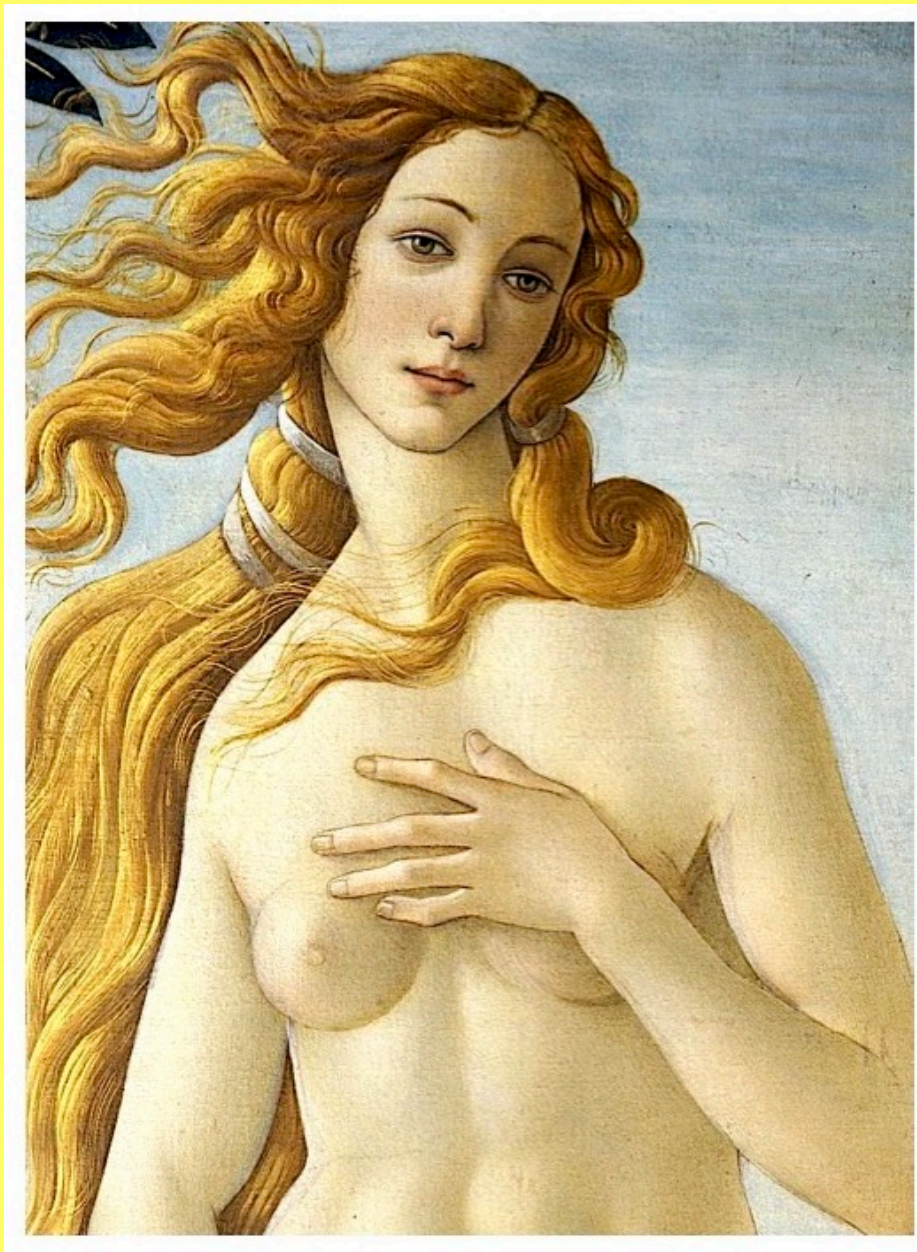


SUPERMAN

{ first half }



Timothy Shelley

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STORIES WHEN LITTLE: GROWING UP UNDER MK-ULTRA

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

WONDERWOMEN: GROWING TO MANHOOD UNDER MK-ULTRA

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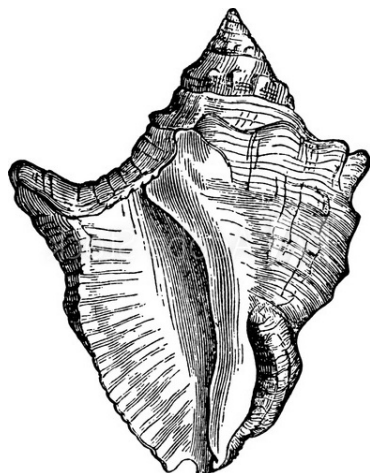
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SUPERMAN:
FATHERHOOD UNDER MK-ULTRA
{first half}

BY

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



HOKAHEY BOOKS

SIT NOMINE DIGNA

UNIONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

TO

MY DAUGHTER

LILY

Hokahey!

It is a good day to fight!

It is a good day to die!

Cowards to the rear!

Brave hearts to the front!

Attributed to Crazy Horse

before he destroyed the Seventh Cavalry

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PART ONE

DOWN AND OUT

It's hard to keep a good man down.

James Anthony Shelley

FOREWORD: O BROTHER!

It was late spring, and I lay, knocked out, on the sofa of my parents' house, while I did not realize that I suffered from an extremely adverse reaction to a recently administered vaccine.

The scene at Unionville, Pennsylvania, neighboring our fox-hunting country, infested by the Harriman Family, with Delaware, ruled by the DuPonts, to the south, and the greentech lab owned by the defense contractor, for whom everyone's father worked, immediately next door, hidden as Longwood Gardens, while they work to make real-life Groots at its affiliate, the University of Delaware, founded by its owner, who dragged the United States into World War One, through which the Harrimans catapulted their slaves, the Bush Family, first into money, then into power, resembled one from my childhood.

In Westfield, New Jersey, I had earlier lain on the sofa, wiped out, on two occasions, immediately following my first day of soccer camp, although I was extremely active, and there no more than usual—because I had been drugged with the pharmaceuticals described in the appendices to this book, in the manner exposed, at the same time, by the Church Committee of the United States Senate.

I shared this fate with Marilyn Lange, the Playmate of the Year, who was the first woman drafted by the North American Soccer League, as she hailed from my hometown, as described in the first book of this series, while she was entrained at the same summer camp, and

Netflix has recently drawn on material from our home to make both Wednesday and The Watcher.

The Summer Flu always means you have been drugged, one way or the other, while the symptoms hit me not only at other times but particularly during the Dog Days of August, in the Seventies, for a single day each time, while I would later recall particular events my mind had blocked out, as I brought a federal lawsuit against my attackers, and, during the Month of June in the Year Two Thousand, but then for roughly a week following the voluntary administration of a vaccine rather than the involuntary subjection to truth serum.

I had just been admitted into my choice of law schools, which required vaccination records, and this meant I had to receive an extra series of shots for Hepatitis B.

Later I would be one of the first reporters in the world to identify the false flag attack of the Coronavirus, which earned my website, which now has almost three million hits, instant traffic from the Republic of Iran, whose leader, Major General Hossein Salami of the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps, agreed with my groundbreaking analysis, while I also received instant targeting from the Anti-Defamation League, as an extremist, although I had, at that time, never written a thing about the Jewish Question, all because of my completely accurate prediction that the pandemic would be used to drive people to socialized medicine and enforced vaccinations.

But then I knew nothing, and it never even occurred to me that what had wiped me out, just as it has destroyed the lives of millions of children, was the bioweapon of vaccination.

I thought I had Lyme Disease, even though I tested negative, so, overruling my doctor, and insisting that he write me a script, I loaded up on antibiotics, and I gave up smoking cannabis and drinking alcohol for a solid month, as, true to form, the enemy's insane attacks backfired against them, ricocheted at random, and made me stronger.

For the seven years before, I had taught, culminating in my appointment as a visiting assistant professor to an extremely prestigious college, as the enemy drew me away from a career in real estate, selling farms and houses, for big commissions, before I even started, because they feared this development, so my telephone rang, right before I took the easy exam, to get my license, and I accepted a job to teach my druthers at Haverford.

Later, as they feared a similar turn, they would draw me away from a career in construction. I had left the practice of law, where I represented clients like BlackRock, AstraZeneca, American International Group, and the Federal Reserve, not to mention several of the banks, too-big-too-fail, which have now grown larger, or gone under. Like many, I ended up on the street, unemployed for a full year, while I travelled with my daughter to the Big Island of Hawai'i, in the Polynesian Pacific, and the Mountains of Big Sur, on the California Coast, devoting myself to exercise and fatherhood. I had taught at the

highest level for seven years, I had practiced law at the highest level for ten years, and I had four university degrees from the best places, but no one would hire me. That was until I did less than a week of manual labor, when my telephone rang, from a woman whom I had never met, who gave me an additional two hundred thousand dollars over the next two years, along with an easy schedule that allowed me to spend extensive time with my daughter, so I never learned the building trades from my oldest friend just as I never worked in real estate for his mother.

Both the real estate and the construction opportunities came from my old friends, the Marianis, with whom I had been close, then for fifteen years, later for thirty-five, as they independently financed their own horse farms, sail boats, and children's upbringing through selling, building, and renting houses.

Unlike my friends but like my parents, I lacked an entrepreneurial spirit, as I thought of careers, connected to degrees, parcelled out by establishments owned by others. My father worked all his life in agribusiness for DuPont, and my mother, when not a hausfrau, worked all her life in education for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, where they had company cars, expense accounts, health insurance, and retirement plans—not to mention outright pensions, which my mother continues to draw today, in her own right, and as a widow, along with Social Security, while I live in her house.

More than twenty years ago, I had determined to leave teaching behind, at least for a bit, but this involved not the easy career of real estate, where I would have worked for myself, but additional schooling, financed by debt, so I could become a lawyer who worked for an established firm.

The plan worked, as far as it goes, since I would go on to earn two million dollars over a twelve-year period before returning to the teaching of college, so I now instruct students at far less prestigious institutions, doing my own thing, in a hybrid system, where I have taught subjects as diverse as political science, liberal arts, literature, writing, and communications.

But then I was caught in my parents' mindset, more or less, and I knew that I could start at five times my salary, using the same skills, if I borrowed money, at three percent, from the banks, and went to law school, which would allow me to return to the mountains.

So, I rejected offers from Georgetown University, which I had earlier turned down for my bachelor's, and from the University of Virginia, where I had taken my doctorate, in order to accept a partial scholarship at Washington and Lee.

Now I could really move back into the mountains, further back, as I studied in the beautiful preppy town, at the school rescued by George Washington, where his cousin, Robert E. Lee, had served as president, following his defeat in the War Between The States, while Stonewall Jackson also lay buried in the Valhalla of the Confederacy, and

I could live on the beautiful cattle farm, out in the county, where I could enjoy a view that stretched for dozens of miles off the porch, with the twisted ribbon of the ancient blue mountains, in the distance, the living dinosaur skin of the nearer ridge in the foreground, and the barn a couple miles across the road, which had been painted with an old-time advertisement for Mail Pouch Tobacco.

For three years, in the lovely bucolic setting, for slightly more than four hundred dollars a month, I would live among the little herd of Black Simmenthal, one of the oldest and most widely distributed of all breeds of cattle, recorded in the Swiss Middle Ages, established in Boer South Africa, and then one-quarter of the cows in Soviet Russia, who, ignorant of their ancestry, wandered around the pasture, peed on the rocky bones that extruded through the earth, and mixed their sometimes noisy lowing with the skreek of wild turkeys, the song of mountain bluebirds, and the barely audible whoosh of the interstate.

The farm is one of the first settlements in Rockbridge County, named for Natural Bridge, a two-hundred-foot-high geologic arch, with a span of ninety feet, carved through limestone formed by tiny creatures who lived almost half a billion years ago, on the floor of the Iapetus Ocean before their home was destroyed in the collision of Gondwana and Laurentia, pushing up the southern mountains, before Laurasia crashed into Baltica, to form Pangaea, which would split again, like the earlier supercontinent, Rodinia, leaving the mountains behind, as Africa moved away from America to form the Atlantic, and new

freshwater would run, eroding the stone, in a subterranean river, which carved only part of the cave system that has been incorporated into the surrounding network of deep underground military bases.

The Monacan Indians, who defeated the Powhatan, would regard the arch as a sacred site before they, too, were conquered.

It was after John Howard followed Cedar Creek, through the Natural Bridge, to explore Virginia's claim to stretch to the Pacific, going on to float, with his party, almost three hundred years ago, in buffalo-skin boats, along the New, Coal, Kanawha, and Ohio Rivers to reach only the Mississippi, and, after George Washington would survey the area, carving his initials on the stone, as the man who would become the largest landowner in our republic sized up the choice parcels for his later taking, and Thomas Jefferson would buy the bridge from King George III for the price of twenty shillings all before he built a two-room log cabin to put up the tourists who would include Chief Justice John Marshall, President James Monroe, Senator Henry Clay, and Sam Houston, who went on to found the Lone Star Republic, working to incorporate Texas into the Union before his work was undone by the Confederacy.

Later the bridge would be improved when the Westinghouse Company put in electric lights, switched on by President Calvin Coolidge, as he laid the grounds for a pay-per-view show to teach gullible bible-thumpers how a Jewish god created their little world in a record six days.

I would travel a couple of times to see the bridge, with the occasional house-guest, as I lived for three years, on Marlbrook Farm, paying rent to the twin brother of Russell Fleshman, Ronald, whose wife, Brenda, grew up in neighboring Vesuvius, where the flood of the Tye River, caused by the weather weapon that created Hurricane Camille, to clear the way for the Wintergreen Resort, and the extension of the subterranean military system that lies beneath, killed many of her family, so it ended the feud between the Campbells and the Shifletts.

Marlbrook was established by Alexander Stuart, one of the original trustees of Liberty Hall Academy, which became Washington College, and then Washington and Lee University, where I would take my law degree, as he fought not only the Red Coats led by Lord Cornwallis, the representative of Farmer George, at the Battle of Guildford Courthouse, but also the Red Man, led by Chief Corn-Stalk, the representative of Hard Man, at the Battle of Point Pleasant, the only major action in Lord Dunsmore's War, which took its name from John Murray, the Fourth Earl of Dunsmore, who served as Royal Governor.

Chief Corn-Stalk had earlier fought and surrendered, in Pontiac's War, and he was foolishly willing to work for a conditional peace, not knowing that only total war is possible with the enemy of all life, and its local governments, so he was executed, on a diplomatic visit, to the colonists, before the war chief, Blue-Jacket, took up arms against the Pale Face.

Heading the Panther Clan, Shooting Star would later lead the fight, while his brother, the Shawnee Prophet, told his people not to adopt foreign ways, before his name, Tecumseh, was taken by a company that makes rotten refrigerators, and the name of his predecessor, Pontiac, was taken by a company that makes crumbly cars.

Later I would paddle, rafting the white water, through Injun Country, on an outing sponsored by my summer employer, after my first year in law school, as I earned two thousand a week, barely working, at the oldest firm in the Tar Heel State, hired by the family that gave them their name, Womble, while I lunched with my sponsor at the Pyramid Club, attended a do with one of their partners, the Governor of North Carolina, shot sporting clays with one of their clients, Remington Arms, and eschewed the products of another of their clients, R.J. Reynolds, while a statue of its founding tobacco farmer stood in the town where I worked, when not in the mountains for the weekend, a place where people still lit up in the office: Winston.

I was smoking different stuff, a four-way cross of cannabis, on the weekends, washed down with choice bottles ranging from German Select Harvests, or Hungarian Tokay, accompanied by almonds, to Vintage Champagnes, like Belle Époque, or Dom Perignon, accompanied by salmon, caviars, and crème fraîche, and Lovely Burgundies, Château de Pommard, accompanied by smoked duck, whole-grain mustard, and cornichons, all from the wonderful man, Chuck Smith, of Washington Street Purveyors, Lexington, not to

mention delicacies like frogs' legs bought from Foods of All Nations, Charlottesville, as I crossed through Irish Gap, over the Blue Ridge, on the occasional trip to the big city.

I had hoped to recreate myself as a southern gentleman, meeting new people, at the law school, but they were all hopelessly immature, little twenty-somethings who had gone to the best-rated school into which they could get, with no life experience, or interesting stories, as they lived not merely in the town but in the dormitories, so they had nothing in common with the thirty-year-old retired college professor who chose to slum at their school so he could live in the beautiful mountains he loved.

The first day of law school there was a party, in town, to which I went, where I was instantly put off by my classmates, but I did find one married couple, who seemed okay, as I proudly told them of my new purchases for the farm: a stars-and-bars three-stripe confederate flag, not to be confused with the commonly seen battle flag, and a Smithfield ham, which I looked forward to serving at a dinner party.

The husband expressed his enthusiasm for the farm, the flag, and the supper, and, then, when I told him of the beautiful wildlife, the turtles I loved to watch, as the ancient species swam our pond, he brightened even further since he loved to shoot turtles, which he hoped to do on my property, while clearly he had been sent, unknowing, through mind control, by the idiots who thought they controlled my life while they presented what were supposed to be my new best friends.

Later I would become a vegetarian, for ethical and health reasons, as the enemy destroyed my olfactory sense through neurostrike, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, but, then, although I would continue to eat animals without compunction, I was simply horrified at the stupid and needless destruction of a beautiful species by the redneck whom the enemy thought I would invite to my lovely refuge.

A further arranged meeting occurred when the mind control boys sent the police up my drive, much as they had sent the campus police against me when I took psychedelic mushrooms, in college, thirteen years before.

During the only time in my first summer that I smoked cannabis, over a two-week period, I was high as a kite, admiring the countryside, when I saw a patrol car head down Mountain View Road, and I watched, stupidly, for the ten minutes it took for the automobile to descend the road, turn left onto the farm, pass over the first cattle grate, move through the barnyard, rattle across the second cattle grate, crunch up the gravel drive, past the first clump of cottages, and pull directly into my parking lot, where a friendly uniformed officer got out, and knocked on my door, which I answered to find that he had brought legal papers to give to my neighbor, who worked on the death row clinic, but he could not tell which house belonged to Jeremy because none of them had numbers.

Fortunately, I didn't get busted, but the incident smacks of conspiracy: when you see this kind of thing, it is always enemy action.

Still, the coincidence was minor next to the woman moved next door, the following year, through mind control.

At the end of my first year, a couple of state troopers looked at the other side of the duplex, planning to rent it for their home, but I put them off by saying the septic system was bad, as it leaked into the drinking water, and I also told my landlady that she could do what she wanted but I was out if they moved in.

The person who moved in was already familiar to me because, three years before, I had taped her performance on the radio, onto a cassette, to which I often listened in my car, while she would reemerge in my story, briefly, when the enemy tried to throw her in my way, again, eight years later, so I bumped into the old-time country singer, one hundred miles north of our farm, at a roadside hamburger stand.

At the Five Guys, in Woodstock, we would cross paths, chatting briefly, as we stood in line, before we parted ways, forever, as, having earlier lost weight, I fattened up again, eating two double cheeseburgers, with jalapeños and tomatos, at a total of two thousand calories, plus a large order of fries, for an additional thirteen hundred calories, for a further total of three-thousand three hundred calories, all washed down with unsweetened but lemoned iced tea, and I would have gotten a chocolate milkshake if they offered them, at an extra seven hundred

calories, as they did later, for a whopping four-thousand-calorie meal, in a day without exercise, since, then, I was not interested in women for a different reason, because I was entirely focussed on the upbringing of my daughter while I worked for the law firm at which Joe Biden failed before he moved into his fallback career as President of the United States.

