

BOOK TWELVE: THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR

In May of 1998, it came time for me to receive my doctorate from the University of Virginia. This would have taken far longer had Professor Fowler remained on the faculty, but the enemy had driven him off, so they helped me. Professor Braden greased the wheels for my graduation, since he knew I had done plenty for his predecessor.

My parents, who had fêted me at Prospect Hill, where we stayed for my twenty-eighth birthday, when I began to practice kung fu, came down for my graduation, which I would not otherwise have attended, but, for their sake, I went to the Lawn, wearing electric green go-to-hell trousers, a light blue oxford, a tiny bow-tie, and my famous Burberry jacket, which I had worn at the garden party held by the Beaufort Club, in the Master's Garden, of my girlfriend's college at Cambridge. In the toilet of the coffee shop, I rolled joints, which I smoked, walking the streets, before I took my spot next to Anne McIlhaney, who had earlier been struck by lightning. High as a kite, I listened to the incantations from the stage, which Anne compared to magic, before Professor Braden gave me the scroll I soon mislaid. From there, my parents drove us to the Inn at Little Washington, where we feasted on snails, frog legs, and lobster, before they returned me to the Rat Shack, with its amazing view, so I could spend the following three days, alone, packing the yellow moving truck, before I drove the Ryder north, smoking joints all the while, with a copy of Playboy's Book of Lingerie on the seat next to me, to occupy my attention at traffic lights, stopping only at the Pig and Steak, in Madison County, for

either a plate of barbecue or ribs, I can't remember which, with the usual coleslaw and unsweetened iced tea, flavored with lemons, before I continued my journey.

On the way down, we had stopped at Blue Ridge Seafood, near the giant sign for guns, which now didn't bother me at all—although it would be another six months until I bought a firearm. There, my daughter and I would buy fireworks many years later, as we dined al fresco on alligator tails. The meal was the same back then, near Fauquier County, as I enjoyed a pitcher of beer since my father was driving. But, on the way back up, I had some sense of responsibility, so I limited myself to soft drinks, while I drove along the Lee Highway.

I had received no offers for teaching work, despite graduating from the best program in the country, except for one from Westark Community College, which later became West Arkansas State. They had called me, unannounced on the telephone, when I was stoned on cheap marijuana, smoked in the antler pipe I had bought when I visited Mike and Tami in Boone, but I did fine in the initial interview, although I could not remember the name of the nice lady to whom I spoke. She set up a conference call with the other faculty, who felt I would fit in given my home in the Blue Ridge not to mention my address: 10065 Rockfish Gap Turnpike. But I had decided not to pursue an academic career, since I planned to return to the upper-class bohemian scene in Chester County, where I would sell real estate, expanding my personal development by pushing myself into extroversion, working my own hours, and making

money on commission. So I told the amiable people from the Toothpick State that I was out, and they totally got it.

Another offer would come the day before I left the Blue Ridge Terrace, since the phone would ring, and Hampden-Sydney, just to the south, would offer me a year's employment, which would have allowed me to stay in my digs, with my view of forty miles, over the world's oldest mountains, but I was through with teaching, and I was also through with playing poor, living in a shack infested with rats, which required the burning of a smudge stick every afternoon to overcome, only partly, the mousy smell. So I turned down the beautiful drive that would have taken me two or three times a week, past Yogaville, to the two-hundred-year-old men's college that had been praised so highly in The Preppy Handbook.

I had been spending at least one weekend per month in Chester County, where I visited Chadd's Peak, painting tribal designs on bare-breasted hippy chicks, gazing at the glowing coals of the fire pit, and buying weed—not to mention making sure I put something back into the place, as I cheerfully split wood with a maul, once breaking the handle, but instantly replacing it, and bringing by six-packs of cheap beer bought from redneck dives, while, at winter holidays I would bring bottles of Cragganmore, once I discovered Speyside whisky.

At Thanksgiving, my friend, Gordon Rowe, had donned his family kilt, which his ancestor had worn in the Boer War, and the Battle of Omdurman, where the Gordon First Highlanders had avenged the false flag attack against Chinese Gordon, who listened to voices in his head, and

fought with suicidal bravery, downing laudanum and chain-smoking, before the Moslem trash, put up to it by the British, and led by the Mahdi, gang-raped his body with sticks, just as the freemasons arranged similar attacks on American Consul Christopher Stevens, in Benghazi, Libya, on September Eleventh, and the heroic South African reporter, Lara Logan, in Tahrir Square, Egypt, on Lupercalia.

Then, the kilt was simply cool, part of Gordie's family history, passed down by his father, Gordon, who served as a lieutenant colonel in the United States Air Force, flying unmarked planes in the Secret War in Laos, where he met Gordon's mother, Bee, who served as an officer in the Central Intelligence Agency, matters that seemed only to concern other people's countries.

Gordon and I wrestled, as the enemy tried to interest us in homosexuality, but I've never swung that way, so it was only a friendly chance to practice my kung fu.

On Thanksgiving, we would follow Cheshire Hounds, as they chased the fox, across the country west of Unionville, but the night before was to reconnect with old friends coming home for the holiday. The Chadds Ford Tavern was packed with wall-to-wall people, and our friend, Shawn Garris, continued to razz Gordon about his sissy skirt, which my friend defended by pointing out that his grandfather had killed niggers in that kilt. But then, Gordie decided to change tack, in a total jiu jitsu move, as he pretended to respect Garris's complaint.

"You don't like the kilt, Shawn?"

“No, I do not, you weirdo.”

“You don’t want me to wear it, do you?”

“No, I do not, you weirdo.”

“All right, I’ll oblige you then,” Gordon quipped, as he undid its fastening to show what a true Scotsman wears under his kilt: nothing at all.

Standing naked in the crowded tavern, with the kilt slung over his shoulder, my friend, then, leisurely, proceeded to stroll more than ten yards toward the door, stopping, as he went, to bid particular people a good night and to wish them joy of the evening.

We were all misbehaving, as I would drive hell for leather to the Springdell Deli, deep in the hunt country, a dive set up to serve the cowboys who worked the northernmost outpost of the King Ranch, in West Marlborough, where one had served as the model for the Marlboro Man, and where I would drink cheap beer, smoking ganja in the fields or the parking lot, at a roughneck bar where farmhands, steeplechase jockeys, and owners hung out, as we all used the backdoor, sometimes playing blackjack for money, or jamming as I brought my banjo, or giving White Power salutes when a local contingent from the Oxford Ku Klux Klan, or was it Rising Sun, the farthest north the Grand Ole Opry ever played, showed up, led by Dirty Kurty, a good fellow who worked as a tree surgeon when he wasn’t making jokes about having sex with three-hundred-pound women.

