages of Playboy. The scum love to make jokes at their victims' expense, advertising abuse. Here, the writers referred to changes in Miss Kong's voice that owed themselves to the cybernetic implants, voice to skull, and forced speech to which the appendices of this book allude:

The more fun Venice Kong is having, the higher her voice pitch goes. On especially playful days, you're not sure whether it's Venice or Memorex.

She's just naturally bubbly and effusive, though you wouldn't have thought so if you'd met her eight years ago.

The odd mention of Memorex, a magnetic tape used for computers, barely makes sense, except as a reference to the computers running Miss Kong in the Illuminati's sick trans-humanist project. Likewise, the trash

could not resist describing the accompanying personality change in Miss Kong as she fell subject to mind control.

The attacks on Miss Kong's speech and her mind are even crueller because, like me, she preferred silence. In a standing column called "Dear Playmates," a reader asked Miss Kong what she wanted to hear a man say after sex. Just as Monique Noël's sexiest outfit was nothing at all, Miss Kong didn't want to hear a thing. Although I treasure the intimate stories shared between climaxes, lying next to my partner, I share that preference during coitus. Like Miss Lange, the Playmate of the Year who grew up in my home town, the satanic enclave of Westfield, and who was abused at the same programming center, I had striven to cultivate inner silence. Back when I could have sex, I preferred to enter a wordless space, where I communicated with my partner only through our bodies and our breath. Now, however, I am forced into endless conversations with depraved idiots, as I believe Miss Kong is, too, consciously or not. The torture of forced speech, voice to skull, and cybernetic implantation is the subject of mockery in the magazine that enslaved us both.

Playboy contains many references of this type, which my friend Dr. Katherine Horton has helped me see. When I was in high school, the cartel was pushing Max Headroom, the stuttering computerized host of a t.v. talk show, a low-rent version of Johnny Carson combined with David Letterman. In college, they would recycle Sandy Greenberg, Miss June 1987, as Maxine Legroom, Max's girlfriend,



in a parodic feature. She appeared on the cover wearing the zebra print that signals programming under PROJECT MONARCH, a pattern that appeared heavily in her original pictorial. The cover advertised an article by William F. Buckley, Jr., former CIA agent and member of Skull and Bones, titled, "Why We Must Spy." Inside, Maxine Legroom's Playmate Data Sheet listed people-watching as her favorite sport. Miss Greenberg's eyes rolled in her head, as she gritted her teeth, went slack-jawed, or laughed idiotically, at her master's command, her robotic movements set off against a black-and-white striped screen, while the feature contained odd references to computer-generated fantasy. It was the same type of obscenity we see in Cherry 2000, where humans have sex with gynoids, or female sex robots, a practice forecast to spread within the decade. Idiots like David Levy, the chess champion who wrote Love and Sex with Robots, actually think this is a good idea. As if that weren't creepy enough, Miss Greenberg described Maxine Legroom as her alter ego. ("Alters" are a standard part of programming under PROJECT MONARCH). The computerized naked woman listed signal scramblers, which block microwave transmissions, as her turn-off, not to mention "Guys who dump their programs with a single stroke." This sick joke refers to the induction of a stroke through excessive beaming of a microchip, which makes the chip's program unusable because it kills the surrounding brain tissue. That's how CIA murdered my grandfather, Stanley Shinn, who died suddenly of a stroke following a change in personality.

Back in the last stapled issue of Playboy, which I bought at Andover, Venice Kong hailed from Jamaica, she liked Bob Marley's music, and she did charity work for OPERATION CALIFORNIA, which provided food and medicine to Ethiopia. I don't even know where to start with this one. In the second volume of this series, Playboy's Progress, I devote a chapter to Ethiopia and a beautiful lady, Elsabet Querin, whose mother came from that unfortunate land. There I discuss the ways in which food was weaponized, as Illuminist scum twisted the noble instincts of good people, like Miss Kong, who wanted to help fellow human beings, while CIA made sure the aid they provided would prolong atrocities. The Live Aid Concert to which my friend Sean Shotzberger went that summer was a fraud. So was the bizarre religion that sprung up in Jamaica, revering the admittedly great man, Haile Selassie, as a god. While I could not embrace Rastafarianism, I would acquire a taste for reggae music, possibly as a result of programming, and begin smoking cannabis three months later. Meanwhile, Bob Marley had lived right down the road from me, twelve years, on and off, in Wilmington, Delaware, working for my father's company, DuPont.

Venice Kong's pictorial was titled "Caribbean Queen," and the lady was racially mixed—an oddity for a Playmate. She found Americans' attitudes toward race curious:

When I first went to Chicago, people would ask, "What are you?" When I said Jamaican, they would say, "Yes, but are you black, white, Chinese—what are you?"

I just couldn't comprehend that, the prejudice between the races. Jamaicans aren't very prejudiced, because everybody is all mixed up—you know, half of this, half that; blacks, Orientals, Indians, whites—and their motto, which you learn in school, is "Out of many, one people."

Miss Kong grew up in Jamaica, and I did not; but I have to question the accuracy of her statement. Years later I met someone who travelled to the island, and she described a closed society of white land-owning families numbering under a dozen. I am also struck by Miss Kong's use of a motto shared by the United States, **E PLURIBUS UNUM**, which suggests the New World Order's penchant for eliminating diversity under one monolithic culture, government, and economy. Most of all, however, Miss Kong's erasure of racial differences seems significant. One of my very favorite Playmates, who primed me for Patty Duffek, my favorite Playmate of all, is Alana Soares, Miss March 1983. Miss Soares is also of mixed race, and she was extremely beautiful—but she did not espouse the elimination of races as a societal good. Rather, she inherited certain bloodlines, individual to herself, and her sister Leilani, and she knew exactly what they were. Alana Soares's father was Hawaiian-Japanese, a three-time United States surfboard champion, and her mother was a Spanish-Irish beauty. What a combination! And what a world of difference from Miss Kong, who said races didn't matter, and who did not have a racial identity.

Miss Kong's sentiment echoed the teachings of Richard Nikolaus Eijiro, Count of Coudenhove-Kalergi, who wrote books to advocate the formation of a European Union. Using the satanic number five, which appeared in the stars on Venice Kong's stockings, Kalergi hoped to create a world divided into five states: a United States of Europe, including colonial possessions in Africa; a Pan-American Union, subsuming the United States; the British Commonwealth, encircling the globe; the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, spanning Eurasia; and a Pan-Asian Union, whereby Japan and China would control most of the Pacific. Japan has been forgotten, preferred by Kalergi only because of his own heritage, as the New World Order targets Nippon and puts China forward. And what about Africa? Africa didn't count. It would simply be exploited by the five powers, just as it was by Europeans until recently and by Chinese today.

Count Kalergi was a freemason, so various secret societies supported his plan. Baron Louis de Rothschild, of the satanic family of that name, and Max Warburg, a founding member of the Federal Reserve, financed Kalergi, who founded the Pan-European Union, serving as its president for forty-nine years, before Otto von Hapsburg succeeded him. The Grand Lodge of Vienna promoted his work, and The Beacon, a masonic newspaper, wrote glowingly of Brother Kalergi's project. Likewise, Allen Dulles, the head of CIA, and Wild Bill Donovan, the head of its precursor, OSS, supported the Kalergi Plan.

Part of the Kalergi Plan, well underway, involves flooding Europe with immigrants. Through the purposeful destabilization of the Middle East, the formation of the European Union, and the softening of national borders, the New World Order has opened the floodgates to allow a rising tide of Moslems into the continent. Many immigrants are good people, who seek only refuge from the war zones to which the American military has reduced their countries. However, they do not share our ways, and they do not integrate. Islam is an intolerant religion, based on rape, and it has no place in western civilization. Worst of all, among the moslem immigrants are sadistic criminals, unwittingly trained by CIA, which runs ISIS. These scum, attracted to the whiteness of our women, gang-rape our sisters, with objects, in the streets of Europe.

Why don't western governments stop these atrocities? A child could tell you. They want them to happen. The spread of taharrush, like the promotion of race-mixing, is exactly what Kalergi wanted, and it is exactly what the New World Order wants. Kalergi sought the deliberate ethnocide of white Europeans, as he argued for enforced mass migration to create an undifferentiated homogeneous mass of serfs dominated by the luciferian elite. Describing "the Eurasian-Negroid race of the future, similar in its appearance to the Ancient Egyptians," Kalergi sought to destroy "the diversity of peoples," writing, "The man of the future will be of mixed race." Since Kalergi himself was of mixed race, it makes sense that he would espouse

this plan, believing, just like mongrel dogs, mixed-race humans would possess hybrid vigor.

Kalergi was not only a freemason but a satanist, and this becomes obvious when we consider the mysterious circumstances of his death. According to a masonic report, he died of a stroke. His secretary, however, contradicted this claim, saying he may have committed suicide. My friend Andrea Davison, formerly of British Intelligence, told me satanists have a thing about being done in by their own. Others have spoken to me of soul contracts, like the one to which George Bush was subject, imposing dates of death. David Rockefeller died at the age of exactly 101 on the First Day of Spring, which begins the Season of Sacrifice. And Kalergi died right on July 27, a significant day for the Illuminati, five days before Lughnasadh, when the scum observe human sacrifices. It was the same time of year that satanists killed Jeannette DePalma, under the New Moon, on the Devil's Teeth, near my home in Westfield, New Jersey.

In 1985, my analysis was simpler. I did not want to have sex with Miss Kong because she was not white. I had no problem with black people, or Asian people, but, aside from Alana Soares, whom I viewed as white, I was not sexually attracted to their women.

The Playboy with Venice Kong also featured a pictorial with Madonna, who grew up in Michigan, a hotbed of mind control. In those days, Madonna had just hit the scene, and she was no bigger than Cyndi Lauper. She had done her songs, "Like A Virgin" and "Material Girl,"

alluding to MK-ULTRA's "presidential model" Marilyn Monroe, not to mention "Papa Don't Preach," in which she associated unplanned pregnancy with teenage rebellion and the need for paternal understanding. Madonna had appeared in Desperately Seeking Susan, wearing a jacket emblazoned with a pyramid, the All-Seeing Eye, and the words **NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM**. Later she made videos featuring stigmata, cross-burning, and sex with a saint. In 1990, she did her Blonde Ambition Tour, in which male dancers caressed her body while she pretended to masturbate on stage. Madonna defended herself as follows:

*The tour in no way hurts anybody's sentiments.*

*It's for open minds and gets them to see sexuality in a different way.*

Madonna's video "Justify My Love" featured sado-masochism, bondage, and homosexuality. That was nothing next to her book, Sex, which contained simulations of bondage, homosexuality, and degenerates licking each other's anuses, with accessories such as knives, whips, chains, and masks. As Madonna wrote,

*Ass fucking is the most pleasurable way to get fucked  
and it hurts the most too.*

In Puerto Rico, Madonna dressed as a whip-cracking dominatrix, while, surrounded by topless dancers, she rubbed the island's flag between her legs. This woman is held up as a feminist icon.

Along with Madonna, the Playboy in which Venice Kong featured contained an interview with John Huston. Huston spent most of his childhood in boarding schools, and he had a strange relationship with his mother. A hard drinker, he killed a woman in a hit-and-run accident, although a corrupt jury absolved him from blame. Many of his films have Illuminist themes. The Man Who Would Be King, based on the story by Rudyard Kipling, shows the worldwide reach of freemasonry. Chinatown describes incest in high society and corruption in public offices. And, in Annie, after a girl is separated from her parents, a war profiteer, Daddy Warbucks, who has neither wife nor girlfriend, adopts the young redhead, while they sing songs of their love. In Huston's Asphalt Jungle, which depicts criminals sympathetically, Marilyn Monroe became a recognized actress. Later Huston made a film glorifying Freud, who asserted that boys want to have sex with their mothers. In The Night of the Iguana, he showed a sixteen-year-old's attempts to seduce a priest. Huston married five times, and his daughter, Anjelica, dated Jack Nicholson, whom Roman Polanski, the child molester, visited with a thirteen-year-old victim. Did I mention Nicholson was a regular at the Playboy Mansion? So much that a secret tunnel ran from his house to Hefner's?

When I look back, it's amazing how much was going on in that Playboy with Venice Kong. I hope she's well today, as well as can be, given our targeting and abuse.



## BOOK TEN: KILLING MOUNTBATTEN

In the summer of 1985, I would see more black people even if I did not meet them. Then I went to Phillips Academy, Andover, one of the best boarding schools in the world. Andover had a program called (MS)<sup>2</sup>, Minority Students in Mathematics and Science, through which blacks exclusively from urban areas—country blacks didn't count—could attend the school, where they segregated themselves. At the Commons, where we ate, there were five dining halls, and all the black kids would sit, apart, in the center of the upper story. This was somewhat different from our family friend Rick Helbig's day, when there were no blacks, but scholarship boys had to wait at table.

Many famous people have gone to Andover. I am ashamed to say the Bush Family are included in the alumni list. So is John F. Kennedy, Jr., whose plane crashed mysteriously just when he started to investigate his father's death and when he ran against Hillary Clinton for senator. The Clintons and the CIA lay behind his murder, but Bill Clinton gave his "support" to the Kennedy Family while the Coast Guard searched for survivors. That was somewhere in the middle of his two dozen trips to Jeffrey Epstein's private island, where, along with Prince Andrew and Bill Maher, Clinton raped underage girls kept in sexual slavery. Other famous Andoverians include Samuel Morse, the inventor of Morse Code, Frederick Law Olmstead, the architect of Central Park, and the son of the Aga Khan. Also there was Ring Lardner, who was blacklisted in Hollywood, Walker Evans, who took

the photos in Let Us Now Praise Famous Men, and Edgar Rice Burroughs, the creator of Tarzan. Humphrey Bogart went to Andover until he was kicked out for smoking. But in my day you could smoke as long as you had a ceramic ashtray and a fire extinguisher in your room. Just don't burn the place down was the school's attitude.

Even at Unionville, we could smoke at public school. Before school, for ten minutes at ten o'clock, and for the last fifteen minutes at lunch, students as young as thirteen could light up in smoking lounge. Anyone could buy a packet of cigarettes for \$1.25 from a vending machine, and stores didn't card customers. One time I rode my bike to the local crossroads, where I bought Playboy Magazines, to buy a pack of unfiltered Camels, and my mother caught me. "Tim, what are you doing here?" she asked. I've always been extremely honest, so my direct answer was "buying cigarettes." Mom made me give them back, while delivering a mild lecture to the store clerk. Things were different then. There was a smoking section on the airplane when we flew to England, and I remember my throat feeling raw when I had to wait for the lavatory, standing in the aisle, next to the smokers. When we went to the country club to eat, the maître d'hôtel would ask, "Smoking or non-smoking, sir," as my father chose a table in the appropriate section. He smoked a pipe, but most places allowed only cigarettes.

At Andover, I smoked a little, just to be cool, and I cursed heavily, as I played Rummy 500 with the other boys. A Jewish boy from Florida taught us the game. John Hazard, of Philadelphia, probably

came from the most distinguished background; but he was the most down-home, and he had the least spending cash. That's old money for you. Lester Kwok was a little Chinese fellow, to whom we gave a crewcut one night. It wasn't bullying; it was just like the way girls braid each other's hair. I wish I'd had as much sense as Lester. Back then, I was styling my hair with mousse. Tom Carey was a Eurasian student, just a guy to me, probably the product of a Việt Nam romance, who came from Ojai, California. We used to talk about Hemingway together, and he was the first person I saw meditate. Sometimes, at ten o'clock, Tom and I would grab a bite. Every night, an enterprising Greek-American would show up on the grounds with a station wagon full of pizza, pepperoni or plain, which he sold for ten dollars each.

One of my best friends at Andover was Graydon Brittan, who came from Beverly Hills. Graydon played polo, and we had fun knocking balls about with his practice mallets. For the Brittans, it was a useful enterprise, since they sold real estate, and this allowed them to form and maintain connections with rich Californians looking to buy or sell houses. My friends the Marianis once did much the same thing with fox-hunting in Pennsylvania. Graydon had a nodding acquaintance with Sylvester Stallone, whom we saw in Rambo that summer.

Little did I realize the reality of Việt Nam, where our government betrayed many soldiers, leaving them imprisoned, tortured, and brainwashed in the North after we made a dishonorable peace following a dishonorable war. To me, Rambo was just a movie,

although Ross Perot, for whom I voted, before CIA drove him to withdraw his candidacy, later drew attention to the plight of veterans left in country.

Graydon had a minor feud going with his room-mate, Eric Struik, who was subsequently Vice President and Chief Financial Officer of several companies, including Callaway Golf. At the time, Eric lived with his family in Geneva, Switzerland, where his dad, like mine, worked for DuPont, albeit in a more high-flown position. I remember us talking about South Africa, and there's a picture of him in the old course catalog, handling a python. Later, like so many victims, he would attend the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, a hotbed of mind control. In 1985, Eric and Graydon were room-mates, playing pranks on each other, but things got out of hand. Eric kept taking Graydon's food from the refrigerator, so Graydon decided to teach him a lesson.

My friend conspicuously labelled a bottle of Sprite:

**THIS BELONGS TO GRAYDON.**

**DO NOT DRINK.**

**ERIC, THIS MEANS YOU.**

Eric disregarded the warning, stealing the soda.

Spluttering, he spat it out in the sink. "This tastes salty," he said. "What did you do to it?"

