

## BOOK ONE: LOOKALIKES

As described in my earlier books, and my website, which now has almost two million hits, including from Iran, Greenland, and Antarctica, the Tavistock Institute sought to program my sexuality, as they strove to destroy my life, and drive me to rape, through mind control.

They would never succeed, but still they try.

Arranged meetings played an important part in the script. In California, the Illuminati tried to breed me with a descendant of John Wilkes Booth. In England, British Military Intelligence led me to my second girlfriend, whose rape they arranged in Zimbabwe. Then, in Austria, they sent a woman I knew from California, by way of Kenya, to bump into me, apparently by chance. Her grandfather was a cyberneticist who worked for the Nazis, the Pentagon, and Central Intelligence. None of this was coincidence.

You're not paranoid if they're really out to get you!

The National Security Agency, and their affiliates, could not pervert my sexuality, but they drove me to Playboy. The internet did not exist, I would not watch a porno tape, and I never looked at skin rags. My fantasies about Playmates were almost entirely consensual, and they had nothing to do with reality. The enemy refused to see their failure, as the drug-addled imbeciles lied to themselves, thinking they could use correspondences between the women who posed and the women I knew. Thus they sought to program my mind.

In the 1970s, they had tried to fill my head with rape, partly regarding Wonder Woman, partly regarding the Banana Splits, and partly regarding Rhodesia, at a programming center, disguised as a soccer camp, where my neighbor, Marilyn Lange, the Playmate of the Year, was brainwashed.

Then, but not later, forceful fantasies of the brunette bellatrix bounced off; but, still, they wanted to build on what they thought they had—a comic-book amazon created by a psychologist, William Moulton Marston, who had strange ideas about bondage and submission, a figure popularized by a fake feminist, Gloria Steinem, who worked for the Central Intelligence Agency, and a program that featured two unknown actresses, who had appeared topless in the movies, acting out a string of rape scenes, first on ABC, then on CBS, as the show switched networks in an unheard-of move.

Many years later, my first fantasies about ravishing Wonder Woman, as I took the muscular mesomorph, gasping and grunting, snarling in sensual disdain, would take me.

But then I found my attention enthralled by a series of blue or green-eyed ladies, their pretty faces framed with swirls of long dark hair, their bodies, natural and naked, politely displayed, without a trace of vulgarity, as their photo-shoots came, one by one, to me, against the odds, at a time when teenage boys did not have ready access to erotic material.

When I was twelve, CIA put a Penthouse in my hands, which I later threw away, only for a duplicate issue to come back to me at odds of

more than 5,000 to 1, as I searched, desperate for pictures of naked women, over a three-year period. That contained a beautiful blue-eyed lady, with dark hair, beside her chestnut steed, as the scum promoted horsewomen. I would never buy another Penthouse—aside from hers at the princely sum of twenty-seven dollars!

Then, in the early eighties, my closest friend, whose father was the propaganda officer at Fort Benning, later a Bureau Chief for American Broadcast Company, in South Africa, had access to a single copy of Playboy, which his mother's second husband, a local golf pro, had squirrelled away. There I found a beautiful woman for whom I still have great fondness, a pro skier who gave up her career, as she later became first a wife and then a mother.

Alana Soares had been put in Playboy just for me, just so I would find her, with her green eyes, and her brown hair, silky and long, rolling playfully in a soft fuzzy blanket, which did nothing to hide her large ruddy nipples and her luxuriant black bush. The daughter of a champion surfer, her heavy Polynesian body might have precluded another woman from appearing as a Playmate, but Alana would reappear, again and again, in newsstand specials, more than ten years later, after I went back to find her original issue in the panelled reference room of Alderman Library, stored on microfilm, which I xeroxed for myself.

Back in 1983, before my friend and I bicycled along the then-desolate Outer Banks, where I would find a blonde horsewoman in Playboy, and a real naked woman in the campground shower, I was most

taken by a photo of Miss Soares, sitting, head turned, gazing straight into my eyes, one bushy eyebrow cocked, as she asked the question, opening her shirt to reveal her magnificent lacy bra, while it cupped and uplifted her breasts, her khaki shorts on her round womanly hips, and not her nipples, not her bush, on display, but only the radiance of her skin, aglow with health, her shining hair, and her beautiful visage. It was an action shot, with a beautiful fellow prep, caught, forever, in the act of undressing.

Something similar was caught, in Trading Places, the first R-rated film I ever saw, that year, with the same friend. In her tennis whites at the Racquet Club, Kristin Holby played the ultimate preppy girlfriend, full of calm repose, flashing wrath when moved, but, mostly, when she looked her man straight in the eye, over supper, to speak her will.

*I want you, Louis.*

*Now.*

There she undressed, to stand proud, tall, and frolicsome, in her white bra and panties, crowned with a tiara of bowed barrette, wearing an heirloom necklace, strung with pearls, rosy white, surrounded by the atmosphere of a perfect evening, mahogany walls, burnished wood and brass, silver on the board, and a Christmas tree standing jolly in the background, while the fire crackled and spat, behind its screen, the room radiant with candles, and me, in the audience of the theater, watching, hoping for more, when the entire scene was wrecked by the intrusion of a servant.

What a bummer! The only topless lady in that film would be Jamie Lee Curtis, who played a common streetwalker, teamed up with the protagonist after the incomparable Penelope Witherspoon gave Louis Winthorpe III his walking papers. Still, the interruption was nothing next to what the agency threw in my way.

Although the regal Kristin Holby appeared as a model for Polo and Chanel, the brands that bespoke our lifestyle, embodying the perfect fiancée, Alana Soares eclipsed her image. Miss March had all the same sartorial style, as she appeared in madras, when not racing down the slopes for her sponsor, K2, spraying powder, left and right, and she had a similar look; but she was full-figured, with C not A-cup breasts, and this excellent lady was not interrupted as she tossed off her clothes. Even in her lacy underthings, my Playmate's large womanly bush was obscured, not hidden, by the gauze of her lightly deniered bottoms.

In my favorite series of photographs of the beautiful Miss Soares, she would sit on a weight bench, upright and naked, her khaki shorts and plaid shirt at her side, as the series of action shots unfolded in my mind. Her body gleamed with exercise, as did the brass fixtures on the long pine-panelled walls, simple but good, the door of a sauna in the background, after we had returned from a day of skiing her home in Park City. My companion had gone on to lift her weights, the dumb-bells now stored under the bench, steel and black leather, supporting her hips, her frame, her strong arched back, her large pendulous breasts, her hands gently stroking her body, while she gazed into my eyes, lips parted in the

slightest of snarls, as she invited me forward. Awkwardly, and excitedly, I fumbled my way out of my clothes to join her in foreplay, so eager that I thought first of my own pleasure—with hers only to follow. We held hands, and my chin gently nuzzled against the crown of her head, caressing her hair with my soft face, and then standing tall, my manhood gently moving against, all over, her chest, and then, faster, thrusting, slapping, against her proud bosom, aglow with desire, pressing against me, our eyes locked, our hands clasped together, as my love for the beautiful athlete brought me, quickly, to climax.

The woman-hating homos in the intelligence agencies had put Alana Soares in Playboy just for me, so I would find her at the age of thirteen; and then, when I bought my first Playboy, more than one year later, she would appear uncredited, in a single photograph, in a random article, in the same room, left of the bench, where she continued to exercise, naked, on a rowing machine.

I found the second magazine, featuring the beautiful ski pro, the first time I ever went skiing, in Quebec, on a school trip, where, every night, it stood on the magazine rack in the shop off the lobby of our hotel, until I finally found the nerve, after hours of indecision, to buy it. There I had travelled, and I shared a room with the same boys with whom I had bicycled, in the Outer Banks, less than a year before, looking at Playboys in general stores, along the remote, wind-swept, and sun-bleached coast, but lacking the guts to buy one. I did not share my bravery's prize with Jay Morris, or Mike Slack, as the scum sought to dilute pure, honest, and

healthy desire, solely heterosexual, with a homosocial admixture. Like a normal person, I kept the magazine to myself, so my activities with Miss Soares, and the new Playmate of the Month, Patty Duffek, the latest improved fantasy partner, with long dark hair, electric blue eyes, large womanly breasts, and the jungle of her bush, her figure accentuated by tanlines, remained private.

I have absolutely no doubt that both these women were put in Playboy because of me alone at the only times when I was exposed to the magazine until I realized that I could buy it over the counter.