Just as it became normal for me, in Virginia, to drive from Charlottesville, up the mountain, where my ears would pop, from the

change in altitude, thirty yards below my home, drinking a six-pack of beer, and dropping the empties on the floor of the passenger side, since I would never litter, I would drive to Springdell, later renamed the Country Place, and still later the Whip Tavern, skidding out of control, on multiple occasions, pushing the car's performance just for fun, before I even had a drink, as the enemy used the technology described in the appendices to this book on my body, heart, and mind, trying to lead me into trouble.

That summer I would not make the turn, on the way home, along Clonmell-Upland Road, spinning the Volvo into the steel wire that stabilized a telephone pole, so it snapped to arrest my movement, and I just missed wrecking the car, as it was lifted, gently up, to settle unharmed on a boulder that did not even scratch the undercarriage.

The next day, I would return, hung-over, to jack the car up, off the rock, and drive off, but, that night, I took it in stride, deciding this would be a lovely time for a stroll, since I had the privilege of walking for miles along the bridlepath that followed the road, enjoying sport and scenery, just like the local gentry who rode their horses.

The following night, I would visit the home of Wendy Powell, the mother of Michael Jones, as my friend returned, on a cross-country drive from Oregon, where he had lived within shouting distance of Ken Kesey, snowboarding, growing reefer, and dropping crystal acid, so we would welcome him home, firing roman candles he had picked up in Wyoming, at my brother, while he ran across the field in front of the terrace.

I had distinguished myself at Easter, when I visited her farm, since I carved the ham on the side-board, at the request of my hostess, with great facility, and, now, I had taken a teaching appointment at Haverford College, then rated fifth nationwide in its class, which her ex-husband, Russell, had attended, so she viewed me, properly, as not only a gentleman, and a well-read man, but as a good influence on her son.

I had dropped the ball since she was planning a trip to sail across the Atlantic, with stops in the Azores, and possibly the Canaries, and she was looking for fellow free spirits to sign up, as crew, on different legs. I told her I didn't know a thing about boats, but she said as long as I could ask directions and point out something that looked wrong, there was certainly room for me. Still, somehow, I just didn't follow through, and it wasn't from reluctance but only an unseen suggestion that made me forget the opportunity.

My friends in the Mariani Family, who had also ridden to hounds, as Frank built local houses and Sandy sold farms through the real estate office where I planned to work with her son, later told me funny stories of their own not only about taking big fences while hunting the fox but also about their days in the sailing world, where they had once, skinny-dipping, been mistaken for nudists and therefore helped, when in need, by a couple of that persuasion, who would otherwise have remained indifferent to their plight.

They said Wendy sails topless, so, amid other losses, I missed the chance to check out her tits!

I had been all geared up to get my real estate license, just like the Playmate of the Year, Donna Edmondson, and set to work in Sandy's office, but, right before the exam, the phone rang, again, and it was Haverford College, offering me a job I simply could not turn down, so I took a year-to-year post, with benefits, as a visiting assistant professor, to teach courses on Heroism, Desire, the Bible, and something I called Place, Time, and Identity.

This did not stop me from behaving with reckless abandon, so I went on, following the crash that merely dented my car, and did not even result in a ticket, to do stupid things like drive into a plowed field; so another night, I had to walk home, again, through the country, with my bottle of Cragganmore, which I playfully left standing, empty, by the door of the presbyterian church, while the next day a bemused farmer towed my car from the mud with his tractor.

Other nights, especially if driving, caravan-style, with a friend, to a party, I would turn off the lights of my car, driving only with the benefit of the head-beams of the man in front or in back of me, before I flicked them on again, passing or being passed, along Route 1, so he would have a chance to take the dare and do the same.

The mishaps that befell others did not slow me at all, since, although I felt compassion, occasional bumps and bruises, in the wild journey of life, seemed only the cost of the ride or even badges of honor.

There was another chance to go sailing, which I missed, foolishly not following through, when I met a lovely man at the bar, who

carried tremendous pain and regret, since he had married a local lady, who had fallen into a coma, after she was thrown from her horse, and he understood not only how much he loved her but also how much he had not lived up to her love, while the day approached when he would turn off her life support, to inherit her fortune, while her organs would be harvested.

They were taking us out, one by one, as Emily Rawle, a big country girl, whom I met at Springdell, was later killed with poison, when her kidneys failed.

Like my family, the Rawles settled the Colony of Pennsylvania three hundred years ago, but while we held merely five-hundred-acre tracts, as the local hamlet took its name from us, the Rawles, like the Cadwaladers or the Joneses, came from what is sometimes called Old Philadelphia, as they sent their children to St. Paul's and St. Timothy's, came out at the Assembly, and belonged to the Rittenhouse or Philadelphia Clubs.

Emily found the local fox-hunting set to be absolutely ridiculous, as the descendants of the Harrimans, and other New York families that moved into the area in the 1940s, at the instigation of Nancy Hannum, put on airs, while they ran Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds. It is an insult to this fine woman to say that she had infinitely better pedigree and horsemanship than the Unionville Mafia: they don't belong in the same sentence. So she proved naturally attractive to me since we were

both anti-snobs, with good backgrounds, who cultivated a down-home style.

Emily turned me on to astrology, as she correctly saw herself as an archetypal Taurus, telling the familiar children's tale, The Story of Ferdinand, who just wanted to sniff flowers, and refused to participate in a bull fight. She was big and easy-going, but I am sure she was also capable of losing her temper, just as Ferdinand went crazy, when a bumblebee stung his bottom, leading to the misunderstanding that landed him in the bullring, where the picadors hid in fear, and he enjoyed the flowers the ladies threw, before he returned safely to his home. It's a good story by Munro Leaf, but it has been wrongly made the subject of controversy because eggheads read too much into the thing.

Emily inspired me to go to the library upon my return to the mountains, when the weekend was done, where I used a book to figure out my own amazing chart, full of trines and squares, including Jupiter presiding over the marriage of Mars and Venus, who sits chastely in Virgo, while Mars, Saturn, and the Moon occupy Taurus, the Sun sits, with Jupiter, in Libra, and Scorpio is my rising sign.