"Nothing much," Graydon replied. "I peed in it."

This was the subject of debate in Stuart Hall: whether Graydon had gone too far. I felt, since he had given Eric several warnings, and Eric stole from him, Eric got what he deserved. I have always been an advocate of country justice. Others, like Eric, felt it was wrong “because of morals and shit.” Whether they are right or wrong, it’s odd how people will swear meaninglessly, detracting from their point, when someone commits a serious offense.

Graydon had a large collection of pornography, which he had liberated from his barber; but I was interested only in my pictures of Patty Duffek, which I had squirreled away in my room, and a poster of a topless lady, which I kept in a drawer. One of Graydon’s posters had a topless woman fellating a shotgun, and I just didn’t get it. That’s the kind of depravity the program pushes—violence, degradation, and objects instead of just plain sex. But Graydon was a good guy. They had just gotten further into him than me, and I am sure he rejected many suggestions. You can fight them in your sleep.

At home in Pennsylvania, I had a pin-up of Marilyn Monroe on my wall, even though I felt no attraction to her, stealing instead, from time to time, to my brother’s room next door to gaze with lust upon his poster of Christie Brinkley. Monroe was never my type. She seemed dumb and weak. I vastly preferred the womanly independence, fit body, and aggressive sexuality of Raquel Welch. But CIA was pushing Monroe, as they do now. In the video for “Material Girl,” Madonna drew on Marilyn’s performance of “Diamonds Are A Girl’s Best Friend,”

while, like Monroe, she appeared in Playboy. Also, that summer I would watch Some Like It Hot, which I liked.

Whether my programmers just weren't listening about my aversion to Monroe, whose flabby body did not attract me, or whether they thought they had something in Marilyn, the blonde I had been seeking, the male degenerate gave me a command.

**You're going to find someone who looks like Marilyn Monroe.**

**Someone hot....**

I protested that I did not like Marilyn Monroe, that I was hoping to find someone blonde in Playboy, someone with a good body; so the female degenerate pretended to accommodate me.

*Look, Tim, just go to someone blonde.*

*It will be better if you do.*

*I need your help in this.*

God knows what they were going for, but this led me two places, with two different imaginary women, each with light blonde hair, and each based differently in reality.

First there was a beautiful and statuesque blonde woman, Carolyn Hayes, at Andover, with whom I became infatuated. I even wrote a poem about Carrie, which described us having sex in a previous lifetime, thousands of years ago, in a primitive landscape, much like the king and priestess of a Sumerian city, whose coupling in the sacred marriage ensured the fertility of the crops. This I associated with a song

by a victim of PROJECT MONARCH, Jim Morrison, “My Eyes Have Seen You,” as well as the writings of Carl Jung, who described archetypal patterns.

The afternoon I wrote the poem, I lay in my bed, uncharacteristically napping, when I had the odd sensation of floating outside my body, near the ceiling, listening to myself breathe. Did CIA induce this out-of-body experience remotely, using cybernetics, or were there programmers on grounds? It was the latter, and I had been drugged—no doubt with a dissociative like ketamine. Andover contains secret rooms in which students are abused.

As for Carrie, the flesh and blood woman, proud of stance and strong in stature, who inspired my poem, I never spoke to her. I had the idea I could meet her at breakfast, for which I cannot account except as the product of hypnotic suggestion. For several mornings, I rose early, uncharacteristically, listening to albums by the Police, before I breakfasted at the Commons. Still, I was too shy, and I never approached my crush, not knowing how to break the ice, even though we once sat next to each other in Oliver Wendell Holmes Library, where I could have written her a note, which might have been easier for me. That night I was kicked out of study hall, when I beckoned to my friend Graydon, because I broke silence; so sitting next to Carrie for about ten minutes was the closest our bodies ever came to contact.

I lacked the courage or skill to approach the object of my desire, something that led me later to teach students how to ask each

other out in classroom exercises when I taught public speaking at Alvernia University. We draw names from a hat, so there are no wallflowers. Giving and taking no for an answer, and a variety of different nos, under a myriad of circumstances, is part of it. I hope the play-acting inspires confidence and understanding of another's position. Some of the pretty young ladies have never asked anyone on a date, so it's good for them to experience things from a young gentleman's perspective. Who knows? Someday, they may wish to take a more active rôle in forming romantic relationships—not passively waiting for a man's attention, or trying to draw it, but rather to speak directly, and plainly, as an equal, to the men they want. "Don't ask; don't get," as they said in Tudor England. Or as I used to remind myself, "Faint heart never won fair lady." The happiest answer is yes, but, to me, it feels good to get a no. At least I tried.

That skill set does nothing for me now, as the perverts at CIA, NSA, DHS, and USAF, and their affiliates, forcibly sodomize me, using directed energy weapons, zap my privates, and force my penis up or down, on a constant basis, according to their insane whims, and I suffer a barrage of vulgar suggestions. Still it's nothing next to the aversion I feel when the consciousness of the white trash woman-hating rapist scum is combined with mine, through the technology described in the appendices to this book, so that I cannot even look at a woman without shuddering.



In 1985, the trash disabled me differently. Back then, I felt only a mysterious attraction to a beautiful woman with whom I had never spoken. When you have those kinds of feelings, of falling in love, or inexplicable sexual chemistry, it is invariably hypnotism. They use it to lead people together, to breed them, and to ruin their lives.

At the same time, the suggestion regarding Marilyn Monroe took a second form, as I found myself suddenly attracted to Jayne Mansfield, whose film The Girl Can't Help It I would watch three months later the day after I first smoked cannabis. At Andover, one Saturday, I went on a school outing to Quincy Market, Boston. Even though Scott Rayder, with whom I sometimes hung out, and Michele Weldon, with whom I became very close, both rode the bus on this trip, I did not explore the market with them, though we talked on the ride home.

At Quincy Market, near Faneuil Hall, I bought a single item: a post-card of Jayne Mansfield, kneeling on a light blue mattress, naked, on a brick patio, an unpainted wooden fence behind her, sunlight streaming through its planks, haloing her snowy hair. A scarlet towel covered the top of her leg, her navel, her womanhood, while her other leg lay bare, her soft round thigh, still muscly, culminating in the feminine curve of her hip. Jayne's downy arms folded over her strong chest, barely concealing her rosy nipples, pushing up her magnificent tanlined breasts. Someone else might have envisioned her lying on the blue cushion of the chaise lounge, while he plundered her body, or

upright on her strong square knees while she gave him the blowjob of his life; but I wanted her on my level, to raise her up, so we could be together. I dreamed of taking her hand, lifting the backyard goddess to stand, bare-chested, as her towel fell away. We stood, naked together, facing each other, softly breathing, my face caressing her neck, our arms downward, our fingers interlocked, while we made love.

Then I had no idea, believing Jayne Mansfield freely chose to come across as a blonde sex-bomb, even as I researched her life, in the library, to find evidence of a troubled existence. Her dimensions owed themselves as much to a large ribcage as to large breasts, and there was no reason why any dress would not have fit her. There was no way her frequent wardrobe malfunctions happened by accident. Jayne Mansfield engineered moments when her blouse would fly open to reveal her womanly figure, causing her bodybuilder husband to strike her on one unfortunate occasion. She posed in Playboy, and she moved into increasingly cheap striptease. This lady had three failed marriages, and she had affairs with Jack and Bobby Kennedy, as CIA weaponized her caricatured sexuality.

Jayne Mansfield was born in Bryn Mawr, a programming center from which one of my sexual partners and another of my romantic interests would hail, and, like me, she spent her early years in the satanic enclave of northern New Jersey. Her father was a lawyer, and she inherited the equivalent of one million dollars in today's money at the age of twenty-five, so there was no reason why she should have

chosen to become a sex symbol. She had an I.Q. of 160, close to mine, and she studied German, French, Spanish, and Italian, when not playing piano, viola, and violin. Jayne Mansfield studied drama at three different universities, but she acted like a dumb bimbo, dropping her naturally husky voice for jejune baby talk. She was abused, implanted, and brainwashed while she and her first husband lived for a year at Fort Gordon, Georgia, the current home of the Army Cyber Corps. She also toured with Bob Hope, a well-known rapist, pimp, and programmer for the CIA. Jayne Mansfield often appeared in the leopard print that marks victims of sexual abuse under PROJECT MONARCH. Eventually she fell into a death spiral of alcoholism, weight gain, and tawdry burlesque. Then she became sexually involved with Anton LaVey, the founder of the Church of Satan, who crowned her its high priestess. Wanting to believe the best, I dismissed the satanic connections as ridiculous camp, or a publicity stunt, but now I know better. This poor woman, who died in a car crash at thirty-four, was a victim through and through.

At Andover, I didn't know it, but CIA was trying to ruin my experience. In the second week, I remember crying every day in the afternoon, between my course in Film Comedy and my fencing lessons, as I would walk to town for a lime rickey at the diner or to buy an LP at the record shop. That summer I bought all the albums by the Police, and I still like them. Did you know Stewart Copeland's dad was CIA, hence the name? I was not unhappy, but I found myself softly crying, not bothered, over a fifteen-minute period, for about five days. I realized

later this was the product of hypnotic suggestion and microwave harassment, just as the scum had my eyes water on the sled with Laurie Dunn even though I felt neither sad nor frightened. The Illuminati are not about world domination, and their dogs at CIA are not about mind control; they just want you to feel bad. They seek to smash things they will never have. What's more, they're not even good at it.

My programmers gave me another hypnotic command that remained effective in college:

*You won't make any friends in class.*

*Keep your classes separate from your homelife*

*just like your father does with work.*

At Andover, Graydon and I took the same class, European History Through Biography, but we didn't hang out in class at all. We were friends at the dorm and on the grounds. Later, at Pomona College, I preferred to take classes that did not include my friends, keeping my social life and my school life separate, making friends at parties, and in dormitories, but not in the classroom.

One friend I met outside class was Michele Weldon, a scion of the Hapsburg Family, who were once the Emperors of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and whom the ancestors of Count Kalergi served. You can bet the Illuminati targeted them, since World War One destroyed Austria-Hungary.

Michele was Graydon's girlfriend for about two weeks, but I am sure she liked me better. What we felt for each other approached romantic interest—always a sign of hypnotism.

We first met while we sunbathed, alone, on the Great Quadrangle. What a coincidence!

CIA had tried to move pornography to me through Graydon, and they had failed. Now, in an arranged meeting, combined with a mysterious mutual attraction, they were trying to use me to split up Graydon and Michele and to cause a second rift between me and Graydon. Thus they sought to isolate us all, while further seeking to destroy Graydon's sexuality.

At any rate, after talking for a while, and sharing some Hawaiian Tropic, Michele and I decided to tour the grounds, visiting the Addison Gallery, our school's art museum.

The Addison Gallery has one of the most important collections of American art in the country, which originally included major works by Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent, and James McNeill Whistler. Later, Phillips Academy would acquire works by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Jackson Pollack. To my knowledge, however, the gallery contains no works by Andrew Wyeth, Thomas Hart Benton, or Frederic Church, which are glaring deficiencies.

There are some beautiful outdoor statues at Andover. I have always loved bronze and its green patina. There's a statue of Nathan

Hale, from whom my friends the Dunns claim descent. Also, there is the ornate armillary sphere, a kind of sundial, with the signs of the zodiac, next to which Graydon, I, and others lounged, after hitting polo balls around the quad. The path of the sun is shown by the ecliptic. Paul Manship, the designer and sculptor of the sundial, described it as follows:

The shaft, representing the axis of the Earth, points to the North Star; and its shadow on the belt of the equator indicates the hour. The four Elements, as well as Dawn and Evening, figure in the decorative scheme: Water in the wave motif, with the Earth motif growing out of it; Air is represented by the ribbon, and Fire on the flaming meridian. The whole is supported by turtles, emblems of eternity. Man, Woman, and Child make up the Cycle of Life, as the sphere itself symbolizes the Cycle of Eternity.

Approximately eight feet in diameter, the sphere was sculpted in 1928 and cast by Alexis Rudier Fondevur in Paris. It's my favorite piece on the grounds.

I had wanted to think there was no Illuminati symbolism, because it's a beautiful thing. My daughter and I visited the sundial, stopping over, walking the grounds, on our first trip to Maine. We had breakfast at the old hamburger grill, where I used to drink lime rickeys, since it had transformed into a coffee shop. We walked through the cool and clear summer morning, before we got back on the road, and she told

me the New England air felt different. I loved taking her to our cabin on Echo Lake and to the old Coast Guard station where we stayed, down-east, on Quoddy Head, as I loved showing her the sphere, prominent on my old schoolgrounds. But later I would realize the horrible associations of this beautiful objet d'art. In England, while I studied at Cambridge, I met a degenerate masquerading as a gentleman, Alan Bemrose, whose ancestor's birthplace was marked with an armillary sphere, the only other I would ever encounter. Bemrose was a freemason and a child molester, who descended from a luciferian painter, Wright of Derby, a member of the Lunar Circle, who depicted the torture of animals. If the satanic scum behind the program put that sphere in England, you can bet they put the one at Andover, too. As Hemingway wrote, "Seems like when they get started they don't leave a guy nothing."

The armillary sphere was inoffensive next to the penis statue on the grounds of Andover, another sick Illuminist joke. When Phillips Academy, then all boys, merged with Abbot Academy, then all girls, a statue was erected. Into a circular evergreen yew bush, a steel shaft, topped by two hemispheres, plunges. The object stands in the Great Quadrangle within sight of Samuel Phillips Hall. These people are sick, immature losers, who deface everything they see.

Michele and I did not give the statue a second thought, as we sunbathed next to it, except perhaps to note its ugliness. Innocent people completely miss obscene subtext. Our minds don't turn that

way, and that's why cartel signalling works. The trash at CIA get off not only on destroying the beautiful things they will never have, but on littering the world with satanic symbolism, masonic handsigns, and Illuminati jibberish—writing graffiti in a vulgar language known only to themselves.

The scum that ran me were putting Michele forward as a Wonder Woman figure, although it quickly became apparent even to them that I would never harm her. The Wonder Woman suggestions had never really taken, although I had the Playboy with Patty Duffek, which I brought to Andover. Still it seems ridiculous to me. Patty Duffek bears no resemblance to Wonder Woman, and Michele Weldon bore no resemblance to either. They have dark brown hair, and two have blue eyes. That's it. Still, my hypnotic programmer suggested before I left for summer school,

*You'll meet someone there like her....*

But as soon as the trash saw I felt nothing but kindness and respect for Michele, and that they could not use me to split her and Graydon, they moved me away from her. That's a pattern the scum at CIA would repeat again and again, over the years, until I eventually gave up any hope of a romantic relationship or even a sexual encounter with anyone.

CIA had given me suggestions to admire Lord Louis Mountbatten of Burma, a cousin to the English royal family, whose biography I had just bought, and who wrote a book on polo which I owned.



Little did I know what a degenerate Mountbatten was. While he served as the last viceroy and the first governor general of India, he pimped his wife to Jawaharlal Nehru, the first prime minister, in connection with the transition of government. Norman Nield, his driver during World War Two, transported boys, eight to ten years old, to the titled trash that would become the Supreme Allied Commander in Southeast Asia, as he was paid to keep quiet. Sir Anthony Blunt, who betrayed England to the Soviets, but was never prosecuted for his spywork, procured boys from boarding schools, like the Portrora Royal School, for the nobleman. And residents of the Kincora Boys' Home in Belfast were trafficked to Mountbatten at his place in Mullaghmore, after he served as the president of my girlfriend's alma mater, the Royal Naval School. Mountbatten, known as Tricky Dick, was a promiscuous bisexual who enjoyed "a bit of rough," as he cruised orphans' homes looking for children to rape.

Eventually, he paid for his crimes. While on holiday at his summer home in Ireland, Classiebawn Castle, County Sligo, the old man went out one morning in his little boat, and the Irish Republican Army blew him to smithereens. It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Back at Andover, I had drunk the kool-aid, following NATO's lead, as they staged false flag attacks in OPERATION GLADIO so people would cry out for law and order. I thought Mountbatten was killed by Irish terrorists, against whom we needed to take a hard line. But now I see his death was rough justice, and I only wish someone had taken him out

sooner. This would have saved many from rape by a filthy old pervert and a titled hypocrite.

I wish I could buy the heros who did the job a case of whisky on behalf of the world's children. Normally, I drink Bushmill's white label, but I'd like to get them something really special: three fifths of Tyrconnell, three of Redbreast, three of Green Spot, and three of Teeling.

The other night as I enjoyed Thanksgiving leftovers—candied sweet potatos, Brussels sprouts, creamed onions, and cranberry sauce—orange, green, white, and red washed down with kir de pêche, I watched The Smart Set, a silent film from 1928, as the woodfire crackled and spat.

The movie concerns polo in California during the time when Mountbatten visited our country, so it made me think of what his tour must have been like. I bet everyone went easy on him, as he played, travelling with his cousin, the Prince of Wales, as a guest of our country. I wonder how many women and children he assaulted in America, and I know the kind of dirty player he was on the field. His book, Polo by Marco, describes a particularly ungentlemanly tactic where he would lift a player's boot and stirrup up, pushing him with his shoulder, to dehorse the man. That could easily cripple a rider. How I would like to turn the tables on him!