Carol Elizabeth Jones, who had just divorced her husband, James Leva, had played at the Prism Coffeehouse, Charlottesville, with Mike Seeger, right before I moved with my banjo, which I had stopped playing forever, to the Blue Ridge Terrace, on Afton Mountain, immediately below Royal Orchard and Swannanoa Palace, used as black helicopter sites and for a mind control cult, and above the deep underground military base into which I was kidnapped.

Carol Elizabeth had grown up listening to the Coon Creek Girls, who had played before President Roosevelt and King George VI, at the White House, while they sang fun songs, goofing on “The Johnson Boys,” to which they changed the words from an encouragement that pretty girls hop up, and not be afraid, to “the sight of a pretty girl makes them afraid,” and, although the sight of a pretty girl did not make me afraid, at this time, I wanted none of it.

Carol Elizabeth was also inspired by the Mount Airy Fiddler’s Convention, which I deliberately avoided, as I worked next door, in the North Carolina Piedmont, and I regularly drove past the town that Andy Griffith morphed into television’s Mayberry.

I also steered clear of the Fiddler's Convention at Galax, where a friend of a friend, who mysteriously appeared in Charlottesville, had an uncle who served as some kind of honcho, through Lodge #733 of the Loyal Order of Moose, whose members have included presidents, sportsmen, astronauts, and industrialists—not to mention criminals like Senator Robert Byrd of the Ku Klux Klan, who kept Cathy O'Brien as his slave while he founded Sesame Street, Chief Justice Earl Warren, who worked with the head of Central Intelligence to cover up the first Kennedy Assassination, and Charlie Chaplin, who violently raped over a hundred people as he groomed children, taught the world to love hobos, and worked to drag the United States into World War Two, before the English film star was forced to flee our republic, with his child bride, to the mountains of Switzerland.

And, although I had once assiduously reviewed the monthly printed newsletter, ordering CDs as soon as they came out, I did not even stop at County Records, in Floyd, which I drove through every Friday, all summer, on my way back to the cabin, drinking beer and eating fried chicken, drunkenly turning the wheel with one hand, and listening to anything but the old-time music that had previously fascinated me, along the winding roads over the Blue Ridge.

I never mentioned the cassette I had made of my neighbor's performance, or my former interest in old-time country, during the two years we lived next to each other, until, one day, when I got out the banjo I never played, anymore, picking a couple songs on the porch, she

expressed surprise and tried to engage me in conversation, but I found I could say nothing of the artists about whom I would have happily talked at length only five years before.

The enemy had done an excellent job of destroying my interest in the bizarre music that combined with early country radio, as ultra-powerful stations, in the mountains, broadcast to the cybernetic implants in the heads of obscure artists who suffered strange mood-swings, one hundred years ago, during the Hillbilly Music Craze of the Roaring Twenties.

That craze is as suspicious as the rise of the boy band to whom my daughter and I listened, in her childhood, as random teenagers shrieked and rioted, so they could not even hear the music of the band they loved, while the teenybop bacchantes were driven mad with mind control.

It was Beatlemania!

But now, having driven me away from old-time country, for years, when I never played the banjo I had earlier practiced for up to three hours a day, every day, and I seldom listened to any string bands, or related music, including the home-made cassette, kept in my car, on which my neighbor and her husband appeared, while they also made me fat, drunk, and generally unfit for feminine companionship, for which I felt unworthy, especially since they had made me believe I had

herpes all over my face, the enemy moved the newly divorced Carol Elizabeth Jones into the other side of our duplex cottage.

At the same time, I went to visit my friends, that summer, in Maine, where, when not kayaking, hiking, or flying in a glider, I found myself picking up a wonderfully sounding, and wonderfully cheap, Frank Proffitt Style Banjo, in a music store on the Island of Mount Desert, but since I already had a beautiful Bart Reiter, which I never played, as it hung on my wall, I forewent the purchase of the little souvenir they hoped would connect me to my neighbor.

My hosts in Maine are a story in themselves, since the woman, Windy Rowe, whose mother was a career officer for the Central Intelligence Agency, who met her father, an Air Force colonel, in the Secret War in Laos, would later work with ketamine, as she sought a permit for psilocybin, to regress patients through psychedelic therapy in order to relive and reprocess personal trauma.

Her husband, Andres Valenzuela-Tyson, whose family made a fortune in whaling, before the Civil War, and whose grandfather gifted Van Gogh's Sunflowers and Renoir's Large Bathers to the Philadelphia Museum of Art, was friends with Sam Walton, an heir to the Walmart Fortune, who would die of an overdose in my friend's bathtub, as he house-sat, while another of his friends, Russ, would die in a hail of bullets following his feud with a local sheriff.

Russ was a really neat guy, who, when he lost his license, due to drunk driving, used to ride a horse into town, while he lived off-

grid in a cabin, neat as a pin, without electricity, where I fondly remember smoking joint after joint, after joint, of cannabis, he supplied, while we feasted on lobsters boiled over an outdoor fire.

Thinking they can control people by a repetitive message in a song, sending it by radio to their heads, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, they had tried before to send me back to Professor Anthony Dinsmore's wife, Jennifer Chylack, with whom I had an extra-marital affair, as I found myself listening to the Foggy Mountain Boys sing their classic, "How Can You Be Mine With Another Man's Name," borrowed from my father's collection, every time I visited my parents' house, during my last year in graduate school, but things were over with Jennifer, who had showed more than one sign of degeneracy, while she tried to lead me to rape, so she could say she wasn't committing adultery, as she suggested I sodomize her rectum, an offer I found repulsive, and a practice I have never even considered, although she did get me to finger her vagina the first night she jerked me off, saying she wanted to imagine my manhood inside her body, without going all the way, and she did get me to breakfast off her wedding china, while she refused to remove her wedding ring, as we fucked, before I gave her the old heave-ho, breaking things off because the whole thing was wrong, as I soon lost any interest in hillbilly music.

It was no wonder I did not have sex for nine years, and my body froze when I made out with the one woman who interested me, after my liaison with this female creep, as the enemy doubled down on

tactics that failed, and only set them back, lying the whole time, and destroying each other, while, although they cast me into a temporary depression, and eventually put me with the wrong woman, in the end, again and again, their insane attacks would only make me stronger.

Earlier, they had made Possum Up A Gum Stump, a recording of obscure fiddlers from Alabama, just to encourage my relationship with Professor Jason Lovvorn, who hailed from that state, so he would introduce me to the internet, a task at which they failed. Then they made Shady Grove, by Jerry Garcia and David Grisman, just to encourage my relationship with Dead-Heads, so they would reintroduce me to acid, a task at which they failed. And they also made Songcatcher about a lady musicologist researching and collecting mountain music, much like Cecil Sharp, or Bascom Lamar Lunsford, in the year before Carol Elizabeth showed up, but I refused to watch the film, which seemed fairly authentic, and high-level, something I would have loved only a few years before, so they failed again.

As usual, the scum don't take no for an answer, while they spiral downwards in addiction, clinging to methods that do not work, insisting that they do, so they had the Coen Brothers make another movie just to give my new neighbor and me something to talk about, since it came out at exactly the same time she moved in.

O Brother Where Art Thou has multiple elements that were supposed to give us something to discuss as we made friends. It contains multiple parallels to The Odyssey, which make absolutely no

sense, and contribute nothing to the film, but I had taught the book for two years, at an extremely prestigious college, so the fools thought I would enjoy man-splaining the allusions. Plus, the protagonist who calls himself pater familias, apropos of nothing, was meant to give me further opportunity to break out my knowledge of basic Latin, while the crime that lands him on the chain gang is practicing law without a license, so my studies in law school were supposed to give me yet another chance to talk down, about boring subjects, to a woman in whom I had no interest. To top it all, the picture took its name, without rhyme or reason, from a film I had watched at the prestigious boarding school, Andover, which I attended sixteen years before: Sullivan's Travels.

Meanwhile, the female character was supposed to correspond to my neighbor, as she chose between two men, the no-good father of her children and a good provider who could give them a new life, who were meant to remind my neighbor of her ex-husband, on the one hand, and the money-making lawyer who was me, while, all along, the movie featured music we both knew, as it put forward inferior versions of obscure old-time classics as to which we might have discussed discography.

But the whole thing had absolutely no appeal to me, so I fell asleep watching it, drunk, on satellite television.

I don't know if my neighbor liked the movie, as she worked as the Director of the Literacy and Language Center, in the county seat,

while I had just left a job teaching college literature in order to practice corporate law, but she immediately leapfrogged off the botched effort, as she and her unattractive friends, the kind of people who had driven me from old-time music, as I learned it was nothing but aging hippy losers, playing one-chord numbers, while they sang off-key, made two publicly released albums called O Sister.

My neighbor sang "I Can't Find Your Love Any More," with Hazel Dickens, "Time is Winding Up," with Ginny Gawker, and "Comin' Down from God," on O Sister! The Women's Bluegrass Collection Album, released that very year, on Rounder Records, as she followed up with "Someday," played with her ex-husband, the very next year, all while we lived within feet of each other, on O Sister 2 - A Women's Bluegrass Collection, but she never mentioned this to me because we never talked, except politely, as necessary, prizing our privacy, the reason we had come to the farm, just as I never mentioned that I had a home-made tape of her and her husband in my Volvo.

Now the old-time guitarist and country singer shared a wall with me, but we were both walking wounded, so we seldom spoke to each other for the two years we lived next door, saying only good morning or good evening if we crossed paths.

Lying on my blue and white hook rug, right after she moved in, I remember weeping, in my cups, feeling I would never find anyone, believing that the rosacea that now broke out on my face was herpes I had acquired from Mattie Towle, and letting myself grow fat, drunk,

and despondent, while I made excellent grades and lined up high-paying jobs, when not puking in the downstairs toilet, or falling down the steps, but then a tiny cat approached the screened door and politely meowed.

I felt nothing but kindness for the cat, but I did not let her in, knowing she was safe, and there were plenty of people to look after her, because I did want to form a relationship with anyone.

Carol Elizabeth probably felt the same, as she brought up her daughter, never entertaining visitors, while I heard her mournfully singing, alone, in the summer night, about lost love.

But, even given all the coincidences that shout enemy action, with a later arranged meeting, much like the one where I bumped into the grand-daughter of a Nazi cyberneticist, thousands of miles from our college courtyard, as her lookalike appeared in Playboy a half a year later, I do not have to speculate about the enemy's placement of the bad country singer because they tried to put us together in a programming session during which we were both drugged, and taken from our beds, just as the scum would do to me many times, in other places, until I began to remember and I learned to secure my sleeping quarters.

As they tried to program us, we remained simply who we were, which meant we were completely incompatible. The strange-looking woman who found me unattractive, as I reminded her of the obese cyclops, John Goodman, rather than the good provider who played a rival to George Clooney, expressed polite but firm disapproval,

when a female programmer tried to guide us together. I knew it was Margaret, whom I now regarded as an enemy, although the scum she came in with, not Rick, insisted, "This is another one," while she protested that I recognized her and could not be tricked, telling her partner, "He keeps trying to get the gun," as she alluded to the twelve-gauge I kept under my bed for home defense. But first Margaret took me upstairs where she guided me to a small racist statue, a negroid caricature, meant for use as a lawn ornament, which I took downstairs, under protest, saying, "I don't think she would like it," while the female degenerate insisted, "I want you to show it to her." Of course, I was right, and my new neighbor disapproved of the tchotchke, so I returned to the scumbag, loaded on scopolamine, to tell her my visitor did not like the thing, saying, "She's a nigger lover." Margaret insisted that I repeat the insult to my guest, which I reluctantly did, as politely as anyone could perform this task, while I asked Carol Elizabeth to leave, telling her that she was impolite to come, uninvited, and she was not welcome here. Carol Elizabeth kept trying to leave, but the male degenerate kept guiding her back, as she even wandered outside the house. They told me to pretend that Margaret was the woman who had visited, that she had insulted me, and I should punish her for her offense, which I refused to do, as Carol Elizabeth now refused to enter the house, or skirted the shared wall, while they tried to push us together onto the navy blue futon, as we both refused to have any contact, and the smarter female insisted this wasn't working, they were

going to break something, so a burglary would be evident, and they had been noticed by one of the other eight households that lived in cottages, which they had driven past, to the back of the gated farm, where everyone owned a gun, except my neighbor, who now said she was thinking of getting one.

Uncharacteristically, the morons left the premises because I had begun to shout my head off, encouraging my neighbor to do the same, as she said she was thinking about joining me, and the criminals started to argue about whether a light along the lane had recently been turned on, or was on the whole time, as the place began to wake up.

They threatened to come back, which, of course, was a lie, while they actually told me to remember the incident—something that lay dormant in my mind for roughly twenty years before I noticed the suspicious random and brief renewal of the lady's acquaintance one hundred miles away in addition to the strange appearance of a person who appeared on a home-made cassette recording.

It is my dearest hope that readers of this series will unravel the hidden stories of their past, which lie behind supposed coincidences such as these, or things that stick out as strange, while objects sometimes move around a person's dwelling place.

The program depends not only on drugs, which stop memories from even forming, or bury them deep behind amnesic walls, as described in the appendices to this book, but on home invasions

where people are taken from their beds, as I was taken from my bed many times before I learned to bar the door.

Aside from O Brother, they have made many films, just for me, as the morons confuse reality with fiction, thinking that grown-ups want to play-act scenes from film, and women, too, were brainwashed to pose in Playboy, because the enemy foolishly thought the placement of a woman as to whom they sought to kindle lust, and sometimes did, through erotic fantasy, would lead to entanglement, or even crimes, with a lookalike in my life.

With Carol Elizabeth it was Dalene Kurtis, who appeared as Playmate of the Year, while she came from Apple Valley, the Home of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, through which the Happy Trails Highway runs, growing up not only in the place that celebrates the country singer, rodeo cowboy, and television star, as its famous son, but a single mile away from the Fort Irwin National Training Center (NTC), formerly the Mojave Anti-Aircraft Range, which forms part of the United States Army Forces Command (FORSCOM), while it works within the R-2502 Special Use Airspace Complex, in the Calico Mountains, with mining operations, for borax, connected to the tunnelling of deep underground military bases, while the NTC used a microwave transponder system, and interactive computer models, closely related to the mind-control technology described in the appendices to this book.

The lookalikes never worked, and especially here, because I have absolutely no memory of the Playmate of the Year, Dalene Kurtis,

since, at this time, I had stopped reading Playboy, continuing only to view the Newsstand Specials, while I suddenly found myself interested exclusively in rape comics, available online, through my first internet, a dial-up connection, requiring the disconnection of my telephone from its jack, under the large maple table, used as my desk, so, happy for my privacy, and desiring contact with no one, I would leave my phone disconnected for days at a time to the point where my parents actually contacted my law school just to make sure I was still fogging up a mirror.

Alana Soares posed as Miss March 1983, as the heavy professional skier was meant to resemble Ella Richardson, an athletic classmate surrounded by coincidence, whom I dated for a single week, five years later, when the enemy immediately destroyed their own plans, but Patty Duffek, who posed as Miss May 1984, was meant to resemble a person I only recently identified, as the enemy's plans got stupider and stupider.

The correspondence was hard to identify because I was fourteen when I bought my first Playboy, which featured the beautiful lady, who was then twenty-one years old, and I still feel tremendous fondness for her, while only this year a few new photographs of this obscure pin-up appeared on the internet, but the enemy wanted to combine the naked woman, who was seven years older than me, with my nextdoor neighbor, Melissa Henoeh, who was then eleven, and

would move from her house, to another state, only a few months after Miss Duffek's appearance.

Even now as I write, the scum rape my ass with directed energy weapons, warming my privates, as they insist a young girl would be sexy, claiming I enjoy their disgusting attack, and they scream through my mouth, telling lies, waving my arms, through forced movement, in their futile attempts to stop the writing of this book.

And I never would have tumbled to their plot if it had not been for my other neighbor's mysterious reappearance, years later, when she reminded me of my lovely imaginary wife, as described in the first book of this series, in a chapter I felt moved to call, "The Girl Next Door," without explanation or thought, followed up by a Christmas card showing her family, which we received only this year, where Melissa Henoch looked exactly like Patty Duffek, just as I never would have found Lilith von Foerster's grandfather, the Nazi cyberneticist, if it had not been for their insistence that I search for her online, and I never would have realized the connection to Sullivan's Travels if it had not showed up on my television this very week when my eyes were moved, without consent, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, to the words on the silver screen.

That's how stupid the enemy is, as they have led between one and two dozen women to pose naked for me, in plots that never work, while the correspondence between Saskia Linssen and Charlotte Large completely gave the game away.

Sometimes films have been directed at a woman, who was supposed to conflate me with a male lead, so O Brother is only one example of this kind of totally stupid attack.

Angels and Demons was made just for me and Doctor Katherine Horton, a continental physicist who taught at Oxford, while she worked at CERN, and I taught something close to semiotics, as we took a mutual interest in decoding symbols, in our fight against the Illuminati, and the Freemasons, before she married a former analyst at the National Security Agency, Bill Binney, about whom another film, The Good American, was made.

Ghost was made just for me and Charlotte Large, my girlfriend from Cambridge, who closely resembled the unlikely Playmate, Saskia Linssen, while the lady who thought she was not good-looking enough to beat out four hundred competitors for that month's spot, and nearly five thousand applicants for any spot that year, posed on a horse farm, in England, exactly like the one on which my girlfriend lived, as we continued to sleep in the same bed, and stopped having sex, while the pin-up said she needed a man to take charge.

The Emperor's Club was made just for me and Leslie Nason, who married my builder friend, as her lookalike, Holly Witt, a woman of similar netherlandish descent, who lived only seventeen miles from my parents' house, posed in Playboy, and I found myself taking her to this movie, with my parents, as they sought to conflate me, in her mind, with a teacher who dressed like me, and taught the classical past, on the

Philadelphia Main Line, with our area-code appearing in a single shot, while my parents invited me on a daily basis to their favorite new summer haunt: the ice cream shop owned by her parents.

But even when this All-American field hockey star openly propositioned me, at a time my body was hard and strong, we had known each other for years, and I thought I was looking for a woman, I found myself turning down the invitation to her apartment, from the local bar, even when she repeated it.

Other movies were just as stupid, as the enemy insists that I, who have been nothing but a winner all my life, as I stand against sexual assault, while many of my friends were college athletes, and I turned down a fraternity bid, am somehow like the characters in The Revenge of the Nerds, where they compare my Aryan self to the ethnic Lewis Skolnick who breaks into sorority houses, steals women's underwear, and rapes Betty Childs, while the enemy arranged for a nerdy kid, who is now a medical doctor, to glom onto me, in high school, as he resembled the violinist who, at the end of the film, plays the worst song by the Talking Heads, a group I was programmed to like, and an imbecile, when we were freshmen, followed me to a girls' dormitory, at the women's college, to which I was invited, to smoke cannabis, breaking in, and getting us all in trouble, so the pretty ladies never spoke to me again, while I never would have even seen the movie if it had not been advertised, on the radio, at the time it came out, with a line that paralleled my first sexy view of a naked woman, wonderfully

prolonged, in the campground shower, for she exclaimed, of my younger self,

That kid saw me naked!!!

something picked up a year later, as,

That nerd saw me naked!!!