The affirmation of my nature, through my chart, provided not only an opportunity to discuss personal essence with others, but I would later expand my understanding through contact with my old schoolfriend, Kristin Herbster, whose husband teaches at the mind control hub of Stanford, as she taught me about evolutionary astrology, which considers questions of personal development that go beyond a simple affirmation of

Mars, for instance, to weigh the difference between low and high aspects of the planet.

As I invited Emily to the Half Moon, I met her sister, Ellie, and we drank cask-drawn ale, in our wooden booth, so the sisters, no doubt, could compare notes on me, and I found myself deeply interested in this woman for about a month, although I soon lost interest, moving on to other women, as I continued my search for a new partner, when it became clear that she was not ready for a relationship, especially with a man of whom her father would approve.

I never had the privilege to meet Emily's dad, but he sounds like a really cool guy. William Morris Rawle, known as Wink to his closest friends, was a gentleman athlete, who excelled, like all the family, in horses, although his accomplishments in that arena pale in comparison to those of his wife and daughters.

Born in the programming hub of Bryn Mawr, Bill went to Episcopal Academy before he picked a series of schools that would allow him to indulge his love of skiing. These included the Holderness School, in New Hampshire, Norwich University, in Vermont, and the University of Oslo, in Norway. In 1960, he was short-listed for the U.S. Olympic Ski Team, and he went on to win the North American Cross-Country Ski Championship in the 30k and 50k races, skiing roughly twenty and thirty miles in each event, while he also did some ski-jumping. Like me, he loved the sport, although he was obviously a lot better at it!

The consummate sportsman, Emily's father learned to sail in Quissett Harbor on Cape Cod, and he kept a boat on the Chesapeake, something his daughter did not mention, probably because she didn't want to show off, while she told me of her favorite author, James Michener, who wrote her favorite book: Chesapeake.

I still haven't read Chesapeake, as I recall Emily's lesser recommendation of Centennial, but I took her advice many years after her death, when I read Alaska before my trip with my daughter to the Last Frontier, playing hooky from my law firm, over beer-soaked lunches, at the Washington Ale House, in Wilmington, and when I read Hawai'i, after I was laid off, before we went adventuring on the Big Island.

As a writer, I have taken some influence not only from my friend, Andrea Davison, a former operative for British Intelligence, in my sense of color, and from Robert Louis Stevenson, in my bodily awareness, but also from James Michener, through my treatment of geology.

As he worked as a stockbroker, Bill Rawle got his master's in business from the Wharton School, which is deeply connected to the Tavistock Institute, while the University of Oslo would partner with CERN, so he must have got his share of mind control there, too.

His army background is also interesting, since just as Playmate of the Year Donna Edmondson put a good face on the Magazine for Men, Bill's unit makes the army look like a gentlemen's club. After Emily's dad took a degree from Norwich University, our country's oldest private military college, he served in the National Guard, through First Troop

Philadelphia City Cavalry, one of the oldest military units in our country still in active service, which forms one of the most decorated units in the army. They often served as George Washington's personal bodyguard, while they fought in the Battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Germantown—not to mention the Battle of the Brandywine, which was the largest engagement of the American Revolution, as it was fought, only a few miles from my house, on September Eleventh. First City Troop operates under a number of principles of self-governance unique in the military, including the election of unit members and officers, who voluntarily forgo their pay, as it recruits a high percentage of its members from veterans of prior active-duty service, while many resign past officer commissions to join, and older civilians also belong to the group. It is the only military unit in the United States that owns its own armory building, built with private funds, in Rittenhouse Square, and it continues to practice horse cavalry skills and tactics.

Horseback riding is even more dangerous than skiing, so, when Bill was thrown he landed in a wheel-chair, paralyzed for more than a year with a severe spinal cord injury, but this courageous gentleman refused to accept defeat, making an extraordinary effort, through which he recovered the use of his legs.

Emily and I discussed medical qi gong, since my teacher, John Alton, often worked with hospitals, as a possible help to her father, and, although I have subsequently come to see qi gong, like acupuncture, as nonsense, driven by microwave harassment, it also has a real element that

may have helped Bill: by placing sensory awareness on an area of the body, one can send bloodflow to that place, so directed attention can serve as the assistant to a healthy primal immune system.

In the sauna, I can choose which part of my body produces sweat, increasing circulation, while my sense of body makes me hyper-aware of microwave attacks. I can even move the bodies of my enemies without moving my own through our connections in cybernetic hivemind. Further, bodily awareness supports awareness of emotions, which are merely chemical reactions, and biofeedback, together with awareness of the mind, allows for emotional control or distance through a technique used in the Gurdjieff Work. This I learned primarily through a student of John Godolphin Bennett, who served as Head of British Military Intelligence, Section B. But I also got a lot from the books of a man who could have been Britain's leading neurologist, while he chose instead to study under a Russian spymaster from whom Bennett learned: George Ivanovich Gurdjieff.

Maurice Nicoll, who served as an army doctor, and studied at Cambridge, and later under Carl Jung, describes a technique called the Three Elephants. I could have used this kind of mastery, which I eventually attained, back then. Although I rejected command after command, given by the scum, or simply flipped suggestions, I continued to act in a self-destructive manner, speaking abrasively, in a way that put people off, while I kept bad company, and I endangered life and limb.

Bill Rawle could not be stopped, so, although I imagine riding must have been difficult for him, after his accident, he parlayed his experience into course design, using his understanding of the fundamentals of jump construction and terrain to help the family business, as he motored around on his John Deere.

Watermark Farm sits on more than one hundred acres, while it takes its name from the historic ruins of a yellow paper mill that border the southeastern corner of the property.

Who knows what was printed there in the time of the Revolution, but all know the achievements of its owners, horses, and riders.

Emily's mom, Anne, was a judge in dressage, while she and her sister, Ellie, competed in the sport, which my new friend described as moving sculpture made through the cooperation of horseman and steed, while, for fifty years, the family has raised award-winning sport horses and coached dressage champions at the national and international level.

The Premier Award is given to the top two percent of equines, and, since the Rawles have made breeding their business, their foals have received the coveted prize with increasing frequency because the quality of their stock has improved with each generation.