I could imagine General George S. Patton, an excellent polo player, who came from California, a man quick to defend a woman's honor, assassinated by the dogs of the Illuminati—how he would deal

with Tricky Dick Mountbatten. The scum had assaulted a woman, so the gentlemen plotted how to take him out of the game, killing him on the field or, better, crippling the degenerate to deprive him of the use of his legs, or even his arms, leaving the criminal for life with the wheelchair, diapers, colostomy bag, and catheter.

How lovely to meet him afterwards and whisper in his ear.

*I put you here for what you did to Sally....*

The opportunity would present itself in a breakaway for our team. Number One would drive the ball down the field, chased by Mountbatten, but pretend to lose it to his left. Following hard behind, Tricky Dick would take the bait, turning and leaning to the right to strike the ball with his mallet, and, as his weight shifted, Number Three, who rode to the target's left, would use his trick against him, cupping his heel in his hand, boosting him up, and knocking him off with his shoulder. As Mountbatten hit the ground, curled in a ball, Number Two would ride over the rapist, breaking his back, and Four would ride behind to hit the child molester in case Two missed him. What a fine thing!

Mountbatten introduced the child molester Jimmy Savile into the royal circle. Knowing the Illuminati, it is hard to believe he did not bugger his protégé Prince Charles, who was often seen in Savile's company. Given their resemblance and their closeness, I wonder, too, if Mountbatten was Charles's father, having fucked the queen, so that he raped and pimped not merely his nephew but his son.

Certainly, Prince Andrew raped a seventeen-year-old in London, New York, and a Caribbean island, when Jeffrey Epstein, formerly a teacher at the Dalton School, pimped her out to him. Epstein kept a harem of underage sex slaves on his private island, where he sold unfortunate girls to powerful men; and Prince Andrew was close to Epstein.

It runs in the family. Mountbatten was the close friend and homosexual lover of his cousin, Edward VIII—who said he gave up the throne to marry Wallis Simpson but later pimped his wife to Joachim von Ribbentrop, the Nazi foreign minister, while he hobnobbed with Hitler. In his capacity as Duke of Windsor, the former king blamed the Jews for World War Two, and he sent word through the Spanish that he wanted London to be bombed so the English would give up the war. Luftwaffe air raids started less than a month later.

Even their names are lies. Mountbatten was born a Battenberg, but he changed his name to the English-sounding Mountbatten after the Illuminati started World War One. Thus he followed suit to his royal cousins, who changed their name from the real German Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to the faux-English Windsor. I think “Elizabeth Windsor” sounds like a page-three girl, but somehow it flies. Imagine if an American political family named themselves Liberty after the bell and the statue. That’s what you have with the royals who named themselves for a castle.

My history teacher at Andover, Miss Murphy, was a nice lady who knew none of this, but she had the sense to steer me away from Mountbatten, on whom I had planned to write my research paper. “I just don’t think he’s important enough,” she rightly said to me. “Why don’t you pick someone more significant?” While my friend Graydon went with Adolf Hitler, I went with the Duke of Wellington, who defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo. Arthur Wellesley was far from a good man, but, as far as I know, he was not a child molester.

God knows why, but Miss Murphy saw something in me. She read one of my essays admiringly in class, and she told me, “You ought to study history. You ought to write a book. I don’t say this to everyone, Tim.” I’m glad I finally got there.

The other thing I remember about Miss Murphy, whom Graydon and I both liked, was our shared enjoyment of the t.v. show, Magnum, P.I. Miss Murphy thought Tom Selleck was cute, and I liked some of the women who appeared on the show. But, mostly, I liked Higgins with his stories of soldiering for the British Empire, T.C. with his chopper and cool way of speaking, and Magnum with his “little voices.” There was always a little voice telling him something. One time I watched the show with my dad, and he asked, “Is he psychic?” We thought yes, that this was a way of showing ESP, which blends into intuition. But now I see it as something different.

CIA used Magnum to prime us for V2K, which I discuss in the appendices to this book. Hearing voices was portrayed as a normal

phenomenon, even one that made the hearer special, so that when we actually heard whispers in our heads, courtesy of microwave transmission, we would think these were our own thoughts, intuition, ghosts, spirit voices, parallel universes, anything—as long as it was not what they were.

The same can be done with images through I2K. The government once had remote-viewing programs, where people attempted to see things in their minds. The Stanford Research Institute pioneered the techniques, while the Army ran PROJECT STAR GATE, partly and deceptively described in Men Who Stare At Goats. My friend, Dr. Katherine Horton, an Oxford-educated physicist, who worked on the large hadron collider at CERN, cued me in to what was happening. People thought they were remote viewing, but really the government had implanted them and was broadcasting images into their consciousness. In this way, the agency could test image to skull without letting the research subjects know what was happening. It's not that different from the way they fed people LSD, so they could bring them into MK-ULTRA, while those people thought they engaged in medical research, psycho-therapy, or personal development.

I don't know if it was real or induced, but my father and I had what we took for a shared psychic experience in about 1983. At the supper table, we both had a strong feeling of foreboding. I asked him if he felt it, too, and he said he did.

“I think it has something to do with the Cold War. Do you think they launched the missiles?”

“It can’t be that. It would have been over by now.”

The next day, my father was still thinking about it. He thought we had vibrated sympathetically with a mining accident, although he did not use those words, and I accepted his explanation for the time being.

Many years later, I thought we might have felt a closely averted nuclear war with the Soviet Union. In November 1983, NATO ran an exercise, ABLE ARCHER 83, that simulated a transition from conventional to nuclear war, culminating in the simulated release of warheads, and changing its readiness condition to DEFCON 1. In response, the Russians prepared their nuclear weapons, since they interpreted the exercise as a ruse to conceal a first strike. Maybe we felt that.

Still I wonder if NSA was playing games with us. Like many targeted individuals, I believe in some form of ESP, but NSA encourages these beliefs to camouflage mind control. If we don’t dismiss so-called coincidences, they’d prefer we attribute them to synchronicity, kismet, or guardian angels. Likewise, they’d prefer we didn’t notice V2K transmissions, or, failing that, think we’re crazy and medicate ourselves for hearing voices, or, failing that, believe in djinn, spirits, or astral attack. CIA even developed phony remote-viewing programs so they could test image-to-skull transmission. Nine times out of ten, if you

think something like this is happening, somebody is messing with you; but, still, there's that tenth time that makes you wonder. As Hamlet says to his friend, having seen his father's ghost,

*There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*

Not merely conceived but dreamt of. Intuition is a real thing, and there are strange forces in the universe. NSA might have made us feel dread—they've done it to me and my daughter before—or my father and I might have picked up on a nuclear close call.

In the 1970s, in Westfield, we were still doing air raids at school. It wasn't the duck-and-cover my parents got, and we never saw a film about it; but, from time to time, the siren wailed, and we were ushered into the hallway. There we stood, our faces against the wall, shielding our eyes with our hands.

"Why do we have to shield our eyes?" I asked one day.

"To protect them from the flash," I was told.

The teachers went on speaking to each other, saying, when you thought about it, it really didn't matter, because none of us would survive so close to New York City.

When my father served in the Coast Guard, there was nearly a nuclear war. Dad was in the Atlantic when the entire fleet turned south to blockade Castro's island fortress. Likewise, my film teacher at Andover, David Irwin, spoke to us of his days as a student during the



Cuban Missile Crisis. He remembered his class breaking, when the teacher said, "I'll see you tomorrow. If there is a tomorrow." That's how close to nuclear destruction we came.

That theme was picked up in one of the films Mr. Irwin showed us: Dr. Strangelove or How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb. I had never heard of Stanley Kubrick before I went to Andover; but, because of Mr. Irwin's influence, and the suggestions of programmers, I quickly moved to Clockwork Orange. As with many of Kubrick's films, there is a lot to learn from Dr. Strangelove. The movie shows a Nazi scientist working for the government, a sick creep, squirming in his wheelchair, just as scum like Dr. Mengele were brought over by OSS in OPERATION PAPERCLIP to abuse people like my grandfather under MK-ULTRA. Likewise, the film refers to the fluoridation of water (which calcifies the pineal gland), although only to mock the identification of the conspiracy as a crackpot theory. It depicts the corporatization of war, particularly by the Air Force, and it obliquely refers to the government sheltering in mine shafts, much like the Deep Underground Military Bases, or DUMBS, which criss-cross our country. Along with Being There, Dr. Strangelove is one of my favorite Peter Sellers films.

Other films we watched in Mr. Irwin's class spoke to the corruption of society, although I did not see it then. The Illuminati constantly push homosexuality, trans-sexualism, and perversion, a theme picked up in Some Like It Hot, which involves cross-dressing,

and which stars Marilyn Monroe. Then I saw it as a funny movie, much like Bosom Buddies, but, when I watch it now, I wonder. As Madonna rose to fame, we talked of Marilyn Monroe's affair with John F. Kennedy, and I now know how she was used by CIA. We watched Bringing Up Baby, which depicts sex kittens and the sexualization of argument, something CIA wants to lead to rape. We screened Night at the Opera, where Groucho Marx exhibited all the signs of implantation, talking non-stop, playing with words, and exuding sexual vulgarity. We talked about Việt Nam, as Mr. Irwin screened M\*A\*S\*H, and how the absence of a laugh track differentiated the film from the television show. I learned how the government drove Charlie Chaplin from the country because he defended the poor. And we watched Sullivan's Travels, which outlines social injustice in the legal system and highlights the need to kick back and relax, taking a break from one's troubles. That's something I can't do now because the New World Order is destroying the world, raping children, and hitting me non-stop with microwave harassment; but it was a nice idea.

Mr. Irwin was a real southern gentleman. I saw him angry only twice, and both times it was in defense of women and children. Once someone put his feet up on the seat of a chair, and Mr. Irwin went ballistic.

*Get your filthy shit-kickers off that chair!  
One of these ladies might sit down in her pretty dress  
and get it all messed up.*

Another time, we asked him about the Doors, an MK-ULTRA experiment, involving Jim Morrison, to whom many of us listened. We thought the Doors were pretty deep, but Mr. Irwin set us straight. *"I'll tell you something about Jim Morrison,"* he said.

*When he was at Florida State,  
he exposed himself to little girls.*

I wasn't ready to give up the Doors, but Mr. Irwin's words made an impression. Later I learned to see Morrison, the son of an admiral, who encouraged people to do drugs before he died mysteriously, as straight from the CIA playbook.

Otherwise, Mr. Irwin was amazingly easy-going. He made fun of himself for being fat, and he talked with us, and listened to us, about MDMA, otherwise known as Adam or Ecstasy, which some of the students from California had tried. He played the clarinet, and he introduced me to the Talking Heads, who wrote songs like "Don't Worry about the Government," a satirical piece that mocks the attitude of those who sell real freedom for supposed convenience. In the background, the government tells the listener not to worry, while an inane speaker sings naïvely of the officials who look out for him:

I see the states, across this big nation.  
I see the laws made in Washington, D.C.  
I think of the ones I consider my favorites.  
I think of the people that are working for me.

Some civil servants are just like my loved ones.  
They work so hard and they try to be strong.  
I'm a lucky guy to live in my building.  
They own the buildings to help them along.

Unlike Mr. McCullough, my teacher at Unionville, Mr. Irwin had no problem admitting he had not read a book. His honesty was disarming. When I asked him if he had read a book by Nikolai Gogol, which I had not read myself, he said, "No. Tell us about it."

Mr. Irwin saw me as an undisciplined genius, which was an absolutely correct assessment. He wrote in my evaluation that he hoped someday I would harness my intelligence. Since then, through my confrontation with evil, I am proud to say I got there. I only wish I had reached out to him later in life. I thought of doing it once or twice, but I was stopped by hypnotic commands.

I found Mr. Irwin's obituary recently, which described a concert held in his honor. His colleagues spoke of him with the deepest respect. "David Irwin was one of the finest musicians we ever met or worked with. His clarinet playing was nothing short of sublime, especially when it came to performing Brahms," said Joan Epstein, the music discipline coordinator and a music professor at Eckerd College. "His jazz skills on clarinet, bass clarinet, and saxophone were prodigious." I have just started to listen to him online.

The scum at MK-ULTRA used Mr. Irwin to move me into drugs and Clockwork Orange. They tried also to move me into homosexuality through his teaching assistant, Bryan Monte, but that was a non-starter.

Bryan was a nice guy who was the assistant housemaster of my dorm, Stuart Hall, and he had MK-ULTRA written all over him. For about a week, he would stop by my room, where we would chat, and I was too naïve to see he was coming on to me. Eventually, Bryan told me he was gay, but he could see I wasn't interested. That makes him a lot smarter than the trash at MK-ULTRA, who have continued to make homosexual suggestions to me throughout my life. As the subhuman garbage at CIA see the matter, if you're not a rapist, you must be a homo. Or maybe you could be both. That's most of them, after all. But to return to Bryan, he had grown up in a Mormon family, where he said he had been brainwashed to the point that he thought an angel was talking to him. These were half-arisen memories of his abuse by a programmer, who pushed him to homosexuality, estranged him from his parents, and tried to destroy him by making him come on to students.

Later Bryan penned an interesting article about forgetting. As he wrote there, "Due to my present amnesia..., my journals are becoming increasingly interesting—as if they've been written by someone else as time fades, distorts, or even buries some facts." In the article, my teacher described how he forgot a meeting, personally

important to him, with Allen Ginsburg, who was also abused under MK-ULTRA. He found a picture of the beatnik poet in his personal files, where the back of someone's head looked strangely familiar. Bryan puzzled over it, only to find a later shot in the series indicating the person was him, holding a notebook as he interviewed his hero Ginsburg. Bryan had a perfect memory of an earlier meeting with the writer, but he had completely forgotten this one. As he wrote,

All these details from an even earlier meeting  
I remembered, but not the second time four  
years later in San Francisco that had been  
completely and inexplicably wiped from my  
memory. How could this be?

Bryan did extensive research on the subject of memory loss, and he eventually came to the conclusion that he had forgotten because of post-traumatic stress syndrome, simply because he stood in San Francisco at "ground zero in the AIDS pandemic."

I have a simpler explanation of Bryan's memory loss. Just like me, and all MK-ULTRA victims, he was drugged, hypnotized, traumatized, and electro-shocked; so his memory was taken from him.

## BOOK ELEVEN: CRAZY IVAN

When I finished at Andover, my parents offered to try to have me admitted as a student for the regular session. Failing that, my mother offered to send me to the Hill School. But, foolishly, I refused both offers. In my shallow teenage mind, I had ticked the box in The Preppy Handbook, which allowed me to say I had been to Andover; and, also, I wanted to make a go of it at Unionville, to really try to make it work. What I didn't see was that I was hypnotized to refuse. Whenever you act in a way contrary to your self-interest, for a reason that does not make sense, it's them.

I also didn't see that things had been fine at Unionville, they were about to grow worse, but I would think they were getting better. In the next two years, my enemies would have me more and more mixed up.

At the end of the summer, my new friend Michele went back to Thailand, so we wrote each other, back and forth, on blue airmail paper. We made plans for me to visit the following year, and my father was happy to fly me out. He had plenty of free airline miles from his work for DuPont. But, suddenly, I felt that corresponding with Michele, just by letters, was holding me back from a social life at Unionville, that my entire focus should be on the world of my high school. So I stopped writing her, even as she asked if she had done anything to offend me, apologizing if so. Later others would treat me in a similar manner, although there was just as little reason to do so.

Although I had a splendid time in Berlin, less than two years before, I also turned down a chance to return to West Germany the following summer. Soon, I would win the school's German prize, and my teacher would have written a glowing reference, so I could have gone for free on a scholarship.

Of course, none of this makes sense except when understood as the product of hypnotic suggestions made by evil people. The scum that ran me, raping my mother in front of me, did not want me to return to Germany, to visit Thailand, or to continue my friendship with Michele.

In addition to breaking into my house, the trash at CIA spoke to me on the telephone, through OPERATION SLEEPING BEAUTY, a project that affected millions of Americans. In those days, everyone had a landline, and it belonged to AT&T, colloquially known as Ma Bell. Dial telephones, their receivers attached with cords, worked even when the power went out, and they were wired not through optional phone jacks but directly into the wall. The telephone monopoly was so powerful that Lily Tomlin parodied it on Laugh In, rolling her eyes in programmed mannerisms, while she played games on behalf of Ma Bell with companies like General Motors, an affiliate of DuPont, joking about their control of President Nixon, or billionaires like Aristotle Onassis, who married President Kennedy's widow, Jackie. When the Roberts moved into their rambling Victorian mansion, Moira found three different telephones, so she cut the lines to two with a



scissors to avoid costs. The telephone company called her to account, but she claimed to have found the wires severed. I am not sure if they insisted on reinstallation, or whether they let it go, while the government used our telephones against us. In SLEEPING BEAUTY, we were hypnotized through different sequences of rings, different musical tones, and the use of trigger words—just as when you see a stage hypnotist put someone under by saying gorilla ice-cream, some nonsensical expression, or simply sleep. You can see these techniques depicted in films like The Manchurian Candidate, Help, and Curse of the Jade Scorpion.

While they took Michele from me, the degenerates left me two suggestions they had placed partly through Mr. Irwin, a good man, who had no idea they used him. On the one hand, I took an interest in supposedly arty movies containing rape scenes; and, on the other, I took an interest in drugs. Mr. Irwin had done nothing to encourage these follies, and he enriched my life in many ways. We had only touched on Stanley Kubrick's films, through Dr. Strangelove, as we had touched on JFK's drug use; but, somehow, my programmers managed to twist these tangential topics into harmful suggestions.