The Central Intelligence Agency was trying to conflate Wonder Woman, with the Playmates, with actual women, like the girls and teachers in my school, who included, among others, a black-haired blue-eyed teen called Debbie who headed the stage crew when I acted in the play the following year upon my return from West Germany. As I hung out with my classmate, side-stage, waiting for my cue, in The Pink Panther Strikes Again, she had a male centerfold from Playgirl taped next to the switchboard. It was a perfect opportunity, day after day, as we hung out, but all she got from me was a kiss on the cheek.

Sometimes, the enemy would use microwave harassment, image to skull combined with hypnotic suggestion, as described in the appendices to this book, to conflate an image of a Playmate with a woman I knew. As described at the end of the first volume in this series, Stories When Little, they tried this trick with a female programmer who visited my house in the Summer of 1986, as they broadcast an image of Playmate

Rebekka Armstrong onto my visual cortex, so I thought I imagined her naked. Likewise, they sought to conflate the lovely Lynne Austin with my blonde friend, co-worker, and classmate, Amy Korban, and they successfully led me to associate Toni Perry, whose naked teenage body I had fondled, in the back of my mother's station wagon, with Playmate Marina Baker. Even though their figures were dissimilar, still I associated Toni's bushy vulva, which I had gently caressed, with Marina's woolly muff.

Sometimes, the enemy deliberately put a model in Playboy just for me. They had done this with Alana Soares, and Patty Duffek, hoping to conflate the two voluptuous ladies, always my favorites, with Wonder Woman; but I felt only a healthy man's regard for his lovely wife. Alana Soares strongly resembled Ella Richardson, who played lacrosse and field hockey, and whom I would briefly date, after she spent years as the teenage love of my tennis and skiing partner, Sean Shotzberger, supplanting his earlier girlfriend, Lynette Kirk, about whom I had fantasized, after she wrestled with Tabor Bright, womanhandling his body, before he got her on all fours, like Patty Duffek, to start the second round, before a group of slack-jawed boys, according to her wish, because our middle school felt compelled not to discriminate, under Title IX of the Education Amendments, against a thirteen-year-old girl, who knew her mind. It was the law—and federal, too. Meanwhile, Patty Duffek was a dead-ringer not only for my next door neighbor, Melissa Henoch, the sister of the boy who sold me the Penthouse, but for the fiancée of Breaker Morant, whose



bravery in the face of death inspired me, while it mirrored the fate of Rhodesia, to which I was programmed, and my father travelled in South Africa, where the events of the Boer War, in which the poet was killed, took place. These were two of several women, resembling friends or girlfriends, who appeared in the only erotic magazine I would ever buy—and that religiously.

Landhope Farms, where I would later smoke cannabis for the first time, and where Toni and I nearly mated in what would have been an unfortunate incident for us both, suddenly stopped selling Playboy about six months after I figured out that I could buy the magazine, so my source dried up; but, then, although I did not yet have my driver's license, I found myself at Concord Mall, with my friend, Blair Hickey.

Blair and I had shared erotic material before without offending each other's sensibilities and without disrespecting any women. He had cued me in to the photography shelf at the bookstore, which contained not only How To Photograph Women and How To Photograph Nudes but a lovely volume featuring Bo Derek, a horsewoman, swimmer, and all-around great person, running naked on the sandy beach, and sailing on the waters, of a beautiful island. We had bicycled together in the Outer Banks, where we gazed with lust and admiration at Playmate Ruth Guerri, a jockey who posed that summer. I had shown him my copy of Penthouse, which kept coming back to me; and he had shown me the issue with Playmate Alana Soares.

Now, something had changed, doubtless as the enemy bombarded me with vulgar suggestions about group sex, designed to lead to the homosexual bonding experience of gang rape, anti-woman and anti-man, which I did not notice, so that my interest in naked women and my ability to buy my own Playboys became a secret, while my fantasy sexual activity, like later actual sex with women, became properly private.

Just as I hid Patty Duffek from Jay and Mike, I hid her from Blair; and, when we went together to the mall, I excused myself, pretending to need the toilet, just as we walked a little past Walden Books, and saying I would meet him at Spencer's Gifts. As I watched Blair continue out of sight, I ducked into the bookstore, bought the magazine, and sprinted to the toilet. In the stall, quickly looking through all three pictorials, I detached two from the magazine, easy to do, since the periodical would be stapled not glued until the following autumn, and I secreted them under my shirt, before I ran to Spencer's to find my friend.

**Score!!!**

The enemy had put Cherie Witter in the magazine just for me because she resembled my classmate, a beautiful but odd-looking woman who is still my friend, Kristin Herbster. Cherie came from Everett, the home town of my first girlfriend, Wendy Johnson, which then had a population of 70,000. From the Gateway to Alaska, this slender lady had moved to Anchorage, but she was photographed in her home state of Washington, where she looked adorable, in green boots, with a purple slicker, sheltering from a sudden shower, apples scattered on the ground,

their bushel basket converted to a make-shift rain hat. From travels with my daughter, to Mount Rainier, the San Juan Islands, and the Olympic Peninsula, I can support the lovely lady's endorsement of the Evergreen State.

Washington is such a beautiful state, a clean state, with friendly people and a lot of outdoor things to do all year.

Cherie Witter bespoke sophistication, as she described trips to Paris and New York; but, just like Patty Duffek and Alana Soares, whose brown hair and green eyes she shared, this Playmate was associated with winter sports, as the magazine showed her, kitted out and active, first scrambling up a snowy slope, then napping in her ski-overalls, with a Saint Bernard, in Oregon.

On the town in Seattle, Cherie and her friend Lianne spot a likely looking fish dinner at Pike Place Market, then take a ride on a waterfront trolley. Cherie clowns in front of a local sculpture but gets deadly serious on a trip to the icy slopes of Oregon's Mount Hood, where a slip could bring disaster. "It took a Sno-Cat just to get to the start of the climb. Ice climbing is a lot of fun. It's beautiful. Look anywhere and there's nothing but mountains and sky. Say something and it echoes. At the end of the day you're tired. But you feel like you've really worked, like you've really done something. After five or six hours of climbing, you sleep so good that night."

Cherie Witter resembled Patty Duffek, as she was posed in a shot that picked up one of my favorites. Resting her elbows on the side of the bed, Patty knelt, on all fours, her torso parallel to the floor, with lace draped over her side, and down her thigh, Cambridge blue cloth in the background, looking over her shoulder, straight into my eye, long hair tousled, with her thighs positioned shoulder-width to give a magnificent view of her outer labia, irregularly covered with her more beautifully tousled bush. And there was Cherie, posed the same way, elbows resting on a Cambridge blue sheet, silk draped over her side, along her upper leg, looking over her shoulder, as her green eyes, surrounded by unkempt hair, long and wispy, gazed into mine, while she had to lift her right knee up on the bed, positioning her legs akimbo, in order to reveal a far inferior view of her bottom-trimmed privates, with her labia still hidden, as the perverts tried to interest me in her anus. That would never work, but they did lead me to fantasize about my friend, Kristin, Cherie's lookalike, with her lanky frame, her lean, square, and pointed jaw, her green eyes, and her long brown hair, periodically for the next two years, and especially when Kristin and I went swimming at a water park in Florida, and a spray of wiry hair peeked out from the side of her one-piece.

Cherie provided some fantasy material, while in a characteristic misfire of the enemy's hypnotic suggestions, and their positioning of real and fantasy women in my life, I went not to the lovely Washingtonian, who resembled my classmate, but instead to a different lady in the same magazine, a Texan, who resembled my family friend, Laurie Dunn, whose

mother hailed from the Lone Star State, and whose body I had fondled, without permission, through her sleeping bag, as my friend, five years my senior, slept by my side, in the mountains—the only assault that any woman would ever suffer at my hands.

In a pictorial entitled “The Girls of Texas,” Pamela Saunders appeared in exactly one shot. The open Dutch door, the white bricks against which she leaned, and the broad sideways stripes of her open wrap accentuated the model’s lean frame while her legs crossed, slightly contrapposto, to throw her square hip into relief. An awkward teenager like me, the woman broadly grinned for her photo, and looked directly into my eyes, green to green, while her fingers nervously twirled her light brown hair, feathered from the blow-dryer, crunchy from hair spray, and my gaze travelled, slowly up and down the length of her naked body, which she, cheerfully, allowed me to admire. As with Patty Duffek, and, to a lesser extent, Alana Soares, tanlines from her bikini accentuated her furry privates, her flat brown belly, and her bare white breasts. If Patty’s chest was simply perfect, while Alana’s enormous aureolæ lay flat against her breasts, Pamela’s nipples protruded dramatically to telegraph her sexual excitement.