The program had its roots in Germany. In 1965, Bill Rawle helped Al Steiert import the Hanover weanling colt, Abundance, as he went on to stand for stud at several seasons, at Watermark, so his first generation included Able Spirit, Able and Ready, Aurora, Adamant,

Apparition, and Again and Again, whose son was Alacazam, while other horses from this line include Alexis Carrington WF, Aloysius WF, As You Wish WF, and Avebury WF. In 1981, the triple-licensed Westphalian stallion, Dekor, joined the cast, as he produced Dynamite, Double Bounce, Détente, Diamond Ben, Dekorum, Dark Crystal, and Dynasty—not to mention Daylily WF, Dolce Elise WF, Don William WF, and Drummond WF. Also, from the D-line, Dressage Royal joined the roster of world class stallions, while his son, Desperado, was crowned World Champion Five-Year-Old. Other of his offspring include Dream Girl WF and Dreamcatcher WF. Waldaire descends from Waidmannsdank, Gotthard, Absatz, and Darling, while relatives include Wakanda WF, Waldina WF, Waverleigh WF, Wendolyn WF, Westerleigh WF, Wichita Rose WF, Wilona WF, Wilson WF, Wizard WF, and Wyatt WF. There I get lost, as I have tried to do some small justice to the amazing breeding tradition of Emily's family through epic catalog.

Still, just for his name, I have to mention South American Way, who was brought to the farm to improve the Abundance daughters, just as our county enjoys more than its share of immigrants, largely good and decent people, from South of the Border.

In typical down-home fashion, the distinguished family that has bred these amazing horses, while its members judge, coach, and ride, in our beautiful countryside, made a bold statement to reject the dominance of Europe, in the revolutionary traditions preserved by the father's unit, when they chose to align not with the Hanoverian or

Oldenburg Breeding Districts, as was their right, but rather with the American Warmblood Registry.

My brother had the unpleasant experience of breeding horses for Jonathan Sheppard, the Englishman who became one of America's best steeplechase trainers, on an otherwise beautiful farm, just down the road from Hugh Lofting, a timber framer whose father wrote the Doctor Dolittle books, for whom my brother has also worked, when not at Buttonwood, but perhaps things are less brutal, as genetics are also preserved past the life of a stallion, since the Rawles have modernized their operation through the use of frozen semen.

It was not only the Rawles who kept studbooks, but the New World Order has engaged in breeding programs for thousands of years. They tried to breed me with Joy Booth, whose relatives include the Great Crocodile, P.W. Botha, who held the line as the last prime minister of the Republic of South Africa, and John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln. Later they would try to breed me with a member of the House of Neville, once called FitzMaldred, Royal Bastards of Evil Fear, who held their own against the Normans, fought in the Hundred Years War, and played a leading rôle in the Wars of the Roses, where family members include King Edward IV, King Richard III, and Warwick the Kingmaker. And they would eventually succeed in mating me with a descendant of the French House of Montgomery, whose members include Hugh the Red and Roger the Great, while my daughter, who takes her

name, Lily, from their sigil, carries the blood of Odin. So they play with fire.

My friend, Shawn Garris, whose father, Doctor Garris, served as superintendent of schools, would take interest in Norse mythology, as his friend sent handwritten letters from jail, one of which he shared with me, about the ravens, who appear as Thought and Memory, on the shoulders of Odin, a great man who suffered terribly, as the Illuminati gouged out his eye, before they strapped his body to a tree, fixed with a lightning rod, using primitive versions of the cybernetics, trauma, and electro-shock with which they now entrain people.

The raven is the bird of blood, corpses and battle, the gull of the wave of the corpse-heap, who screams, hailstorm-dashed, craving his morning steak when he flies to the sea of bodies!

It is my mildest wish that ravens rend the unburied enemy dead, making sweet cates of their eyes, and weaving nests from their hair, as they enact a right reckoning.

Since the ravens followed armies, to eat the dead, the daughters of Ragnor Redstocking made the Raven Banner, under which his sons led the Great Heathen Army, and, later, Canute the Great flew a magic pennant of white silk when he won the Battle of Essendune, north of the Danes' Woods, where he fed the blood-bird with the soldiers of Edmund Ironside.

The Norse believed the Valkyries assumed the form of the raven, strangely shape-shifting, as the Shield Bearers carry the brave spirits

of fallen warriors to one of two mead halls, where they await the Twilight of the Gods, in which they will die, furious in fight.

The Choosers of the Slain take half to the Field of the Host, to serve the Lady, Freyja, who, clad in the feathers of falcons, wears the Torc of Fire, driving a sleigh drawn by Siberian tigers—or, in her lighter moments, rides her Battle Boar, sowing devastation among the enemy, when she does not cry tears of red gold for her lost husband.

And the Wish-Maids take the other half to the Hall of the Slain, to serve Odin, the Lord of Frenzy, the Leader of the Possessed, from whose blood my daughter descends, through her progenitor, Rollo the Walker, while, like his female counterpart, he prepares for Ragnarök.

No wonder Freyja gives her name to Friday; Thor, who will kill the World Serpent through thunder, takes Thursday; Woden gives his name to Wednesday; and Tiw, who sacrificed his arm to leash the Wolf Fenrir, gives us Tuesday.

The Norse Gods have a living presence in our world, and Shawn's friend, because of the stupid decisions that landed him in jail, had time, on a rainy day, to read books and write the letter my friend shared with me, all because he held up a liquor store, spur of the moment, on a dare.

Through Shawn, I met Terence Gentry, a good father, who cut back on drinking when his young daughter reminded him,

Daddy, you forgot your beer...

while Terry had formerly belonged to the outlaw biker gang that calls itself the Pagans.

For their patch, the Pagans used Surtr, the fire giant who looks for Freyja's brother, Freyr the Lord, at the Twilight of the Gods, while he carries a burning sword, before his flames engulf the Earth—an image they took from Journey into Mystery, a comic in which the Mighty Thor first appeared.

Like the Council of Thirteen, the group's top echelon always numbers thirteen, and the same number of members started the original club as they invoked the masonic concept of brotherhood. Meanwhile, their national president receives a salary identical to the President of the United States, which grew from the Thirteen Colonies, as our flag, like the Pagans' Colors, uses red, white, and blue, while stripes appear in the satanic number of thirteen. Guns and drugs are run by both gangs, while the Satanists in the Swamp pretend to oppose the Pagans.

The Pagans considered but later rejected a northern expansion into Canada, as they met with the Rock Machine Motorcycle Club.