And the faggot scum, who have been raped, all their lives, insist, like their masters, who are male submissives, trained in a system like fraternity rush, that I have something in common with an unseen character in The Breakfast Club, who was abused in a locker room, and is somehow conflated with Anthony Michael Hall, connected to rape in a movie I have never seen, Pretty in Pink, while I have never been abused by anyone—except when drugged by government agents.

Grosse Pointe Blank was made just for me and Annie Sussman, a lady with a fantastic personality, whose looks held her back, as she resembled Minnie Driver, who looked like someone you would never see in a motion picture, while she compared her appearance to that of a charging rhinoceros, because the enemy thought I would date her if her appearance were endorsed by a lookalike movie star, but we remained only on a friendly basis as we sometimes bumped into each other while my classmate plainly had an enormous crush on me.

To Annie's credit, she told me that she knew I would write the Great American Novel, a work you are now reading, just as the beautiful Kirsti Tobin told me, in eighth grade, that she knew, she just knew, that she would see me on the news someday.

That day has come, as my books enjoy more than one hundred thousand downloads, my website has almost three million hits, and I only recently resigned from the advisory board of the world's leading organization against neurostrike, where I served for four years along with the former Assistant Secretary of the Department of Housing, the founder of Hamilton Securities, and the publisher of the Solari Report, Catherine Austin Fitts, not to mention other lawyers, doctors, and scientists, while I recently brought a one-billion-dollar lawsuit against the criminals in the federal government where a former analyst for the National Security Agency, Karen Melton Stewart, joined me as a plaintiff.

Fear and Loathing was made just for me, as the enemy moved a friend of its subject character, the beatnik novelist, Ken Kesey, into my orbit, so I had dinner with six others and the famous man, whose books I devoured, and he endorsed Hunter S. Thompson, who started his career, hanging with and writing about the Hells Angels, while suddenly I found myself associating with a former member of the Pagans Motorcycle Club, only for Rum Diary to be published the same year, as I read all of Thompson's books, and his old school friend,

Ralston Steenrod, showed up, in my life, as a lawyer who offered me a job at his firm in Kentucky.

Another lawyer would show up during the time I lived on the farm, when I was forced to attend a weekend conference, at the beginning of a period when I gave up alcohol for more than two years, although I continued to smoke cannabis, riding my bicycle in the mountains, lifting weights, and honing my manly physique, to perfection, because the enemy finally managed to land a blow when I totalled my car, under the influence, but avoided any serious charges so I kept my license.

This fellow hailed from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the home of Uncle Dave Macon, who had deeply influenced my banjo-playing, only years before, but, just as I never mentioned the guy whose radio persona was sometimes taken for that of a negro, as he played a repertory from the minstrel shows, to my neighbor, who played string-band music and who took offense at racial slurs, I barely mentioned my former interest in the banjo to the friendly attorney with whom I was forced to share a meal, while I avoided the wine, my practice for more than two years, and we focussed on the bicycle race associated with the country star's festival, all as I devoted myself to fitness and refused to return to the five-string instrument.

The music of the mountains no longer spoke to me, but I loved the views, and, even as I let my body go, before the renaissance that grew from the crash of my car, I would sometimes hike the Blue

Ridge, at the Priest, at Panther Falls, or at Cold Mountain, but mostly I drank on the porch since I had a perfect view stretching for dozens of miles to the south.

I never hiked with others, until the mother of my daughter appeared, in my final year of law school, but, as hypnotic suggestions misfired, and flew awry, I had a thing for athletic women, naked or clothed, in sneakers or hiking boots.

The enemy promotes high heels, which connect to the training of male degenerates, who are dildoeed by the stiletto boots of dominatrices, under the influence of mind control drugs, so they are taught to hate women while they bond with other homosexuals who got the same treatment.

This leads to the bizarre fetishization of heels, as women appear, on a regular basis, naked, lying in bed, with their feet uncomfortably contained in the instruments of faggot abuse, just as the rape comics to which I was entrained show voluptuous female athletes, in the form of superheroines, ravished not only by strong and healthy men but also by aliens, dinosaurs, snakes, spiders, and bees, which are all used, in connection with the drugs catalogued in the appendices to this book, to form aversions based on fear, and abuse, in training sessions that the mind hides, behind amnesic walls, through dissociation.

They wanted me to get into shoes, but I never got this treatment as far as I remember, while I must have been getting some sort

of subliminal suggestion, delivered through microwave technology, like the stuff described in the appendices to this book, developed at Fort Irwin National Training Center, whence Playmate Dalene Kurtis appeared, or employed at China Lake, whence Playmate Rebekka Armstrong appeared, as she was placed in Playboy, just for me, in an incident described at the end of my first book, which connects to my father's travels in South Africa and the Rhodesian Bush War, so, I found myself admiring women who wore sensible footwear, without anything remotely kinky, or weird, as their athletic legs sported either brown boots or white sneakers.

Mary Jo Anderson appeared in Playboy's Hardbodies, along with Ahmo Hight, placed there, just for me, because she resembled a lawyer who later worked at my office, naked, or nearly so, in clunky white training shoes, while she resembled the wife of my brother's former housemate, who lived, with him, in a farmhouse to which I was later kidnapped.

At the same time, they were pushing Lara Croft, whose movies I have never seen, but who appeared in rape comics at this time, while the woman to whom they led me, at the end of the previous volume in this series, dressed in her outfit for Halloween.

Doctor Towle, whom I met in a different arranged meeting, as she knocked on the door of the Grand Craftsman, whose second floor I rented, next to the pond, at Haverford College, had considered dressing as Wonder Woman, for the event, as we dated, but she changed

tack, we broke up almost immediately, and we never even went to the same costume party, while the party to which I went, a year later, dressed as Hunter S. Thompson, had its hostess, the beautiful wife of one of my real estate friends, who was close to divorcing her husband, clad like Isis, an obscure superheroine from seventies television, whom I recognized immediately as I came, into the kitchen, up, and through the haunted house they had made in the root cellar.

I never had any thought of rape as to an actual woman, but suddenly, as I lost interest in the females of my species, even as they appeared, beautifully naked, online, or in magazines, I became obsessed with fantasies of ravishing the amazon warrior, Wonder Woman, or of taking Lady Croft, an honor peer, elevated for her discovery of the lost city, by force.

Galaxy of Terror, Super Heroine Central, and, later, Danger Babe Central became my go-to spots on the internet, while I refused to look at the pornographic videos put forward by the enemy.

These are used for the promotion of homosexuality, as the enemy strives to interest men in the bodies of other men—a subject picked up not only in American football, where the quarterback mounts the center, looking for the tight end, while they prance around in tights, tackling each other's bodies, and slapping each other on the ass, before they hit the showers, but also in Ultimate Fighting Championship, where semi-nude plebeians pose for the viewer's pleasure before they

grapple, grunting and snarling, pushing each other against the walls of the cage when not rolling on top of each other's bodies.

This comes from the faggot-fest of the Ancient Olympics, or ὀλυμπικς, where athletes competed nude, with their bodies oiled, wrestling, in the mud, for the delight of the crowd. The only adornment they wore was the kynodesme, or κυνοδεσμε, a special cord, with which they tied the foreskins of their exposed penises. After the event, the athletes would use a metal stlengis, or στλενγίς, to scrape the oil and dirt, the sweat and blood, off their naked bodies, in the form of gloios, or γλοιος, which they would sell to the spectators, so these could rub it on their own penises in order to attain its magic powers. Boxing might end with the klimax, or κλιμαξ, while in the pankration, or πανκράτιον, you could do anything you wanted, so it's easy to see how this morphed into mixed martial arts, or MMA.

They could never get me to this stuff in a million years, although I am embarrassed to say, they eventually led me to videos featuring simulated rape, and forced blowjobs, which I never should have watched, and I gave up almost immediately after I recalled my abuse, while, at the time I watched them, I wondered what the hell was wrong with me.

What they got were ravishy fantasies about comic-book women, with muscular and voluptuous bodies, that involved not harming, or putting down, my imaginary partner, in any way, but

caveman marriage where I showed my wife the maximum respect under the circumstances.

She was the ultimate woman, and she knew it, while my attentions only reenforced her sense of self, all as I won her over through my sexual prowess.

I am an excellent lover, and every one of my six partners would testify to this fact, while many would say I am the best lay they have ever had, and, only eight years ago, I was sexually active, with a projection to the tune of two women per year, so it was a certainty that I would impregnate more and more women, earning trouble for myself, in family court, with rock-star problems.

But the enemy does not want to win, as they lie to themselves, and others, pretending they can drive me to rape or perversion, so they destroyed the real weapon they had, which would have landed me in jail, for the inability to make child-support payments, making sex impossible, due to neurostrike, while my daughter, on whom I happily spent one million dollars, is now grown, so I am a free man.

Back then, as they drove me away from real women, and even their pictures, I went to comic books, while a hand-drawn series of roughly ten panels, crudely rendered, and completely unavailable now, having disappeared long ago, from the internet, took my imagination to the point that I engaged in completely uncharacteristic behavior, while such actions are always a symptom of mind control.

My habit was always to smoke all the cannabis I had, every day, several times a day, until it was gone, without ever spending a day when I did not use the drug; so, the way I controlled myself, at this time, was simply by either having or not having, buying or not buying, the green weed.

Before law school began, I had bought a jar of the best, but I purposely reserved a considerable portion, and stopped smoking for a full week, because I wanted to do it while online, and it would take that amount of time to fetch my first connectable computer from my parents' house, all so I could fantasize about the uncolored, pencil-drawn comic series I had first found, while teaching college, a year before, when I had travelled, high as a kite, on the weekend following its discovery, at night, to visit my office, and therefore my imaginary partner, for that time, and that time only, from Unionville, to Haverford.

Italian hiking boots crunching on gravel, brown laced with red, natural wool socks, ribbed, and folding down, below her strong calves, her defined hamstrings, and her bulging quadriceps, Lady Croft appeared. Her abdominals toned from hours in the gym, shifting with her weight, as her hips and glutes moved under khaki shorts, she was a powerhouse! Muscular body on display, gazongas straining against her top, nipples erect, body cold, the air against her skin, fearless, she ventured forward to encounter the Tomb Raper!

It was the greatest day of my life. For thousands of years, I had been buried, my body well preserved, hard and manly, fragrant

with herbs, in my mummy bandages, and, all that time, there had been no sex. But, now, it was worth the wait! This was the world's most incredible woman, and the mesomorph was mine, while the fires of my lust burned only fiercer through the millennia.

To place my hands on her, without permission, to indulge forbidden desire, was beyond exciting, while, seizing her body, from behind, my hands grabbing her thighs, her boobs, her belly, she fought against me, while I lifted my prize from the ground, nuzzling my face against her neck, her flushed cheek, and the spray of chestnut hair that sought, above her ear, to escape her braid.

Shocked and shouting, she struggled, but sensing my strength, she saw I was too strong, and so she settled, her weight down, on her boots, the muscles of her sexy womanbody shifting this way and that, as I brought her under control.

Fumbling fast with lovely linen, I unwrapped my massive member, rising erect, and ready for action, thrust against her hip, and she knew what she was in for, so the strong woman broke free and bolted.

After her I dove, tackling the beautiful athlete, driving my knee, once, and once only, into her gut, desperate to regain my prize, as the sexy archæologist spoke one of the few sounds from the scene, along with my roar of delight at her capture.

OOOFFF!!!

I had to move fast, she was strong, and, as soon as she recovered herself, she would have a very good chance of besting me, either through fight or through flight, and, so lightning quick, rodeo-style, like a cowboy with a calf who could easily injure him, I bound her forearms—once, twice, thrice, and again—so she could not strike me.

Her square knees against the floor, her round thighs on display, she stared, thunderstruck, at my enormous erection, while I dreamed of a panel outside the series—the blowjob!

Limited by the drawings, black and white, I went to the next, where I pulled her to me, grabbing her panties, which tore from her body, as I got her close, and, while my left arm lay across her back, my hand cradling her head, to protect her from harm, my right found her leg, and I threw her on the ground, while our bodies embraced, face to face, all the while.

In a single motion, I found her womanhood, wet, and I took her on the floor, perpendicular, riding upright, grabbing her thighs, to pull her thrashing and furious, toward me, pushing my body up, shouting in triumph, thrusting vigorous inside, working her body over, her knees bent up, her boots pushing against the ground, her gluteus scraping against the cement, as she took my weight, her hips rising up, sideways, turning, but brought again under my control, as her shoulders shifted, this way and that, and she screamed,

RAPE !!!

RAPE !!!

RAPE !!!

I had one reply, as I mastered her fighting body, grunting, pumping her full of my seed, as I shouted, in a single word, my affirmation.

In a scene the comic did not show, I could imagine flipping my woman over, riding her on all fours, scraping up both our knees, while my forearms were as scratched as her back from the cold and gritty gravel.

Finally, she rode me, facing away, cowgirl, as I sat on a neighboring shelf of stone, massaging her rack, with my left hand, while the flat of my right finger, gently diddled her clitoris, in a modified form of the female sex therapy position, so she posted on my horsecock, singing, for her stallion, in surprize.

OH MY GOD!

OH MY GOD!

OH MY GOD!

As for the bit where the mummy bit her boob, recalling the horrendous rape scars inflicted in the Sudan, about which I knew nothing, and which would only repulse me, I edited that out, since it didn't make a bit of sense, but the last time I found this comic, more than twenty years ago, it appeared next to a horrific drawing of a woman scarred with fishhooks.

They would never get what they wanted, while, when pressed, years later, as to what happens next, aside from more sex, I could only say that I fell asleep, happy and snoring, worn out by my partner, who was more than welcome to take whatever hard-earned loot her heart desired, as her bride-price.

My programmers would keep asking me, pretending that I was angry at the archaeologist, for invading my tomb, but I was simply delighted that she had stopped by, while the little proletarians pretended that I had some sort of class envy, or hatred, against the buxom baroness, named for her discovery of the forbidden city, my treasures rightly enriching her, with some held back, for herself, and others gifted to the British Museum, to make her name as Croft of Coatl.

More than Egypt, it was South American Way, in the jungle, with a nod to the master of my old college at Cambridge, who took his title as a peer from his excavation of an archaeological site, but, now, it seems so rodeo, from the calf-roping, to her riding me cowgirl, to my taking her body, bucking bronco, from behind—while I despise this sport to which I once took my toddler daughter, where I was shocked by

the cruelty to animals, the injury to competitors, and the false patriotism.

Then, I was taken by fantasy, especially with regard to Lady Croft's French Braid, while I daydreamed, hungover, in my classes, and drew my own versions of her in my notebooks, I completely ignored all the real women around me, and I jumped out of my skin when one of them put her hands on my shoulders.

Thinking at worst I would buy a mail-order bride from Russia, once the money started to roll in, before they made me think I had herpes on my face, I even contemplated the hire of an escort so we could act out the scene, with ACE™ bandages, cargo shorts, torn tee-shirts, and bulky boots, plaited hair and an optional safari hat, while, without noticing any similarity, or having any improper thought, I found myself briefly attracted to Abigail Walsh, who wore a braid like Lady Croft, not to mention hiking boots, while she had taken dual degrees in history and anthropology from the College of Charleston, so she paralleled the tomb raider not only in her looks but in her schooling.

But when I expressed interest, she seemed flaky and indecisive, plainly too young for me, while she expressed interest in hiking, and then put me off, writing a note in an almost schizophrenic hand, mixed with capital and lower case letters, print and cursive, so I saw only a person who did not know who she was, or what she wanted, as I determined that everyone at the law school was a little child,

hopelessly immature, with no one suited for a retired thirty-year-old professor who had turned down schools with higher ratings so he could live in the mountains.

One thing I did to brighten my time was to play an anonymous prank, in the style so common in my days at Cambridge, to mock the phoniness and childishness of my fellow students, who, although we had known each other for only a couple weeks, were now running for meaningless offices, as they posted ridiculous handbills to that effect, so I got up, early in the morning, with a few of my own, which I plastered around the place.

SHIRLEY

A

POSER

FOR STUDENT COUNCIL

"Help Me Build My Resume!"

I let only Gerald Titus, a turkey hunter from West Virginia, and David Jensen, an angler from Utah, in on the joke, which seemed to offend the overly serious children who had become my classmates.

Every day, I got up at four o'clock, cranked out my schoolwork, went to classes, and returned to the farm at three, to start the afternoon's drinking, talking to no one, and crying for a good fifteen minutes upon my return to the farm, drinking until I vomited, and falling asleep, as I earned the highest grades in my class, maintained my scholarship, and received offers from two nationally recognized firms, as a summer associate, earning two thousand a week, after my first year, in a hard economy, while this pattern would continue for two years until I crashed my car and gave up alcohol for more than an equal period, devoting myself to exercise, and instantly turning my life around, never to go back.

Having failed to connect Mattie Towle, whom I had earlier dated, as described in the prequel to this book, to Wonder Woman, the enemy tried to conflate real women with Lady Croft, doubtless lying that she connected to my English girlfriend, Charlotte, or to Doctor Towle, who had dressed in her outfit, but, of course, they never got what they wanted.

Kara Styler took my imagination, as she was one of the few flesh-and-blood women about whom I fantasized, while everything went to rape comics, online, and the enemy foolishly continued to think that they could make me angry at a woman, or even a facsimile, and combine this anger with sexual attraction, to lead to rape, but, for me, anger was always a complete turn-off, as was argument, just as, with Lady Croft, I was not the slightest bit offended by her arrival at the tomb

but only delighted at my good fortune, something about which the enemy, little boys that have been abused by female degenerates, and the incest victims that abuse them, continue to lie.

So when I went to the only pay site I visited, aside from those for comics, to visit the lovely Kara Styler, I had problems with access, so I wrote Miss Styler a polite email, which she instantly returned, as she refunded my money.

This wonderful lady grew up on a farm, before she moved to Hawai`i, where she loved to ride the giant waves, sometimes up-right, sometimes belly-down, on her boards. Like my dad, or my daughter and me, when we visited her islands, she would bodysurf, leaving the space beyond the break, rushing inland, intelligently moving with the tide, as one must, else be swept, out, into the endless ocean. And while we happily snorkelled to see Moorish Idols, Manta Rays, Sea Turtles, Dolphins, and a Hammerhead, in places where there is no lifeguard, Kara took it to the next level, diving with her scuba tank into the beautiful dangers of the Pacific. That's when she wasn't riding her buzzing dirtbike on the bone-rattling trails of the North Shore, or climbing, up, up, up, the stairs at the Koko Crater Trail. When her long legs weren't rollerskating through the town, Kara hiked the crater at Diamond Head, the ridge at Wiliwili, or the peaks at Olomana. This thrillseeker worked as a stuntwoman, and a sexy actress, posing for Playboy's Newsstand Specials, and for her site, on the newly created internet, which she ran as an independent businesswoman. Healthy

mixed with crazy, so her divorce led her to pose naked, bringing up her daughter, as a single mother, while she spent her quiet time to read the strange dæmonologies, cosmologies, and prophecies set forth in the Book of Enoch.