I would see very few Playboys in the coming year, but Pamela Saunders would become a Playmate nine months later in an issue specifically designed for me, which would appear, on the shelves, on my sixteenth birthday. Issues appeared a full month before they were labelled,

often a couple days before the first, so November 1985 hit the stand right on my birthday, September 29.

Too bad I never bought it, because my parents did not allow me to drive the car for a solid three months after I got my license.

It took me thirty-six years to find the magazine, which Playboy advertised on the backpage of its newsstand specials throughout the Nineties—a fact I remember because Teri Weigel, another model with magnificent oversized nipples and an enormous black bush, graced the cover. Teri would become the Playmate for April 1986, another issue I missed, but special editions gave a retrospective in which she occasionally appeared.

I was fascinated, when Miss Weigel's tanned body appeared in The Girls of Summer, but I would never follow this unfortunate thereafter, as the CIA sought to lure me not only to the disgusting porn movies in which she would appear, an unheard-of move for a Playmate, but to the obscene periodical, Penthouse, in which she became the second of only three Playmates to pose, along with Dr. Victoria Zdrok, another woman placed in the magazine just for me, as she attended West Chester University, only nine miles from my house.

As she disappointed all of us, Teri Weigel would repulse me, but she fired my lust when she remained pure—appearing on the cover of the issue designed for me.

On the inside of the fly-leaf stood an ad for the only scotch I ever bought or drank in high school. Dewar's White Label was my

standard, as I mixed it with club soda, modelling after Holden Caulfield. I had left The Catcher in the Rye, a favorite of CIA-trained assassins, behind in eighth grade; but the book had endorsed scotch and soda, and Public Broadcasting Service had seconded its suggestion in series like Brideshead Revisited, put out by the British Broadcasting Company, as the BBC promoted a mix of aristocratic sophistication, teenage homosexuality, and whisky sodas.

Now, Playboy, which taught you what cool guys did, featured a fellow scotch drinker. Thomas B. Stevens, dressed in white tie, held a backsaw, while he smiled over his drink. This builder of harpsichords described himself like me: “[i]ndividualistic, but very respectful of tradition.” To follow his lead, and that of his corporate overlords, was to be a maverick.

Equally interesting was the favorite hobby of the clavier-wright: skiing! Not only was Alana Soares a pro-skier, and did I find Patty Duffek by the slopes of Quebec, but my favorite periodical now advertised, on its cover, next to Teri Weigel, another awesome feature: “A Guide to Skiing.” This contained a description of heli-skiing, a sport in which my boss would later engage—although I only got to heli-hike. It had instructions for how to ski deep powder—a skill I would not need for another four years. And it showed the latest in ski fashion—including a snowboard, so new-fangled it then was called “a surfboard for snow.” Further, it had ads for skis, which I would get for Christmas when my family headed north again, not to Mont-Sainte-Anne but to Sugarbush.

What else did I need to ski? The magazine that shaped my imagination advised me there, too. Fuzzy Navels were the latest thing, so I found ads for Peachtree Schnapps. And I also saw an ad for Peppermint Schnapps, which my friend, Sean Sholtzberger, who would travel with us to Vermont, strongly advocated. Disappointed, he said that vodka, although visibly similar, tasted nasty. Only a year later, I would be taken by a Rumpel Minze ad in the same magazine, showing a large breasted nordic warrior goddess, wearing a pirate's eye patch, swinging a broadsword, her shield emblazoned with a crowned double eagle, as she rode a ferocious polar bear, suggesting her blonde furry privates, while her muscular thighs straddled the beast, and my eyes glued themselves to her womanly belly.

To quote Wagner's valkyries,

**Hojotojo!**

But don't forget your cigarettes! Individuals like us could choose from a number of brands to be cool—including Carleton for the health-conscious, Salem for the breath-conscious, or my favorites, the old-fashioned smokes, tried and true, for rugged traditionalists. My dad told me that a guy like Mike Hammer would smoke unfiltered Lucky Strikes, while, here, amid the pages, Camel had an answer to the Marlboro Man, who had worked on the King Ranch where my boy scout camp lay. A cool safari dude, surrounded by zebras, lit up on the South African veldt. These were things that men did, as they sought adventure, breathed sophistication, and looked at pictures of naked women.



What else did men do? Playboy wasn't the only magazine to guide us. My friend, Sean, avidly read Gentleman's Quarterly, which contained the latest fashion tips. On his advice, I subscribed to GQ, but my favorite magazine, which I shared with my German class, was an issue of M: The Civilized Man. This described aristocratic fencing fraternities, at schools like Heidelberg and Göttingen, where gentlemen wearing iron hoodwinks duelled with sabers as they sought to bloody each other's foreheads. Oh to wear a duelling scar! It would be even better than to come home from the resort, wearing a cast over the bone I had broken as I raced down the mountain! I could have it signed by all my classmates, while I told the story. As Paul Fussell, an old boy from my college, joked in his book on class, scrupulously noting the mores of our tribe, it was the White Badge of Honor.

But the main purpose of Playboy, including the one that had still more for me, was always to sell the latest high-fidelity sound system. Cool guys who wanted to score with chicks did not only smoke and drink, but they listened to the latest albums, perhaps Sade, or even Andreas Vollenweider, on the latest stereos. Thus, CIA, which ran the magazine, as it blackmailed, drugged, and raped those unfortunate enough to set foot in the Mansion, kept our houses populated with an early version of the Internet of Things. The hi-fi was one of the few things back then that had a computer chip, off which the National Security Agency could piggyback a signal to our noggins, sending hypnotic commands by voice-to-skull to our cybernetic implants, as described in the appendices to this book. It's all

part of the Fourth Industrial Revolution. Although not mentioned in the magazine, ATARI sat in all our houses, as we played video games like Combat or Stampede, and we all had digital watches back in sixth grade—until the fad ran out. Then I also got a clock radio, while Playboy advertised more sophisticated gadgets like a digital VCR, to watch the videocassettes of your choice, or a radar detector, so you could drive recklessly while avoiding the police.

Our friend, George Ring, a war hero who trained at Fort Benning, and built a wireless network, before the government killed him, with Agent Orange, and buried him at Arlington, had the coolest stuff since he was a millionaire. Not only would he throw down hundreds of dollars on a bottle of wine, but he owned a chess set where a computer moved pieces on magnetic tracks. It was like playing the Invisible Man! Still, unlike Gordon Gekko, even our rich pal did not have the Omnibot 2000, a robot butler, advertised in my birthday magazine, which could wake you up, serve drinks, and tell you what to do that day. Poor George! If only he had read Playboy, he could have lived a fuller life.

Cocaine could make a good man brilliant, as it increased his energy and brainpower, adding to the quickness of his mind. No wonder we all watched Miami Vice, which, although it showed fashion-plate police investigators arresting smugglers, simultaneously glamorized the white powder. Besides, everyone knew that cocaine was not physically addictive but could only, at worst, cause mental dependence. It made sense that the

birthday issue of my magazine featured an interview with the stars, Philip Michael Thomas and Don Johnson, whom it billed as a superhero duo.

The white side of the interracial clothes-horse detective team told us how he thought. Not only did he feel comfortable with physical closeness between him and his partner, as they male-bonded, but he joked about his inclination to homosexual rape. When Playboy asked the actor what he remembered most about their first meeting, Don Johnson replied, jesting as a man of the world,

I will always remember watching this very, very handsome black man with the most incredible skin and green eyes and enormous energy and thinking, God, someone slip this guy a mickey!

Funny 'cause that's exactly the sort of thing that used to happen at the Playboy Mansion....

Still, Don Johnson was about more than the latest fashions of South Beach—or even drugging and bugging his victims. Like us all, he read books like The Hamlet, by William Faulkner, as he played in The Long Hot Summer, and Interview with the Vampire, which Gordon Matthew Thomas Sumner, CBE, alias Sting, promoted in his latest album.

I had discovered Sting, and the Police, at boarding school immediately before he was interviewed in the special issue of Playboy designed for my birthday.

As a rebel intellectual, Sting began his interview by joking about trans-sexualism, while he expressed qualified opposition to monogamy along with his devil-may-care attitude toward parenting.

Earlier, he promoted relationships between streetwalkers and their cuckolded boyfriends in "Roxanne," the rape of students by their older teachers in "Don't Stand So Close To Me," and the stalking of former girlfriends by obsessive creeps in "I'll Be Watching You." But, now, his new thing was freedom, singing, over and over, "If You Love Somebody, Set Them Free."