Up there, things got really crazy, as the Rock Machine fought the Hells Angels in the Quebec Biker War, which involved one hundred and thirty cases of arson, eighty-four bombings, and one hundred and sixty-two deaths over an eight-year period. The Dark Circle was made up of businessmen, who secretly trafficked drugs, as they led the Alliance To Fight The Angels, while the chairman of their five-criminal committee was a schoolteacher named Michel Duclos. The Angels had an elite group

called the Nomads, but the Mounties were controlled by the Crown, led by the Queen, and the Ninth Circle, as our crooked neighbors to the north pretended to oppose the violence through OPERATION CARCAJOU, OPERATION SPRINGTIME, and OPERATION AMIGO, so that the largest biker conflict in history ended with the destruction of the Dark Circle, the merger of the Rock Machine with the Bandidos, and the ongoing control of the narcotics trade, in Montreal, by the Hells Angels.

Meanwhile, the Mounties committed far worse crimes at the behest of Hudson's Bay Company, as RCMP split into CSIS and CSEC, while, on the other side of the world, in the Land Down Under, the conspirators staged the Father's Day Massacre, starring the Comancheros and the Bandidos, to be followed by the Port Arthur Shooting, and the incident at Lindt Cafe, involving Mad Man Monis, not to mention the Christchurch Shooting, as SEATO effectively disarmed first the Aussies and then the Kiwis through OPERATION GLADIO C, while NATO seeks to destroy our own gun rights, staging shootings with mind-controlled nuts, to pave the way for satanic one world government.

As I read Hells Angels by Hunter S. Thompson, and we went to the premiere of Fear and Loathing, a movie specifically made for, and targeted at, me, the idiots who had sent Ken Kesey to Charlottesville, while he and Thompson hung out with the Hells Angels, actually thought that I would accept not Terry's but Shawn's invitation to hang out with outlaw bikers, but even I wasn't that stupid.

Hells Angels ends with the writer's repudiation of the motorcycle gang as a bunch of losers, and The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test describes a horrific scene that barely misses being gang-rape, so, as usual, the enemy, who tell each other lies, while they fail at everything, had no chance at the achievement of their goals, while they moved heaven and earth, making moving pictures, starring Johnny Depp, in attempts to influence me alone.

Their stupid suggestions that I should emulate Kesey's pal, which I didn't even notice, as they were transmitted to my brain, with the technology described in the appendices to this book, amounted only to me dressing as Hunter S. Thompson for a Halloween Party.

As we went to the premiere, high as kites, drinking from my flask, and my parents left me to house-sit, as they rented a villa in Tuscany, hypnotized to rekindle their love, so my mother could destroy my father with the best of intentions, I became not only as wild but as paranoid as Thompson, even if I did not keep such low company or do such horrible drugs.

Michael Jones had just returned from Oregon, and I found myself talking again, not just to him, but to his girlfriend, Kelly, on the telephone, as she remained in Oregon, and she told me her relationship with him was over. I wrongly assumed that she had already broken formally with him, so I thought nothing of mentioning the break-up, which he learned from me not her, as I remained completely unaware of the developing soap opera. Michael played his hand close to his chest, so I

didn't know I had rocked his world, but Kelly read me the riot act a few months later, when she told me I had betrayed her trust.

Oddly, she followed her accusations with a statement that she knew what honor was because she had friends in the Hells Angels. I failed to see what this had to do with honor, as the imbeciles behind the scenes continued to push motorcycle gangs, and I took no interest other than to watch a documentary on television.

After the night Michael's mother, he, and I shot roman candles at my brother on her lawn, just for fun, I found myself hanging out at her horse farm, drinking mint juleps with my friend, going fishing with his nephews and nieces, as I bought a jar of his finest weed.

This I put in the trunk of my car, and I went straight to the Laurels Preserve, to walk in the woods, over the covered bridges, and enjoy the flowers of the field and the views from the hills where my father's ashes were later scattered.

After my walk, when I drove from the gravel parking lot, down the lane that leads to Apple Grove Road, I noticed a man and woman who left immediately after me. This was extremely unusual, since only a dozen cars at most can fit in that spot, and people who use it take their time walking over the thousands of acres, which used to be the King Ranch, and the miles of trails that run through them. Slightly spooked, I made an odd turn off the macadam and back onto gravel, at Hill Top View Road, where my friend, Christopher Jordan, would later blow his brains out, with a shotgun blast, to be found after the vultures had feasted, for we have no

ravens this far south, only to find the car made the turn, too. Driving slowly, I made one strange turn after another, along the network of crooked country roads, daring them to do something, as I led them straight to the state police barracks near the Stargazer's Stone, where Mason and Dixon shot the line that separates the North and the South, near to the old insane asylum at Embreeville and what is now the ChesLen Preserve, where bodies were buried, only with numbers, in Potters Field. They looked like cops, who must be watching Michael, with his marijuana, brought from the home of the Merry Pranksters, where Thompson's pal, Kesey, had his farm at Pleasant Hill, so I figured I would give them an escort back to their home base.

Afterwards, I started to hole up a bit, as I began to view white vans with suspicion. I had not recovered the memory of being taken back from the secret military base under Swannanoa Palace, at Afton Mountain, in a white van, in which I argued with them about my need to wear a seat belt before they deposited me at the Rat Shack. But something remained. So, just as I would later disconnect my phone, purposely neglecting to reconnect the jack, when I used my first dial-up internet more than two years later, or I would always sleep with my bedroom door locked, until I finally woke up, and learned to prop a chair against the knob, I felt suspicious of the white vans I was sure carried federal agents.

In the coming months, the morons would not only speak to me on the telephone, through hypnotic induction, under OPERATION SLEEPING BEAUTY, but, on two occasions, Margaret Creole would

actually leave recorded messages on my parents' answering machine, saying, in one case, that she had divorced Rick, who was after her, while she was trying to keep him away from me, and, in another, that I should listen to her words until they made sense, while she spoke of riding in Rhodesia.

In each case, I had no memory of the degenerates, and I could not make head nor tail of the messages, to which I gave absolutely no thought, and which I promptly deleted, so I never would have recovered my memories, so as to write this series, with twenty thousand books in circulation, or to establish my website, with more than two million hits worldwide, or to join the board of Targeted Justice, with former federal officers, neuroscientists, journalists, lawyers, and a police chief, had the fools not awakened me eighteen years later on purpose.

That's how stupid they are since they goad me every day to destroy more of them: they actually want this!

But then I simply withdrew, at least for a little, smoking the wacky tabacky at my parents' place, listening to the Grateful Dead, and paging through a giant hardback put out by Playboy with a small biography and a lovely picture for each Playmate of the Month.