I was deeply troubled to do research, where I found her name and image used, with or without her consent, in comics that have less than no appeal to me, where her amazonian form, six-foot tall, sporting 36D breasts, which don't look large on her, covered by a size-eight dress, with size-ten shoes, appears modified, as stories published out of Switzerland, entitled "The New World Order," feature White Africa, the doping of East German women athletes with Oral Turinabol (4-chlorodehydromethyltestosterone), and genetic modifications involving arachnid DNA—not to mention the STASI, CIA, and MI6—with so-called women having penises, to fertilize men with their eggs, making them pregnant like Arnold Schwarzenegger in Junior, while the Austrian gayboy also featured as the subject of genetic experiments in Twins, and a hermaphroditic spiderwoman was recently featured, to my horror, on the website where I looked for rapy comics: Danger Babe Central.

This is not merely a world, but a galaxy, a universe, and several dimensions, away, from my fantasies of snarly nonconsensual sex with strong partners—me all man, and them all woman—which I never sought to translate into reality, but it makes me wonder how far along they are in these programs, where we know that agribusiness is

splicing animal genes into the plants we eat, and humans into animals, so there must also be experiments going the other way with mostly humans combined with foreign genetic material.

Is the Yeti, or Sasquatch, a gorilla soldier, the result of these experiments in the mountains, replete with secret underground military bases—not to mention the more mundane Moors Beast, Jersey Devil, or Chupacabra, which seems to be a hybrid wardog?

Back in the nineties, Kara Styler appeared in a different form of dystopia, where a computer nerd stumbled upon a cybernetics program through which he sold simulated sexual experiences in Virtual Encounters 2, along with Nikki Fritz, who was a dead ringer for Lady Croft, complete with hiking boots, hard body, and braided brown hair, while they strip a man naked and disgustingly massage his bare ass, presumably as a prelude to sodomizing his hairless waxed body, which the camera conflates with the bodies of the two women.

The whole thing is deeply disturbing, while I cannot understand how anyone could be moved from healthy interest in strong women, hard bodies, complete with curves, into this sort of perversion, although I cannot help but wonder about the lady I took for a normal sportswoman.

Still, I refuse to believe ill of Mrs. Styler, not to mention Gabrielle Reece, the volleyball champion, who bore two children, and Katarina Witt, even though she hails from the East German Olympic Team, while both posed naked and muscular for Playboy.

Contrary to rumor, these women are not men, but, while their bodies may carry more than their share of androgens, through weight-training and anabolic steroids, the enemy tries to use the image of these lovely giantesses to promote deviant thoughts, feelings, and practices.

Television seems hardly worth mention, but I remain struck by the correspondence between one of my old classmates, who roomed with Lilith von Foerster, the grand-daughter of the cyberneticist who worked for the Nazis, the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency, who resembled Playmate Brittany York, and who turned up in the Vienna Train Station, thousands of miles away from our college courtyard, as Jennifer resembled Tasha Yar, down to her haircut, while the character appeared only on the first season of Star Trek: The Next Generation, which ran during the year we lived twenty yards apart, and ended with the appearance of naked pictures of her actress, Denise Crosby, in Playboy, while she, too, had a hard look, with cropped hair, as the science-fiction character spoke, in a scene that stuck in my mind, of the rape gangs on her home planet.

Jen was a lovely person, and we were paired together at a mixer, so we talked exactly once, at length, before we went on to have very little to do with each other, while the enemy unsuccessfully sought to displace my super-athletic girlfriend, Charlotte, whose mother had been given steroids during pregnancy to prevent miscarriage, with her neighbor, who descended from a fascist cyberneticist, Lilith.

The enemy had sought to interest me in homosexuality through Magnum, P.I., which was my favorite show for a couple years in the eighties, but I started watching only because of a sexy woman who appeared as his client, and they quickly feared my interest since I took Magnum, Higgins, and T.C., as positive rôle models, so they even changed an episode, just for me, to turn me off, as detailed in the first volume of this series.

At the same time they did this, when I returned from boarding school, as a fifteen-year-old, they put out a movie, on television, to promote Dungeons and Dragons, a game I had played at the ages of ten and eleven, through which they unsuccessfully tried to lead boys to play female characters, and act out rape scenes, as a means of male bonding, and while they failed at this, they led me briefly to take an interest in Noël Coward, who I did not know was a drug addict and a homosexual, since the protagonist of the television movie, who later lost his mind, dressed as the playwright for a party.

Before I went to Andover, Deathtrap was my favorite movie, as Michael Caine, CBE, who promoted race-mixing through his marriage to the Runner-Up for Miss World, Shakira Baksh, mysteriously became my favorite actor, so I watched him in Zulu, Sleuth, The Man Who Would Be King, Blame It On Rio, and even The Hand.

Deathtrap I loved for its twists and turns, while the subliminal I got to take interest in sex when watching went entirely to Dyan Cannon, who could really fill out a sweater, as I associated the

lovely actress with my friend's mother, while my friend, who looked like Christopher Reed, an actor who played the homosexual lover of Michael Caine, in Deathtrap, watched the videocassette with me.

Together we acted in the school play, The Pink Panther Strikes Again, while a different film from the franchise also featured Miss Cannon, but what they wanted was for us to try to sell Deathtrap to Mister Lipowitz, for whom we also worked on the school newspaper, so we could act out the homosexual kiss that forms one of the surprises in the movie, if not as the leads then as the understudies, while Blair then played understudy for the lead part of Inspector Clouseau.

Blair Hickey, whose father was the propaganda officer at Fort Benning, before he worked as an international correspondent, covering the Fall of White South Africa, and the Berlin Wall, for the American Broadcasting Company, later worked as a bit actor, while he was voted, "Most Dramatic," in our senior class, and, at the time, between golfing and playing tennis with me, at our country club, he had earlier worked to promote a movie short, written and directed by him, with our friends as actors.

We even had a lot of the props, which could have been used to act out scenes, just lying around the house, from my father's cravat, which he never wore, while it mysteriously appeared in our house, just like the one worn by Michael Caine, not to mention antique cap guns, just like the ones on Michael Caine's wall, and a puzzle with horse-shoes

linked with chain, from which one could remove or replace a steel ring, which would have served perfectly for Michael Caine's trick handcuffs.

They actually thought they could lead us to play gay, but we thought the kiss in Deathtrap was a bit much—although, in Pink Panther, for laughs, I played a homosexual maître d'hôtel, lisping and flouncing across our high-school stage, wearing dad's paisley cravat, while David Cleaver played a drag-queen in the same production.

If it had worked at all, it would have been only acting, while my motivation would have been a liaison with Vicki, a blonde classmate in our play, who was advertising her availability, as I felt attraction not only to her, but to the stage manager, Deb, with her black hair and blue eyes, who had a naked man, as a pin-up, taped next to her switchboard.

Lately, while I am forced to endure endless voice-to-skull conversations with the morons, as they employ the technology described in the appendices to this book, they actually suggest that Blair resembles the second woman placed in Playboy, just for me, Patty Duffek, whom they sought to conflate with my eleven-year-old neighbor, when I was fourteen and wanted the twenty-year-old, who appeared almost as much with her rump toward the camera, as facing it, while my friend, with his blue eyes and black hair, certainly resembled Christopher Reeve, who kisses Michael Caine, who looks like me, in the film that was my favorite.

As I recently watched the movie, I continue to feel, strongly, only that Michael Caine should not yell at his beautiful wife, Dyan

Cannon, while I can imagine only a loving relationship with this blonde knock-out whom I would be happy to please.

This excellent woman played a series of adulteresses in The Love Machine, Such Good Friends, Child Under A Leaf, Heaven Can Wait, and Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, not to mention the indomitable Kate Blackwell in the South African Soap Opera: Master of the Game.

Moving from one mixed-up religion to another, the Half-Jewish Lady, brought up in the faith of her mother, became a Born-Again Christian, after marrying Cary Grant, who promoted psychedelic therapy, taking lysergic acid more than one hundred times, while, following her college studies, of anthropology, she was regressed, through childhood pain, in primal therapy, after she worked for my old client, Merrill Lynch, in Phoenix, Arizona, the home of Patty Duffek, who posed in Playboy, Lynda Carter, who acted as Wonder Woman, and George Hunt, who served as governor for seven terms, before the Odd Fellow was buried under a pyramid, squared to the cardinal directions, to overlook the Valley of the Sun.

What does it say, that this former beauty-contest winner, who looks fantastic in a bra and panties, and posed naked and topless, after holding the title of Miss West Seattle, appears, online, not only outstanding, as herself, but in fake nudes where her face has been grafted onto the body of another person?

Shortly after I found myself in a drunken hook-up with Lisa Lee, who hailed from Phoenix, as we later came up, together, to Jesus

College, Cambridge, and I maintained a friendship with another Phoenician, Scott Patten, whose mother served on the Board of Directors for the Grand Canyon Trust, with Senator Goldwater, while we all studied at Pomona College, named for the Roman Goddess of the Harvest, whence Lady Rothschild also took her degree, while she seems to be cousin to our classmate Lilith von Foerster, the granddaughter of a Nazi cyberneticist who worked for the Pentagon, and Central Intelligence, Dyan Cannon would star in another film, with another of our fellow Pomonans, Rhodes Scholar Kris Kristofferson, while our president, David Alexander, CBE, served as U.S. National Secretary for the Rhodes Trust.

Kristofferson, who works as a slaver for the Vatican, and is the son of a general, earlier appeared, uncharacteristically, as Mace Montana, in the ridiculous comedy, Big Top Pee Wee, which they made for me, as they hoped I would watch it, when it came out, with Kristofferson's fraternity brothers, who were my friends, since they wanted to encourage my relationship with Wendy Johnson, who was my first girlfriend and sexual partner, through the film's lead female character, who strongly resembled her, Winnie Johnson, played by Penelope Ann Miller, while the enemy put lookalikes to my girlfriend, in Playboy, not only as Helle Michaelson, Miss August, in the very same year, but also three years later, as Wendy Kaye, who resembled Wendy Jay, appeared as Miss July.

Wendy, who held the dance scholarship at Scripps College, is now the assistant to the Administrative Director at Pacific Northwest Ballet School, which is one of the top three ballet-training institutions in our country, while the idiots led her to marry an undoubtedly excellent man who not only shares my first name but whose last name is Casper, so they invoked the comic-book girlfriend and boyfriend of Wendy the Witch and Casper the Friendly Ghost.

Kris Kristofferson would also appear opposite Dyan Cannon in Christmas in Connecticut, the only film to be directed by Arnold Schwarzenegger, as to whom the enemy would make one of its most bizarre moves against me.

For decades, until my responsibility as a journalist, and an activist, changed my habit, I never watched the news, or read the newspapers, so, if a news item reached me, there was a good chance that the enemy put it there, through their control of the media, just for me, as was true two years ago, on my birthday, Michaelmas, when I shared a coffee with my mother, before going off to teach at my college, and the television announced, in the background, that Senator Dianne Feinstein had died.

Just as I felt delight, drinking an ice-cold shot of home-made pepper vodka, when the opposing lawyer in the family court case, for my daughter, dropped dead, suddenly, at the age of thirty-four, because the enemy had killed him in order to stage the retirement of a judge favorable to me while his partner gained an extension so a different idiot

heard our matter, I was overjoyed at the death, according to her soul contract, of the criminal Jewess.

The enemy killed their tool, who died very suddenly, on the Full Moon, or the Harvest Moon, which begins the Season of Harvest, following my nephew's birthday on the luciferian sabbat of Mabon, or the Autumnal Equinox, while she had earlier come to power, as Mayor of San Francisco, to succeed George Moscone, who had defeated her in the election, when Mayor Moscone was assassinated by Dan White, a squeaky clean army veteran, who served with her on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, just as the waning New Moon conjuncted with the Planet Venus, so the enemy kills their own, and others, leaving gangsigns, as they induce the gullible to believe in astrology, just as Victor, Lord Rothschild, was born on the luciferian sabbat of Samhain, or Halloween, and died on another of the eight sabbats, Ostara, or the Vernal Equinox, in an outcome that has a probability of more than two thousand to one, which one could otherwise express as four one-hundredths of one percent, that it should happen at random.

They thought that the death of Senator Feinstein, which they advertised, would lead me to buy champagne, and go out on the town, for my birthday, buying drinks for the house, and getting into the inevitable political argument, while I drove drunk, but I simply smiled, and saw their move, while I celebrated that night, at home, with a bottle of liqueur, a bowl of pistachio nuts, and easy-listening music from the seventies.

But the insanity of arranging such events according to the luciferian calendar, or placing them in the news, for me, was nothing next to what they tried a few years before with respect to Arnold Schwarzenegger.

In the third volume of this series, WonderWomen, I wrote about a Playboy Magazine that was especially designed for me, for my sixteenth birthday, while I particularly mocked a statement by Klaus Kinski that would have appealed to me as a teenager, while the magazine, which I missed buying, back then, was relentlessly advertised as still available for sale, ten years later, as Kinski's films mysteriously appeared, one after another, on my television set.

The foolish utterance had to do with the actor's disdain for traffic signals, which he viewed as impinging on his personal freedom, as he blew red lights and speeded through school zones.

One week after I wrote about this, in a private draft, which would not be published for some time, and which I shared with no one, a news blurb appeared at the top of my feed on Twitter.

There, Arnold Schwarzenegger said that people who do not wear masks, or receive vaccinations, are like people who disobey traffic signals because they believe they impede their personal freedom, as he said, so obnoxiously,

Fuck your freedom!

I have no doubt, whatsoever, that this statement was placed in the news, just for me, while the former governor was made to say it, through forced speech, and mind control, employing the methods described in the appendices to this book, but it took me almost a year to see what they were going for.

My immediate response, driven by partial and failed hypnotic suggestion, was to remember that Arnold had posed nude, as a homosexual, and to smear him for this fact, as I put together a thread, on Twitter, with some photographs, and quotations, calling him a faggot who should go back to Austria.

But what were they after? Did they think that I would change my public position on masking, or vaccines, after I had just exposed the Covid Plot, as one of the first journalists in the world to do so, and this action had earned me immediate traffic from the Republic of Iran and immediate targeting from the Anti-Defamation League? Did they think that while I mocked the insane German, for his wrong ideas of liberty, I would follow the practical Austrian, who adopted my rhetoric in making fun of anti-vaxxers? The answer to each was no, but what they wanted was based entirely on their own delusions, and lies, as they continue to insist that others share their make-up.

The shadow players in the deep state actually thought that I would engage in fantasies about homosexual rape with Arnold Schwarzenegger, where I would “punish” him for his position on the coronavirus, as they zap my privates with directed energy weapons, and

they speak foul lies, and jibberish, to me, through the sound weapons described in the appendices to this volume, all the while insisting, continually, that normal people, like me, are sodomites, rapists, and perverts.

And they were spinning in part on one of three videocassettes that mysteriously showed up in our house, back in the eighties, the only ones we owned, and never bought, along with Animal House, which shaped my earlier attitude to college, as his bare ass, and nude body, appeared in a scene over which we always fast-forwarded at the beginning of The Terminator.

This is the nature of our enemy, who purport to run the global intelligence community, as they spend trillions of dollars on the control of politicians, actors, and reporters, so it is no wonder that their plots fail even on sleepers.

PART TWO

NOMADIC LIFE

Some people will tell you where they've been.

They'll tell you where to go.

But till you get there for yourself,

You'll never really know.

Roberta Joan Mitchell, OC

BOOK ONE: THE CHÂTEAU COUNTRY

The enemy failed to lead me and my neighbor together, as they drove me away from old-time music, and tried to revive my interest through particular movies, and they also drove me away from kung fu, while they tried to revive my interest through another movie made especially for me.

Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon was extremely unusual, as my father praised it as an operatic work, as my friends discussed it at our parties, and as it set a new standard for martial arts movies, which was never repeated except in House of Flying Daggers.

It's so them—to eliminate real things, through mind control, to attempt to replace them with fantasy, through mass media, and, all the while, to swim in a sea of shit, lies, and perversion, as they destroy each other, and their weapons, pretending that they are powerful, and that they are winning, while none of it works.

I never went back to kung fu, or to ch'i kung, which had fascinated me for almost a full year, during which time I practiced daily, going through the twenty-four-step Yang form, and stretching, and meditating, just as, immediately before this time, I had played the banjo every day, for a two-year period, until I gave it up, never to play again.

As I sought to embrace materialism, with the big salaries I would earn as a sell-out lawyer, I had left strange ideas behind, along with old-time music, except for the casual folk-belief in wishing on a

shooting star, just as I would later wish on every coin I tossed in the fountain of the lodge where my daughter and I would ski for more than fifty days, over five years, at Wintergreen.

Watching the Geminid and Leonid meteor showers, from the fence below our cottage, where the overarching foliage did not obscure the sky, I collected wishes, spending every one on the same object, with the same intent, as I asked for the right woman to come into my life.

Plainly, this was not Kimberly Montgomery, a down-on-her-luck coffee-shop girl, who came with a host of financial and psychological problems, as she moved into my bedroom, during my last year of law school, largely because it had been nine years since I had had sex with anyone, she was very good-looking, and she was a master manipulator who played the part of damsel in distress as she told me that an unidentified person, whom she had dated, had raped her on a single evening.

I could see the college drop-out was beneath me, but I suffered under mind control, as the enemy sought to use this person, who had been brainwashed at the University of Maryland, whither her grandmother had taken her following the death of her mother, and her earlier abandonment by her father, in her teens, so she had grown up without supervision, since her single grandmother needed to work, in a place where secret facilities extend below ground as they are run by two of the area's largest employers—the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency.

Aside from a casual belief in wishes, I held strong beliefs in right and wrong that combined with half-formed ideas of personal karma and eternal recurrence.

Later, as I went back to strange beliefs regarding the spirit world, astrological influences, and extra-sensory perception, I would think that perhaps I had raped a woman in a previous life, as a knight, or warrior, which would account for my destiny of fantasizing about the rape of unreal women while helping actual survivors.

But first this attitude centered on my perceived deficiencies regarding the assault the enemy had arranged against my second girlfriend, Charlotte, in the country once called Rhodesia, later Zimbabwe, where she quickly escaped further offense by grabbing and smashing the balls of the negro that briefly penetrated her body. For most of our relationship, I blotted this out, although I was half-aware, since I suffered under mind control, but, as the enemy got more and more in my face, working to destroy our relationship, I became obsessed with the existence of, and the need to fight against, sexual assault or indignity. As described in the prequel to this volume, WonderWomen, this interfered with a continued relationship since my girlfriend had gotten over her assault while I was just beginning to come to terms with it. Over time, I did, just as I overcame the racial hatred that the enemy worked to implant in my psyche. So, I believed the non-hateful fantasies I later indulged were simply part of the healing process, or immaterial, since they showed I was over the whole thing. I understood

the difference between fantasy and reality, and I threatened no woman while I stood ready to protect any one. And I knew that I would act in the right way if the situation ever came up, which I have done, on more than one occasion. So, I needn't give ugly matters outside my control a second thought. That situation changed when Kimberly entered my life, since I believed, here, I had a chance to do things right, as a non-obsessed and sympathetic helper to a woman who had survived an ugly experience. In other words, I calmly focussed on her, not me, to help this unfortunate wretch through difficulties similar to those I had once faced with a wonderful girlfriend.