A member of a group, whose leader, Stewart Copeland, was the son of an officer in the Central Intelligence Agency, who maintained a friendship with Wild Bill Donovan, the Head of Office of Strategic Services, and an agent in Special Operations Executive, whose father was a neurosurgeon connected to cybernetics programs, Sting sang songs like "Voices Inside My Head," as his masters mocked our subjection to voice-to-skull, neurolinguistic programming, and neurolinguistic formulæ, as described in the appendices to this book.

Playboy likewise engaged in cartel signalling, as the scum advertised our abuse. The special issue, designed almost entirely for me, contained a single joke article: "The Deregulated Yellow Pages." This began with an entry for Androids, which, given the dictates of the Fourth Industrial Revolution, have long since included everyone on the planet, while the New World Order now promotes, not imaginary sex with Playmates, but gynoid sex robots. [Earlier it was sex dolls like that depicted by the Police in "Be My Girl (Sally)"]. Other headings encompassed Government Listings, Spies, Terrorists, Nazi War Criminals,

and Yes Men along with references to CIA drug smuggling, gun-running, torture, smear tactics, kidnapping, and unnatural vices.

The very name of the Police indicated the group's connections to the deep state, as they pushed existential despair. Songs like "King of Pain," "Message in a Bottle," "Hole in my Life," "So Lonely," "Bring on the Night," and "Deathwish" typified their music, while the jejune sentiments of "Can't Stand Losing You" suggested suicide. "Bombs Away" made light of our callous attitude toward military atrocities in the Third World, while "Driven to Tears" put forth the view that we could do nothing about the horrific crimes perpetrated by the New World Order. It was followed directly by "Canary in a Coalmine," which mocked "oversensitive" people; and, while the enemy sought to institutionalize citizens through the political application of psychiatry, using Zersetzung techniques from the East German STASI, whose head, Markus Wolf, the Man Without A Face, worked for the Department of Homeland Security, the Police mocked us with their later album, Certifiable.

Describing drug use as a phase in his development, Sting promoted Carl Gustav Jung in his interview, just as I had begun to read the psychologist that summer. He spoke of the need to integrate the Shadow, the dark side of us all, which is nothing but attacks by satanists in the deep state that we mistake for ourselves, and to listen to our dreams, which are largely attacks using hypnosis, image-to-skull, and voice-to-skull that depend on technology described in the appendices to this book.

Sting's latest album, and his first solo effort, The Dream of the Blue Turtles, involved the allegedly creative side of destructive forces, like the false god, Shiva, that dances at CERN, on whose large hadron collider my friend, Dr. Katherine Horton, worked, when she wasn't earning a doctorate and teaching at Oxford. Dr. Horton has shown me, in our personal conversations, and through her websites, which expose the masonic attack against humanity, that the enemy loves to advertise abuse through secret signals. Perhaps, therefore, it is significant that the turtle is the emblem of the Fabian Society, which seeks, slowly, to impose satanic one world government.

No wonder Sting decried national boundaries, as he promoted internationalism. He was working for the New World Order!

I hate borders; I hate customs. I hate the whole idea of immigration. It doesn't seem right. We belong in the world.

Part of this involved the boy's naïve participation in the Live Aid Concert that my friend, Sean Sholtzberger, attended. Then, as now, self-styled international aid organizations, promoted by celebrities, worked with the United Nations to exacerbate the plight of the Third World. Charity did more harm than good. Even if it helped some people in the short run, the aid prolonged the life of an oppressive government, in Ethiopia, which had deliberately created a famine, and was raping and murdering people wholesale. Criminals in the Derg—which included Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the current Director-General of the World Health Organization, who is not a physician, and who covered up multiple

outbreaks of cholera, while he now heads the fake response to the false-flag attack of coronavirus, a bioweapon engineered in Fort Detrick—used money from Live Aid and Oxfam to dislocate villagers. Other aid went to buy weapons for the Tigrayan People’s Liberation Front, or TPLF, a rival communist group that fought the genocidal maniac, Tedros’s boss, Mengistu Haile Mariam. In a leaked CIA document, the agency itself said that aid was “almost certainly being diverted for military purposes.”

Meanwhile, Sting, in his foolish arrogance, bragged about his own importance and the accountability of his charities. As it showed the occasional spark of intelligence, along with the beautiful women who graced its pages, Playboy, through its man-woman interviewing team, asked the star, “Are you concerned about the money’s not getting to the African people?” But Sting brushed off the idea, as he threatened the deep state with impeccable grammar.

This is the most publicly accountable charity in history because of the high profile of everyone involved. Everyone is watching what will happen. Any of us can ask where the money has gone and will be answered in detail. If one penny is missing, we know whom to hang.

Now that he knows who to hang, I wonder why he hasn’t done anything.

The failure to follow through on his childish threats accompanied Sting’s acclaim for the mystical powers of the Negro Race. Playboy introduced Sting’s “band of all-black musicians,” saying his “lyrics

might as well have been in Swahili,” but the Geordie schoolteacher upped the ante, as he praised the Marsalis Brothers.

[I]t’s not so much the musicians’ jazz background as it is the fact that they are black and they have a black way of playing.

CIA had tried to push racism on me through its promotion of Whitest Africa, where my father worked, where Blair’s dad covered the news, and whence our next-door neighbor hailed—not to mention the rape of my girlfriend and through brain-washing sessions, as described earlier in this series.

Simultaneously, they introduced a few black Playmates in an extremely unusual move. When I went to Andover, they put Venice Kong, a lady of mixed race, in Playboy, where I was sure to find her. When I came up to Cambridge, they made Reneé Tenison the Playmate of the Year, as they kept the issue on the stand an extra two weeks, so I would buy it. And, at Pomona College, as I flew coast to coast, and transatlantic, they featured Lorraine Olivia, a black flight attendant, wearing only her unbuttoned stewardess uniform, which did nothing to hide her naked body. Each of these women was put in Playboy just for me, as the racist, homosexual, and misogynist imbeciles in the international intelligence community sought to make me hate blacks and rape their women.

Back at Andover, the appearance of Venice Kong in Playboy only turned me off. Under hypnotic influence, I found her body objectively excellent, much like the toned physique of Reneé Tenison, and I admired



the pose that offered a clear view of her privates without a trace of vulgarity. (Playboy was always tasteful, perhaps to a fault, sometimes showing only a side view of a Playmate's bush in her entire layout). Still, despite Miss Kong's apparent charms, I tossed the magazine, thinking only,

Too bad she's black.

Then, as the enemy stupidly drove me from an extremely effective means of mind control, avid readership of the Magazine for Men, I missed several issues, including the special one, that I really would have liked.

The Eighties saw themselves as a time of racial harmony. We all watched the Cosby Show, and Disney promoted Michael Jackson. Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder sang songs, telling us where we needed to be.

Ebony and Ivory  
Live together in perfect harmony  
Side by side on my piano keyboard,  
Oh Lord, why don't we?

There was no way my family was going to back off support for white South Africa, but this was not a racist position—only one grounded in an understanding of the political, business, and cultural realities of the Dark Continent. We didn't know any black people; but we weren't against them on principle, and I would have no problem with the token members who later came my way. Still, I was not attracted to their women, and neither

were most readers of Playboy. The magazine could get away with putting only so many negresses in its pages.

Still, the enemy came at me again, in the magazine specially targeted at me, which I never bought, trying to blur race lines as the CIA sought to interest me in the sexual murder of colored women.

In my birthday issue, Playboy's fiction editor, Ray Russell, made his fiftieth contribution to the magazine. This odd-looking fellow had been brainwashed in the mind control hotbeds of the United States Treasury and the Air Force before he wrote work after work of gothic perversion. The degenerate penned his first novel, The Case against Satan, about the demonic possession of a sixteen-year-old girl. Later he wrote Incubus, another horror novel that described a creature raping and murdering young women. Party to a soul contract, he died of a stroke, induced when a directed energy weapon burned out a circuit in his brain, along with the surrounding tissue, on the Ides of March.

Russell wrote the short story in my birthday magazine, which contained a drawing of a dark naked lady, as it pushed anglophilia. In "The Black Wench," the scribbler makes even my writing look good when he tells us that the countryside was "as green as broccoli in the midday sun," with an Englishman explaining the title legend as follows:

It's purported to take the form of a naked woman, a black woman, which is why it's known as the Black Wench....

As we learn the history of a fictional estate, through characters like Sir Edred Mainwaring, we find further backstories.

But we are a diligent firm, Mrs. Kallen. We kept on the scent until we discovered that Helen Mannering, the granddaughter of Humphrey, had married a gentleman attached to one of the Central American consulates in your country, a Mr. Enrique Castillo, and that their union had produced two offspring: Henry and Elena. If your brother had not been killed in Vietnam, he, being the elder, would have been my passenger today. As fate decreed, however, you are the closest surviving blood relation of Sir Giles Mainwaring. Therefore, according to the terms of his will, you are the legatee of his entire estate, including Mainwaring Hall.