On either Friday or Saturday night, most weekends, our family would pick up cheese-steaks or hoagies at Giordano's for supper, and we would visit Video Carousel, where we would rent a tape to watch on television. I was too embarrassed to go for the teen sex comedies I wanted, or Candid Candid Camera, which featured nude

out-takes; but it felt acceptable to camouflage my interest in sex through watching “artistic” films featuring rape. After my family had gone to bed, I would watch them downstairs, as I masturbated.

Apparently at Mr. Irwin’s suggestion, but really at our programmers’, I found Stanley Kubrick’s Clockwork Orange. Ironically, the sexual programming of the protagonist, Alex, paralleled my own sexual programming, as he was brainwashed first not to rape women, and then to rape them, at a place resembling Tavistock Institute. Kubrick’s films often concern Illuminist themes, from the fancy-dress ball that disguises an abusive orgy in Eyes Wide Shut, to the Nazi scientist working for the government in Dr. Strangelove, to the computer that decides to kill an astronaut in 2001: A Space Odyssey. Some even think Kubrick filmed the moon landing. Whether that’s true or not, he gave me rape-laden subject matter to which I could masturbate, while pretending it was art. How sophisticated to watch a beautiful woman stripped naked, chased around a room, and manhandled, about to be plundered, while one could identify the soundtrack as an ironic use of Rossini’s “Thieving Magpie.” Unlike MK-ULTRA victim, Unabomber Ted Kaczinski, I could eat my cake and have it, too, pretending I was interested in art, while really I was interested in sexualized rape.

The film whose opening scene I watched again and again—refusing to go to the rest of it—was Brian DePalma’s Dressed To Kill, which presents the rape implied in Alfred Hitchcock’s Psycho. The

picture begins with languidly orchestrated music while Angie Dickinson's double stands naked in the shower, looking over her shoulder, soaping her body. The camera approaches her. The shapely red-head stands facing the viewer, snarling slightly, as her hands sensually pass over her rosy nipples, across her milky skin, and down into her fiery bush. She tilts her head back, mouth open, deep in her own gentle sexuality, when she is violently attacked. As in Psycho, the music changes. The man grabs her from behind, covering her mouth, forcing his hand between her thighs. He lifts her off the ground, fucking her savagely, while she fights against him, gasping and screaming, only to wake up with her husband on top of her body, raping her in actual life. As in hypnosis, one story is nested within another: the heroine passes from a blissful realm, interrupted by a nightmare, only to move into a different scene of sexual abuse.

CIA had used my teacher, impersonating him in hypnotic sessions, to destroy any hope of a meaningful romantic relationship, putting imaginary rape scenes in its place.

Meanwhile, the scum moved me away from what had been my favorite show.

Miss Murphy and I loved Magnum, and we were struck by a powerful episode that ended with the rightful killing of his enemy. Magnum, T.C., and a war buddy called Nuzo track down Ivan, a Russian colonel who tortured them in Việt Nam. Their friend is killed, and Magnum vows revenge. Nuzo turns out to be an agent for Ivan,

merely pretending to be their friend, and he hypnotizes T.C., brainwashing the pilot to kill and destroying his sense of reality. Ivan thinks he can get away with his crimes, and he taunts Magnum; but the hero takes the law into his own hands. Recalling his murdered friend, Magnum asks, softly,

Did you see the sunrise?

Then Magnum shoots Ivan, point blank, in the face.

You can see why my programmers did not want me watching this show, especially since I had come to see Higgins as a further moral force, whose example should inspire me not to masturbate.

From a session in which the trash invaded my home, the words of the programming pair float back, as they conferred together.

**Higgins is a bad influence.**

**I don't want him watching the show any more.**

So they moved me to Moonlighting, where the perpetually hungover smart-alec, David Addison, runs his mouth, cracking vulgar jokes; and, suddenly, in my waking life, I grew tired of Magnum.

CIA even tweaked the show, just for me, by adding a short tangential scene, as they moved me to cannabis.

I went back to it, one night, months later, at my programmers' command, as they asked me to see what I thought of Magnum now.

In the scene, completely needless to the plot, my old hero, who once made me think of attending Annapolis, to which my godfather, who worked at the Pentagon, could have gotten me an appointment, betrays people who help him.

Running from the bad guys, through the Hawaiian forest, Magnum pretends to be a fellow stoner, zoned on Maui Wowie, only to narc out some growers who let him pass through their territory. Falling for his lies, the men kindly let him through, and they lay down fire against the real criminals. Then, after he tricks them, Magnum does not go his happy way. Instead, he needlessly calls the police to report the people who helped him.

My programmers tried to replace Thomas Magnum, played by Tom Selleck, with Mike Hammer, played by Stacy Keach, since each was a burly detective who wore a mustache. But I found Mike Hammer ridiculous, and I had moved back to Playboy, so I took no interest in the sexy women on his show, despite the recommendation of my new friend, Colin McConnell, the son of an Air Force veteran, who smoked marijuana and who hated Blair Hickey.

In the end, the suggestions of the imbeciles simply led me to watch less television.

Miss Murphy's influence completely overrode another suggestion. At Andover, she steered me away from Mountbatten, and only shortly afterwards the anthology we bought for her class led me away from further idiocy. The moronic trash suggested that I interest

myself in anarchy, thinking I would start spray-painting graffiti, circled letter A's, while I indulged in vandalism. Instead, I read selections by the Russian intellectuals and anarchists Mikhail Alexandrovich Bakunin and Pyotr Alexeyevich Kropotkin, while I had the strange vision of a young aristocrat who shot the faces of his ancestors' portraits with a long-barrelled pistol. It surprises me only that I didn't find Notes from the Underground by Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoyevsky or The Secret Agent, or Under Western Eyes, by Józef Teodor Konrad Korzeniowski. You can't turn gold into shit.

Before I went to Andover, on a regular basis I would go to Allerton Farm, where Josie Oas taught me to ride. Mrs. Oas's ancestor, Captain Charles Roberts, had bought the two-hundred-acre property for ten thousand dollars in 1883. When Mrs. Oas was growing up, her family grew apples on their orchard, and they ran it as a dairy farm, with a fine herd of registered Holstein Frisians, which Captain Roberts had imported from Holland. She still had ice skates from the boys who brought the cattle. Later it became a locus for the West Chester Hunt and the Brandywine Hounds, and I fondly remember the egg nog bowl at the Christmas meet.

For two years, three times a week, my mother would drop me off, driving past the front lawn, where, as a girl, Mrs. Oas's hunter, Duke, pulled a mower, and the family mashed down the molehills in their ongoing battle with the tenacious talpids. If she ever went to Hershey Park, I am sure that Whack-a-Mole was extra fun for Mrs. Oas.

In the barn, I would muck the stall, and groom my horse, Russet, a difficult gelding, who would sometimes try to bite me as I fastened his girth, or Bay Leaf, a huge steed, who once trod on my foot. I remember Mrs. Oas smiling as I cursed. Later I graduated to Prissy, a mare retired from the Florida racing circuit due to asthma, who was my favorite.

Up the hill we would ride, past Shorty Long's house, where ice was once harvested from the pond, sometimes standing while our horses peed. Up and up, we would walk, up to Roberts Knoll, where we would ride and jump in the outdoor ring. Other days we would hack cross country, since Mrs. Oas got on well with her neighbors, fêting them at Christmas, and hosting gymkhanas with makeshift games like dollar bareback. "Smile and wave," she would tell us, if a car drove past. Sometimes we would ford the Brandywine Creek, letting the horses cool and drink. Once we stopped before a blue manor house, high on the hill, which I had always admired. I imagined the owner, like Richard Corey, must have no problems in the world, so I was surprised to learn he killed himself.

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,  
We people on the pavement looked at him:  
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,  
And he was always human when he talked;  
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,  
"Good morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—  
And admirably schooled in every grace:

In fine, we thought that he was everything  
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,  
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;  
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,  
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

At the end of our ride, we would attend to the horses, sponging them off, and turning them out, before we cleaned the tack. Each horse's saddle and bridle had a small piece of colored tape to indicate its owner, and it was always a great joke for a new rider, unfamiliar with the system, to start cleaning someone else's kit. Mrs. Oas would say, "It's very kind of you to clean Tim's saddle, Bill," as the error was pointed out, and I would smile.

I had a fine new pair of boots, which Mrs. Oas envied, and she always said I could use the soap to clean them, but I often didn't take her offer. My calves had grown after my father put down two hundred dollars for the boots, so it was a tight fit to squeeze into them. Mrs. Oas kindly gave me an old pair of riding britches; but, with them on, it was impossible to slip into the boots, so I never wore the jodhpurs. I offered no explanation for this omission, so I must have come across, shy and skittish, as an abused child. My abusers were not my parents but the scum at CIA.

Mrs. Oas was a good teacher, and I enjoyed our time together. She taught me to do a rising canter, a good way to learn the



three-beat gait, and a posting trot for two beats. When I kept sticking my feet out, she tied my stirrups to the girth with twine. Later my daughter and I would ride on the Big Island of Hawai`i, near the Parker Ranch, herding cattle, and I still remembered how to do it. Thanks to Josie Oas.

But that was twenty-nine years later, and I never sat a horse for all that time. For reasons I did not understand, I stopped riding when I came back from Andover. But now I remember my programmer's voice.

### *You're not going to do that anymore....*

My attitude reminds me of my daughter, as I see malevolent suggestions work on her. For years, she rode horses, but then she told me she didn't want to ride anymore. For years, she loved to ski, but then she told me she didn't want to ski anymore. For years, she loved to swim, but she won't even go to the club anymore. When we went to St. George Island on the Gulf of Mexico, I had a hard time even getting her to go in the water. People write off these changes as part of adolescence, but I know from hard experience that they are the result of extremely evil and imbecilic subhumans destroying the lives of their betters. That's what MK-ULTRA is all about.

Back in the eighties, they had tried to use me to move my friend, Blair Hickey, to alcohol, as my parents sometimes let me drink; but it never worked. Blair did not accompany us on our trip to West

Germany; he showed no interest in beer, wine, or brandy; and he refused an offer to smoke cigars. He had promised to keep no secrets from his mother—unlike his father who had broken their trust. I respected his decision to abstain, as he did mine to imbibe. But drugs would have been a different story. They planned to move me to cannabis, cocaine, and psychedelics in an attempt to wreck my future, and they knew my friend would talk me out of this folly. So they made him the butt of every joke, as our class suddenly ostracized Blair for absolutely no apparent reason. As I became chums with a boy who despised him, I am ashamed to say I abandoned my friend at this time.

Blair showed signs of mind control. Suddenly, his favorite book was Catcher in the Rye by J.D. Salinger. Salinger was a recluse, who had a thing for teenage girls, and he glamorizes failure in his novel. With its celebration of weakness, it's as bad as Pink Floyd. MK-ULTRA loves to use this book. When Mark David Chapman murdered John Lennon to demoralize ex-hippies, he was carrying Catcher in the Rye. When John Hinkley tried to assassinate Ronald Reagan so CIA Director George Bush could become president, he had the book on his coffee table. Mel Gibson, who spoke against child abuse in Hollywood, who made Braveheart with Patrick McGoohan, and who is heavily targeted, used the book in Conspiracy Theory. When I was in eighth grade, it was my favorite book, and I read it more than half a dozen times. In West Germany, it mysteriously showed up, as the only book in my bedroom

at my host family's house. Now Blair was reading it, and I had a mysterious impulse to stay away from him.

Before school started, my family spent two weeks in Barbados, where CIA put drugs in my way. They had me watching Miami Vice the year before, where almost every episode concerned cocaine, and I was dressing like Don Johnson. Also, Venice Kong, the colored lady who posed in Playboy that summer, liked Miami Vice. Day after day, at our hotel, a friendly black man offered to sell me cocaine or marijuana; and I would always put him off. I never bought anything from him, and I didn't want to, but I could not say no outright. I would bet I was under a hypnotic compulsion not to refuse. Saying no is a skill we need to learn. Sometimes it is necessary to be firm or even rude to protect one's own space, or the space of another, and that goes double for dealing with the scum at CIA.

George Gurdjieff, into whose work I would enter, understood this perfectly. Later, I would have the privilege to receive transmission of the Gurdjieff Work from two different lines. I met several times with people from the Philadelphia Gurdjieff Foundation, who learned from Cynthia Pearce and others, who learned from Gurdjieff himself. I also studied extensively under John Hutcherson, who learned from J.G. Bennett, an English industrialist and inventor who worked for British Intelligence, and extensively with Gurdjieff, before he founded the Sherbourne Institute. In two different lines, I stand two removes from Gurdjieff, and Mr. Bennett's student, John

Hutcherson, authorized me to teach, saying I should start my own groups. John is a good man, and I learned a lot from him, although he fails to see the reality of MK-ULTRA.

Gurdjieff is a deep subject, and this series will deal with him later. He fought the Illuminati all his life—from his presence in the Anglo-Tibetan War, to the time he kicked Aleister Crowley off his property, to his teaching—so they turned him into a fat womanizing drunkard, while they tried to isolate him. The English wouldn't even let him into the United Kingdom when the Nazis occupied France. Still, he survived, and former students, including Bennett, came to him in Paris after the war. Gurdjieff was far from perfect, but he was a great man, a true bodhisattva. As he taught, "Awakening is bitter," saying also, "Man is asleep in a house on fire."

I used to tell a story to my daughter, when she was little, about one of Olga de Hartmann's early encounters with George Gurdjieff. She saw a man kneeling in a corner, and she asked him why he knelt. The fellow responded, snarling,

**NONE OF YOUR BLOODY BUSINESS!**

Everyone laughed. He was introduced to Mrs. de Hartmann as Andrei Andreyevich Zahkaroff, a mild-mannered mathematician. Gurdjieff had noticed that he was mechanically nice to everyone, so he tasked him to act impolite. Zahkaroff needed to learn to go against the grain, and there are some people, and some situations, that require a short answer

if not outright rudeness. My daughter and I would laugh about this, and, although I am kind to the children who sell cookies for the Girl Scouts, and the college students who raise money for phony charities, they provide a perfect place to practice saying no.

Thomas de Hartmann learned a similar lesson from Gurdjieff when he offered to pick up the tab from habit, as they ate in a restaurant. Mr. de Hartmann had been rich in imperial Russia; but those days were over, as the revolution swept across the land, and they fled from the Bolsheviks. Gurdjieff saw his student needed to learn not to act mechanically. Mr. de Hartmann could not afford to support his foolish offer, so his teacher trapped him. “Oh, you’re treating. How kind! Let’s have champagne,” Gurdjieff said, ordering an expensive vintage. After he let Mr. de Hartmann suffer, feeling the effects of his thoughtless and shallow generosity, Gurdjieff let him off the hook, paying for everyone, and ordering another bottle.

We need to break pattern, seeing and destroying our programs, although never in ways that would harm us or our fellow humans. (The enemy is another story). One of my abusers, Ann, who pretended to be my friend, playing good cop, during my programming, gave sound advice:

### **Do Things That Are Unexpected.**

In that session, I was drugged and kidnapped from Sovania Bistro, immediately before my trip to Big Sur with my daughter, and my

captors took me to a house on Wollaston Road, owned by Katie and Cuyler Walker, scions of the Harrimans, which my brother used to rent. Walker would later face a police investigation, as he suddenly withdrew from a race for the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, pleading the Fifth Amendment, on the grounds he might incriminate himself. I have posted a reward of one thousand dollars for information resulting in his conviction of a felony on my website, *Fighting Monarch*; and I will describe the events of that night, Thursday, April 10, 2014, later in this series. For now, suffice it to say, I came that night to call an unexpected turn, to break program and confuse my enemy, a Crazy Ivan. No doubt I drew not only from the film *Hunt for Red October*, which describes a submarine manœuver of this name, but also on Gurdjieff himself, who spent extensive time in Russia.

To break program, we must see it. In the Work, people practice self-observation. You become aware of yourself, studying bodily movements with bodily awareness, emotional dynamics with emotional awareness, and thoughts with the awareness of the mind. Start by paying attention to your body. How do you stand, sit, or walk? How do you breathe? How does this change in different environments? How do you speak? Listen to the sound of your voice. Feel the air on your skin. Study yourself as though you were an interesting stranger about whom you truly cared.

This is not a checklist to be implemented at once, directed by the part of your mind that uses words, or a subject to think about, but an

outline of separate exercises to be practiced, one by one, over time. Give each at least a week.

But most of all, hold something back. Do not become identified with yourself. Do not take everything that passes through you to be you.

It is a very deep practice and impossible to explain in words.

Self-observation increases awareness of yourself and others, and it will show you what you need to change. Most of all, it will let you know how your mind, your body, and your feelings have been hacked. To become a master, you must see your slavery.

My daughter's other favorite story from the life of Gurdjieff was told by Fritz Peters, whom the Illuminati targeted from birth. His brother blinded him in one eye with a crochet hook, and his parents divorced around 1915, when no one divorced and Peters was only eighteen months old. When he turned eight or nine, his mother had a nervous breakdown because of Illuminist abuse, and he was adopted by Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, the editors of The Little Review. Peters lived as a boy at the Prieuré at Avon, near the Château de Fontainebleau, at the intentional community established by George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff. During that time, Aleister Crowley invited himself to the Prieuré, where he spoke with Peters, until Gurdjieff warned the satanist off, expelling him from the property. Gurdjieff's car crashed under suspicious circumstances shortly afterward, sabotaged by Crowley, as the steering wheel came off in his hands. As for Peters, he

became a homosexual, acquired a drinking problem, and had several nervous breakdowns.