Kimberly was mentally and emotionally unstable, due to government programming, and a lifelong effort to isolate and weaponize a beautiful scion of a decayed branch of a noble family tree, but I thought not that she was a dangerous borderline psychotic, with a hystrionic personality disorder, but rather that she suffered from post-traumatic stress, so, given time and patience, she would grow back into herself.

Even when I began to see that she had never been assaulted, but she had simply phased out, not remembering events, as she seemed outwardly conscious, I stayed loyal thinking we could end our relationship at any time, so I gave her the benefit of the doubt in other matters. She took this opportunity, not only to disparage me to my family, and her grandmother, but in family court where she sought her revenge.

So she made false accusations in her recurrent search for white knights, which she would repeat against me, not with respect to her rape, but astoundingly with respect to the abuse of our infant daughter, as she lured a professor of robotics, Simon Levy, to her side, telling him our daughter was his, since they cheated together while she dated me, until he later wised up, and became the new villain in her ongoing story, while he told tales, as a bard, of her shenanigans, playing old-time music, around Rockbridge County.

You should have seen his face when I asked him, five years after my child's birth, if he knew that my daughter had a paternity test, in her infancy, that established me, not him, as her father.

I am glad Miss Montgomery could take the Jew-Boy for a ride, since he provided a stabilizing influence in her household, during my daughter's early years, like a whirly gyroscope on a wobbly rocket ship, while he helped to finance the lifestyle not only of the space cadet, who left destruction in her wake, but also of our lovely daughter, Lily Montgomery, of whom I am so very proud—something I was happy to write him about, in a memorial celebration, on Fathers' Day, while I merrily consumed a demijohn of strawberry wine made in my kitchen.

It was almost as good as the time I set her up, along with him, at House Mountain Inn, in my daughter's infancy, when the mother insisted on bringing a witness whenever she picked our baby up from a visit with her dad. Knowing that Kim would not agree, I asked her, politely, in front of Simon, if we could speak in private. When she

refused, I shrugged my shoulders, as I wrote the words, *molluscum contagiosum*, on a piece of paper, and I proffered it across the table, saying, in front of her new lover,

This is the name of the venereal disease you gave to me.

Fortunately, the contagious mollusk, which the immune system will destroy, naturally, after a period of a few years, was easily eliminated, in my case, through the purchase of a battery-driven machine, with a silver fork, topped on its tines with small spheres, combined with a silver ointment, smeared on my skin, so the area was charged first negative, then positive, then negative, and so on, over two-day periods, to alert the immune system to the problem it promptly destroyed.

The machine I bought over the internet was invented by a medical doctor who witnessed his grandchildren suffering from the snail, which is often transmitted through playgrounds, or also among competitive wrestlers, and it worked, so I submitted a request for reimbursement to my flexible spending plan into which I had deposited my own money, earned as a top-flight lawyer, while the administrator had earlier bragged that money put into the plan could always be spent on items as simple as saline solution or band-aids.

Still, the insurance company, which I represented in the maintenance of billions of dollars of mutual funds, and their merger and acquisition, along with their reorganization, refused to pay me back my own money, claiming that I needed a special letter from my medical

doctor. I obtained that letter from Doctor Peter Fabulian, but then the insurance company said it had to be in a special form. They gave me a template, and I drafted a letter according to their instructions, and requirements, which my doctor signed, again, and I resubmitted. But guess what? They still didn't pay me, so I never got the money back.

Despite my representation of other companies, like AstraZeneca, in multi-billion-dollar reorganizations, while I worked with lawyers, holding scientific doctorates, who told me of their enormous profit margins, and my general disbelief in pharmaceutical solutions, or corporate doctors, I would later, under mind control, foolishly believe that ObamaCare was an advance in that it provided the uninsurable poor with a backstop so they could not be refused treatment for life-threatening illnesses.

This belief I held, also, despite my knowledge, as an insider, of the complete lack of financial reform effected by Barack Hussein Obama II, the half-white war monger who won the Nobel Prize for his skin color, as I represented, among others, the Federal Reserve in the hundred-billion-dollar bail-out of American International Group.

As I watched the Fed go easy, and pass up a chance to make reforms, spending the money of insolvent taxpayers, through an insolvent government, to rescue an irresponsible cabal of bankers, I would represent many of the bad guys whose financial instruments related to the Crash of 2008.

These included Bear Stearns, Lehman Brothers, Goldman Sachs, Merrill Lynch, Wachovia, USBank, BlackRock, and Carlyle in the private-equity space, where I drafted, and assisted with the issuance of, special legal opinions as to newly formed funds in which institutional investors, including state-retirement systems, placed billions, upon billions, upon billions, of dollars, while I earned six-figure salaries at what was often a very easy job, if you know how to do it, keeping my hands clean, enjoying two-hour lunches, and working four-day weeks, with short days, as I devoted myself to my only daughter.

At first, it was extremely demanding, so I worked, day after day, in the office until shortly before midnight, or shortly after, sometimes not sleeping at all, under harsh taskmasters, while I fought for my daughter in family court, and took long weekends; but, then, my first firm asked me to find the door, essentially because of sexist policies against single fathers, and corporate anti-family attitudes, so I got competing offers within a few months, and I moved on to the firm that employed President Biden as a young man.

Biden worked for us for about one month, before he left, as a completely inconsequential person, who was never mentioned, while I had a great time, in a fun office, over a seven-year period at the tiny firm where Creepy Joe washed out.

Lucky for him he had Senator, Vice-President, and President, as his fall-back careers, when he flopped at my old employer.

On one occasion, as I represented Wilmington Trust Company with respect to auction-rate securities, a hybrid financial instrument, which proved untenable following the crash, I attended a basketball game in their box at the Wachovia Center. I despise professional sports, but I had to go, and these guys thought they were hooking me up, while I made a point to share my clients with the partners for whom I worked, so we all piled in my Volvo XC-90, which I had purged of cannabis smoke, to watch some hoops shot by the Sixers.

As I ate hoagies and cheesesteaks, which you will not recognize if you live too far away from Philadelphia, and drank their beer, I hung out with my business colleagues, not paying attention to the game but cultivating our relationships.

There I met a lobbyist who worked for the same too-big-to-fail banks, and he spoke to me, casually, of the value he provided his clients following the world-wide crash. Every one of them had rushed to him, in a panic, saying it was happy to agree to new regulations, or to audits, or to whatever the government wanted. But he told them all to wait. "Don't worry," he said, "Nothing will happen, and there will be no reform." And he was right. Certainly, one bank devoured another, as the too-big-to-fail giants grew even bigger, but the government never did anything to fix the underlying problems.

My own problems I was happy to fix without anyone's help, so, when I came down with shingles, a life-threatening recurrence of chicken pox, from which a friend of mine died, I diagnosed myself,

without consultation, even though I had the highest form of medical insurance, and I cured the disease through the herbal remedies of papayin tablets, extracted from papayas, and bromelain capsules, extracted from pineapples, while I abstained from alcohol, since I learned from a medical study done in Germany that these methods were more effective than any pharmaceutical solution.

The disease was extremely painful, as it manifested on the left side of my body, working its way out, from its hiding place on my spine through my nervous system, but it did not stop me from working, or from skiing, as my daughter and I continued to hit the slopes.

There I would always toss a coin in the fountain, wishing for good things for my daughter, just as I came to interpret the grant of my earlier wishes, on the shooting stars, as having indeed brought the right woman into my life, with whom I now travelled, skied, and partied, in her nascent form.

But earlier, just as I had sought treatment from my osteopath as to another perceived case of Lyme Disease, for which so many tested negative, while we disbelieved the laboratories, I had some mollusks surgically removed before he endorsed the letters that the insurance company refused to honor.

Peter Fabulian was a great guy, who helped people, while the medical establishment, with the mind-control boys, targeted his practice.

Just as he joked about my male sex organs, to which he tended, he made the mistake of joking about the voluptuous breasts of a lady patient, embracing another while he told her she smelled good, as he would also give friendly hugs to me, and, worst of all, going into the resulting hearing, held by his licensing board, with the naïve belief that he didn't need a lawyer, so they took his license away, while the mainstream quacks continue to hawk dangerous pharmaceuticals.

Doctor Fabulous, who lived with the Amish, in Lancaster County, as he tried to convince them of the need for their children to wear shoes, in the summertime, so as to avoid potential infection, failed to interest me in the Born-Again Christian Group that met in each other's houses, over food and fellowship, while they believed in the Garden of Eden; but he did get my attention through the low-temperature o-zone steam cabinet that he kept on the second story of the suburban house in which he maintained his office, so, as I consulted him as to self-prescribed purification fasts, I happily sweated out toxins, before I showered in the upstairs bath, while his wife brought me liquids, to remain hydrated—at least before she divorced him.

Steeped in Jung, I had absolute belief in the wisdom, and insight, I could find through dreams, so I was amused by my conversation with a lady patient, who thought that dinosaurs coinhabited the Garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve, while they ate a diet of delicious vegetables, and fruits, for she said,

The Devil can send dreams, too

That's less half-baked than my former attitude because, subsequently, I have come to see dreams as voice-to-skull, and image-to-skull, transmissions, sent by devil-worshippers, as they use the technologies described in the appendices to this book.

Later I would acquire an interest in parapsychology, as I experienced odd coincidences in my life, which I attributed to a connecting force, but I did not realize that the connecting force was neither mystical nor friendly but rather the interference of my enemies through transhuman cybernetics and microwave harassment, so, as I met positive figures in my dreams, I interpreted them as higher parts of me, the Jungian Self, or, à la Gurdjieff, Higher Emotional Center, while I also wondered if I were meeting other people in the spirit world through my dreams.

It must have driven the enemy crazy when they sent me dreams of beautiful ancient liqueurs, and brandies, distilled spirits, which I interpreted along spiritual lines, so, just as Jesus turned water into wine, through parable, at the Marriage of Cana, and the vineyard stood for work on oneself, I was moving, through spiritual enlightenment, to the further step not of the yeasty ferment through which the new wine breaks the old bottle but higher still where fire works a spiritual distillation.

This was nothing next to their other low-level failures, and willful misunderstanding of reality, and their enemy, because then they

only failed in their pathetic view, and goal, that I would buy an expensive bottle because of a dream.

I had acquired a borderline belief in the supernatural through my work on myself, as I encountered the Gurdjieff Work—all because I had a decisive hearing, in family court, with a wise old judge, who believed that therapy was good for everyone, so it could help a father become a better father, a friend become a better friend, and a person become a better person. This kindly gentleman, who spoke of his own journey, as he endorsed my use of home remedies, and cod liver oil, with respect to my daughter, required the insane mother of our child to continue therapy, and to stop breastfeeding our three-year-old, while he suggested, but did not order, that I do a one-year course with anyone of my choosing. So, in case I ever reappeared in front of him, I spent an informal year with a witchy Jungian at her farm in the evenings. This revived my interest in applied psychology, and the human potential movement, so, after I ticked the box with Babette Jenny, I went looking for people who kept the Gurdjieff Work.

I had approached the Work earlier in my life—first, through conversations with my classmate, Kim Holiday, whose father taught this stuff to executives and management at DuPont, then, through books, which the enemy caused me to forget I had even read, but, finally, now, because a friendly judge had set me on the seeker's path to realize my full human potential.

First I approached a fellow who accepted students in his house, a beautiful arts-and-crafts building, in Chestnut Hill, as we met on Sundays, to meditate in a group, but he lacked a solid provenance while he failed to identify his teachers, and, although I believe he was a good man, he had shared an earlier affiliation with a group run by a child-molesting con artist under the auspices of the Central Intelligence Agency.

The Family of Friends was not my cup of tea, while its successor spoke, with some accuracy, against the Gurdjieff Foundation. These are seekers with whom I went on to work, who keep their feet fairly solid on the ground, eschewing the development of siddhis, or strange powers, which they label as excess of imagination. Still, their approach is hierarchical, and secretive, so it is easy to see how others view them as a cult-like group.

The enemy worked non-stop to drive me away from these people, as I joined, left, and rejoined their groups, just as I had earlier read, forgotten, and reread their books, in an effort that eventually culminated in my departure when they inadvertently allowed a convicted felon into my meditation circle.

Still, I learned from their tutelage, as we breakfasted in the morning, and drank beer in the evening, for they gave me exercises to raise awareness of my body, or my Moving-Instinctive Centers, to build on my earlier work with kung fu and ch'i kung, putting awareness into the bones, and muscles, of my arm when I drank, noticing whichever

hand opened a door, with a similar result, and becoming aware of the tendons, and fascia, covering my skull, while these connected, in something like the actor's craft, learned by my daughter, to particular thoughts, emotions, or encounters.

What I first experienced as automatic movement, when my awareness grew, I later learned was forced movement, driven by cybernetics, as I also learned that what I had taken for ch'i, connected to chakras, was merely microwave harassment. It didn't take long to turn the attack around, since the brains of scum are connected to mine through the matrix, so I can move the bodies, thoughts, and emotions of my enemies through hive mind. They destroyed their own weapons, of belief in spiritual forces, and in extra-sensory perception, while their interference with my every motion, not to mention their other disgusting attacks, destroyed the weapon of sex. So, I will not only never acquire another disease, which might, unlike the first, prove incurable, but I will never have further children through whom they could put me through the wringer in an insane set of family courts.

More I learned from John Hutcherson, who not only worked with early computers, including for Royal Dutch Shell, and the hospital where he served in lieu of military service, while he maintained a work group in the enemy hub of Malta, and heard voices in his head, which he attributed to the action of malign or helpful spirits, doing a daily meditation in which he communed with the leaders of Church Invisible, from Moses, to Jesus, to Mohamed, with particular attention to the

Virgin Mary, as he lived on a farming homestead, in Bethlehem, Israel, with a large-breasted sugarmomma of an Israeli.

Hutch had learned not only from Sufi and Buddhist teachers, who came from authentic lineages, but also from John Godolphin Bennett, who served as the Head of British Military Intelligence, B Division, with responsibility for the entire Middle East, after he was cybernetically implanted, following a motorcycle crash, to have what he took for an out-of-body experience, as Bennett learned from George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, a Russian spymaster, when not studying in the same groups as Doctor Maurice Nicoll, who started as an army psychiatrist, before he abandoned a career as Britain's leading neurologist, to study not only under George Gurdjieff but also under Carl Jung.

Jung, who would influence me deeply, until I saw through him, worked as Agent 488, for the Office of Strategic Services, or OSS, which became the CIA, while he heard voices in his head, which he labelled as archetypes, saw what he took for spirits, and spoke of having different personalities, so, with the best of intentions, he misidentified cybernetic hive mind as the Collective Unconscious, and cybernetically arranged meetings as Synchronicity, while he taught people to listen to their dreams and the voices in their heads, to integrate their dark side, or Shadow, and to seek mystical experiences through kundalini, alchemy, and astrology, while his followers included Jackson Pollack, used to promote the fraud of abstract expressionism, through which

political messaging was removed from visual art, and Hermann Hesse, used to sell psychedelics to hippies, who were alienated from mainstream society.

Jung lectured not only at the Tavistock Clinic, which lies behind the Beatles, who promoted him, and Aleister Crowley, on Sergeant Pepper, while the Fab Four suffered personality changes, promoted drug use, and bizarre religions, but also at Fordham University, run by the Jesuits, who began the Counter-Reformation, with its torture and murder of hundreds of thousands of people, as they sought to control belief, art, and history, while the graduates of this college include William J. Casey, the Director of Central Intelligence, John O. Brennan, the Director of Central Intelligence, and Hage Geingob, the Prime Minister of Namibia, which displaced the rightful government of Southwest Africa, as he covered up horrific crimes committed by his communist colleagues in the South West Africa People's Organisation, or SWAPO, which tortured and killed thousands of blacks in the name of liberation, while the criminals that owned the tom subjected him to brain surgery, colonoscopies, and prostate cancer.

Like Jung, who saw ghosts, just as his mother saw ghosts, and his aunt communed with spirits, I maintained a belief in spooks, as Kimberly moved north with me, to our little farmhouse, in Pennsylvania, which was used as a makeshift hospital in the largest and most important engagement of the American Revolution, fought on September 11, 1777, as the Battle of the Brandywine.

Our beautiful museum-quality house, in which we could have easily dressed in knee-britches, and tricorner hats, to charge tourists admission, sat on the vast estate belonging to Whit Gardner, whose property runs from the covered bridge below the DuPont estate of Granogue, alongside Frolic Weymouth's estate, at Big Bend, until it reaches Gardner Lewis Asset Management, roughly three miles later, but there was no need even to walk since we had everything we wanted on our little seven-acre parcel, with its hundred feet of rose arbor, climbing flowering vines reaching into its stucco, which covered stone walls, a yard thick, so we could sit in the window sills, next to the wavy glass panes, by the fireplace, before we hopped down onto the wide chestnut-planks of the floor, through whose intermittent cracks one could look into, or from, the cement cellar.

A forked black walnut tree grew as only part of the miniature arboretum, in which we set up our badminton court, with hundreds of acres of soybeans beginning their rise up the hill beside the screened-in porch, where herds of deer would look, shyly out from the neighboring woods, and I established our garden, tilled first by a farm-hand, at my request, growing two rows of sunflowers, two rows of sweetcorn, rows upon rows of hot peppers, red tomatos, and green zucchini, along with dozens of winter squash, and the very first watermelon I would ever grow—a single Sugar Baby, which I harvested too early before I learned to trust the wisdom of the plant, whose vine will simply drop the fruit when it is ripe.

Other melons would follow in the years to come, after I moved back into my parents' house, from Yukon Blue Ribbon, to Wilson's Sweet, to Blacktail Mountain, to Art Combe's Ancient, whose red seeds were rescued hundreds of years later, from a pueblo, by a southwestern eccentric, and not to forget some beautiful thin-skinned orientals, which I was delighted to find a little critter would eat, day after day, gnawing a tiny hole in the side, crawling within, and devouring the juicy fruit, to slake its thirst, and which it needed far more than I.

Someone really liked my melons!

The garden was supposed to be Kimbee's thing, so she would have something to do, when not crafting, or sewing, or drawing, or working her little job at the health-food store, while I studied for the Delaware Bar Exam, to get my license, in a test administered only once a year, which has sometimes had a more than fifty-percent failure rate.

Later I would serve as an associate member of the Bar Examination Committee of the Supreme Court of the State of Delaware, on which the managing director of my second firm would sit as one of five justices, as I drafted and graded questions in addition to proctoring the three-day ordeal, but then I had simply to take the test, and pass it, in order to maintain my position as a rookie lawyer with a six-figure salary.

Instead of helping me in my task, Kimbee was constantly high maintenance, leaving the house for her grandmother's on three different occasions, and telling my parents that I was smoking marijuana at the farm, while she expressed resentment as to my constant work in the garden and kept me away from my studies.

It's a miracle that I passed—while the day the good news came through, she told me she was pregnant, since she had obviously failed to take her birth-control pills, or puked them up, due to microwave harassment, so she left within the week, trying to steal our baby, and I told her she could not come back, for I would see her in court, and I didn't need to play nice in order to assert my right, or to do right, with respect to my child.