Meanwhile, the author treats us with repeated references to the nude form of the title character, “glistening as if covered with perspiration...a demon, or succubus, to tempt him to damnation with her naked body.” Racial lines are blurred, as we learn the Black Wench is really Mrs. Kallen, an olive-skinned woman, whom her husband calls a spick, before he drowns her, and she kills him with a heart attack, only to travel back through time. So we learn,

[T]ime is not a river flowing in one direction but a whirlpool spinning round and round; that a spirit released from the prison of flesh can spiral unfettered into past, recent past, distant past, years, centuries before its own death, its own birth....

And, thus, as I travel back through time, I see my good sense in not having read the articles....

Perhaps the worst, which I would have loved at the time, had I found it, was the feature on Klaus Kinski, whose moronic ramblings made Sting look like a wise man. Like R.D. Laing, the popular advocate of Freud, Buddha, and the New Left—not to mention Continental Thought—a neurologist who lived in an asylum, or Jim Morrison, the exhibitionist son of an admiral, a poet who pushed shamanic drug use, Sting described the liberating effects of insanity, as he rolled around for twenty minutes, “completely and utterly mad, cackling, for no apparent reason.” Still, this was small time next to the child-raping kraut, who tried to strangle his theatrical sponsor, and molested his daughter, while he proclaimed, “[T]he ultimate acting is to destroy yourself.”

In a slough of vulgar language, peppered with references to Rimbaud and Dostoyevsky, Van Gogh and Paganini, Playboy lauded the Greatest Actor Of The Twentieth Century, as they sought to move me past Stanley Kubrick’s Clockwork Orange and Brian DePalma’s Dressed To Kill, with the rape scenes to which I masturbated, as I rented the videocassettes, onward, to the outright insanity of Werner Herzog, who directed Klaus Kinski in pictures like Aguirre, Fitzcarraldo, Nosferatu, and Woyzeck.

Sting earned one million dollars per film, putting Kinski to shame, while—between his temper tantrums, often directed at inanimate objects, including the traffic signs that impinged on his creativity, and that

he ignored, speeding through intersections, and illegally switching lanes—the German proudly called himself a whore.

I make movies for money—exclusively for money. So I sell myself for the highest price. Exactly like a prostitute. There is no difference.

His female interviewer, Professor Marcelle Clements, who teaches at NYU, penned a pæan to the thoughtful thespian in terms that would have appealed to my teenage self.

I came to appreciate Kinski's explosions of anger at the media, at the entertainment industry,...at all the words and structures of our society that limit and regiment the individual.

Thus I could learn self-reliance, like Ralph Waldo Emerson, unplagued by conformity, the hobgoblin of little minds, while I read the stuff that women, real women, who worked for Playboy, liked.

The mood-swing artist lived alone, in the woods, where only his nine-year-old son, Nanhoï, would visit.

Kinski often goes for weeks without speaking to another human being. He reads no newspaper. He watches no television: "I climbed up to the roof and smashed down the antenna," he explained. He keeps few possessions. When he has finished reading a book, he uses it to start a fire in the hearth that is his sole source of heat. He cuts his own hair; he grows his own vegetables so that he will not have to drive into town. The animals in the forest do not threaten him as do people and their societies, nor do the storms, the winds, the trees. In the cabin,

surrounded by vegetation through which there is no path save that made by the passage of his own body, and in his forest, he is safe. Except from the thing.

While Kinski claimed to communicate with Herzog by telepathy, a hallmark of microwave harassment, as described in the appendices to this book, he dissociated.

Kinski was about five years old when he first felt this thing. He says he can recall looking at a dog or a tree or a whore on the streets of Berlin and hurling his own consciousness into the creatures or even the inanimate objects, not pretending to be but *becoming* the dog or the tree or the whore.

This he called “incarnating,” as he differentiated it from method acting, derided as “[c]ompletely worthless shit.”

All of this was aimed at me in the issue from November 1985; but, in telling you this story, like Jesus at the Wedding of Cana, I have saved the best for last.

The third pictorial was also billed on the cover I missed: “Women of MENSA: America’s Smartest Females Pose Nude.” Complete with a quiz of ten brain teasers, seven brilliant beauties bared their buxom bods, as the reader learned not only the numbers of their genius IQs but also something of their persons. A graduate student did Tae Kwon Do. An innkeeper raced Porsches as she returned from a study cruise on the Nile. An anchor woman reported for the radio, and a real-estate investor posed in tiger body paint with a large net. Last but not least, an applications

engineer received her education at the mind control hubs of Vassar and MIT.

November 1985 was not the only issue that CIA directed at me. As described in the second volume of this series, Playboy's Progress, they put a lookalike of my first girlfriend, Wendy Johnson, in the magazine: Helle Michaelson. They had tried to use Playmate Anna Clark in connection with Stephen King's book, It, not to mention Wonder Woman, as they drove me briefly toward, and then away from, my pal's girlfriend, Ella Richardson, who was a dead ringer for Alana Soares. In a moment of teenage ebullience, Sean had briefly and rhapsodically described the softness of Ella's bush, which he thought she must have shampooed; so, then, suddenly, another lookalike appeared, Tawnni Cable, who, like no one else in the magazine, coiffed the silky hair between her thighs. Also, they had sought unsuccessfully to conflate Teri Lynn Doss with Joy Booth, a descendant of the brainwashed assassin, with whom they had tried to breed me, on a series of luciferian holidays, to create a super-killer under PROJECT ARTICHOKE.

All this would be nothing next to what followed.

Five years after the enemy created my birthday magazine, they would try to move my attention away from my girlfriend, a lady whose rape they had arranged in Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, where my father did business, before I met her in England, as they sought to drive me to racism, and violence against black women, alternatively holding the

imbecilic ideas that Charlotte Large's rape would excite me or that I would turn against my lady.

While I spent my junior year abroad, Charlotte and I fell in love, travelling to Paris, returning to our colleges at Cambridge, and spending time at her mother's horse farm in Derbyshire, my home in Unionville, and my college at Claremont.

No sooner had I left the City of Light than I ran into a classmate from California, six thousand miles away from the courtyard in which we had lived freshman year, finding her in Austria, as she returned from Kenya.

Lilith's grandfather, Heinz von Foerster, worked for the Nazis on short-wave, radio, and plasma research. Then, in connection with OPERATION PAPERCLIP and MK-ULTRA, he came to America to do work on cybernetics and memory, which CIA funded through the Macy Foundation. He led a program on microwave technology, as described in the appendices to this book, and he received funding from the Pentagon to establish and direct the Biological Computer Laboratory at the University of Illinois. The scientist wrote a Doomsday Equation to predict a population explosion that would culminate on his birthday, Friday the Thirteenth, November 2026. Years later, his work would feature in Das Netz: The Unabomber, LSD and the Internet, which connected cybernetics, the counter-culture, and state-sponsored terrorism. As described in the second volume of this series, Playboy's Progress, his uncle was Ludwig



Wittgenstein, a targeted individual and the premier philosopher of the Twentieth Century, who attended school with Adolf Hitler.

The presence of this man's granddaughter, first in my freshman courtyard, at Pomona College, and then, six thousand miles away, in the Vienna Train Station, was not a coincidence any more than the later appearance of her lookalike, who shared common attributes with my girlfriend, in Playboy.

Of all the Playmates, Alison Armitage was probably the most upper-crust, a quality she shared with my girlfriend, Charlotte, the granddaughter of an English colonel, and my classmate, Lilith, the granddaughter of an Austrian aristocrat. Alison looked like Lilith, while she spoke like Charlotte. Through this excellent lady, who appeared in Playboy at exactly the same time my girlfriend, Charlotte, returned to England, from visiting the States, leaving me at college with my classmate, Lilith, CIA tried to move me from one woman to the other.

They had made slight progress in their efforts to steer me to rape with a dark-haired, blue-eyed partner, following their attempts to send me to Wonder Woman at the programming center, where I was drugged, hypnotized, and abused, along with a lady from my town, Marilyn Lange, who became Playmate of the Year, more than ten years earlier.

While I still had my pictures of Patty Duffek, whom I visited often, and who always remained a favorite, Alana Soares survived only in memory, since I never bought her issue. Her photos remained unavailable

until new ones appeared in the newsstand specials, five years later, after I looked her up in Alderman Library.