By the way, as to the Grateful Dead, with whose followers they sought to involve me, while they connected to Ken Kesey, Hunter Thompson, and biker gangs, did I mention that, since I played the banjo, two-finger-up-picking songs like "Shady Grove," or "Friend of the Devil,"

which I worked out with three-finger arpeggios by myself, Jerry Garcia suddenly put out an old-time collaboration with David Grisman?

Just as they moved Ken Kesey to Charlottesville, where we dined at a table of eight, and they had Johnny Depp make a movie about Hunter S. Thompson, and they had me meet a man who lived on a farm with the manager of the Dave Matthews Band, they also had Jerry Garcia return to his musical roots, all so they could try to promote my relationships with trustafarians, who, they hoped, would lead me to things like liquid or crystal acid.

One night, I was drinking at the Deli, when I met an expert trainer from Kentucky, a drifter who appears every so often to work with serious horseflesh: Teddy Kemper.

We decided to score some cocaine, as we continued the party back at his place, so we drove our cars back to the big green barn at the end of Newark Road, right next to Brooklawn, where the Hannums established the heart of the Cheshire Hounds Country.

Teddy made a phone call, and we hung out, listening to his favorite group, the Rolling Stones, while I enjoyed some of his excellent bourbon.

Time passed, and it passed, and more time passed, so, since it was getting late, I told him I was going home, but he insisted that he had just spoken with his connection, who would arrive very shortly, so I should have another whisky while we waited.

Eventually, the man appeared but not with the eight-ball I expected: it was a nigger with a crack rock.

It was late, and I was drunk, plus under mind control I did not recognize, so I figured, what the hell, as I took a couple hits off the thing.

The next morning I woke up with a raging hang-over, and a tremendous sense of embarrassment, so I resolved not to drink for the rest of the month, which was the entire jolly yuletide, several weeks between terms, since I taught college—something I had absolutely no problem doing.

But the imbeciles that run the mind control programs actually thought my stupidity had led to instant addiction, to crack, which I didn't like, while I had never even fancied cocaine, a drug I have done approximately half a dozen times.

So, two days later, as I walked from the post office in downtown Kennett Square, I ran into the drug dealer, who greeted me warmly, to my horror, since I did not want this kind of low company or the potential hit to my reputation, for I held the post of a visiting assistant professor at one of the country's top liberal arts colleges.

Far from being tempted, I considered giving up alcohol for two months, while I revoked my own drinking privileges—something I would do for more than two years, without ever attending some bullshit meeting, when I totalled my car three years later, or I would do sometimes for periods of more than six months, whenever the enemy would manage to

land a hit—but the demented morons, who have absolutely no sense of reality, thought they had me in their thrall.

I would sniff cocaine exactly once more in my life, the following spring, when I hung out with Teddy, and the horses, just so we could end things right before I left my academic career to return to the mountains, where I would study law, moving on to make a total of two million dollars in a twelve-year career.

Liquid acid would show up, as I went hunting with Shawn, visiting his family's camp near Oil City, Venango County, Pennsylvania, which his friends came by to visit, but I had absolutely no interest, preferring to drink whisky and smoke weed in the evenings, while we stalked deer during the day.

One night we went to a local strip bar, off in the woods, where Sharon Stone probably swung on a pole before she went on to Hollywood, since the actress hails from the area. There I met a degenerate specimen who reminds me of the female perpetrators that bother me daily by voice-to-skull, as the skanks actually think they are sexy. The poor nasty thing solicited me, in plain language, putting it out there.

*If you give me a dollar,
I'll show you my cunt.*

To this, I replied, "No, thank you," and, shortly thereafter, Shawn, who has a good sense of these things, suggested that we vacate the premises before

we wore out our welcome—no doubt with her father or one of her other relatives.

As Shawn painted striking landscapes, fished in the local streams, and bred champion Jack Russells, like our handsome boy, Knuckles, sired by Arrow out of Alice, who lives with me and my mother today, spry and healthy after ninety-one dog years, my friend won a sweepstakes sponsored by Marlboro Cigarettes, so he got to take an all-expense-paid trip to their ranch, where, we joked, because of his many drunk-driving offenses, which briefly landed him on the county farm, he probably had to wear a differently colored plastic wristband to distinguish him from less mischievous guests.

Sometimes I would visit Shawn Garris at the estate owned by the mother of our friend, Chris Teetor, who, like Bill Rawle, went to Episcopal Academy, before he moved on to the boarding school from which General Butler graduated: Haverford.

Garris and Teetor lived together in the guest cottage, while Teetor's girlfriend, Erin Kaiser, who used to date my brother, would often come and visit. There we would hang out with his mother's companion, who returned one day with a group of children, for whom he had bought a lobster, on a drunken lark, as a pet, or we would visit with the family's giant pet pig, who would smile when you petted his big clean back. Sometimes, we would play volleyball on the sand court, and once we took the four-wheeler out through the woods and the fields, drinking Shawn's favorite, Budweiser, as we hung out with Emily Rawle, who seemed

preoccupied with her own problems, not engaging in play or conversation, which suited me fine, since we didn't have to speak to hang out, as we did for hours, but I could not see for the life of me what I had ever seen in this now glumpy woman.

We almost lost our lives when we headed to a friend's house on Green Valley Road, driving across Chester County's most dangerous intersection, where Route 926 crosses Route 41. I had nursed a single beer, although I had smoked some reefer, when I thoughtlessly began to dawdle through the rural stop sign, across the highway, only to see a giant tractor-trailer bearing down on us, as he pulled quickly left, into the opposite lane, blasting his horn, while I, seeing, in my mind, the red mess that our bodies would become, turned the wheel hard to the right, so we lucked out. The agency was trying to kill me, as they have often done, through their odd rules of engagement.

After I lost interest in Emily, I met an extremely beautiful woman, Ashley Vornell, who recently appeared in the parking lot of the supermarket, next to my car, more than twenty years later, only for me to spot the enemy's move, and completely ignore the lady, while, then, I kept seeing her at the Half Moon.

I asked this horsewoman out to drinks, which we shared at the Four Dogs Tavern, in the charming colonial village of Marshallton, where you can bring your pooch to the terrace, and listen to Bob Croce, the cousin of Jim Croce, play seventies covers.