The story my daughter liked concerned Gurdjieff's kindness to young Fritz Peters.

Gurdjieff had travelled in America for months, raising money, and Peters had been given responsibilities in his absence. He had not fulfilled them when the master returned. Even worse, Miss Madison, an unfortunate single lady charged with the children, had fallen into an adversarial relationship with Peters and others. Miss Madison had kept a list of every child's offenses in a book, from negligent care of the chickens to the theft of an old man's teeth. At her insistence, she reported to Gurdjieff, after dessert, over armagnac and coffee, as everyone gathered for a welcome-home feast in an old airplane hangar, which Gurdjieff had converted to a study house.

Calling the assembly to order, Gurdjieff announced that Miss Madison would go over the children's offenses, so he could mete out punishments. Peters, the chief offender, headed the list. Gurdjieff asked him if he made any excuse. To his credit he did not. Gurdjieff asked Miss Madison how many offenses Peters had committed, and she tallied the terrible number.

With a sigh, shaking his head in disappointment, Gurdjieff drew an enormous bankroll from his pocket, and, laboriously, he peeled off the same number of ten-franc notes, handing them dramatically to Peters. This ritual was repeated with each of the children, until they



came at last to Miss Madison, whom Gurdjieff gave a single ten-franc note for keeping the list.

I love to hear people's reactions to this wisdom tale, which contains something like an interrupt used in hypnosis. I told my daughter, Lily Montgomery, the almost biblical story, under the oak tree in our back yard, in April 2008, as she stood on a swing I had hung, a wooden plank, dangling between two ropes. With delight, my three-year-old cried, "That doesn't make sense!" Likewise, Babette Jenny, my therapist, whom I met at her farm behind the Laurels, formerly the old King Ranch, found the story very Zen.

Just as Gurdjieff was programmed to drink alcohol, I drank a lot in Barbados, as I had been trained to do. Because of my earlier experience in Germany, and my teenage idiocy, I thought I could not get a hangover. The last night proved me wrong. At a beach bar with a new English friend, I drank my father's drink, Beefeater on the Rocks, with cocktail onions, far too much. After that night, and the flight home, where I puked in a plastic bag, as I boarded our plane from wheeled steps on the tarmac, I cannot stand the sight, smell, or taste of gin.

Otherwise, we had a good time, skiing on jet skis, swimming, and playing hearts, a family favorite. When my brother excused himself from the table, my dad and I pranked him, fixing his cards in an impossible moon-shot hand, just to see the look on his face when he sat down. My dad and my brother went snorkelling, but I foolishly sat out. I played chess and checkers with my family, and I read

books, including Noël Coward's Pomp and Circumstance, as the scum continued to press drugs and perversion. One day we went to the track, I dressed like a character from Miami Vice, and I won on the horses. I like to think I have a pretty good eye. Another night I tied a married lady in the limbo contest at the hotel. The prize was a bottle of rum, which I lost since the contest was settled by applause. I came pretty close on the applause-o-meter, though.

Back at high school, things had changed. Blair was in the goody-two-shoes group, busy as the star of the play, but I was suddenly hanging out with a naughtier set. Girls were out of the question; but, for the first time, I found myself invited to field parties, drinking alcohol, and smoking cannabis. I still remember when Marc Bertrando, who won a golf scholarship and now serves as a school administrator, jokingly addressed me at a bonfire, "Tim, I see you're moving up in the world." Nothing could be further from the truth, but I now had a social life and the drug use that went with it. In my junior and senior year, I would smoke weed, often before school, sniff coke, and drop acid, as the trash at MK-ULTRA tried to ruin my future.

In school, I often talked with Kim Holliday, a dark-haired girl, extremely intelligent, who later took an advanced degree in engineering. Kim was good looking, and she would have gone out with me; but I was a brainwashed idiot. Under hypnosis, the scum gave the command:

*See if you can talk some new people into doing drugs with you.*

*Use your mind.*

*See if you can convince them.*

So I talked to Kim about the alleged benefits of drugs, as I was programmed to do, having read The Psychedelic Experience by Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert, and Ralph Metzner. The book compares an acid trip to the journey described in The Tibetan Book of the Dead. It's nothing but a propaganda piece put out by Leary, a loser whom CIA ran. If you have that book, burn it. Don't just give it away. It might fall into someone else's hands to do them harm.

On the other hand, if you have had a positive psychedelic experience, take Richard Alpert's advice. This co-author of The Psychedelic Experience later went to India, taking the name Ram Dass. Despite his personal problems and his targeting, he wrote some good books on meditation. These include Be Here Now and Journey of Awakening. As Ram Dass said,

Once you get the message,  
hang up the phone.

Kim had more sense than I, so she never acquiesced, or showed any interest in drugs, holding her ground in conversations; and trying, politely and intelligently, to talk me out of my folly. She did not succeed in that, but she did introduce me to P.D. Ouspensky and George Gurdjieff, whose works would change my life. Still, it would take me

years to find the real Gurdjieff Work, learned from people not from books, while my abusers hypnotized me to forget I had even read Ouspensky. I had to go back to the books several times, over many years, before I found real people to learn from, and then, of course, the scum worked hard to cause me difficulties. As Gurdjieff taught, when you work on yourself, forces will rise up to oppose you.

I was reading, mostly outside class, and playing tennis after school, but I was always in search of the next party—whether in a field, at the drive-in, the state park, or someone’s house whose parents had been foolish enough to leave them in charge. I thought it was a big game, and I was lucky not to be hurt. Kelly Ward, a tall, pretty, and athletic girl in the class above us, was run over by a car during a drunken party. Mark McFarland lost a finger in a car accident, but we never connected these unfortunate events to our own behavior. People often write this stuff off as teenage hijinks. They don’t appreciate the satanic trash are trying to take promising young people out.

CIA could not make my parents divorce, but they moved my father out of the house on business. Toward the end of high school, my father’s frequent absences, combined with my driver’s license, facilitated misbehavior. Working for DuPont, he travelled constantly, though not nearly as much as Blair’s dad. On a regular basis, Daddy travelled to Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, West Germany, Venezuela, and, of course, Zimbabwe and South Africa. He was gone for a month at a time, and I was happy to have the house to myself. We

had been fighting, and I had come to hate him, which was completely unfair. MK-ULTRA was working to destroy our family, but all they could do was introduce tension between me and my dad. We used to argue after going out to supper, or the movies, which I now recognize as the product of suggestion and forced speech. From time to time, I would speak hatefully to him, and, more than once, he punched me in the face. Filled with a false sense of independence, I felt glad he was gone.

I had the use of Dad's car, a Volkswagen diesel Rabbit, which we called Jack. Since we're crazy, we always name our cars, and my current ride is the Silver Flash. The Flash replaced Rocinante, whom I abandoned on the western slope of the Blue Ridge. Fortunately, Jack Rabbit could do only about 70 mph, downhill with the wind at my back. Otherwise, I would have killed myself. Acting out a suggestion, I drove recklessly down country roads, shifting through the gears, playing James Bond. When I worked at Kendal, I would shoot along Doe Run Road, driving to work at the last possible second, catching air on a tree root paved over, just north of Dugdale. One time, I took a curve too fast, and I spun the car down the straight, through the woods, on Route 842, near Allerton Farm, more than two times around.

### **TAKE ME HOME, NOW!**

my passenger, Craig Horvat, said.

Of course, I had been smoking reefer.

The scum tried to push gambling—another James Bond activity. Craig’s father took us sailing out of Atlantic City, where he encouraged us to try our luck at the tables or slot machines if we could sneak in. But I showed no interest, and the whole thing looked vulgar. Meanwhile, my classmate, Kenny Kirchhofer, began to show up in Spanish class with racing forms, as he visited the local track. He and I were the only older students in the class, and we sat next to each other, telling jokes, but, despite my luck in Barbados, I never bet on the gee-gees. My programmers had gotten into me, horribly so, but I was still rejecting suggestions.

Sometimes Craig and I, and the McConnell Twins, would go to Jeff John’s for poker night. This was the house where anything goes. The parents would let us drink beer and smoke cigarettes, Salems or Carlton lights, as we played poker on a special table built for the purpose. Still, they weren’t okay with drugs or liquor, so we had to wait until they went to bed to break out the blender for whisky sours.

A poster in Jeff’s room struck me. In the colored pen-and-ink drawing, a voluptuous naked woman lay on a throw rug. Was it a tiger skin, symbolizing programming under PROJECT MONARCH, or was it a bear, standing for her soft furry privates in a means of symbolic expression I have come to recognize in Andrew Wyeth’s work?

In tempera paintings like The Huntress, a young woman, naked and blonde, sits on the hard frame of a wooden chair, with a golden retriever at her feet. Years later, I saw the painting, next to a

pencil study, and I noticed that Wyeth had diminished her bush. The large yellow dog, with its wet nose, stood in for her privates, allowing him to suggest this part of her anatomy while it took up a larger portion of the panel. The master accomplished a like effect in the hard frame of the wooden chair, and the floor, which pick up the hardness of the huntress's bones, muscles, and body. Wyeth spoke of something similar when he painted out a German Shepherd because the dog's teeth were picked up in a jagged tree stump.

Whatever the trophy rug on which the trophy woman lay—striped tiger or furry bear—her joke inappropriately suggested that her partner had purposely diminished her capacity to consent to sexual intercourse:

*It took him one shot to get this trophy—  
but the whole fifth to get me.*

The poster suggested one could take advantage of a woman and she would joke about it afterwards.

Eventually, Jeff's friend, John Giordano, would show up with cannabis, which we would smoke to excess, drinking bottle after bottle of Moosehead, if not whisky sours. John had excellent quality weed, although he always arrived late to our parties. He was probably dodging our host's parents. John's own parents owned a jewelry store in West Chester, and it was rumored they had mafia connections. When talking on the telephone—still dials and cords then—Craig and I

referred to getting high as “talking to John”—a code so our mothers would not understand our conversation.

Like Jack van Heyst, who trained at Fort Benning before he married and bought the Aaronsburg Inn with his wife, Jane, on the Purple Heart Highway, John had gone to Valley Forge Military Academy. That’s where your parents sent you if you were bad, so my brother was constantly threatened with enrollment. Valley Forge taught you how to shine your shoes, toe the line, and call adults sir and ma’am. Parents loved it, but many boys acquired drug problems. Just as in prison, putting the bad ones together led them to the lowest common denominator. With one exception, all the cocaine I did in high school came from Valley Forge.

Meanwhile, my dad was working for Richard Somerville at the International Sales Group for DuPont. Dick had served in the Army in Germany, and he was a graduate of the Wharton Business School, a programming center. Like Scott’s dad, Wildman Williams, he had a reputation as a party guy, who drank heavily on business trips and fooled around with available women. His sons went to Salesianum, a Catholic school where child abuse was rife. It was so bad that the governing body later settled thirty-nine lawsuits for charges of sexual assault by its priests, paying out almost twenty-five million dollars. None of us knew this. We regarded Sally’s simply as a good school with a dress code. Dick joked about how his sons had gone to a thrift shop to buy the widest, ugliest aloha ties in the world, painted with hula girls,



so they could satisfy the dress code in letter but not in spirit. One of Dick's sons acquired a serious drug problem, and he later killed himself. My programmer told me in a telephonic session that he had made him do it—giving the last suggestion.

After the departure of Kurt Brandenburg, Dick was my father's closest friend, and he was a good guy. Uncle Barry would die of cancer at a young age, and Dr. Roberts died of a heart attack. They were killing the fathers off, one by one, or splitting marriages up. My dad maintained contact with George Ring, but the difference in their income caused tension. I'm sure their programmers contributed to it. My dad trusted Dick, who was straight with everyone and loyal to his people. Sometimes this made him enemies, but he had stalwart friends. Years later, when NSA made my father lose his mind through microwave harassment, he would go to Anson Nixon Park to commune with Dick, who died of cirrhosis. I am sure Daddy was getting hit with V2K in the last years of his life, taking microwave whispers for the ghost of his friend. My father became increasingly paranoid, as NSA destroyed his will to live.

Back then, we had no idea. Times were good, and business was booming. Daddy was flying first class all over the world, since Dick wanted his people well rested. He stayed in the best hotels, since that was important, too. One time, the team went to Bali for fun, but Dick told them all to say the trip was to Denpasar. If you go to Bali, people envy you, and the accountants fret; but if you go to Denpasar, people

feel sorry for you. There was no internet, and only bankers used the brick, the eighties' mobile phone, which took its name from its size. Daddy would read, happily isolated, on his long plane trips. His favorite author was a toss-up between Tom Clancy, who wrote of CIA, and Wilbur Smith, from Northern Rhodesia.

There was a variety of visitors to the house, whom Daddy took out to business dinners at the Dilworthtown Inn, where a bill of provisions issued in the War of Independence hangs on the wall. Whether the invading English Army or the Continentals, whoever ran it up, ever paid for what they took, I don't know. Certainly the English and the Hessians ransacked the area, looting even loyalist farms. In the eighties, Chester County was the country, changing to the suburbs, so Dilworthtown was the only option—aside from the Chadds Ford Inn, another colonial tavern, where Andrew Wyeth and his family carved jack-o-lanterns on Halloween. I remember a polite young man from Australia, who expressed interest in my tennis game; and I learned better manners dining on the porch with David Azagury, a Jewish South African with whom my father did business. David had met one of my abusers, Rick Creole, who purported to have fought in the Rhodesian Bush War, and he had a low opinion of him.

One time, Daddy hosted a party in the back yard under a marquee tent. Mostly, it was people from Latin America with a smattering of Germans. Everyone had a good word to say about their host, Jim, telling me how lucky I was to have him as my father. I

remember thinking, "You don't know him as I do." But that was completely unfair. I would appreciate my dad much more in the years to come. The main thing the kids knew was that there was a keg of beer, and many bottles, in the backyard. I had learned my lesson in Barbados; but my brother's pals, Joe Quinn, now an FBI agent, and Dan Mariani, a builder who became my friend, were on a mission to outdrink each other. Dick and I were laughing together, watching Dan sneak up to the ice chest, stuff his jacket with bottles of beer, and slink away. He thought he was invisible, but he could not have announced his arrival and departure more, had he set off fireworks.

## BOOK TWELVE: THE COLONEL AND HIS WIFE

My father was away on business for about a month when Rhodesia resurfaced. My programmer had primed me for this, and I recall our conversation. I'm not sure if it was in person, by voice to skull, or on the telephone. Telephone conversations with programmers were common in those days, as millions of Americans were put under in OPERATION SLEEPING BEAUTY. You might be one of them. It took me forty-seven years to remember, and I would have dismissed the idea until I stopped smoking cannabis, the memories flooded back, and the non-stop microwave harassment started.

The trash at CIA will often separate a son from his father, creating difficulties between them, while they present a substitute father-figure. There are many stories that fit this pattern, where a hero has two fathers. In Star Wars, Luke Skywalker is brought up by one family, with one idea of his father, only to find he is the son of Darth Vader. Likewise, in Guardians of the Galaxy, Star-Lord has a distant evil father, whom he wrongly idealizes, only to find a stepfather in Yondu, whom he took for an enemy. Or think of King Arthur, sired by Uther Pendragon, who impersonated the Duke of Cornwall to impregnate Ygraine. Arthur had one biological father, another putative father, and he was raised by a third father-figure, Sir Ector, who taught him chivalry. They use those stories on kids to mess them up, and they have used them on my daughter to estrange her from me.

It comes as no surprize that, as I had teenage troubles with my father, my programmer approached me. The enemy had succeeded in making me a bad son, ungrateful for my father's sacrifice and loyalty, while the scum that worked to destroy our family posed as a friend.

"Tomorrow your father's coming home."

"I didn't know that. Okay. So what? I guess I have to give up the car. I guess I have to smoke less marijuana. Be careful or something."

"Tim, I want you to listen to me. I want you to talk with him. I want you to listen to him. I want you to help out with him. Ask him where he went. Use The World Book, the encyclopædia you read as a boy."

"Why should I do that? You told me to hate him. He hit me."

"Tim, just do what I say."

"No."

The CIA, like the Illuminati, often use man and woman teams to work on their victims, sometimes adding a child's voice to the mix. Whenever the male degenerates that programmed me had trouble, they would turn for help to their female partners, which they rape and abuse, and these excuses for women gladly helped them. They knew I would listen to a woman's voice more than a man's, so a female programmer chimed in....

"Tim, honey, will you do this for me?"

“It’s you? It’s you? It’s you again?” I responded.

Here, I followed, but did not recall, a command to remember a desirable woman whenever a female programmer addressed me—  
“someone you want to protect.”

“Yes, Tim, it’s me.”

“Of course, ma’am. Of course. Will you have sex with me afterwards? I’m tired of being a virgin.”

The slave turned to her master, “What do you want me to say to him?”

“Tell him what he wants to hear.”

“Yes, Tim. We’ll have sex. Now do what he says. I’m going to hand you back over to him.”

And I heard her voice echoing out, with odd music playing in the background:

*Sex, Tim, Sex.*

*We’ll have Sex....*

“But you have to do things for me first. I’m a lady. You have to earn it.”