Then, while I studied at Claremont, they sent Kata Kärkkäinen, a Finnish author, artist, and columnist, with coal black hair and ice blue eyes, into the magazine, but I found her a bit skinny.

She was followed by Deborah Driggs, who overcame adversity, sacrificing a promising career as a figure skater, and almost not graduating from high school, while she worked low-paying jobs, after her parents' divorce.

Debbie stands a model for us all, as she responds with flexibility, strength, and determination to relentless targeting by the woman-hating faggots in the so-called intelligence community. Changing career after career, this American, who does not know the meaning of the word defeat, earned a degree, became an actress, danced in a professional troupe, and cheered for the USFL. Because the United States Football League was also targeted, it played for only three seasons; but Debbie had more staying power. She married an Olympic athlete, putting aside a solid acting career to focus on her family; but then the scum destroyed her marriage, leaving her a single mom with three kids. In Park City, where Alana Soares lived and skied, Deborah Driggs did what she had to do to support her family, managing a day spa and selling real estate. Then, the market crashed, so she had to reinvent herself—becoming a vice president in a global print sales company. But the print industry is also targeted, so she moved into the insurance business, where she achieved further success.

## *Never Say Die!*

Not content to win herself, the Playmate embodies noblesse oblige. She lends her support to charities like OPERATION UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, which fights sex trafficking, and GO CAMPAIGN, which helps vulnerable children. She even helped to found a school in Peru. While she does not see the trash that attack her, Debbie fights back. As described in the appendices to this book, people mistake voice-to-skull whispers, broadcast by the enemy, for their own thoughts. The scum use V2K to try to make their betters feel bad, when they fail to destroy us outright. Miss Driggs sees the matter differently because she doesn't know about microwave harassment; but, just the same, she helps others to take a stand against their attackers. To use her own words,

*Dedicated to helping women break through negative self-talk and take on any challenge to which they set their minds, Deborah knows how much of a difference it can make to have a helping hand when one needs it the most.*

In an interestingly titled talk, "Not Taking No for an Answer," Debbie has shared her winning business tactics. No wonder she appeared on a number of podcasts, since, like me, this excellent lady uses the enemy's tools, the Internet, and Playboy, to help other people.

In this series, I describe a campaign of attacks against the women who posed for Playboy, as well as my own targeting, by the slaves of the Illuminati through agencies such as CIA, NSA, DHS, FBI, BND,

MOSSAD, INTERPOL, and Tavistock; for the satanic weakling perverts that belong to these groups seek to effect a plan for global genocide against the true heirs of humankind in projects like GLADIO, MONARCH, PHOENIX, and ECHELON—not to mention UN AGENDAS 21, 2030, and 2050. The enemy eat their own, as the Illuminists rape their own children, and the deep state destroys its worthless minions. They inflict damage on everyone; but some, asleep or awake, fight back. Playmate Sharry Konopski, whom I honor in Stories When Little, is a martyr to our cause—crippled, hounded, and killed by the satanic garbage. Playmate Marina Baker, whom I celebrate in Playboy's Progress, is a hero, who became an actress, a journalist, and a mayor, while she married a very lucky man. These are only two of the women with whom I feel proud to attain κλέος. Bo Derek, an excellent horsewoman and swimmer, active in charity, and happily married, is a third whom I feel duty-bound to mention here. You will find others in these pages, but Miss Driggs is a stand-out.

At Cambridge, in our pied-à-terre, we would meet. Up the steps I rushed, two at a time, fumbling with the key, so I could find her waiting. There, the sensuous lady stretched luxuriant, her cat-green eyes signalling mischief under their beautiful bushy brows, scarlet lips parted in sensual snarl, to reveal shining white teeth, in a perfectly palleted picture. My woman lay, ready to be taken, on an empire sofa, whose lilac silk highlit the pink and white tones of her tanlined body, covered only by an open gold jacket, which threw the violet color into relief, and a pair of thigh-length stockings, topped with lace, whose shades of translucent black

and underlying pink competed only with the jet hair, silkier and silkier, still, that covered her rosy vulva. The fools had given me a subliminal command to take Miss Driggs a different way—since Wendy and I, like me and Charlotte, used only the missionary position, when we weren't heavy-petting so I could really please my girlfriend. Other photos in Debbie's shoot showed her facing away because the morons thought they could force us to sodomy. That would never happen, although I sometimes stood behind my love, thrusting my manhood against her thighs, cold and toned from hours skating the rink, before our bodies found their way together, when she grabbed my balls to guide my eagerly throbbing shaft into her awaiting womanhood. The wet muscular vagina of my beautiful mistress gripped my massive erection, while she bounced, squealing with delight, up and down, her arms raised high, in jubilation. Thus she attained climax after climax, after climax, and I supported her dancer's form, with her thigh resting in the crook of my right elbow, while my left arm, gently, held her safe, ensuring she would not fall. So, my lover, concentrating only and properly on her own exquisite pleasure, lost herself in *ἔκστασις*! That was awesome, but, still, we went more to the furniture, where, bracing myself against the frame of the sofa, I leaned, left hand gripping the back, right hand pushing down, hard against the seat, which took my weight. My head turned, so our eyes could lock while we mated. I was working her over good. My lady's back arched long, her feminine body rising in waves, her hips squirming, twisting, thrusting to meet mine, her elbows pushing

against the arm, the seat, lifting her exquisite physique, so we could do it sideways-missionary. It's amazing we didn't break the sofa!

Still, as vigorous as my encounters with Miss Driggs, extremely pleasurable to us both, they never approached rape.

Nor did the worst they could get me to—their big victory.

This was extortive sex, with another imaginary partner, the last Playmate of the Eighties, Miss December, whom I imagined in Georgian England, at my manor. I drew not on that awful story, "The Black Wench," but on campy movies like Mistress Pamela and Tom Jones, to which I would soon add the novels of Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Richardson. Enter a neighboring lady, come to ask a favor, or a housemaid I had caught stealing silver, willing to buy my help, or my indulgence, with the loan of her body. My partner was played by Petra Verkaik, a statuesque brunette, of mixed blood, tropical and teutonic, whose Dutch father had taken a Balinese lady for his wife.

Now they thought they had something, so, while she resembled not only Charlotte but also Lilith, Alison Armitage appeared in Playboy. Both Alison and Lilith wore their black hair in bangs, above their almond-shaped eyes, and their slightly retroussé noses, framed by the solid diagonal lines of their strong jaws. One descended from a Nazi cyberneticist, who had worked for the Pentagon; and it remains an open question whether the other, born in London, and brought up in Hong Kong, who jet-setted around the world, had any relation to Richard Armitage, an operative for the Central Intelligence Agency, who held

senior positions in the State Department, as he facilitated the production and distribution of heroin from the Golden Crescent, through the War in Afghanistan, and from the Golden Triangle, through the War in Việt Nam. Either way, these two beautiful women could have been cousins.

Charlotte's family had connections to the other side of the Golden Triangle, where her grandfather had fallen, South of the Himalayas, West of Burma, leading the Assam Regiment to earn a posthumous knighthood. As noted in the second volume of this series, Playboy's Progress, I believe that Colonel Brown was murdered, as the command to fight to the death was rescinded, but the lines to his outpost were cut. Who knows? Maybe this man of honor, integrity, and courage had interfered not only with the progress of the Japs but with the smuggling of drugs on which, since the days of the East India Company, and the Opium Wars, the British have based the foreign policy through which they gained Hong Kong. That's where Alison Armitage grew up, as she and my girlfriend shared a background, both English and Asian, intimately tied to the British Empire.

Charlotte and Lilith travelled in North America, Europe, and Africa, while I saw only the States and the Continent; but Alison Armitage put us all to shame. Playboy wrote,

This world-traveling beauty with world class looks has already seen more of the globe than most people dream of. There were the annual pilgrimages to London and the English countryside when she was growing up. There were tours of

Europe, trips to Kenya and Brazil and three world cruises.

On her data sheet, Alison listed further destinations.

Sailing the Great Barrier Reef. Ballooning across the African Plains. Fox-hunting in England. Let's go!

Elsewhere, she mentioned Hawai'i, Florida, and California—in addition to the Illuminist hub of Helvetia.

Alison had even studied in Southern California for the same silly reasons as I.

My idea of the United States came from seeing California in the movies. White-sand beaches. People surfing and playing volleyball and drinking margaritas in outdoor cafés.

And, somewhere, not far from Pomona College, this older sophisticate lived, right around the corner, in Los Angeles.