It's also a miracle that I won that child, spending between one-quarter and one-third of every year with her from just before age two to age fourteen, as I spent one million dollars, on my daughter's upbringing, as I would do, one million times more, had I the opportunity, while I moved into my parents' house, drove hundreds of thousands of miles back and forth to the mountains, and went to court more than thirty times.

And I never would have gotten such large amounts of time if the enemy, in their insanity, had not tried to strike at me through the madwoman, who, when our daughter was sixteen months old, alleged, half-heartedly, to a hospital, and a police officer, that she thought, but was not sure, that I might be sexually molesting my infant daughter—an

allegation she raised immediately before I was scheduled to begin my first overnight periods with my child.

Their attacks keep making me stronger, just as their destruction of sex has prevented what had been the inevitable birth of other bastards, by other women, to be followed by legal fights I would not have won, so some crazy judge would have thrown me in jail for failure to pay child support—because he thought I had money squirrelled away, or that my lazy butt could still earn a big salary, or just because his toast was burnt that morning, or I reminded him of his nephew, or whatever the fuck came in his stupid head.

But first the future bikini model was visiting me in the garden, stark naked, seeking attention, through her histrionic personality disorder, as she posed with watermelon leaves positioned as fans, in pictures I took, using her vintage camera, which she left behind, after she disencamped, so, in court, through her borderline personality disorder, fearing their production, she would allege that I had forced her to work nude on my plantation.

I kept thinking that I could get out any time, and I had no idea what family court could be like, so I suffered her presence, and foolishly tried to make her happy, while I had the worst sex of my life, as the enemy increasingly talked dirty through my mouth, while we mated, and they worked, unsuccessfully, to lead us to rape, for we sometimes had shouting matches, facing off, in the buff.

For a while I learned my lesson, to stay away from crazy bitches, however hot, until just after I woke up, when I became sexually active, so that I would have had more than a dozen additional partners by this time, given my then batting average, while I foolishly mounted my last lover, for life, without using a condom, and trusting her later word that the divorced mother who lay by my side got regularly tested for venereal disease, and carried two intra-uterine devices, so I didn't need to worry, with the result that I boned her womanbody good for the rest of the evening.

Thank goodness they ruined sex, with their foul directed energy blasts against my anus, penis, and perineum, accompanied by constant lies, and dirty words, not to mention the shared experience in cybernetic hive mind of their foul presence, all courtesy of the technologies described in the appendices to this book—because I was headed for disaster.

Immediately after my daughter was born, as I visited with her for eight-hour periods, handing her back to her mother, at the end of each day, of each alternating four-day weekend, in the year before a friendly judge increased my time to one-third of every year, due to the mother's false allegations of incestuous baby-rape, I went shopping in the county seat, where I found a beautiful toy, a small musical bear, from Germany, like so many of our other wooden treasures, with which I filled my daughter's childhood, in a little boutique.

High as a kite, on the cannabis that was my constant diet, until a family court ordered me to be tested, so I temporarily gave up the green weed only to go back to alcohol after more than two years of abstinence, I spoke to a beautiful Polish-American lady, called Cathy, five years my senior, as we sparked, so I asked for her telephone number, which she happily gave to me with the expectation that I would take her on our first date.

After a good twenty minutes of friendly talk, I strode out, into the change of scene, and I thought for a moment about the lady with whom I had just conversed—her interest in ventriloquism, inspired by her love of the monocled mannikin, Charlie McCarthy, her journey on a singles' cruise where she had performed her act, and her five jobs, including cleaning toilets in other people's houses, where she worked as a maid. I had escaped from a romantic-sexual relationship with a different beautiful crazy lady, who couldn't get it together, while I earned a six-figure salary, as a top lawyer, having left my earlier career as a college professor, and I travelled hundreds of miles, on a regular basis, to the mountains where my daughter lived, fighting in family court, and supporting multiple households in tremendous style. So, I looked at the latticed metal wastebasket on the town street corner, and neatly tore the number in half, dropping it in, before I continued down the brick sidewalk, in preparation for a weekend at an estate south of Charles Town, West Virginia, where I had negotiated the only time within a

twelve-year period where my daughter's mother would travel any notable distance to facilitate what the family courts call visitation.

It was Hillbrook, where, after its patent house was built three hundred years ago, George Washington travelled, in his youth, as he did a survey for Lord Fairfax, so he bought five hundred and fifty acres of farmland on Bullskin Run, which he eventually expanded to two thousand acres, living at Rock Hall, or the Bullskin Plantation, before a smaller parcel of the property was improved, a mere one hundred years ago, by Brigadier General Frank E. Bamford, at the height of the Roaring Twenties, recycling timbers and stone from the earlier Locke Farm, as the original spring house continued to supply water to the estate we visited, which the general named for an inn he loved in Normandy where he stayed after the First World War.

There I threw horseshoes, each day, over lunch, while my daughter's mother lurked in the background, breastfeeding our child, before she returned the baby to me. We hung out in the beautiful guest cottage, with a little iron grate over the look-out window, in the heavy wooden door, a crazy fireplace in the corner, and a jacuzzi tub in the bathroom, where I soaked at night, calling my dad on the telephone, breaking my alcohol fast, and watching Carnivàle on HBO. Like all guests, I was required to dine, one night, in the beautiful main house, where I sat alone, although a lovely group of racecar people, competing on the neighboring track, invited me to join their table, and, while I politely declined, on second thought, after they left, I accepted the

invitation of an elderly couple, from Ohio, devoutly Christian, literary, and well-to-do, for the lady had studied at Oxford.

This would be only one of the amazing places my daughter and I would stay, as I brought her up, visiting many grand hôtels, country inns, and cabins, first in the Virginia Blue Ridge, the Virginia Alleghenies, and the Roanoke Valley, before we even began our more ambitious travels across the country.

To get there, I had first to impregnate Kimberly, while she lived in my beautiful colonial house, on the estate, which Andrew Wyeth's famous model, Helga Testorf, rented for her home following our departure, as the world's greatest painter caught her features, in more than two hundred paintings and drawings, which include Braids, Sheepskin, Pageboy, and Black Velvet.

Andrew Wyeth is the flower of the Brandywine School, which includes his patron, Frolic Weymouth, who painted August and Nightlife, playing strange games with composition, geometry, and perspective, along with his father, N.C. Wyeth, who illustrated Treasure Island, Robinson Crusoe, and The Black Arrow, adding scenes uncontained in the stories, and his son, Jamie Wyeth, who painted Portrait of Shorty, of a railroad worker, looking dazed and dirty, Portrait of Lester, of his farmboy neighbor, looking like an intelligent retard, and Portrait of Andrew Wyeth, of his father in a naval peacoat, looking as though he had stepped from the books that contained his grandfather's

pictures, while they paid for their lifestyle, in Scribner's Illustrated Classics for Young People.

The whole thing was started by Howard Pyle, who created a work that struck me in my childhood, where a yellow moon hung, full, in the evening sky, setting into the woodline, atop the hill, and a man sprinted, hell for leather, not even trying to defend himself with his walking stick, for the Salem Wolf ran, bushy-tailed, red-tongued, ears alert, and hungry, intent at his heels, across the thin snow:

Once It Chased Doctor Wilkinson Into The Very Town Itself.

The Helga Pictures are tremendous, while I had the strange feeling that I had summoned her, through hanging prints of her naked body, in the house, when a friend, Tommy Ray, who has worked as one of many household servants for the Wyeth Family, told me she had taken the house, although I could see, later, that this was simply a question of an excellent rental in a small area, while my brother had rented, and my nephew now rents, a cottage by Baily's Dairy, on Pocopson Meadow Farm, which was earlier inhabited by Jamie Wyeth and Jimmy Lynch.

The Wyeth Family produced some of the greatest art the world has ever seen, while they live in a beautiful place, full of secrets, but they were plainly involved in the lowest form of criminal activity. I

still have the highest admiration for the talented production, but not the life or being, of Andrew Wyeth, who painted hundreds of masterpieces, in the ultra-demanding mediums of dry-brush watercolor and egg tempera, with a terrific understanding of geometry and composition, rooted in the local landscapes of the Brandywine Valley and the Maine Coast, faithfully rendering intelligently chosen models, and, all the while, exploring the deepest levels of symbol, metaphor, and substitution. That's where it ends, since his son helped me past the glamour into an appropriate comprehension of who and what these people are. The master's son, Jamie, grew up in his care, and his son started off as a realist master in the same school, but the son's degenerate descent into satanic material, churning out garbage while he giggles, in what passes for high society and the art world, like his consortation with luciferian child-molesters, has virtually ruined the entire thing for me, while it helped me learn the nature of the Brandywine School. So, I know not only that the great patron and artist, Frolic Weymouth, who was named for a dog, was a total criminal, as he married Jamie Wyeth's cousin, just as Jamie married Frolic's cousin, so each excuse for a person is somehow related to himself, in an incestuous tanglefuck that barely indicates the depravity of these losers, but I cannot even look at the works I once enjoyed by Frolic's friend, and Jamie's father, Andrew Wyeth, without experiencing disgust.

James Browning Wyeth, known as Jamie, rides on his family's reputation, while he grew up strange, on his parent's property,

having left school after only sixth grade. Working next to his father, he painted, from childhood, in their house, where his parents kept him in a box, specially designed for his confinement, made of four twelve-foot panels, hinged together, and mounted on wheels. While his brother, Nick, retreated into the world of machinery, building model airplanes, Jamie went into a world of fantasy, based on adventure books. But the normal period didn't last long, since he travelled, at the age of nineteen, up to New York, to complete his education. There he learned human anatomy not only by socializing with influential child-molesters, and their victims, whose puckered anuses and oozing penises he shared with his patron, Lincoln Kerstein, and his colleague, Andy Warhol, but by dissecting the corpses at the morgue, so, for years, his sketchbooks smelled of formaldehyde.

Who knows what is going on with these people, or how deep the crimes run. Certainly, his father's paintings of his own children, and others, show people in a state of dissociation, so, although the works are full of sensory life, the subjects look mentally absent. My Young Friend is an amazing portrait, catching the exact texture of a woolen sweater, so the viewer can smell the lanolin, and touch the fluffy fur, on the pelt of the model's hat, while it captures a twenty-year-old stablegirl who looks like she's tripping on acid. Nicholas shows Jamie's elder brother wearing a canvas parka, so the viewer can hear the coat crinkle while he moves, in a palette of browns, as the red-lipped child holds himself together in pain. And Faraway shows Jamie, looking evil,

upon the loss of a lead soldier, with the denim of his jeans standing bold against the complementary colors of an orangy field. Like the paintings, the subjects are full of secrets, and I don't want to know how these creatures lived in their own underworlds.

N.C. Wyeth appears as a lantern-jawed monster, with a sloped forehead, tipping the scales at hundreds of pounds, while he cranked out more than three thousand paintings, and he illustrated more than one hundred books, starting his career with a commission from The Saturday Evening Post. He went west to work as a cowboy and to visit the Navajo, but another criminal stole his money, so he had to earn more, riding on the plateau, as a mail carrier, between the Two Grey Hills and Fort Defiance. As he wrote to his family,

*The life is wonderful, strange—the
fascination of it clutches me like some unseen animal
—it seems to whisper,*

**Come back, you belong here,
this is your real home.**

And so he went back, two years later, listening to the voice carried through the technology shown in the appendices to this volume, before he returned to Chadds Ford. Building on his connections with the magazine, he made big bucks, serious scratch, as an illustrator, and a commercial artist, selling his talent to the highest bidder, like a whore

who could never have a real relationship, for he did ads for Lucky Strike, Cream of Wheat, Coca-Cola, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Resenting the sell-out, and taking it out on his family, whose life he financed, the great man said he bitched himself with accursed success, in skin-deep pictures, for money men who wanted to buy him piecemeal. And so blowing off steam, and hitting the sauce, he used the proceeds to throw Jazz Age Parties, while his lavish dos were attended by F. Scott Fitzgerald, who wrote The Great Gatsby, John Gilbert, who played in Flesh and the Devil, and Lillian Gish, who starred in the pæan to the Klan: Birth of a Nation.

At our farmhouse, Kimbee and I missed those ones, although she said she saw both the world's worst and the world's greatest movies in my company. As the high-maintenance hotbody would read dirty books, checked out from the library, by Anaïs Nin, we got videotapes like The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari, which shows a narrative based in insanity, and The French Connection, with its amazing chases, and the tenacity of its hero, Popeye Doyle, along with Sabrina, where the madwoman associated everyone in the picture with a person from my family, and How To Marry A Millionaire, where she wasn't sure whether she was allowed to admire Marilyn Monroe. Our mutual favorite was The Royal Tennenbaums, but little did we know of the bizarrer brood of geniuses right down the road in our own Chadds Ford.

As Newell Convers Wyeth rutted with his beautiful wife, Carolyn Brenneman Bockius, on their private seventeen acres, in the heart of the Brandywine Battlefield, each of the giant's children showed brilliance. Ann Wyeth McCoy was a musical composer, who kept a collection of creepy porcelain dolls, given on Christmas and her birthday, throughout her childhood, as she wrote a piece on Anna Kuerner, who slowly went mad, while her husband, the veteran machine-gunner, beat his daughters and became like a second father to her brother, Andrew. Henriette Wyeth Hurd was an artist, who married another great painter, and her father's apprentice, while they lived on the Sentinel Ranch, buying up their neighbors, to acquire more than two thousand acres, down the road from Roswell, New Mexico, after she overcame her disability, acquired as toddler, through polio, so she drew with her left hand and painted with her right. Carolyn, who was named for her mother, and her elder sister, who died an infant, taught painting, while she lived in her parents' house, all her life, until, upon her death, they shot her ashes from a cannon. And, of the two boys, the greatest, Andrew, was the crippled runt, who walked with a limp, while his brother, Nathaniel, named for his father, invented a variant of polyethylene terephthalate, to withstand the pressure of carbonated drinks, as he worked for DuPont.

While he was at the office, his father was fucking his wife, who like his mother, and two of his sisters, was named Caroline, and he seems to have fathered a child through his daughter-in-law. So, young

Newell, who was named for his grandfather, who was also his father, met his end, with N.C., as their old-timey car was struck by a southbound milktrain, on the Octorara Branch, at Ring Road. Before the engineer could stop the locomotive, it had pushed the automobile, with its two inhabitants, one-hundred-and-forty-three feet down the line, flipping it several times. And it's hard to see how the car could have simply stalled at the rural crossing in front of the slowly moving train.

Some say N.C. killed himself, but it seems equally possible that someone in his family did him in, while they disposed of the bodies through an arranged accident. Whichever happened, his murderer, and the boy's, whether the giant, or another, had left a message in his home, plainly for the wife of his son, and his lover, since his bible lay open to a passage on adultery.

Strangely, on the same day, Andrew and Betsy realized she was pregnant with Jamie, a total scumbag who makes his grandfather look normal, since the giant limited his abuse of children to locking his willful daughter in the chicken coop, cramped and smelling of manure, as a punishment for her attitude, and frightening his son, by impersonating Father Christmas, prowling through their haunted house, so the runt who became their greatest artist found himself urinating, in his bed, for fear, when he heard the stranger's footsteps approach his room, up the stairs, and the door creaked open.

Each son wanted to be different from his father, so Andy saw that, aside from his other faults, N.C. had given himself away, blinded

by his fame, caught up in a whirl of parties, in a shallow life that took energy from his art and his being. So, he resolved to hide, moving among the masses at Halloween, behind a mask, and once getting rid of a Jewish visitor by dressing in a jacket of the Nazis. But Jamie took the cake by leaving the country for the city, as he became not only a pervert but a star-fucker.

Dressed like a fool, in paint-splattered plus-fours, mismatched socks, and the red shoes favored by those who wade in the blood of the innocent, Jamie Wyeth went on to expose himself not only as a bad artist, who has completely lost his touch, but as a total creep in a recent exhibition called Unsettled, at the Brandywine River Museum, with pictures of dead bodies, decapitated deer, and a cow lit on fire, while he took a stand through a piece of poorly rendered schlock, called Poison, because, although he says nothing of the crimes of his friends, which are beyond horrendous, as they destroy the lives of young people, he had a problem with a peaceful demonstration to protest the fixing of the 2020 Election, through the use of Dominion Voting Machines—while the real story was exposed by the heroic South-African, Lara Logan, weaponized after her horrific gang-rape by moslem trash, on Lupercalia, so she first investigated a nearly identical but fatal attack against Consul Christopher Stevens, in Benghazi, on September Eleventh, while later she reported on the government crackdown against free speech, and freedom of assembly, in its response to the arranged events of January Sixth.

The show contains disgusting dioramas that look, appropriately, like something made by a demented child, molested by his own family, since Jamie Wyeth has put forward, in true outsider art, what can only be called poorly rendered garbage. The pretentiously entitled tableaux vivants represent Jamie's experiences among other deviants during the Sixties and the Seventies in New York City. The Factory Dining Room shows Andy Warhol, the famous child molester, with whom he had an intimate association, after the scum changed his name from Andrew Warhola Jr. La Côte Basque shows Lincoln Kerstein, who cruised the streets before he went insane, Truman Capote, who wrote a book about the senseless murder of a rural family, and Joanna Carson, whose husband had us all fooled when we watched The Tonight Show. Butcher Shop shows the horrific dismemberment of what had been living animals, into bloody pieces of meat, as a demonic figure works with a cleaver, hooks, and buckets in a foul-smelling room that has for its floor the tessellated pavement of the Freemasons. These the artist made from memory, strictly, as he says, for his pleasure, while he felt, in his own words, like a voyeur, and he smiles, at what he thinks are jokes, painting series like The Seven Deadly Sins.

Jamie Wyeth married Phyllis Mills, a cousin of Frolic Weymouth, and a DuPont bloodliner, who was crippled in a car crash, so she dragged herself around, shitting and pissing in her diapers, while she had no children with her homosexual husband, so the unborn were at least spared victimization by her family, as she drove her carriages,

once she lost the use of her legs, and she bred horses, undoubtedly smarter and healthier than some of her family, not to mention less incestuous, so her stallion, Union Rags, won the Belmont Stakes, while she grew up near Middleburg, Virginia, on Burnt Mill Farm, next to Hickory Tree Farm, where her people raised, owned, and raced other top stakes winners like Gone West, Devil's Bag, and Believe It.

This degenerate female boarded at Ethel Walker before she attended Finch College, where she studied political science, at a now-defunct finishing school, on the East Side, which shows what society is all about while it also had, as students, Tricia Nixon Cox, the daughter of the outsider president, Pegeen Vail Guggenheim, whose art was featured in women's exhibitions, Grace Slick, whose music led teenagers to drop acid, and Kick Kennedy, the Marchioness of Hartington, whose brother, Jack, employed Phyllis Mills at the White House, hiring her as a special assistant, while he fucked everything that moved, preferring anal sodomy, before she married Jamie Wyeth.