“You don’t sound like a lady. That doesn’t sound right. You sound like you’re for sale.”

“You have to win me I mean. Listen to him, Tim. Listen to him. Do what he says.”

*“Tim, look. Rhodesia. It’s Rhodesia. That’s where he went.”*

“Who?”

“YOUR FATHER, DAMN IT! Look in *The World Book*, Tim. Look in *The World Book*, Tim. It's Rhodesia. That's where he went. See if you can figure it out.”

“I don't know. You said something different before. This sounds like bullshit.”

Again the woman came to his aid.

“You're smart. Do it for me, okay? Then I'll give you what you want. You'll think of me when you do it with her. Maybe she'll be in *Playboy*. Think of me when you look at them. Think of me when you masturbate. Think of me....”

The scum showed no gratitude, hurting her, as I heard the noises of her rape. Or was it a tape they were playing? Trying to turn me on?

“COME HERE, YOU FUCKING BITCH. NOW I'VE GOT YOU. YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR WHAT YOU SAID.”

After a while, the woman's voice came back, “*Honey, where are you?*”

“I'm going to sleep. Leave me alone. I want no part of this. I'm going to sleep. I'm going to sleep,” I said, putting myself out.

While I rejected many of their suggestions, and I fought, some took hold, and I soon found myself talking with my father.

Daddy returned from a business trip, and I sat up with him as he drank his tea and smoked his pipe. "Where did you go?" I asked, politely curious, but not having given him a thought in the month before. He told me he had been to South Africa, again, and also to Zimbabwe. As I asked him to describe it, I said, "It sounds like you were in Rhodesia. Were there a bunch of white people still acting like they were in charge?" To this he said yes. We looked up Rhodesia in The World Book Encyclopedia, and we compared notes.

On his next trip to the dark continent, Dad confirmed, "You were right. It was Rhodesia." He told me of a man he had met, allegedly a colonel in the Rhodesian Army, named Richard Creole, full of tales about the Matabele, the Shona, Joshua Nkomo, Robert Mugabe, and Ian Smith, a great man, who had the tenacity to fight the enemy and the wisdom to make peace. We thought there was a bright future for Zimbabwe, but we could not have been more wrong.

We immersed ourselves in films about the area and its history. Zulu was a favorite. Filmed in Kwazulu-Natal, with its dramatic scenery, the movie featured Kwazulu's leader, Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the head of the Inkatha Freedom Party, playing his great-grandfather Cetshwayo kaMpande. King Cetshwayo's army destroyed Lord Chelmsford's forces at the Battle of Isandlwana, capturing over one thousand rifles, two pieces of field artillery, and four hundred thousand rounds of ammunition. But the Zulu may have valued the two thousand draft animals they took more highly, since they



regarded rifles as cowards' weapons. The film concerns a smaller battle at Rorke's Drift, where about one hundred and fifty British troops successfully defended a tiny garrison against a series of well-disciplined assaults by more than three thousand Zulu warriors. Eleven Victoria Crosses were awarded. The film came out in 1964, three years after South Africa's withdrawal from the British Commonwealth and one year before Rhodesia's declaration of independence.

My father regarded Chief Buthelezi as a great man with a vision for his people, capable of working with the white government. We could see that sanctions would hurt South Africa, especially the blacks who lived there; and the king could see it, too. Buthelezi worked with the whites economically and militarily, and his Zulu militia received military training from the South African Defence Force. He opposed the African National Congress, a communist organization, leading to a small civil war between the Zulus and ANC agitators.

Led by CIA, anti-apartheid activists, who have now completely forgotten about South Africa, hated Buthelezi. They saw him as preferring the interests of his own tribe to those of all blacks—as though that's not exactly what Robert Mugabe, the criminal installed by CIA as head of Zimbabwe, did. "Oh, no, no, no," they seemed to say. "We can't have that form of tribalism. We can't have that form of black self-determination." Whites and blacks working together, or people supporting local interests, always threaten the New World Order. That's why they killed Fred Hampton of the Black Panther Party, and it's why

they refused to acknowledge the black prime minister of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, Bishop Abel Muzorewa. It's not about black people's interests, as the failure of the Civil Rights Movement shows. It's about hypocrisy.

Our other favorite movie was Breaker Morant. This one concerns the Second Boer War, where the British Empire destroyed the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, just as the New World Order would later destroy South Africa. It was white against white. The Boers have since been painted as ignorant racists; but really they were farmers minding their own business, besieged by minions of the Illuminati. Financed by trade in opium and slaves, the New World Order used the war to seize control of the richest gold deposits in the world. In the Second Boer War, the British put over four hundred thousand men in the field against a volunteer Boer army of thirty thousand. Many times the British refused to take prisoners, slaughtering soldiers who tried to surrender, but they had no problem imprisoning women and children in concentration camps where twenty-seven thousand whites along with fourteen thousand blacks died. The Rothschilds reduced blacks to slavery in the mines they controlled, and they destroyed the Boers' families. Later they would use the media, through people like my friend's dad, Jim Hickey, to portray Afrikaaners as backward racists.

As Breaker Morant shows, the engineers of the war did not treat their own much better. They never do. Witness the treatment of

soldiers returning from Việt Nam, Iraq, or Afghanistan, where they fight bankers' wars. Breaker Morant concerns three Australian officers court-martialled for killing Boer prisoners. They followed their orders, foolishly believing in the British Empire, only to be sold out so peace could be made with the Boers and the world could see an example of "British justice." One man is given a life sentence, while the other two are shot at dawn. The film speaks to me, with the wind blowing on the veldt, and Harry Morant, outdoorsman and poet, seeking revenge for the murder of the brother of his fiancée, a woman who resembles Patty Duffek. Then there's the kangaroo court where the men are tried, not unlike the family courts that took my child from me. Made in 1980, at the fall of Rhodesia, the film suggests the Rhodesian experience, of people who believed in the Empire, and in decency, who ended up fighting a savage war where they poisoned wells and used anthrax in their own country only to be sold by the New World Order.

For my whole life, CIA fed me stories and suggestions about Rhodesia; so, of course, I took interest in the self-styled Rhodesian visitors who came to our house in August 1986. Little did I know the subhuman trash masquerading as Rick Creole, a purported colonel in the Rhodesian Bush War, was really the scum that had sexually abused me and my family in England under the auspices of the Tavistock Institute.

I don't know how any of us took Creole for a colonel. Standing about 5'7" with light brown hair, swarthy complexion, and

military posture, he must have been born in the early 1950s, and the Bush War ended in 1979, so there is no way he could have attained that rank.

(Incidentally, I have posted a thousand-dollar reward, per felony, for information resulting in the conviction of Rick or Margaret Creole. You can find details on my website: Fighting Monarch.)

Later my parents and the Somervilles made plans to visit Zimbabwe; but they had to cancel, never to reschedule, because of problems with the airlines. CIA knew, if Creole and his wife were forced to spend extensive leisure time with others, their cover would be blown.

Nevertheless, Creole risked short-term contact. My father and his boss, Dick Somerville, brought Creole and his family to the house for lunch that summer. With him was a beautiful woman, with blonde hair and blue eyes, who pretended to be his wife. Unlike Creole, who spoke with a plummy English accent, his female accomplice spoke with the nasal intonation of Rhodesia. They brought two children with them, who they claimed were theirs. One was a boy younger than my brother, who played outside; so I did not see him much, being keen to spend time with our visitors, as I was programmed to do. The other child was a pretty fourteen-year-old girl, two years my junior, who had light blonde hair and light blue eyes. For the whole day, she sat in a daze on the sofa, not talking to anyone. We were told she had the flu. It was August. In retrospect, I am certain that Creole raped and drugged her before the visit, and he pimped her to finance his trip. I would not

be surprized to find he had sold her to another owner. As FBI Special Agent Ted Gunderson attested, in his fight against PROJECT MONARCH, a blonde child will sell for as much as fifty thousand dollars at auction.

Creole was unbelievably impolite as soon as he entered the house. My brother and I had put on some tribal African music on the cd player, by means of welcome, as the white, supposedly African, visitors entered our home.

Creole walked directly over, saying, "Why are you listening to that?"

I answered, "We thought you would like it."

"That is the music of my enemies," he answered.

I apologized for offending him, and I put on something else, overlooking his rudeness.

At lunch, I sat across from Rick, next to his wife, whom I called Margaret, following earlier sessions. Receiving an image in my visual cortex transmitted by microwaves, which I mistook for my own imagination, I had my first I2K experience—not counting the phase spiders I had seen earlier. I had never been able to picture anything in my mind, even a loved one's face, and I completely lacked artistic ability, but suddenly I saw a vivid image of the woman sitting next to me. She was naked, except for some white lace, and she looked like a blonde Playboy Playmate. Prior to recent image-to-skull attacks, I have never pictured women naked in my mind, and I have never been able to

picture anything in my mind; so the experience, which lasted less than a minute, was odd.

“This isn’t right,” I thought to myself.

The morons were projecting an image of the Playmate of the Month, Miss September, Rebekka Armstrong, into my head. They assumed I had fantasized about the magazine—but I had not even seen it. That year, I bought only five of the twelve Playboys available. Years later, I would have a brief thing for Rebekka Armstrong, as she appeared in Playboy’s newsstand specials, finding her oddly attractive, while thinking she was a bitch, something I never felt about any Playboy Playmate. Still, they could not get a rape fantasy into me.

I have looked at it since, and, apropos of nothing, the magazine jokes about the clairvoyance of the Playmate’s mother, as it describes how Miss Armstrong lived near a naval weapons testing station in the middle of the Mojave Desert. The reference to clairvoyance alludes to image to skull, which was tested under programs like PROJECT STAR GATE, in which subjects thought they were remote-viewing. Otherwise, I don’t know why the Navy would have a base in the desert, where there is no water, and not on the coast, so at first I took this for a joke. However, when I researched the matter, I found that Playboy refers to China Lake, a major programming center for PROJECT MONARCH.

As Cisco Wheeler, the grand-niece of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, points out, the primary torture for many children in

the western United States is done at China Lake, an 1800 square-mile base, which has gone under the designations Naval Ordnance Test Station (NOTS), Naval Weapons Center (NWC), Ridgecrest, and Inyokern. Airplane hangars contain thousands of tiny cages just large enough for infants. One thousand babies is a small batch, and many lots have two to three thousand. In hot-wired cages called woodpecker grids, babies receive horrific electric shocks, grooming their minds to split into multiple personalities. These shocks are later associated with light and color programming. The traitors in the military rape these children after they are kept for days in the woodpecker grid.

This was the backstory of the woman whose picture the scum projected into my mind, but I did not know it. I did not even recognize the Playboy Playmate, thinking only that my imagination had run away with me, and I needed to cool it.

Meanwhile, Creole brought the conversation around to the racial incident at school, while his supposed wife spoke of raids on Rhodesian farmsteads and the unreliability of the police. For this reason, Creole said, he always carried a submachine gun under the seat of his Land Rover. CIA is always pushing racism, and they are always trying to lead victims to crime. Later that day, hoping I would bring a weapon to class, Creole asked me, under drugs and hypnosis, "Do you feel safe at school?"

The couple used music on me, as programmers do, employing everything from popular songs to nursery rhymes. Creole

sang the regimental song of the British South Africa Police, “Kum-A-Kye.” And his wife, who played a sympathetic figure, sang “Salisbury Town,” which plays on MK-ULTRA themes:

Going down to Salisbury Town,  
Or is it my imagination?

Just as the song raised questions about reality and fantasy, years later I would be brought out of hypnotic sessions with male and female programmers speaking alternately.

**IT’S REAL. IT’S PRETEND. IT’S REAL. IT’S PRETEND.**

**NOW WHICH IS IT?**

“It’s real,” I would answer, and they would hit me with an electric shock, over and over again. I still have the scars, skin tags on my chest, under my arms, from the fork of the cattle prod.

**I have to snap out of this. I have to snap out of this. I have to snap out of this.**

“No, you don’t. Tim, now listen to me. It’s not good for you to remember. He’ll hurt you if you continue.”

“I don’t care. I’m not afraid of that scum.”

“What am I supposed to say to him?”

“Try it with you.”

“They’ll hurt me. They’ll hurt me....”



Sometimes that worked, and I would capitulate, saying “Okay, I’ll say it,” and they would lead me out of hypnosis.

More and more, however, as time went on, I came to see the female controllers as equally bad.

“I don’t care about you. You’re just as bad as him. You showed me those pictures. You’re just as bad. Believe me, if you do that, you’re worse. He only wants me to rape you. You’re worse than him.”

“TRY IT WITH HIS DAUGHTER,” the male voice would bark.

And the bitch would threaten my child, showing me pictures of her abuse, eventually put me on the videophone with her, as she was sexually tortured, until I came out.

**I have to remember. I have to remember.**

**I have to stop this.**

**I have to remember for Lily.**

**I have to fight. Even if it doesn’t matter. Even if I’m destroyed. I have to fight.**

**She doesn’t know. Lily doesn’t know. I have to help her.**

And they would hit me with stronger and stronger electro-shock, stronger and stronger drugs, stronger and stronger suggestions,

until I woke to my abuse; but, back then, I was putty in their hands, comparatively speaking.

That was partly because of drugs. In an effort to be hospitable, I showed Creole how to make iced tea, pouring from the pitcher, adding lemon, and sugar. Like many Americans, we drank iced tea every day in the summer. It wasn't long before Creole was left alone in the kitchen, and he drugged the tea we all drank.

He also fixed my father's drink. My father never drank to excess, and he would never duck out of a business meeting, especially one that his boss attended. But that day, he disappeared with a headache, sleeping upstairs, while the woman kept my mother busy, the boy played outside with my brother, the drugged girl sat on the sofa, and Creole abused me.

"He's starting to come around," his female confederate reported.

"See that he drinks this," the trash barked, as my father was given more drugs to take him out of the picture.

At the end of the day, Creole would order his wife, "Get him up." And my father was brought downstairs, apologizing his good-byes, while our English cocker spaniel, Maggie, who would not hurt a fly, growled at the scum that abused us.

Those were not the only drugs administered that day. Earlier, Mr. Somerville had sent me out to buy cigarettes. I drove the VW to Landhope, the locally owned convenience store, and I smoked

three joints, getting high on cannabis. Certainly, my drug use had been programmed into me; and my particular actions that day may have been the result of hypnotic suggestion.

When I got back with the cigarettes, I found the three men talking together; and, again, Creole insulted me and my father.

“You need to teach your son some manners, Jim,” he said to his host.

“Maybe you could teach me,” I replied.

Here, my father, who was under mind control, actually apologized to the scum, saying, “Rick, my son doesn’t know what he’s asking you.”

High on cannabis, I was in a state of confusion; and, under hypnotic compulsion, I kept seeking contact with our visitor, a thirty-something-year-old man who now wanted to “step outside” with the sixteen-year-old son of his host.

I remember the hypnotic suggestions now, probably delivered by telephone, through SLEEPING BEAUTY, but possibly in England five years earlier:

*Later on you’ll keep bothering me.*

*You’ll think it’s something good.*

*But it’s not.*

*You’ll be surprized.*

*She’ll be with you.*

Throughout the afternoon, I kept approaching Creole, asking him to step outside, since he had something to show me. I told him I would get my jacket, since we were going outside, when Dick Somerville said, "Timmie, I can't protect you if you go out with him."

"Protect me from what?" I asked.

"From me," Creole menaced, popping up, suddenly next to me, and I jumped into Dick's arms.

"Go out to the women, Tim," Dick said.

So I went out, past the dazed girl on the sofa, to the porch, where my mother sat talking to Mrs. Creole.

I told them something of what had happened, but they didn't believe me. The men came out on the porch, when Mrs. Creole said, "Rick, he's afraid to leave the porch. He thinks you're going to hurt him."

"He's right," Creole answered.

*"He's going to kill my family. You're going to kill my family,"* I intoned, not realizing I had been programmed to feel and say these things during sessions in England.

Somehow things were patched up, with Mrs. Creole interceding for me. "Rick, he didn't know what he was saying," she said, and things of that ilk. That's MK-ULTRA all over. One programmer will drive you into the arms of the other, as they play good-cop/bad-cop with you depending on the fear-then-relief response employed by interrogators in the Reid Technique. Usually, for me, they

used a male programmer as bad cop, with a female programmer as good cop—with our jobs being to protect each other in one way or another—but sometimes they would use a female programmer as bad cop, driving me into the arms of a male protector. Think of Baba Yaga, where the girl runs away from the witch, to whom she was sent by her stepmother, to the protection of her father.

Suddenly, the abusive scum appeared as a hero to me, as his wife passed me back over. I just didn't know any better, and he would teach me how to behave. I followed him around the porch like a puppy dog, as he taught me how to walk, how to stand, how to sit, how to look serious, and how to smile when appropriate. He explained that I felt panic before and sometimes this happens to men in battle. He began to teach me, in his words, how to be a man.

I asked him a series of questions about what a man could do, and how he should behave, until I reached the one I had been commanded, hypnotically, to ask, or was it forced speech? It must have been. They had already hit me with image-to-skull that day, so now they were making me speak obscene jibberish, using the technology described in the appendices to this book.

“Can I rape your wife?” I asked him.

Acting his rôle, Creole went ballistic, and I was filled with remorse.