Before they killed the local man who just made lovely songs,
getting his start at the Riddle Paddock, in Lima, home to Holly Witt, placed
in Playboy just for me, James Joseph Croce wrote some touching pieces,
while one, in particular, shows how the slaves, who will always have less
than nothing, can never take what is ours:

Like the pine trees lining the winding road,

I've got a name: I've got a name.

Like the singing bird and the croaking toad,

I've got a name: I've got a name.

I carry it with me like my daddy did,

But I'm living the dream that he can't live.

Moving me down the highway,

Rolling me down the highway,

Moving ahead so life won't pass me by.

Like the north wind whistling down the sky,

I've got a song: I've got a song.

Like the whippoorwill and the screech owl's cry,

I've got a song: I've got a song.

I carry it with me, and I sing it loud:

If it gets me nowhere, I'll go there proud.

Moving me down the highway,
Rolling me down the highway,
Moving ahead so life won't pass me by.

And I'm gonna go there free!

Like the fool I am and I'll always be,
I've got a dream: I've got a dream.
They can change their minds, but they can't change me.
I've got a dream: I've got a dream.

I could share it if you'd want me to.
If you're going my way, I'll go with you.

Moving me down the highway,
Rolling me down the highway,
Moving ahead so life won't pass me by.

As my distant cousin, Steven Shellenberg, who got his start opposite Brad Pitt, in [A River Runs Through It](#), before he went on to become more than the great human being, the kind and generous man he always was, moving to activism, as he made an independent film about deep-state targeting, would put the matter,

They will never take our spark!

Still, they were able to dull mine, if only slightly, since, before Ashley Vornell and I went out for drinks, I smoked some dirt weed at the great estate where Shawn Garris lived, so I was a little groggy, and not my best, not to mention she suddenly seemed stand-offish, so we never went out again.

Ashley was one of many women I asked out, as they gave me their numbers, and we went on a single date, only for the enemy to wreck the whole thing through mind control, so it's amazing I've been so lucky to have had excellent and healthy sexual relations with six wonderful women, and some romance with these and others, as I brought up my outstanding daughter, until they finally increased microwave attacks to a point where dating or sex became impossible, destroying the real weapon they could have used against me, another unplanned pregnancy, all so they could tell lies, say dirty words, and rape my ass with directed energy weapons.

That's what turns them on, so the little perverts happily pay the price of their own destruction to mess with me.

Sometimes the enemy managed to stop me from connecting with a woman so that I never asked her out or a problem arose before the first date. When I lived in Charlottesville, I cut my finger, slicing a bagel, so I walked across the road to the student health center, where a nice lady stitched me up. She came from Western Pennsylvania, and she had played the balalaika as a girl, so we had a lovely conversation about folk music and my own interest in the banjo, but we never followed up. The lady who took the stitches out played squash racquets, and we made plans for a

game, but the enemy kept throwing extra work her way, causing us to cancel on two occasions, so I cut her off. In both cases, it seemed the mind control boys had thrown us together, only to scupper their own plans, or without being able to do more, as they undid their own suggestions.

This recalled their failure years before as to Ella Richardson, my friend's ex-girlfriend, who resembled Playmates Alana Soares and Patty Duffek. The enemy worked for six years to place two different lookalikes in my favorite magazine, causing Ella and me to have the same health class in high school, where we discussed human sexuality, while her boyfriend was my tennis partner for years, inviting himself on our ski and beach vacations. They finally led us to a drunken kiss, but only one week later they blew up our relationship, when Sean crashed our date, enraging me, and they used cybernetics to make it impossible for me to relieve my bladder, so I excused myself that evening only to break up with Ella the next day.

Earlier in the week, Ella and I had gone to the movies, kissing on the way, and I heard a female programmer's voice broadcast into my head, through the technology described in the appendices to this book, saying, as the scum sought to promote the lookalike, that my date would make an excellent wife for a businessman.

That was a mild slur in my eyes, since I viewed myself as an intellectual, who studied high pursuits, a cut above men like my father, so they gave me a reason to dismiss the lady who could have been my first real girlfriend when they were actually trying to make her look good.

Likewise, they had sought to reconnect me to Graydon Britton, whose girlfriend, Michele, I had nearly dated, following Andover, as we planned to meet in Thailand, by sending me to college at Pomona, where Lady Rothschild studied, but I never called my polo-playing friend in Los Angeles, and, when I finally did, I wrote him off since he took a degree not in history, which we had studied together, but in real estate.

Playmate Donna Edmondson still seems humdrum, as she saved money instead of spending it, and so did others who studied things like business and economics rather than literature, film, or philosophy: At the time, I planned to sell horse farms because it would allow me to continue an unconventional lifestyle not because I wanted the living death of a middle-class existence.

One lady I met at the laundry room of our apartments at Charlottesville came to my place, and I spent the day cleaning and preparing a fantastic supper, but there was simply no chemistry, so we didn't even kiss, and I can't even remember her name.

Other women were right under my nose, but I failed to approach adorable, available, and interested strangers while I also failed to see female acquaintances as remotely desirable, even as we dressed up for balls, or we got sweaty playing squash racquets, or we just hung out.

Often I would find myself overly loud, as I scared off women who were attracted to me.

Elizabeth Stassinis, whom I met when I had Kinko's print a course binder for my freshman writing class, seemed ideal, as we chatted

for half an hour the first time we met; but, then, when we went out on a date, I found myself deliberately alienating the future criminology and anthropology professor who would focus on race, class, gender, and ethnicity, as I made a point to come across super right-wing.

Whitney Skillcorn was a woman whom I met at Barboursville Vineyards, where I asked for her number, in the tasting room, as I drank with my friends, Matthew and Susan Davis, after Matthew swam in a race at a mountain lake. We went on a single date, at Guadalajara, where Anne McIlhaney and I dined on a regular basis, sinking margaritas and sharing fajitas, but it ended with us sitting in what looked like a make-out spot—a place that looked perfect when I scoped it out earlier that day but became sinister after twilight. I had meant to show her the college grounds, having only slight designs on her body, so we both felt uncomfortable when, having walked the Lawn, to arrive at a bench, in one of the Pavilion Gardens, we sat in silence while conversation mysteriously dried up. We set up another meeting at Barboursville Ruins, where the governor's mansion burned, on Christmas Day, for a picnic lunch; but she stood me up, and the enemy taunted me on the drive home, for, in an apparent coincidence, "Misunderstanding" played on the radio.

It was probably for the best, since this lacrosse player went on to associate with something called the Queercore Movement, as she played in a band called the Little Deaths, with further cartel signalling in her group, Robo Sapien, while neither Whitney nor Elizabeth look remotely attractive today; but, at the time, it was mildly disappointing.