Midway she attended the Columbia School of Social Work, so she could become an expert in how other people should live their lives, and raise their children, much like the characters I would meet in family court. She summered at Southern Island, down the coast from where my daughter and I would sometimes overnight in Rockland, before catching the ferry to Vinalhaven, or travelling up to Mount Desert, and Down East, finding to our surprise that this was where the Wyeths went to Maine. So, there, the patroness of the perverts did

something for local children, in Port Clyde, when she founded the Herring Gut Learning Center, but locally she worked as a teacher for the Terry Children's Psychiatric Center in New Castle.

I wonder if she had any contact, there, or elsewhere, with her cousin, Robert H. Richards IV, another DuPont, who raped his three-year-old daughter. As the five-year-old told her grandmother, Donna Burg, Richards asked her to keep his incestuous attack "our little secret." He never served a day in jail because Delaware Superior Court Judge Jan Jurden, for whom a colleague of mine once clerked, ruled that this man, who raped not only a toddler, but his own child, "would not fare well in prison." Later, his ex-wife, Tracy Richards, sued him not only for the assault of their daughter but for sexually abusing their son, when the boy was nineteen months old. According to her lawsuit, Richards promised that "whatever I did to my son, I will never do it again," confessing that he "was very concerned something happened with his son, but that he has repressed the memories."

The Terry Children's Psychiatric Center, where the cousin of these incest victims worked, as a teacher, while she consorted with the child molester, Andy Warhol, who drugged his superstars, the DuPont Twins, as he worked to put them into a pornography video featuring their homosexual incest-rape, is operated by the State of Delaware, through its Division of Prevention and Behavioral Health Services, or DPBHS, while it provides residential-based treatment for up to ten children, from ages six to thirteen, and bed-based crisis stabilization for

up to six children, up to age seventeen, since it serves patients with histories of sexual victimization, mental illness, and behavioral disorders, giving them psychiatric evaluations while it manages pharmaceutical solutions, so, of course, it served as the workplace of Phyllis Mills Wyeth.

Other fancy positions that did not allow this scumbag to harm young people included her seats on the boards of the Brandywine Conservancy and Museum of Art, the H.J. Heinz Company Foundation, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the Mary Chichester du Pont Foundation, and the Natural Resources Defence Council—not to mention the cripple’s appointments to the National Endowment for the Arts and Handicapped Advisory Task Force to the White House Conference on Handicapped Individuals and the President’s Committee on the Employment of the Handicapped.

But her patronage was so much more personal, even than what I don’t want to imagine with the mixed-up children on whom she could experiment, while she played the hypocrite in polite society, since she consorted with plebeian child molesters like the artiste, Andy Warhol, with whom she danced at Monte Carlo, and drove in her carriage, along the Brandywine, as he stayed on her estate, Point Lookout Farm, as her guest, while he and her husband painted each other, so he earned a poetic description in her obituary.

As the weirdo mispronounced his friend’s name, just to be pretentious, in a style she so adored, Andy Warhol gave “Felice” Mills

one of his Self-Portraits with Skull, but she gave him so much more, because she countenanced his operation, and introduced him to the gullible, through the museum, while she had absolutely no problem with the freak's abuse of twins who took her name of DuPont.

The DuPont Family shares one thing in common with mine, and absolutely nothing else, which is that we strongly distinguish between bloodline family members and those who marry into our tribe, so it is mystifying that this person who carried their blood on her mother's side would have allowed the victimized children, Richard and Robert Lasko, who were nothing but catamites, to move as impostors, using her name, as Andy Warhol, born as Andrew Warhola Jr., rebranded the guttersnipes as superstars, through his Factory, when he called the rentboys by their new and flashy moniker:

THE DUPONT TWINS.

My mother used to make common cause with my father's cousin, the gangly Aryan who married my parents, since the Reverend Walter Reimet, who married Virginia Shelley, got the same treatment as Susan Shinn, who married James Shelley, by the Shelley Family, who regarded them as interlopers, tolerated, as guests, under our canopy, much like the fellow who married Wally and Ginny's daughter, and tried to fit in, at a family reunion, by naming his school, so they called him, forever, Mister Princeton, and my father used to say things to my mother like, "Of course, you wouldn't understand, because you're not a

Shelley,” while a difference was always kept between those who married Shelleys and those who were Shelleys.

Likewise, I once met a fellow at the Whip, in Cheshire Hounds Foxhunting Country, with whom I had a pleasant conversation, as he polished his fender, so we spoke together of his Rolls-Royce, of which he felt inordinately proud, before we walked in, where he chose to stand by my side at an open bar, so we introduced each other, and, learning his name, DuPont, I said I knew one of his cousins, since Caroline Johnstone du Pont, the chairwoman of Summit Aviation, whose father served as vice president of the Hercules Powder Company, had married my boss, Bill Prickett, who went to Princeton and Harvard, winning cases like Smith v. Van Gorkom, and writing books like Risk in the Afternoon, while he travelled to Tibet, and fought in Korea, as their wedding was announced in The New York Times, and he lived as an owner on the plantation where Frederick Douglass was kept as a slave, for I remembered meeting this excellent lady at the Vicmead Hunt Club.

His bloodline and his name were important to him, as mine are to me, and he certainly did not regard Mrs. Prickett as an impostor, nor did he me, but he politely and correctly said of the widow who remarried, whom I had understandably misidentified, “I can see why you call her that, but she’s actually not. Her father worked for one of our companies, and she married my cousin.” Even with someone so distinguished, this gentleman felt the need to differentiate between a

blood cousin and a married cousin when talking to an aristocratic stranger in a public house.

Why then did the wife of Jamie Wyeth, who carried the same blood, while her mother carried the same name, not tell the little creep, from the slums, who called himself Andy Warhol, not to use the name of her family as the fabricated handle of his boy whores, at the Factory, when they appeared in at least one society column as the DuPont Twins? And not only did she not exercise her authority as a patroness, and a hostess, to put a stop to the fraudulent impersonation, by the vulgarians, when she couldn't even tell the fag how not to mispronounce her name, correcting his ridiculous affectation, but her obituary, in what must have been approved by this degenerate DuPont, gushed about their relationship, as it described their carriage ride, along the river, on the holiday, with his silver hair fluttering in the wind.

Richard and Robert Lasko were identical seventeen-year-old twins, tall and blond, who worked for Martha Stewart, after they were adopted by a couple who owned gas stations in Fairfield County. With another of her employees, they went to Studio 54, from which they moved into the life to become the pets of the art crowd. There they met Andy Warhol, who was forty-eight, so they fell under his spell, and they held the especial interest of his set because they brought along an even younger victim who was only fourteen. That boy disappeared, as they lost him the minute they arrived, in the crush of more than one thousand, only to reconnect, finding him at last, several hours later, so

both his parents and their employer expressed concern the following morning in Connecticut. Sniffing cocaine, and having sex with boys, right in the disco, while the minors were still in high school, Robert Lasko was steered by Rupert Smith to Andy Warhol, who loved twins, so he asked Robert, right away, about his brother, Richard. Still, there was a problem, since Holly Woodlawn said they had to have a famous name, an idea they liked because they wanted to keep their own names out of the papers, and they didn't want be outed in their hometown, so seeing a company sign, from their suburban train, they got the idea to rebrand their partnership as the DuPont Twins.

The idea for a new name came from Holly Woodlawn, who appeared in films like Trash, where he blew the money he earned on heroin, while this superstar earned fame as one of the very first people to say the word CUNT in a film, Women in Revolt, which branded Politically Involved Girls as PIGS. Earlier, as a Puerto Rican Boy, he decided he was a woman, turning tricks at the age of sixteen, and living on the street, so he made his way into the song by Lou Reed, "Take A Walk On The Wild Side,"

Holly came from Miami, F-L-A,
Hitch-hiked her way across the USA,
Plucked her eyebrows along the way,
Shaved her legs, and then he was a she.

Later he went on to steal the place of another trans-sexual bitch, Candy Darling, at La MaMa Experimental Theatre Club, in Vain Victory, while this other Warhol Superstar showed up in the same song, as the corporate disc jockeys played the mediocre obscenity, ad nauseam, on the radio.

Candy came from out on the Island.

In the backroom, she was everybody's darling,

But she never lost her head

Even when she was giving head.

And this is the freak from whom Richard and Robert Lasko took advice, as he brought them under the sway of Andy Warhol, who, while he associated with Jamie Wyeth's wife, a real DuPont, introduced his pretty boys to Diana Ross, Liza Minnelli, and Mick Jagger as the DuPont Twins from the Delaware Family.

The twins sought to correct the misunderstanding, saying they were from Connecticut, but everyone laughed since they thought this was one of those crazy jokes that old money might play as it appeared in the form of DuPont Bloodliners.

Their mentor, Holly Woodlawn, had taken his girlname from Breakfast at Tiffany's, a film my daughter's mother admired, which I was forced to endure at our farmhouse, while he took the second half of his alias from the Woodlawn Cemetery, saying he was the heiress to the

associated fortune, and, later, he was arrested in an incident, which his set must have loved, as they retold the story, again and again, and again, for impersonating the wife of the French Ambassador to the United Nations, so he was taken to the New York Women's House of Detention, but when they discovered he had a penis, the police moved him into a men's facility—something they would have trouble doing today because of the political positions taken by Jamie Wyeth.

Penises came in handy for the DuPont Twins, or at least for Richard, since he pissed on the paintings Andy called Piss, while their patron moaned, and cooed, in simulated orgasms, during his artistic micturition, but things got to the point where a different DuPont, named Joanne, called the patron to account, at another function where he consorted with her family, saying the boys were not bloodliners; however, this wasn't Phyllis Mills, the wife of Jamie Wyeth, so Warhol, who continued his relationship with her associates, including her cousin, Frolic Weymouth, and her husband, Jamie Wyeth, dialed it back, just a bit, keeping stuff on the down-low, when he didn't use his pictures of the twins in his magazine, Interview, and he expressed sympathy for their position since name changes were used by many of his superstars.

Warhol pimped the DuPont Twins, telling them to engage in homosexual relations with rich strangers, so they would buy his worthless paintings, as he stole the gifts given to his boywhores, which included lighters made by Cartier and cufflinks by David Webb, while he took them to the Ice Palace, where they found other prostitutes and

pornstars, and Warhol encouraged the boys to engage in a foursome, but they drew the line because neither would step into the world of incest, leading the pop artist to drug the twins, at a later lunch, where he tried to lead them into another incestuous tangle in an ugly white room, with hideous bright lights, and a video camera all set up.

The DuPont Twins met the son of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, who had given a job, as an assistant, to Phyllis Mills, when he worked as the president in the White House, first at Studio 54, but then when he was no longer a minor, at his eighteenth birthday, since his mother, Jackie O, threw a party for her son, John-John, and his older sister, Caroline, at Le Club, so they had to equivocate, saying only that they didn't speak to their family, when, before a scuffle, fueled by cocaine and champagne, landed John-John in the gutter, on his back, he had asked them about Winterthur in the Château Country.

That's where I lived, in a beautiful farmhouse, on the Whit Gardner Estate, across from Big Bend, as I drove to work next to Granogue, and either left past the remains of Guyencourt, while I once had to change a flat tire, jacking up my Beetle, in the pretty back drive, of Winterthur, and I sometimes drove past Montchanin, or right, up the hill, past the Centre Meeting House, and around the Bidermann Golf Course, where I once turned down an invitation to play, meeting the party only for drinks at the Vicmead Hunt Club, and either way, past Chevannes, but never to the lower surroundings of Nemours, with its tacky green plastic sign, and its walls topped with broken glass, to

discourage trespassers, within sight of the DuPont Country Club, where we played a little, in my youth, when slumming, or past Bois-des-Fosses, held by Pierre Samuel du Pont III, whose homosexual father, Pierre Samuel du Pont II, or P.S., held Longwood, in my own backyard, where he sired his son, tugging his mother, who was also his cousin, so his grandson, Pierre Samuel du Pont IV, or Pete, who served as governor, ran for president, as ferocious dogs roam the property of Brantwyn—while I do wish I had taken similar precautions, turning on my house alarm, the following spring, when I lived in the Château Country, since burglars smashed down my door, while I worked at my law firm, and the police, whom I called to the scene, took absolutely no interest in prosecuting the crime.

There I would drive past Point Lookout Farm, hidden from sight, behind its massive hedge rows, where Jamie Wyeth lived with his wife, the real DuPont, Phyllis Mills, who more than ten years earlier, and before, had served as the adoring patroness, and protector lioness, her own style, of the ballet artiste, Rudolf Nureyev, for whom the crippled degenerate delivered presents during her trips to Communist Russia, while the danseur had started his career in a liaison à quatre, learning what he called the art of male love, from his teacher, Alexander Pushkin, his teacher's wife, Xenia Pushkin, and a seventeen-year-old called Teja Kremke, who in turn had been introduced to bisexual encounters at the age of twelve, was always open to new experiences, and later married a

colored child bride, while the perverted boys called each other blood brothers, since they cut their bodies to mingle their fluids.

The connections of Phyllis Mills would prove useful to her husband, Jamie Wyeth, so he avoided combat in the War in Việt Nam by serving for five years in the Delaware Air National Guard. For him the war was not full metal jacket but rather dinner jacket, instead, as he dined and supped with the rich criminals in his set, while they all hung out with the black underclass who were sent to kill the yellow people in the jungle. The political interference went so far that the second Jamie Wyeth was scheduled for immediate deployment, the brass suddenly cancelled all flights for noncombatants. Then his assignment changed because he was granted a top security clearance, so he took part in a different show, Eyewitness to Space, where the Nazis at NASA and the National Gallery worked together to employ the masonic number of forty-seven artists to make propaganda for the fake moon landing.

Jamie Wyeth used strange materials for his paintings like corrugated cardboard, saying he wanted to eat the oils, which he enjoyed smelling and touching, and he employed gimmicks like parachute cloth and military-standard paint for stuff like Adam and Eve and the C-97, where he depicted the tight buttocks and the bubble-butt of his subjects, with the male's red eye pointed straight at the viewer for a different kind of target. So, he could court controversy, and have discussions, about our bare-assed progenitors with his military patrons, after he had earlier painted a gross and gritty picture, Draft Age, of his

homosexual dirtbag buddy, Jimmy Lynch O'Flaherty, with whom he shackled up in a cottage first my brother, and then my nephew, later rented, by Baily's Dairy, on Pocopson Meadow Farm, while Lynch would later inhabit a school bus, converted to a camper, behind the Chadds Ford Inn.

Jamie Wyeth painted Night Vision to commemorate the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, while his crippled wife's connections allowed him to paint Senator Edward Moore, or Ted, Kennedy, who provided a place for his nephew, William Smith, to rape party guests, Attorney General Robert Francis, or Bobby, Kennedy, who shared girlfriends with his brother, while his son, Michael, raped the fourteen-year-old babysitter of his children, and President John Fitzgerald, or Jack, Kennedy, a catholic butt-fucker whose father, Joseph Patrick, or Joe, Kennedy, the bootlegger, raped the Hollywood Star, Gloria Swanson, while he lobotomized his own daughter, Rosemary Kennedy, at the age of twenty-three, since she was "becoming increasingly irritable and difficult," so the next sixty years of her life left her unable to walk or to speak, although, admittedly, William was acquitted as to the charges of rape from Palm Beach, Michael said he waited till the babysitter was ripe at age sixteen, and the destruction of their female relative's brain was done without the authorization of Rose Kennedy, whom Pope Pius XII ennobled as a Papal Countess.

Before he moved on to the Irish Ass-Fuckers, Jamie Wyeth started with a portrait of his family friend, the Hebrew Homosexual,

Lincoln Kerstein, who founded the New York City Ballet, and the School of American Ballet, with Edward Warburg, whose father, the international financier, lived in the Jewish Museum. His wife, Fidelma Cadmus, the sister of the painter, Paul Cadmus, and an artist herself, was happy to share their house, with a string of his boyfriends, over fifty years, and it's hard to believe that Jamie Wyeth, who went up to New York, to study corpses, in the morgue, at the age of nineteen, was not his guest at Gramercy Park.

Lincoln Kerstein was promoted to the exalted rank of private, first class, when he worked, as a Monuments Man, to retrieve art taken by the Nazis, while later he brought the music of GAGAKU to America through his connections not to the blond and blue-eyed but to the otherwise yellow, and epicanthic-folded, war criminals in the Imperial Household Agency of Japan.

So, while his penis was scarred, and mangled, allegedly from a botched circumcision, the Jew Boy buggered bunches and bunches, and bunches, from gentlemen, to sailors, to hustlers, from his rooms at Harvard University, to Sand Street in Brooklyn, to the showers of the 63rd Street YMCA, until he lost his mind, because his masters slammed him with microwave harassment, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, and they destroyed his worthless life, for they never spare their own, and he was confined to a straitjacket, in the lunatic asylum, for weeks at a time, diagnosed with everything from

bipolar disorder, to mania, depression, and paranoia, while on one occasion he trashed the studio of his lover, Dan Maloney.

Jamie Wyeth, whom Lincoln Kirstein called, “one of the strangest people I have ever known,” went on to paint gayboys like the ballet dancer, Rudolf Nureyev, the popsinger, Michael Jackson, and the bodybuilder, Arnold Schwarzenegger—not to mention the boyfucker, Andy Warhol, whom critics called the Patriarch of Pop, while his boyfriend was ennobled as the Prince of Realism, and President Reagan bought the act, so, while George Bush gave tours to male prostitutes, of the White House, this degenerate designed their official Christmas Cards.

I was enjoying my own Christmas, while my parents came over to buy me a tree, and I burned beamscraps in my fireplace, given by my friend, Jamie Moore, who worked as a timberframer for Hugh Lofting, whose grandfather wrote the books about Doctor Dolittle, while I foolishly had an idyllic picture of the Wyeth Family, spending the time to read, and enjoy, a children’s book, by the mother of Jamie Wyeth, who illustrated The Stray, which paints a silly picture of the area, and its characters, as three friends journey, with jaunty derring-do, across the local fields, woods, and creek to learn that Baron de Fâce plots with Sour Kraut to overrun the hobbit home of the Ford.

I had zero sense of the absolute evil of these people, who conned us, with their folksy ornament sale, as cute critters were made from corn husks, so they could hang on our trees, on Christmas Eve, and

we gave each other holiday cards with pictures of Santa, made by the Wyeths, while my father thought it was neat that they kept a floor of the museum devoted, only for the season, to an elaborate model train, where he enjoyed taking his little grandson.

There is a little cluster of businesses at Chadds Ford, from the elementary school, which provided the only formal education ever received by the degenerate, Jamie Wyeth, to the River Museum, with its holiday events, where we put in, with our canoes and kayaks, to float down the creek, to a little collection of restaurants, so, until its repackaging as Brandywine Prime, the Chadds Ford Inn worked as a public spot for fancy meals, and Hank's Diner, before the flood took it out, served up breakfast, but the Tavern was the night spot, since it stood, like the Inn, for more than two hundred years, along the Old Post Road, or the King's Highway, where the largest and most significant battle of the American Revolution was fought back on a different September Eleventh.

That's the dive featured in the prequel to this book, WonderWomen, where my friend, Gordon, the son of an Air Force colonel and a CIA officer, who met in the Secret War in Laos, removed his kilt, because our friend objected to its oddness, when he strolled naked out the door, and it says a lot about this area that the owner took this action in stride, on the night before Thanksgiving, finding it only funny, and objectionable enough to warrant expulsion for the night, but

nothing more, since things like that are normal at the Chadds Ford Tavern.