"I don't know why I said that," I explained. "I have never said or thought anything like that in my life." Certainly, I had no such feelings for Mrs. Creole.

Further negotiations ensued, with me surprizing my programmer, by not being afraid, by courteously apologizing, and by offering to step outside so he could hit me.

"He won't hit back?"

"Not the way he is now. He might have before, but this won't do. We have to do something with him."

"Let him apologize or something. All right, bring him out of it."

And I heard a count: *two, three, four.*

Four indicates a deep level of hypnosis. Often, two is sufficient, and the deepest I know is seven.

In the end, I went over to Mrs. Creole and knelt on one knee, like a knight, apologizing for my discourtesy. She forgave me. At least that's what I thought.

At this point I offered to kowtow, and kiss Creole's foot, which he said, indeed, was something an African would do. He told me I did not have to do this. Mighty white of him.

I sat on the floor, like a small child, looking at the basketweave pattern of the bricks, as I muttered further apologies.

“It’s probably because of the drugs. I smoked some marijuana before you got here. I mean when I went out for the cigarettes. Something. I don’t know what I’m supposed to say. I know it’s not what a man should do. I know that now. I know it’s not what white people do. You told me that. I forgot or something. I don’t know.”

Creole’s face grinned down at me. “It’s all right,” he said. “You didn’t know.”

“Do you think you can handle him? I can’t take much more of this. She keeps talking and talking. I’ve never seen anything like it. What’s wrong with these people? Do you think you can get him under?”

Creole answered his female accomplice, “In the condition he’s in, it shouldn’t be difficult.”

“Tim and I are going to have a talk about this. He’s going to take a walk with me. Don’t worry, son. I won’t hurt you. That’s over now.”

I accompanied Creole to the car, where he showed me a gun he had in a case.

“This is like what I told you about. Aren’t you interested?”

“What do you mean? I pictured it different. Your gun under the seat. An Uzi or something.”

“Like in Africa. In Rhodesia....”

“You mean Zimbabwe. That’s what it’s called now.”

“No, it’s Rhodesia, Tim. It’s still Rhodesia to you and me and her. She’s from over there. Do you want me to put a word in for you? She likes you, son. I think I can talk her into it. If not, we can use this.”

“What are you talking about? Is this some kind of test? She’s a lady. She’s your wife.”

Later the female degenerate asked me about this encounter, and she gave me a cover memory.

“He showed me his gun. I guess it’s cause he’s—I mean you’re going to New York. I didn’t understand him. He said something about you. It didn’t make sense.”

*Look.*

*When you think about the gun,  
I just want you to remember the first part about the raids over there.*

*Forget about the driveway.*

I took no interest in the pistol, or in raping Creole’s wife; but I perked up when he spoke of Rhodesian Drugs and what they could do to you. It sounded exotic.

We returned to the porch, where Creole asked my mother if I had ever been hypnotized. And then if she had ever been hypnotized.

“I don’t think so,” she answered initially. “Is that what I’m supposed to say?”



“No, tell him something different. I’ll help you,” Mrs. Creole answered.

And my mother said I had not been hypnotized.

But soon I would be. Boy, this was exciting. I had always wanted to be hypnotized, for the experience, you know, since I had seen the stage hypnotist at school and read of such things in books. Still, I had always refrained from volunteering since I feared that, under hypnosis, I would give away the fact that I masturbated. I had been taught to masturbate through hypnotism, and giving away this secret served as an aversion.

“Which way is his bedroom?” Creole asked, and he led me upstairs.

“I want you to lie down for a minute,” he said. “It’s all right.” And I lay on my bed.

But when I saw the Rhodesian Drugs, as promised, it was different.

**That’s a needle. I won’t do anything with a needle.**

I objected, and I struggled, but to no avail.

**It’s a needle. I don’t want it.**

*Get off me! Let go of me! I’m telling!*

*You can’t do that to me.*

And I was out.

As I drifted in and out of consciousness, on the hypnotic sedative, I heard their voices.

“Tim, I need you to be honest with me. Do you have any pornography?”

“It’s not pornography; it’s erotica,” I muttered. “Bryan and I talked about it. It’s not disrespectful. At least I don’t think so. I’m not sure what the rules are in Rhodesia. I mean Zimbabwe. Dad told me you’re not allowed to have pornography, I mean erotica, in South Africa. Not even Playboy. That sucks. Oops. I’m sorry, ma’am. I didn’t mean to be disrespectful. I know that word has an alternative meaning. I didn’t mean you. I didn’t even mean Miss May. I mean Miss Duffek. That’s her name....”

“What is he talking about?” one of them asked.

“I think it’s a Playboy. They call them Miss in there I think.”

“Playboy? What the hell? You were supposed to give him Penthouse.”

“I don’t know. It says here.”

“He’s listening. Look. You need to keep quiet. Let me talk to him a little.”

The bitch asked me, “Do you want to see me like I was in the magazine?”

Again and again I muttered, "I don't know what you're talking about," because I had not seen the Playboy with Rebekka Armstrong.

Again Creole offered me his wife, but the offer was so bizarre and so at odds with my feelings, my sense of self, that I refused, thinking it was some kind of test. Aside from my native sense of right and wrong, he had made such a big deal out of her, I wouldn't do it.

"Look, she's your wife. It's wrong. I won't do it. I learned my lesson. You taught me. I'm going to be a man."

My memory of the session is very fragmented, but somehow they worked me around to my blonde abuser. They might have had a chance, if it were just sex, but the homosexual child molester that called himself Rick Creole wanted the foulest sort of rape, and he wanted to be in on it.

"It's not right. I just want to be with her," I muttered over and over. "I thought she would be naked. I didn't think you would do that."

Were we downstairs? Had they done something to the unfortunate girl they said was their daughter? The girl who sat, catatonic, on the sofa, allegedly down with noncontagious flu in the middle of summer?

As is often the case, the female degenerate had more sense than the scum that ran her.

*"Look, you're not ready for this,"* I heard her voice echo in my mind.

*"You've got to be kidding me. He's sixteen."*

Was there a third abuser in the room? It certainly wasn't Dick, my father, or my mother.

Breaking away from them, I ran into my parents' bedroom, trying to rouse my father, but he was out for the count, lying on his side, his back to the door, as they dragged me away from him.

*"Look, Tim. I'm not playing around. It's this or this."*

*"I don't care. Just give me the shot."* I faded out, mumbling, back in my bed. *"I wanna do drugs. Rhodesian drugs. Rhodesian drugs are the best. Can I go downstairs?"* I asked looking up.

*"Rick, he's not ready for this,"* the female degenerate said.

*"Look, Tim. You have to wait."*

*"Are they done? Is she ready for him?"*

They seemed to be talking about my mother, who had black hair, and whom they had sought to conflate with Wonder Woman, no doubt hoping to overlay Freudian nonsense about Oedipal complexes.

*"He won't do it, Rick. She's not attractive to him. He doesn't like her. He wants me."*

Again there was a third voice, and with the limited wireless technology available in the 1980s, my guess is that they had someone with a tripod mount nearby, who had beamed the forced speech and the

image to skull into my head. Or was that done by satellite? Or the Ground Wave Emergency Network? Anyway, there was a third voice in the room.

“Rick, he just won’t do it,” the one that called herself Margaret Creole said. “We’ll have to try another time.”

“Can I go downstairs?” I asked, fading out.

“Can we give him someone else?”

“No, it has to be Wonder Woman.”

“His mother looks like Wonder Woman.”

“He doesn’t like Wonder Woman. He wants a blonde.”

“Can it be a blonde?” I mumbled through a haze of drugs and hypnosis. “I want a blonde. I like blondes. I like you. They’re Aryan.”

“What?”

“They’re Aryan. They’re better. I’ve always wanted a blonde. I found a Playboy. It was in Quebec. I finally found it. It looks like Wonder Woman. It’s good. But blondes are better. She looks just like my mother.”

“Aryan? What are you kidding, boy? Are you some kind of Nazi?”

“Like you. Like my dad. Like her. Not like her. My mom.”

Someone smacked me across the face.

"I don't know what happened," I found myself saying over and over again.

"Look, Rick, he can't take much more of this."

"He's fit. He's strong. He's all right. Look. He can take a lot."

"How are you, boy?"

"I want some more drugs. I want drugs. I want lots of drugs. They told me I want drugs."

"Rick, I don't know."

"Ma'am, can it be you? I know it was wrong what I said downstairs, but I just want to be friends. I don't know why I said it."

"Tim, you don't know what? or you don't know why?"

"I don't know. I just don't know. Let me go. Where's my dad? Where's my dad?"

And they brought me onto a different level of consciousness.

"Look. Now you're going to snap out of it."

"Look in my eyes. Where are we?"

"In my bedroom. What happened?"

"Tim, we're going to go downstairs, and we'll talk about this later."

"Look, Tim, we'll come back, and we'll try it with your mother...."

“Tim, it’s me. The lady from downstairs. We need to speak. Don’t be embarrassed. I know you have something here you don’t want to show me. I’m going to leave you with my husband so you can talk about it. Show it to him, darling. For me. Please.”

The woman left me with him, and the child molester took off my shorts, as he tried to make me masturbate to Patty Duffek—the lovely Playmate whose life these scum had ruined—telling me to rape her, to spit on her face, and that she looked like Wonder Woman.

“Who’s Wonder Woman?” I asked. “That’s Patty Duffek.”

“What!” he said. “You’ve got to be kidding me. Do you remember anything about Wonder Woman?”

“Kids’ show or something,” I answered. “Christina wanted to watch it with me. I kind of regret it. Something in there about you. Something about Rhodesia. I don’t know.”

He brought the woman back, and they repeated their questions. These people always have trouble accepting reality. They’ve been messing with other people’s minds so long, they’ve lost touch with the truth, and they can’t admit their failures.

The woman spoke, “Look, Tim, it’s me. The lady from downstairs. Don’t be embarrassed. I know how you feel about Miss Duffek. I mean Miss May. Whatever you call her. You need a new name for her. Come up with something in your imagination. We’ll work with that. Something like a superhero.”

“How about Gorilla Woman? Gorilla Girl?” I said, thinking of Miss Duffek’s large black hairy bush. “That’s from the Police. ‘Bombs Away,’ you know, like Old Bombay. How about that? That’s from Africa. Gorillas or something? Tarzan. I love that movie. I mean film. You know. I remember one time in Greystoke. That’s his name, you know. He’s an earl. Tarzan.” I faded out.

“I’m in over my head here,” she said. Or was it him? I don’t know.

“We have to put him deeper. We have to send him farther out. Can you give him more of that? Do you have something else?”

“I don’t know how much he can take. He seems healthy. He plays sports. He doesn’t have any weight on him.”

“Tim, what sports do you play?”

“Tennis, jogging, horseback-riding, I guess. Oops. I mean no. You told me to stop that. I stopped you know. Something else. Football. Stopped that, too. Soccer. I don’t know. Oh yeah, lacrosse. I thought it would be preppy, but I wasn’t any good. Fourth string, you know. Just fourth string. Doug kind of spotted me at Andover. I could tell he was expecting me to play better. I want to play some sports. You think a man could do that?”

“Look, Tim, fine. Fine, all right. We’ll get you back into sports. Pick one. You can only pick one, you know.”

“Well. I’m keeping skiing. Fuck you if you don’t like it. I think a man’s allowed to say. Now and then, you know, just between



brothers. How about tennis? I play a lot with Sean. He has his own court."

"Fine, Tim, fine. Tennis stays."

"And skiing. Skiing, too, you know. Skiing stays. That's for sure. Not going to take any crap from you. That's over. I'm through with this. You wanted me to do something with Miss Duffek, and it's not very nice. Fuck you," I muttered, as I lay in bed.

"Tim, you need to listen to me. Just me, okay? Not him. It's me, Tim, the lady from downstairs. You want to be nice to me, right? Be a dear, and let me know what you're scared of. Is it snakes? Help me out here."

"Nothing," I answered, thinking for a moment. "Nothing. Not snakes. No, ma'am. Men aren't scared of snakes."

"How about spiders?"

"You gotta be kidding me, ma'am. I'm not a baby, you know. I'm sixteen years old."

"There must be something. Think. Really think. As though your life depended on it. For me. Okay?"

I thought for a while.

"Tim, are you there?" she asked.

"I can't take more of this," one muttered.

"What are you scared of, boy?"

“Well, you, I guess. You, sir. Not now. Not like you are now, but before. Downstairs. Not on the porch when I wanted you to hit me. Before. In the dining room. With Dick. I mean Mr. Somerville. Dad calls him Dick, you know. It’s not an insult. But you, your face, when you popped up next to me. I didn’t know you could move that fast. Like you were going to get me or something. I don’t want to see that ever again. I hope I know what to do next time.”

“Wait. Stop. Right there. No more. No more talking. Men don’t talk. Sometimes we’re quiet, okay?”

And I heard the imbecile ask himself, “Can I make myself the aversion?”

That’s the aversion on which trauma-based mind control depends, the fear used to create an amnesic wall to hide memories. And that’s what he went with.

“All right, I want you to remember my face, as it was downstairs.”

“I need her voice or something.”

And she joined in, helping to put me under. The next thing I knew we were downstairs, and I was talking about playing tennis with Blair Hickey.

And it was like Africa. Africa in the evening. Africa when the sun sets. Fix you a sun-downer. We’ll sit here while I smoke....

Before they left, Mrs. Creole had one more question for me. “Tim, are there any stocks or bonds in the house? Anything valuable?”

I answered in the negative. "I think the other side of the family might have something. There's just a little, couple hundred thousand, you know, for college."

"The other side of the family. Great," the woman muttered. "You told me they were rich."

"How am I supposed to know. It's different over here. They came to England, didn't they? They were there for a month. Angel said something."

"Tim, where are the bonds? Where are the stocks?" she asked. "Is there a safe?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Safe wouldn't be safe. That's no way to keep such things. They're at the broker. Daddy would know. Why don't you ask him?"

"Great," she said to her accomplice. "The man you put out. Nice going."

And they took their leave shortly after. Sometime earlier that day, or it may have been during another session, Creole asked his accomplice what the neighbors were called. She in turn asked me, and I told her their name was Henoah. The scum gave me a further suggestion, "If you remember what happened, the neighbor, Mr. Henoah, did it to you." I spoke to my brother about a vague feeling I had that Mr. Henoah had raped the house, and he said he kind of agreed with me. I approached my parents with the idea, but I was roundly dismissed. That's what people do to you, at best, when you remember

MK-ULTRA. They try to talk you out of it, and the programmers seek to blame an innocent party in case someone believes you.

I had no memory of the session with the Creoles; but I was in a blue funk for a couple of days, sitting on the sofa, where the girl had sat, until I suddenly got up, speaking to my mother.

"You know, I'm not going to do what Mr. Creole said after all."

"What?" she said. "Not be a man?"

"I don't know. It's something else. Not that. But I'm not going to do it. That's all."

In the year to come, I would be woken from my bed while my father travelled on business. The female degenerate took me down the hallway to my mother's room, where she cried for help.

"This is too weird," I said. "I must be dreaming."

I had been drugged and hypnotized.

My mother called out to me.

*Tim, there's a man on top of me!*

*Call the police!!! Call the neighbors!!!*

"I must be dreaming...."

*"Tim! It's not a dream! My husband's raping your mother. You need to help. You need to do something. You need to get someone."*

"I don't know what to do."

*"Call the police. Call the police,"* she told me.

I took the phone on the nightstand, but I could not think to dial zero for the operator. Back then, there was no 911. Nor could I move one way or the other, to fight, or run for help.

“I don’t know what to do.”

The woman took the phone from my hand, and she replaced it in the cradle.

I looked, puzzled, at the man on top of my mother, who asked me if I wanted to join him.

“Maybe when I’m older. For now I’ll just masturbate. This is too strange. This is a weird dream. I’m going back to bed.”

“Tim, help! Help!” my mother screamed, but I thought it was all a dream, and she had no memory of it. Years later, my father would find her in the driveway, saying nursery rhymes to herself; but she had been abused so long, and MK-ULTRA is so hard for so many to accept, that she talked herself out of whatever she half-remembered, whether it was that night or any other in her lifetime.

The next day I spoke to my programmer on the telephone, a common means of communication in the days of SLEEPING BEAUTY. He just wanted to check in while my father was away to see we were all right. He asked me if I had been thinking of him, and I told him I had a strange dream about him having sex with my mother.

“Probably something Freudian,” I surmised.

The trash that had raped her agreed with me. “Say hi to your mother for me,” he said.

“Will do. Shall I say hi to my father, too?”

“Tim, you’re forgetting. He’s away on business. I’ll see him on his business trip. There’s someone I want you to talk to.”

A strange sound filled the phone, and I may have spoken to the bitch.

I am not sure—

*{Continued in Playboy’s Progress: Coming Of Age Under MK-ULTRA}*

PART THREE  
WHY WE FIGHT

*The honey badger don't give a shit.*

American Folk Saying

## AFTERWORD: TOUGH AS TITANIUM

The Central Intelligence Agency seeks to destroy everything beautiful, good, and noble.

In this series and on my website, Fighting Monarch, I have written about CIA's use of Playboy and their abuse of Playmates. Many men were blackmailed through the Playboy Mansion, just as many women were raped there.

I have also written about CIA's use of marker dates, as exemplified by 911, 322, Halloween, Walpurgisnacht, the Day of the Dead, the Season of Sacrifice, and the Season of Harvest, particularly with regard to the attacks on Chris Stevens and Lara Logan.