As I would do later, I just kept asking out different women, moving from one to another, with nothing turning into a relationship, romance, or sex, while the enemy deliberately put women in my way only to wreck their own impossible plans every time.

Soon, I was living in a Grand Craftsman, a beautiful mansion next to the pond at Haverford College, where I taught as a visiting assistant professor, as they moved me into a living situation with a recent graduate since that was the only way I could get college housing.

Ben and I didn't get along, but the place was so enormous that it didn't matter. I took possession of the sitting room with the fireplace, and the screened-in porch, where I would smoke fragrant cigars, and blast music, to mark my territory, and he spent the evenings in the dining room, while I skedaddled back to Unionville, to enjoy the hippy scene, from my base at my parents, every weekend. The enemy wanted to use Ben to introduce me to others, as they sought to script my life, but they simultaneously had him disparage me behind my back, to a younger set, so, characteristically, again, they worked against themselves, undoing their own plans.

I must have received a suggestion that I would meet a woman, through Ben, from the programming hub of Bryn Mawr, but I jumped the gun, asking out another brunette, only to wonder, as we went out for Indian food, which I despise, what I was doing with this person.

They had been going for lookalikes the whole time. Throughout my life, they would put roughly two dozen different women

in Playboy, making roughly a dozen movies, just for me. They kept lying to themselves that they could create desire for a fantasy woman and move it onto a real woman while they tried to mix something they didn't have with perversion and anger; but I never was a pervert, and I never found argument sexy, and I never wanted one woman to look like another. So, they had no chance of leading me to rape but every chance at destroying lust.

Meanwhile, they insisted they had something in Wonder Woman, to whom they had sought to entrain me at the summer camp, which the Playmate of the Year, Marilyn Lange, also attended. Doing so, they ignored how, twenty years earlier, they had failed utterly. In my childhood, while drugged and imprisoned, I attacked programmers three times my size. I constantly tried to avenge and protect women, while, for thirty years, I had absolutely no fantasies about superheroines.

Still, I remember speaking to my programmers, Rick and Margaret Creole, on the telephone, in the fall, under OPERATION SLEEPING BEAUTY, as I told them I was dating a lady who looked like Wonder Woman.

Mattie Towle was a Mayflower descendant who hailed from the White Mountains of Vermont, sometimes called the Northern Kingdom, where she went to St. Johnsbury Academy. Then, she did a double major of biology and chemistry at Bryn Mawr, where she played guard on the varsity basketball squad. In addition to skiing and playing ice hockey, she kick-boxed, when she wasn't performing original compositions on the

piano or bragging that she could rebuild a carburetor. Later, she would go to medical school, in her home state, where she earned her degree, completed her internship, and did her residency at the University of Vermont. While she became certified by the American Board of Family Medicine, she set up her practice in the satanic hub of outdoor activity in Bend, Oregon, but not before she worked a year in another programming center for sporty types: New Zealand.

Doctor Towle has jet black hair and ice blue eyes, and she is a good-looking super-jockette, so the enemy thought they could associate her with Wonder Woman, but Wonder Woman didn't mean a damned thing to me, at this time, so their suggestion that I connect Mattie to a comic-book character later led only to the completely asexual thought that she resembled Buttercup in The Powerpuff Girls.

Likewise, the enemy thought they could lead me to associate Doctor Towle with a pornographic movie; but I didn't watch pornographic videos, so I recalled her, slightly, only when I saw a film that starred Janeane Garofalo.

We dated for about a month, and I felt desire for this woman, hoping she would stick around a little while, so we could build to marriage, and I could drop teaching college, simply to teach high school, as we moved back into the great outdoors; but things didn't work, for the enemy led her to break up with me, immediately following her birthday, and her return from a trip to her home, where she undoubtedly suffered further brainwash, so, I sadly tossed the flowers I had bought for her into

the dumpster along with the humorous poem I had written for her special day.

Suggestions bounced awry, since, at the same time, I bought a shotgun, which they probably thought I would use to kill myself, or to rape or murder her, but I had only the odd and incorrect thought that my former date would disapprove of my purchase, as I took up sporting clays, and trap, shooting with local gentlemen, including my friend, Ted Capers, who taught me to shoot at Ommelanden, while he would later win the 82nd Pennsylvania State Open Skeet Championships.

Dates never worked out, so it's understandable that Mattie thought there was something wrong with me.

One night, I smoked cannabis before I picked her up at the house where she lived and worked as a babysitter, missing the obvious opportunity to kiss when I came in, and then zoning out for the rest of the evening while we failed to kiss entirely, although we had made out for at least an hour on our last date.

Another, I found myself drinking whisky, as we watched bizarre movie choices like Full Metal Jacket, doubtless a misfire as the enemy sought to connect our evening with a different film by Stanley Kubrick, the rape-laden Clockwork Orange, which I had refused to watch, ever again, following its screening to my class five years earlier.

I wanted Mattie's body, as we hiked the Laurels, or swing-danced at the Five Spot, or ate supper, or watched movies, but, as we made out, lying together on the sofa, listening to James Taylor's Greatest Hits, in

front of the fire, I had the extremely odd experience of being completely disengaged below the neck, since I was rejecting abhorrent suggestions received by voice-to-skull.

Still, I determined, immediately before our last date, to move things forward, with her say-so, the next time we necked, so I would touch her breasts, placing my hands under her shirt, as we stood face to face, but we ended up not even kissing that night, and she ended things shortly thereafter.

All this after they had deliberately moved us together, having the power to do that much, as they had done with Lilith von Foerster, the granddaughter of a Nazi cyberneticist who worked for the Pentagon, and whose lookalike they had placed in Playboy, but, unlike Lilith, a classmate whom I never dated, with Doctor Towle, we actually went out, for a single month, together.

And how did I meet the real-life lookalike to the amazon bellatrix, who appeared in comics, as she was created by a psychologist who invented the lie detector, while he had a thing for bondage, before Wonder Woman was popularized by a feminist who worked for the Central Intelligence Agency?

While I sat at home, listening to music, in the beautiful old house on the college grounds, she came to visit the suitemate with whom I had been forced into a living arrangement, so she knocked on my door.

Ben wasn't home, so I invited Mattie in, telling her he usually got back from work about this time of day, as I asked her to join me for a glass of wine, while she waited, and she happily accepted.