Alison had athleticism in common with Charlotte. My girlfriend had two blues at Cambridge, where she played on the university tennis and lacrosse teams. Likewise, Alison was an excellent swimmer, who qualified for Hong Kong's Olympic team, in free-style and butterfly; but she lost her chance at a spot when she broke her leg, in Switzerland, enjoying the sport I had come to associate with Playmates: skiing!

Miss October had a reckless streak far greater than mine. As a teenager, I had ridden horses, and driven fast for thrills, and I skied beyond my limit. Perhaps the death of a classmate on the slopes, Jeff Hauser, left an impact. Or was it the concussion my family friend, Dan Mariani, got at



Sugarbush, when he tried a backscratcher, failing to bring down his skis, with his tips hitting the mountain, shortly to be followed by his head? Like my friend, Scott, who dislocated his elbow going off a jump at Big Sky, Dannie had to be carried off the mountain on a stretcher. Dangerous activities never seem to have harmed Alison Armitage, at least not seriously, but only because she lucked out. As Playboy glamorized dumb behavior, the magazine described the British beauty, who posed under the pseudonym, Brittany York, as follows:

A sportswoman and confessed thrill seeker, Brittany dreams of flying with the Blue Angels or racing in her own Formula 1 car. "Anything that's fast—that's for me," she says with a wicked grin. Brittany's highs and lows have included hang gliding in Florida and scuba diving in Hawaii. "I like to push things, to see how far I can go," she says. "I love a challenge."

Alison's hobbies also included bungee jumping....

Just as my self-destructive behavior owed itself to mind control, the same must have held true for Miss Armitage. Who knows what training the scum subjected her to, as she travelled, a lifestyle that makes it easy for the enemy to disappear you for a few days, when no one will miss you, and the tiredness you feel from abuse in a programming session, during which you were drugged, hypnotized, and raped, can be written off as jet lag. I know because the trash have abused me in New Jersey, California, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Devon, and Cambridge. I remember the programming sessions, and I have the scars on my body to prove it.

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; and CIA took it to the next level, using drugs, electro-shock, and hypnosis to erase memories.

Most never remember: they die asleep.

It took more than forty years for me to remember the smallest part of what lay behind the amnesic walls caused by trauma, and I never would have woken up had the degenerates not chosen to rouse me.

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

They would pay any price to make me suffer; but they fail even there, as I joyfully destroy them!

As a result of the insane attacks against my person, and others, I have written more than three hundred articles, exposing mind control techniques and globalist conspiracies, on a website that has two million hits from every country on the planet, except five, but including Greenland, Antarctica, and Iran. That's when I wasn't writing books like the one you are reading, teaching university courses, and bringing federal lawsuits. So the CIA kills its agents, assets, and affiliates because of my counter-attacks.

The enemy actually wants this.

They regard the costs they bear not only in money, but in the torture and death of their own, to attack a single man, under limited rules of engagement, under which they have not used their power to kill me, as a small price to pay for the electro-rape of my body, as described in the appendices to this book, by shit-talking liars, morons, and losers.

It reminds me of the War in Việt Nam—in which the United States taxpayer shelled out more than \$1,000,000,000,000.<sup>00</sup>, adjusted for inflation, on a war we lost.

Still, that is small time next to the \$1,000,000,000,000.<sup>00</sup> spent on the War on Drugs, the \$1,000,000,000,000.<sup>00</sup> spent on the War in Afghanistan, the \$2,000,000,000,000.<sup>00</sup> spent on the War in Iraq, and the \$6,000,000,000,000.<sup>00</sup> spent on the War on Terror, leading to a national debt of \$30,000,000,000,000.<sup>00</sup>.

As described in The Creature from Jekyll Island, by G. Edward Griffin, the Federal Reserve, which is neither a reserve nor federal, but an international cabal of bankers, who print money from thin air, to charge the people interest, while creating a hidden tax through inflation, wants a continual state of war in and among all nations; so, through leverage and bail-outs, similarly employed by the Bank of England, the European Central Bank, and the International Monetary Fund, they drive us to satanic one world government.

The whole thing depends on mind control and false flags. The New World Order evokes the fear-then-relief response when it uses false

flag attacks to drive us to false panacæas. It's like the way police interrogators use the Reid Technique to elicit confessions, and redefine suspects as criminals, who will thank the cops for their internment. The bad cop scares you, so you run to the good one—forgetting the most important thing. They're both cops! Meanwhile, on a larger level, people embrace wrong solutions in response to manufactured crises. NATO OPERATION GLADIO A used staged terrorist attacks, blamed on groups like the IRA, the PLO, the Red Brigades, and the Baader-Meinhof Gang, to promote neo-fascist solutions. GLADIO B uses staged terrorist attacks, blamed on moslems, to promote the War on Terror. And GLADIO C uses staged school shootings, blamed on nuts, to promote the destruction of our gun rights. The bioweapon of COVID-19, manufactured in Fort Detrick, and released in Wuhan, as part of the LOCK STEP SCENARIO, to drive us to forced vaccinations, while they destroy our liberties, is only the latest development in the New Normal. And none of this would be possible without control of the media through OPERATION MOCKINGBIRD and MI-7—a soft form of mind control compared to the stuff they do to us with drugs, hypnosis, and torture.

People need to wake up!

Not only does the enemy hide memories of abuse, and programming, behind amnesic walls; but, at the more accessible top, of levels of consciousness, which they number, from seven for the deepest, to one for the most shallow, they will often place a cover memory. A cover memory will stand out, seeming significant, vividly remembered for no

particular reason, at least to a sleeper, or a false reason may be ascribed to the remembrance; but, still, to one who knows, patterns of abuse give the game away.

To give only one example, a woman I briefly dated had a vivid memory of working, as a teenager, in fast food. One day, as she stood at the till, the famous basketball player, Julius Winfield Erving II, commonly known as Dr. J, came in, and he ordered what passes for food in such establishments. As the gentleman paid, she had to make change and place it in his giant black hand. Especially since I could see the hallmarks of MK-ULTRA on this lady, and the scum that sought to ruin our date, as they intruded with the technology described in the appendices to this book, taunted me with her abuse, through what passes for sex among their kind, I could see this was a cover memory. The lady is very beautiful, and she has the white blonde hair and ice blue eyes prized by the trash. These features, shared by Julian Assange and Nicole Kidman, who were abused in Australia, and by the descendant of John Wilkes Booth, with whom they attempted to breed me, always indicate severe mind control. The enemy uses sexual blackmail, as they use cybernetics to arrange meetings. A black man having sex with a white teenager in the 1970s, which I am sure neither party would have remembered, since they were both drugged, would have been a strong control, and the sickos in the so-called intelligence community would have wanted to see if either remembered. Given the prominence of this apparently insignificant event in my friend's memory, the surrounding circumstances, and the methods of the enemy, I have no

doubt that my date was put with Dr. J, and neither remembered, nor was either to blame, while a cover memory hid their abuse.

In a similar story, which appeared in Playboy, Alison Armitage related an event formative to her nature, which may have been a cover memory. When she was three years old, her mother threw her into a pool, saying, "*Sink or swim!*" Her experience with death, survival, and fear led her not only to practice for countless hours in the pool but to embark on a series of foolhardy escapades. The enemy seeks also to split parents from children, as they did with my family, partly through my father's business trips, partly through my own educational travel, and partly through my daughter's separation from me, as she lives more than one hundred miles away, near the Blue Ridge, with her mother. The separation can be physical, or it can be emotional, and the trash constantly seek to lead children to blame their parents. For all these reasons, and more, I suspect that the incident Alison Armitage described, which mirrored the no-nonsense attitude of Charlotte's mother and my own, as we grew up tough, in the care of hard and loving women who had also been abused in mind control programs, is a cover memory.

Cover memories may also be pleasant, as the enemy fails to reach good and strong people. For years I had a cover memory of my own abuse at a programming center in New Jersey, Christopher Academy, a school that I sued for half a million dollars in federal court. As described in the first volume of this series, Stories When Little, I recalled a man trying to reach me, ham-handedly, as an especially gifted student, in a private

session. I attributed qualities to the stranger that he did not have. Perhaps he was a guest teacher or a visiting administrator, doing his best, but failing, as we all sometimes do. I did not remember for more than forty years that he drugged and sexually abused me.