Here I want to talk about a beautiful and strong woman who posed for Playboy, Sharry Konopski, and how they destroyed her. Miss Konopski posed in 1987, she had two children, and she married twice, becoming Mrs. DeBolt and then Mrs. Randall. She was born in the Columbia River Valley, and her dad was a logger.

When Sharry was twenty-seven years old, coming home from a cleaning job in Longview, she crashed her car on Spirit Lake Memorial Highway, trying to avoid three deer. Her car flipped, and she broke two vertebræ, several ribs, and punctured her lung.

Sharry dragged herself toward the highway. Drifting in and out of consciousness, more than four hours, she could hear and see passing traffic. Finally, Jeff Hubbard spotted her car on his way to work,



rescuing her. She was airlifted to Portland, and eventually she returned to her home in Silver Lake, near Mount St. Helens.

I know what that's like. I've spent some of my life in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and I remember breaking down when other people stopped to help me. It restores my faith in human nature. It reminds me what America is all about.

As a result of her crash, for the remaining twenty years of her life, Sharry had steel rods in her back, couldn't control her bladder, and was paralyzed from the waist down.

Still, Sharry worked, hard, to overcome her pain and her disability.

Like all of us, Playmates are targeted, and Sharry grew up between the programming center of Portland and the luciferian town of Astoria. She even mentioned One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest, by Oregonian MK-ULTRA victim Ken Kesey, as one of her favorite books. That's always a sign of programming.

CIA arranged Sharry's wreck on April Fools Day as a sick joke. They try to make me crash my car all the time, using the cybernetics described in the appendices to this book and on my website. I can't tell you how many times they jolt my body as I drive, and I know my enemy. If you don't, then it is very easy for them to lay in a suggestion for you to accelerate, or not do proper maintenance on your vehicle, or to make you drift right or left. CIA has worked on implants to control bodily movements since the 1950s, starting with animals, like

the deer who moved in Sharry's way. It is well within their power to make someone wreck a car. That's how they took out my old teacher, Professor Stonehill, who became interested in conspiracy theories, and who met his end on Mount Baldy Road.

These subhuman degenerates not only took sadistic pleasure in arranging a car crash on April Fools Day, in the middle of the Season of Sacrifice, to cripple a beautiful woman for life, but they made that same beautiful woman wear a leopard-print bikini, marking her with their sick satanic signalling. I saw her in it online, as her husband carried her from her wheelchair to a swimming pool.

When Sharry died, her husband of ten years, Joseph Randall, spoke of the adversity she faced.

*This woman went through more adversity and pain and I don't know how she did it.*

*She was just Sharry. If anybody could do it, she could do it.*

*I just still don't know how, because she was just constantly getting hit, punched, smashed. I don't know how to describe the constant barrage of bad things that came her way, as far as pain and suffering.*

That is the nature of targeting. I know exactly what it is about because I am a third-generation survivor of MK-ULTRA.

Sharry went through a difficult divorce and custody battle with her first husband. Her father became further embroiled in these difficulties when he hired bounty hunters to seize the man. Neighbors hassled her for owning twenty-one peacocks, filing complaints, just as they hassle my friend Windy Rowe, the daughter of an Air Force colonel misdiagnosed with Parkinson's Disease, for owning a single peacock. Sharry had shingles and a stroke, as she struggled to make ends meet. She died of cancer at forty-nine years old. That's not just bad luck: that's the life of a targeted individual. That's the nature of Zersetzung, the STASI methods brought to America by Markus Wolf under the DHS.

Still, Sharry fought. Her second husband said his wife was real, the coolest person he knew, while a friend said she was tough as titanium.

Once things were bright, and Sharry was strong, beautiful, and young, with her whole life ahead of her. Then she posed naked for Playboy, and she knew she would encounter opposition in her small logging town. When we were both teenagers, Sharry Konopski said,

Some people in Longview are going to say it's wrong being in Playboy. My thinking is, it's like pressing a rose in a book. Someday, I'll be a grandma—might as well get a picture of it while I've got it.

I wanted to put a picture of Sharry here, but I can't do it—any more than I can have sex with a woman, kiss her face, or hold her hand. Because of

what the trash have done to me, how these woman-hating degenerates look through my eyes, whispering filth, I cannot stand to look.

I wish people could see how beautiful this strong targeted woman was, before CIA smashed her body and destroyed her life. And I know she would have wanted that, too.

This is what they take from us!

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.

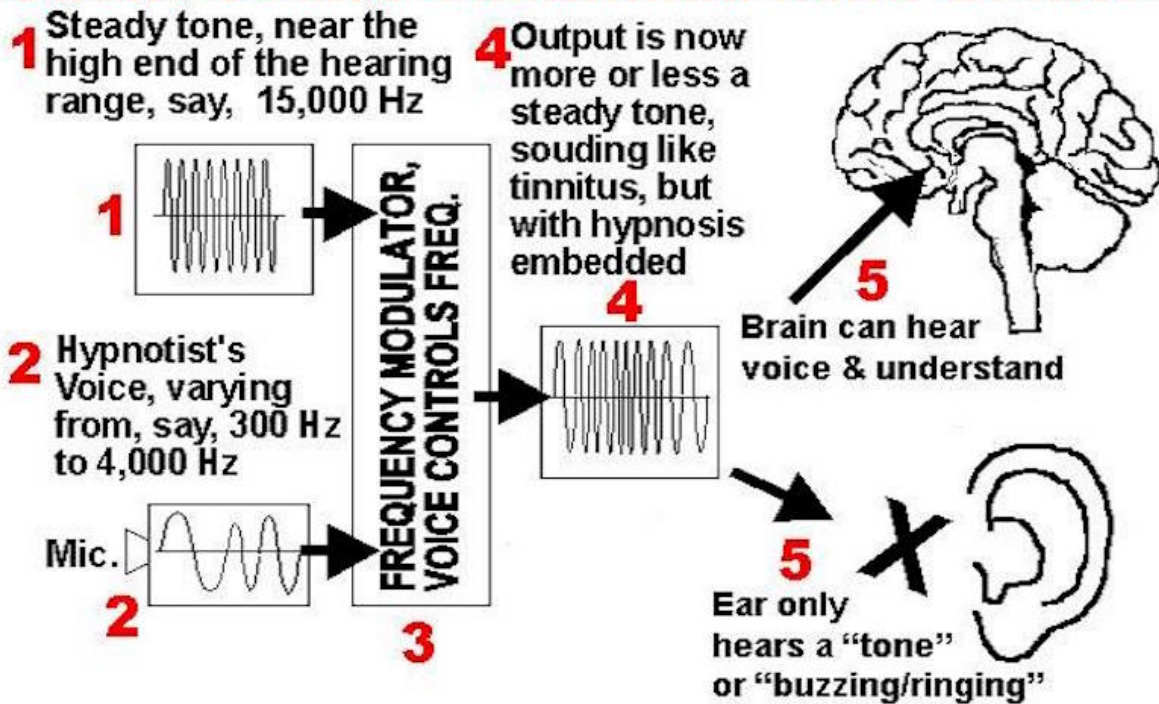
What follows is an abridged set of patents and diagrams for some of the mind control technology used against us. It's a good indicator that I'm not crazy. They didn't spend decades of research and billions of dollars inventing this stuff not to use it.

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.

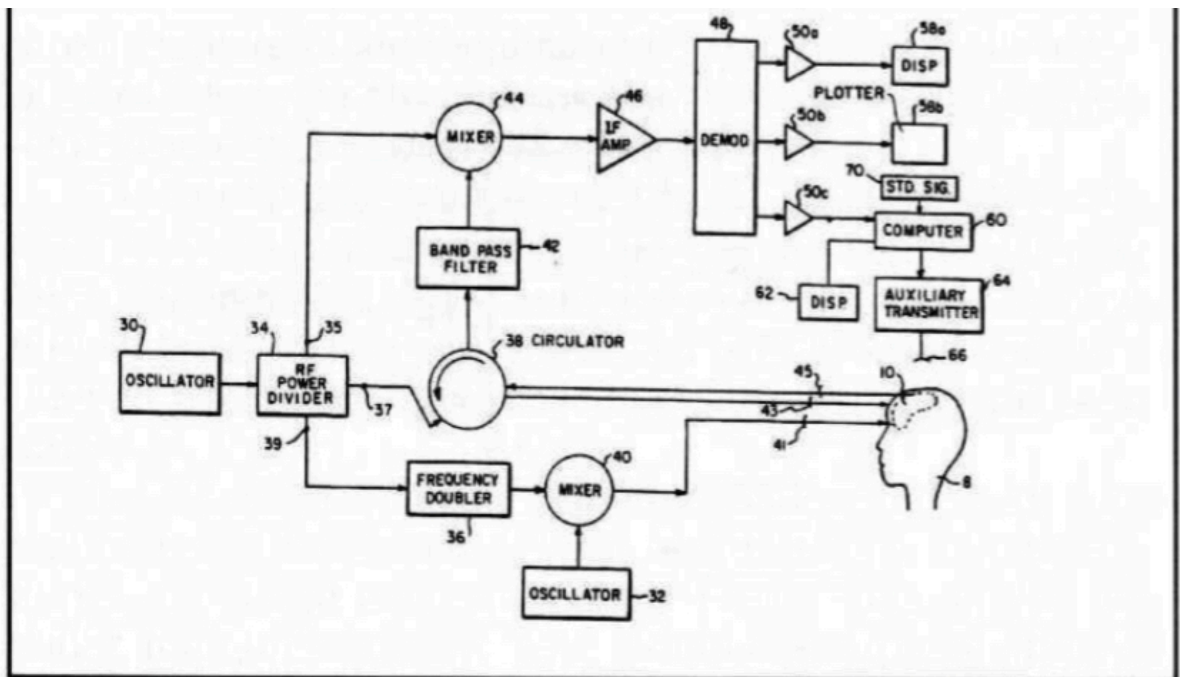
You can learn more about CIA's cybernetics program through Aaron and Melissa Dykes' excellent documentary film, [The Minds of Men](#), which describes the criminality of the Boston Violence Project, the Office of Naval Research, Dr. Robert Heath, and Dr. José Delgado.

You can also find more on my website, Fighting Monarch: <https://fightingmonarch.com>.

## Silent Sound Subliminal Mind Control

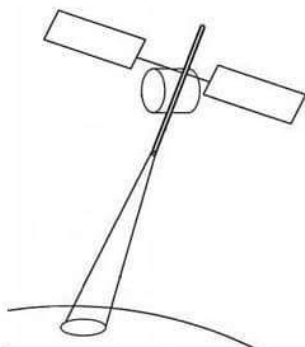


Output can be via open air broadcast or piggybacked on TV/radio signals  
U.S. Patent 5159703 issued Oct 27, 1992



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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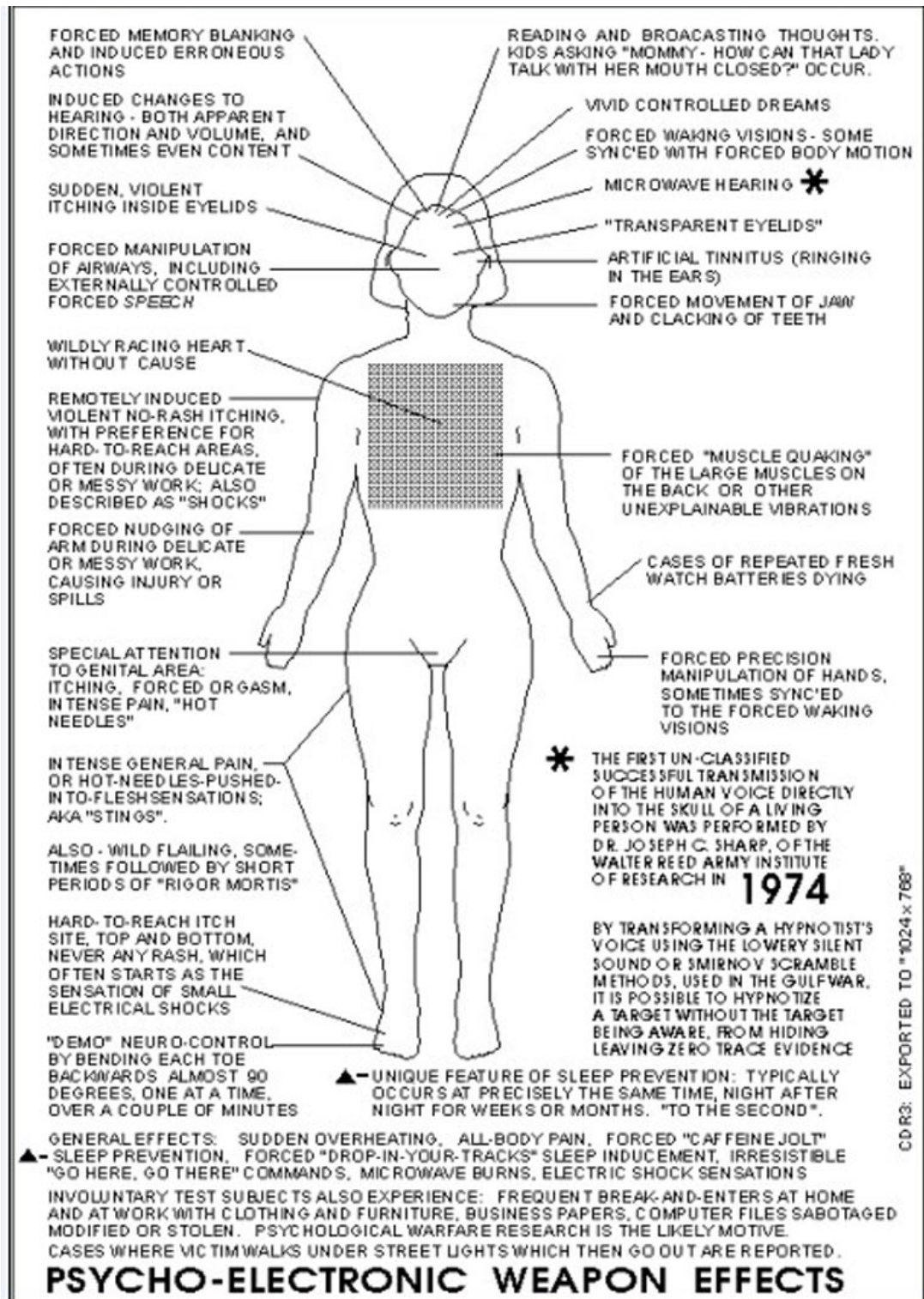
*Primary Examiner*—Cary O'Connor  
*Assistant Examiner*—Michael Astorino  
*Attorney, Agent, or Firm*—Joseph A. Rhoa

[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.

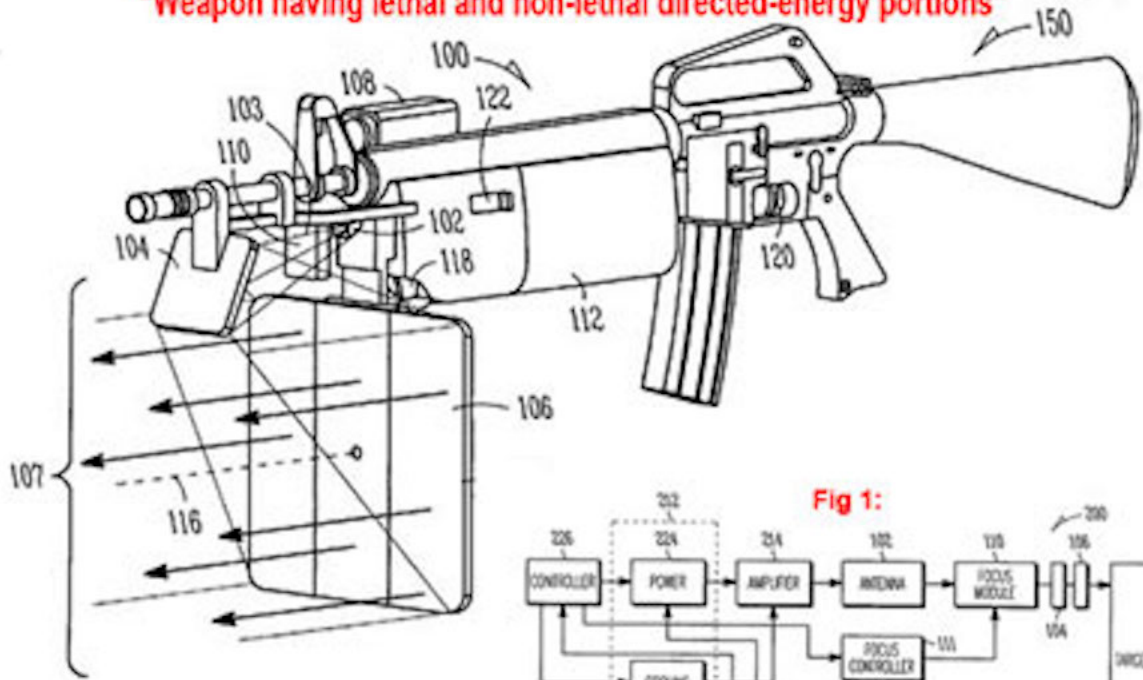






CDR3: EXPORTED TO #1024 x 768\*

**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?



GROWING UP  
UNDER MK-ULTRA