Likewise, although many have fond memories of their time with the Playboy Family, I know that these are often cover for amnesic walls hiding horrific abuse. Like CERN, or Disney World, or the Vatican—not to mention research universities and military bases—the Playboy Mansion has secret tunnels and rooms. CIA operative Laurel Aston said Hugh Hefner was part of MK-ULTRA. In the Mansion, Hefner drugged and raped women, he pimped them out, and he blackmailed men he set up. Playmates Miki Garcia and Brenda MacKillop testified to the Meese Commission on Pornography that women were pressured into taking drugs and participating in orgies. 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. 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. Hefner raped Sheri Allred when she was five years old. LAPD re-opened the case after a significant number of similar complaints were filed. The police were building up to one of the biggest

pædophile raids in Los Angeles, when the nonagenarian pervert, whom some naïvely mistook for a gentleman, turned up dead.

**May he rot in hell.**

Like so many of us, Alison Armitage put aside her better judgement when she should have known better. As the fearless lady said,

Working for Playboy is like being part of one big happy family. Just like anybody, I'd heard all the rumours about the mansion, with the parties and the girls and all that kind of thing. But there's nothing sleazy about it. All the girls get to stay at the mansion, and, once you become a Playmate, you're considered family. I'm allowed to go and visit the mansion whenever I want. They have family movie night every Sunday night. They have a big cinema inside the mansion and they have all the new movies. They feed you and you can go in the Jacuzzi or use the gym equipment. It's fabulous.

That jacuzzi was the Grotto, where swingers exchanged fluids under water....

People believe what they want to believe. They judge others by themselves. This tendency accounts for the enemy's imbecilic and utterly wrong ideas about real human beings, and it also accounts for our dismissal of the satanic conspiracy that seeks to hold us in thrall. I blocked out my girlfriend's rape, even though she told me about it, and my mom still refuses to believe that anyone could be so evil as to attack us in the manner so many witnesses have described. After all, what mother would



want to believe that the kindergarten, or the summer camp, to which she entrusted her son, molested him?

I had problems believing that all these women had been put in Playboy for me until I found the one who so closely resembled my girlfriend from England. She would appear several months later.

But, first, the enemy's suggestions went awry.

As I finished my second term at Cambridge, Charlotte and I attended the usual garden parties and balls, watching eights row at Henley, from the Stewards' Enclosure, and walking the country, as we visited her sister in Sussex. Then I felt our relationship was over, since we lived on different continents; but she pursued me, visiting my home, on the edge of the Unionville horse country, and flying to my college in California. The enemy did not want her to do this, but, even asleep, people fight.

The Tavistock Institute, with their affiliates in Central Intelligence, placed Alison Armitage in Playboy so they could move me to Lilith von Foerster. They hit me with mesmeric suggestions, as they invaded my house that summer, and they broadcast subliminal commands with the voice-to-skull technology described in the appendices to this book. Before I picked up Charlotte at the airport, they hypnotized me to lust after the latest Playmate. The morons thought I would go for Alison Armitage, who appeared as Miss October, as her issue hit the newsstands shortly before September 1, right when Charlotte would return to England. But their plans went wrong. I never cared for Alison Armitage, and I never even read her profile—since the trash spoke into my auditory cortex,

referring to “*some girl from the Midlands,*” a phrase they meant for my lady love, whose mother had bought a horse farm, in the Peak Country, but which I mistook for my own dismissal of a page-three girl with a fake name: Brittany York. I had been given a command to associate Alison with someone I knew, but I recalled not Lilith, from Pomona, but Liz, from Yorkshire, a brunette lass whom I had kissed at Cambridge. Liz didn’t do it for me, and neither did Alison. Instead, I became utterly infatuated with Kerri Kendall, who came from San Diego, where Alison went to college, and whom I found, only weeks before, as Miss September.

The imbecilic approach of the enemy, to conflate one woman with another, never worked on me. I had a girlfriend, and I thought only of her when we were together. I didn’t want her to be someone else, and I didn’t want to be with someone else. Meanwhile, I was happy to lust after the hotties in Playboy, in imaginary encounters, that were almost entirely consensual. In Kerri Kendall, a bikini competitor who knew how to put her body on display, standing proud, legs positioned wider than her shoulders, facing the camera, to reveal not only her magnificent figure but her exquisite privates, her labia, engorged with excitement, clearly visible through her beautiful woolly muff, I had everything I wanted in a make-believe partner. And in Charlotte Large, the English lady whom I loved, as she broadened my horizons, I had everything I wanted in a real woman. I had the best of both worlds.

Nonetheless, as the rest of this book will reveal, with far more about me, and about world history, the scum are unable to learn, as they

refuse to abandon counterproductive measures that harm only them. They would continue their futile approach, as they lied to each other, claiming success; and I would have sex with fewer and fewer women, and eventually none, by choice, while I fantasized about Playmates in encounters I would not wish to replicate in person. During this time, and afterwards, to the extent I went to anyone, I found myself attracted only to people who resembled no one at all.

Before this happened, the enemy would put another woman in Playboy, who greatly resembled Charlotte, but I found the correspondence only amusing and irrelevant—before I completely lost the memory of Miss June.

Shortly before I graduated from Pomona College, the Tavistock Institute, through their affiliates in Central Intelligence and British Military Intelligence, Branch Seven, made Lisa Matthews Playmate of the Year because she resembled my friend Tanya Bodell, a fellow Cantabrigian, who now serves as Executive Director of a company she founded. Tanya and Lisa are both good looking, but I thought it surprising that Miss Matthews should have been chosen as PMOY. Pamela Anderson was one of the competitors that year, as were lesser known but more attractive women whom I would have chosen. Kerri Kendall seemed a shoe-in, while Bonnie Marino, Jacqueline Sheen, and Deborah Driggs each stoked the fires of my lust. Meanwhile, Lisa Matthews, although certainly personable, had no remarkable achievements or sparkling personality traits.

More significant was the lady who appeared as Playmate of the Month in the issue whose cover Lisa Matthews graced. Although I would sometimes miss a copy, I would never skip the one with the Playmate of the Year. This would have not one but two sexy Playmates, one new, and one familiar, with a feature devoted entirely to each amazing lady.

My girlfriend was far from an ugly woman, but she looked nowhere near as good as the homeliest beauty to pose as centerfold—at least until that year. The use of the periodical by the agency to target me, and primarily me, became obvious when I found Saskia Linssen. Just as my companion lived on a horse farm, in England, her doppelgänger appeared in no fewer than four shots, wearing riding britches and hunting pinks, as she rode horses, followed hounds, or kicked back in the stables. She spoke of her wanderlust as well as her desire to visit Scotland, where my girlfriend's father and grandmother lived.

*I'd love to ride horses in the Scottish Highlands,  
among the castles and the ruins.*

Saskia had Charlotte's short hair, and she derided her own looks, rightly saying that she wasn't pretty enough, or sexy enough, to have beaten the five thousand women who tried out for centerfold that year.

*I'm very unsure about myself and my looks....*

*I need lots of encouragement.*

In the words of Playboy, "[S]he's not even convinced of her own beauty."

At the time, I found Saskia's presence in the magazine merely amusing, as I pointed it out to my lady, casually mentioning that the Playmate looked and spoke like her.

I had been given a hypnotic command to fix on one of Saskia's statements, which I found on her data sheet. When asked how her men were like horses, Saskia, billed as an untamed spirit, joked,

I ask both to wear saddles and obey, but neither wants to!

The enemy must have been enraged: I had dodged their command again, as they sought to drive me toward rape.

The imbeciles actually believed that, at the age of twenty-one, my attitude toward women, or anything, was being shaped by Playboy. They thought that, eight years after I had found Alana Soares, at the age of thirteen, fantasizing about Trading Places, or reading The Preppy Handbook, I would let my perspective be shaped by mass media while I attended the finest universities in the world, reading great works of literature, listening exclusively to jazz and classical music, and dining on haute cuisine, while I travelled the European and North American Continents. They thought I had rough fantasies about Playmates that I would reenact with my girlfriend when I was nothing but a gentle and considerate lover to a woman who was a rape survivor. They thought that I wanted to be with someone else when I had found the love of my life. And these morons would look like geniuses next to the scum that would replace them in the decades to come.

As my friend, Andrea Davison, a British-born intelligence agent, who lives in exile, in the Argentine, having blown the whistle on child abuse, exposed illegal arms deals to Iraq, and written her book, Shoot The Women First, said to me,

*There are very few real agents left.*

Back in 1991, the bit the agents wanted me to take to heart, in the magazine I virtually ignored, read as follows:

Asked about what kind of man she looks for, Saskia is bracingly honest:

"I can be very stubborn with men. I have my own ideas and I won't shut up about them. A man has to respect me and have the strength to fight with me. I need someone who can overrule me."

Then, immediately after I read this passage, on a four-week trip to England, during which I shared a bed with my girlfriend, Charlotte and I lost the desire to sleep with each other.

We would never have sex again.