A British telephone booth, red and window-paned, stands outside, as though a cousin of Doctor Who had just beamed in, along with Austin Powers, from the Swinging Sixties, using a different model of the Time and Relative Dimension in Space, or TARDIS, only to provide a landmark, for the famous people who have gone to this dump because they would have a problem if not in finding the tavern but then in believing that anyone should ever visit.

There you could find Frolic Weymouth, or Jamie Wyeth, slumming with bikers causing local mayhem, and veterans just back, who had done worse, while the toilet featured a metal trough, in which to piss, so these guys could check each other out. Food first served by the establishment, in the Sixties, was limited to a crockpot of meatballs brought in by the owner's wife, although there was plenty of cheap hooch behind the bar along with beer. And there was a solid contingent of negros, since the place neighbored a small community of blacks, descended from the escaped slaves who decided not to move on, when they passed north on the Underground Railroad, to form a rough-and-tumble roadhouse north of Little Africa.

Andrew Wyeth, who bloomed as the flower of the Brandywine School, took an interest in racial types, so he painted a Bavarian, in Karl Kuerner, a Prussian, in Helga Testorf, a Norwegian, in Walter Anderson, a Dane, in Christina Olson, and a Finn, in George

Erickson; but then he branched out to paint an Indian, in Nogeeshik Aquash, and a negro, in Willard Snowden, while he remarked with the curiosity of a naturalist that, although he had expected their darker skin to be oily, he found it unusually dry.

So, Andy would drop Willard off, with twenty dollars, at the Tavern, while the music was played by George Thorogood, who featured a picture from the bar on an early album, as the local hypochondriac, suffering symptoms of neurostrike, rattled through enjoyable but undistinguished versions of songs pioneered by colored musicians like Johnny Otis, Chuck Berry, and John Lee Hooker, so he strangely rose to fame, and led the Destroyers, to sell fifteen million records, with two going platinum, and six going gold.

Frolic Weymouth's wife, who was the niece of Andrew Wyeth, while Andy's son, Jamie Wyeth, married Frolic's cousin, Phyllis Mills, seems to have had an affair with George Thorogood, who must have played at Big Bend, because she hired my first law firm when she sought a divorce after fifteen years of a miserable marriage, with no natural children, and little or no physical contact, after she found her husband in bed with another man, a local musician, who was also her lover, while she settled for one thousand a month, which was exactly what I would pay my daughter's mother, by agreement, for the eighteen years of her minority.

Years later, the owner managed to lure acts as diverse as the stand-up comic, Rodney Dangerfield, who didn't get no respect, and

southern rocker, Marshall Tucker, who did, not to mention Huey Lewis, who ate a roast beef sandwich, and Mick Jagger, who kept his usual diet so he could stay pretty for his boyfriends.

I have never gone there, except for two times, during my earlier reckless period, when the second almost ended with me mixing it up in a fistfight, with a local tough, since not only was this place a joke, and not why I had moved to an estate neighboring Frolic's, in the beautiful Château Country, but I did not drink alcohol, except for very seldom, with a single beer at home, Sam Smith's Winter Welcome, or the Organic Ale, or an extremely unusual wine, which I shared with my old classmate, Doctor Mary Jane Potter, or when skiing at Killington, preferring to smoke cannabis every evening in my farmhouse as I used either Club rolling papers, to make tiny joints, or handmade pipes from the butternut squash I had grown that summer, in my garden, since, after all, the enemy had led me to crash my car more than a year earlier as I fled the scene in the Cheshire Hounds Foxhunting Country.

I was headed home from a round of golf at Fieldstone, best ball with my law firm, during my summer associateship, which I followed with drinks at the Half Moon, where I met the Old Philadelphian, Tony Cadwalader, whose family settled the Welsh Tract, in the county named for a lesser branch of my daughter's mother's family, before I kept the party going to head to London Grove, where Jonathan Sheppard, one of America's best steeplechase trainers, housed

the illegal immigrants he employed, but I wanted to be responsible, so I headed out a little early in order to work in the office the next day.

Rocking out to “Brick House,” by the Commodores, I missed the curve, taking out part of a fence, and striking a tree head-on, with so much force, and so fast, that my seatbelt did not engage, and my head struck the steering wheel, scarring my nose, before, unable to exit in the normal fashion, because the car had crumpled, I climbed over the seat, where, lying on my back, after I undid the handle, I managed to kick open the rear left door, with three or four blows, of my heels, so I could make my escape, fleeing the scene, to be picked up, as a hitch-hiker, by a pair of friendly locals, who asked about the safety of my person, while they helped me hide my crime, by dropping me off in the village, where I strolled, nonchalant, waving my hand, in casual greeting, when a policecar slowly cruised past at Unionville.

My father helped me clean up the mess, and I filed a delayed report. The police could tell what had happened, but they could prove nothing, angrily writing me tickets for things like driving outside my lane, while their crime scene detectives took an interest in my tire tracks, drawing graphs and making calculations, that they failed to show in the burglary of my home. So, when I totalled my Volvo 240, and Belle the Car saved my life, through the sacrifice of her person, the enemy’s attack, which failed again, turned me to the straight and narrow. I did not drink, or barely, for more than two years—because of an unplanned crash test, with an unplanning crash dummy, which shows why the

Germans used to call these cars by the name of Swedish tanks, as their drivers survived horrific high-speed wrecks on the Autobahn built by Hitler.

You can still see the mark on the tree I struck, when I missed the curve, near the farm with the uninspired name of Chesterland, in the Cheshire Hounds Foxhunting Country, owned by the rider who has so often distinguished himself in the Olympics, Bruce Oram Davidson, while a year after my foolish crash, I was enjoying a different country, worked by the Radnor Hunt, as I lived in the ancient farmhouse on the beautiful estate, bordered on one side by Frolic Weymouth's place at Big Bend, and on the other by Granogue, as my daughter's mother joked of the stone tower, on the edge of the property, across from the estate of Jamie Wyeth, at Point Lookout Farm,

That's where they put you when you're bad.

So I replied,

Then you'd be spending a lot of time there.

But it was only a joke since I had no idea of how actual people had been imprisoned, tortured, and abused in what seemed only a beautiful place to live, with fantastic scenery provided by the foresight of my wealthy neighbors, and a quick commute to what would become my office in the city.

So I drove in my little black VW, to and from my place, across Smith's Bridge, which my daughter's mother and I once took it upon ourselves to clean of graffiti, using some leftover paint, on the white bits that framed the entrance of the covered arch-truss bridge across the Brandywine, red and barnlike, with an airy stripe cut, more than one hundred and fifty feet along the length of its midsection, beautifully unpainted within, providing views of the creek, while its predecessor was torched by teenagers, on Mischief Night, a local holiday that precedes the luciferian sabbat of Samhain, which normal people would call Halloween, but I thought nothing of this, thinking wrongly that the only crimes committed in our neighborhood were done by impoverished outsiders.

Little did I know of the strange death of N.C. Wyeth, and his grandson, or his son, who were killed by a rural train, according to the official story, which I thoughtlessly held in my mind; but the word is that the old painter was having an affair with his son's wife, and the child might have been his, so I believe that either he raped her, or she said he did, or things otherwise came to a head, and the son killed the father, and the boy, or someone did, and the family placed the bodies on the tracks—just as I now believe, in a lesser way, that, because he was tired of people driving through his property, Andrew Wyeth lit the fire that destroyed Brinton's Bridge, at a different crossing of the muddy creek, by his studio at the Mill.

Still there's more than one way to dispose of a body, so while a skeleton turned up in Frolic Weymouth's cellar, at Big Bend, when his son renovated, and while most bought the story of the train that struck from nowhere, other murderers, who were hauled to trial and convicted, so they rightly suffered, only in different ways, showed up in this area, which serves as a magnet for the most horrendous crimes.

The Johnston Gang buried the bodies of people they had killed, along Cossart Road, which leads into Fairville, as they stole more than a million dollars, back when a million was a million, of farm machinery, automobiles, antiques, jewelry, furs, and cash for more than ten years, in more than one hundred burglaries, including heists at Longwood Gardens and Dutch Wonderland, so their story forms the basis of the film At Close Range, starring Christopher Walken, and Sean Penn, but, ironically, even though their success depended on particular skills to disarm, or circumvent, security systems, to crack safes, and to pick locks, as they used what had been the modern equipment of walkie-talkies, and police scanners, when they later escaped, and returned to the area, while I taught college, and lived on the edge of the fox-hunting country, so I slept with my shotgun, loaded, under my bed, just in case, they were flummoxed by computerized technology, not to mention the suburbanization of what was once an extremely rural environment, so they surrendered themselves to the authorities when they found it impossible to steal gas because of the system on the pumps.

Cossart Road, also known as Devil's Road, or Cult House Road, with alleged ties not only to local satanists but to the Ku Klux Klan, contains multiple Skull Trees, where the bodies of disabled babies were placed by cultists, according to local legend, born from incestuous couplings between DuPonts, like Frolic Weymouth, for the trees would devour the bodies to take the shape of the child's skull, while Andrew Wyeth picks up a very similar theme in his masterpiece, Hide and Seek, which contains a naked negress, Senna Moore, standing, light-skinned, in the hollow of a pin oak, only for this painting itself to become a study for another, Dryad, where her body has disappeared into the darkness, so the themes of human-hunting and druidic sacrifice connect in the works of the artist who moved among these people.

Wyeth spoke of how the oak slowly opened, and rotted away, yawning, after a lightning strike, as he said the woman was not a slave but a nymph who inhabited the tree, but it's curious, too, how he would say this, as he disclaimed any reference to another secret group that moved through the area, under the guidance of Isaac Mendenhall, whose surname sometimes conflates with the Village of Fairville, for he ran a local station on the Underground Railroad.

Devil's Road attracts strange people, as the stories have a life of their own, with one young witness, believably or not, saying it sounded and looked like a person was lit on fire, at the neighboring property, so M. Night Shyamalan filmed The Village, on a set I toured, as it sits on Styer's Peony Farm, just above the beautiful farmstand that

was run for forty years by H.G. Haskell III, the son of Hal Haskell, a friend of the black man, who served in the federal government before he took office as mayor of the town in which I practiced corporate law, following the Wilmington Riot of 1968, where Governor Charles Terry, known as the Great Divider, following his stint as the Chief Justice of the Delaware Supreme Court, imposed martial law for nearly a year, so the streets were patrolled by the National Guard, who may, for all I know, have included Jamie Wyeth.

Certainly, Jamie, who married Frolic Weymouth's cousin, just as Frolic married his, so somehow each of them is related to himself, had a close relationship with the older criminal, who loomed large in this community, while Jamie painted works that darkly allude to what lies beneath the surface, in jejune trash like Roots, Revisited, which he calls a portrait of his cousin, where a tree is shown not from its canopy but the twisted tangle of its tendrils beneath the forest floor.

I was not aware of the Wyeth Underworld, while I was mildly starstruck by our out-of-sight neighbor, Frolic Weymouth, who owned Big Bend, and founded the Brandywine Conservancy, with the name partner of my second firm, Bill Prickett, while he earlier lived at Twin Lakes, open to the public for skating before it became a local brewery, and he hosted orgiastic parties at his estate, complete with fireworks, which I heard pop, and whistle, in the distance, as we lived across the road on the Whit Gardner Estate.

It delighted me to buy vegetables, beautiful heirloom tomatoes and corn on the cob from the preppy little stand informally called Haskell's, but properly Stepped In What, below the ancient stone buildings of Hill Girt Farm, purchased from the Pyle Family, while the big barn was put up more than three hundred years ago, at the end of the Seventeenth Century, even before my people bought our thousand acres, at the invitation of William Penn, to become one of forty-six families to petition the Colonial Legislature of Pennsylvania to be recognized as English Subjects and, therefore, the foundational Pennsylvania Dutch.

There I was tickled to see Frolic Weymouth's name on a handwritten list of people who had outstanding bills requiring settlement, posted on one of the upright boards next to the watermelons, while my classmate, Doctor Mary Jane Potter, encountered him, at the same time, driving the famous actress, Sigourney Weaver, in his carriage, while she did not initially notice the filmstar since her presence was effortless overpowered by the local patron, artist, and driver.

Mary Jane has stayed true to her dream, since we left high school, while she practices equine medicine, and lives on a farm, where she raises horses, cattle, sheep, chickens, and a flock of peacocks, as she continues to drive carriages and once took me driving from my home in Chadds Ford across the road, and back, and all over Frolic Weymouth's beautiful estate at Big Bend, where I was later privileged to walk the

grounds, with my daughter, as we did a river clean-up, with other aristocrats, as part of the Young Friends of the Brandywine.

One cannot see the house from the road, while a brass turtle in bas relief marks the gate, next to the river, where bald eagles nest high in the tree to the south, on the farm of a lovely man, Avery Draper, while Big Bend was earlier a trading post for the Delaware Indians, as they encountered New Sweden, established during the Thirty Years' War, in which almost eight million people died, in largely religious fighting, so parts of Germany reported population declines of more than fifty percent.

Frolic Weymouth can only have been a criminal, judging from his association not only with his cousin, twice-over, Jamie Wyeth, but with the scum in his set, with whom he appeared over the years, who included Prince Philip, whose portrait he rendered so it hung in a prominent place at Windsor Castle, Michael Jackson, who rode in his carriage when he visited from Neverland Ranch, and Andy Warhol, who showed up at orgies on his estate at Big Bend, where a skeleton was found in the cellar following his death, and his painting, Tree Trunks, which depicts a skull tree, hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

But, like all the DuPonts, he made a real contribution to the area through his creation of the Brandywine Conservancy, through his founding of the Brandywine River Museum, and through his painting of masterpieces depicting, among other subjects, local negros with the real racial sensitivity, and awareness, that only someone who came from a

slaveowning family, in a segregated state, which was hit with desegregation, and race riots, could begin to manage to pull off.

These include the amazing watercolor of a man I take to be a butler in Mr. Hylton Taylor, not to mention the temperas on gessoed panels of his mammy in Gathering Storm, and of his handyman in Eleven O'Clock News, while the tension of the relationships, like the closeness and distance between the artist and the subject, defies my description except to say these are family relationships that are fraught with resentful codependence, with imminent violence, and with terrible secrets.

Today these works of genius are obscured by a museum that has lost its vision, as it shows the garbage done by his cousin, Jamie Wyeth, while the patron's memory is being erased by the institution he founded, so the support of a metal railing built for cripples blocks the plaque that describes him as a man who knew what he wanted, sunk into the ground only inches away from the wall, so a visitor can read its epitaph only with effort, and then not clearly, although it would have been the easiest thing in the world just to put the otherwise blocking titanium column, whose position shows a complete ignorance of design, a mere six inches to either the left or the right.

This erasure is not only of the white criminal but of the blacks who were in it with him, who knew his secrets, as he honestly and fearlessly lived, like them, trapped in a messed-up world, because just as the museum board thinks it's cool, and trendy, to show the

demented psychosis of his cousin, which plainly involves the molestation of children, and the torture of animals, they also think it's cool, and trendy, to cover up real stories, as they promote, in their giftshop, apropos of nothing, a biography of the Christian Communist, Martin Luther King, who spoke in a phony voice about his dream for racial equality—before he was murdered.

So, it's welcome to the blacks, and fake diversity, while they shovel the bullshit.

I was tired of Kimbee's bullshit, as I continued to bend over backwards, to please her, while now I see that like my family friend, Kurt Brandenburg, who was paid by the government to participate in mind-control experiments, and found that, while dosed with lysergic acid, he was playing a game against another subject, who had a different set of rules, my lover and I had completely different backgrounds, characters, and understandings.

I like to tease, and to be teased, since I come from a place of easy confidence, and friendly competition, but I am struck, now, by her amusement at a particular song we heard on the radio.

If you want to be happy for the rest of your life,
Never make a pretty woman your wife,
So, from my personal point of view,
Get an ugly girl to marry you.

A pretty woman makes her husband look small
And very often causes his downfall.
As soon as he marries her, then she starts
To do the things that will break his heart.

But if you make an ugly woman your wife
You'll be happy for the rest of your life.
An ugly woman cooks meals on time.
She'll always give you peace of mind.

Certainly, my best girlfriends have not been the prettiest, but good looks often accompany social insecurity, emotional immaturity, and shallow attitudes.

So, I tend to see super-good looks as a minus, not a plus, while I was astounded to see the woman I supported flirting below her rank with a bartender at the golf course and a stranger at the sandy beach, as she worked to alienate the man who was happy to support her idleness.

Still, for the summer, I kept thinking I could provide my mate with some sort of enjoyable, useful, and productive activity, to keep the hotbody engaged, while I studied for the examination, and worked in the office, on which our entire enterprise depended, while she heard voices, felt ghostly hands touch her forehead, and curled up, rocking herself, in the foetal position.

That was when she did not express anger at me because my image, which appeared to her in a dream, while she slept, had given some offense, as the woman whom a family court gave sole custody of our child, after multiple psychological evaluations, would later try to alienate her daughter from the healthy and productive members of our family.

Immediately after I signed a twenty-seven-thousand-dollar lease, into which I would not otherwise have entered, saving instead to buy a house, the albatross left a note, while we lived in the same house, saying that she wanted me to rent her a moving van, so she could disencamp, while, after she left, and things had not yet blown up in family court, she sent an arrangement of balloons to my office, with a card I told my secretary must have been a mistake:

Congratulations on the Birth of your new Baby!

And this, while her livelihood, which would depend for eighteen years on child support, relied on the career she tried to sabotage—just as the enemy that controlled her worked to destroy its own weapons.

A precursor of things to come was the drinks party at the Greenville Country Club, a beautiful château, built as a Tudor Revival, with the garden and tea house designed by Ellen Biddle Shipman, while under its earlier name of Owl's Nest, it served as the estate of Eugene du Pont Jr., so eighty-eight years ago it hosted the reception at the marriage

of Ethel du Pont and Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., the son of another cripple, who expanded the power of the federal government, when, as a four-term president, he dragged us into World War Two.

Of course, the loser, who came from the gutter, did not have a dress to wear, so she insisted that I take her shopping. This involved trips in four different directions, with miles of walking in luxury malls, until one black frock proved barely acceptable, if, of course, I paid for it, so we returned to the store the farthest from the farmhouse. Then we took the size-zero number, for the b-cup miniature knock-out, to a local tailor for further alterations. So, all in all, the odyssey of the dress, to use a word she did not know, in a circuitous route, to use another word she did not know, took at least three days out of my life—but it felt like longer.

Just as I was born, by luciferian arrangement, on Michaelmas, in the summer of the Moon Landing, the albatross was hatched on Bicentennial Thanksgiving, so there are seven years between us, but, even though I was thirty-three, and she was twenty-six, she was twice mistaken for my daughter due to her obvious dependence in the mismatch.

Soon she would move out, working to steal our child, as she promised I would pay for my ill treatment, oppressing her innocent self, as a dominant member of the patriarchy, but first she lived, with nothing but free time, in our beautiful little house down the road from the Wyeths.

As I borrowed more money, with my debt then standing at ninety thousand dollars, almost equal to my income, and I borrowed more, leaving bills unpaid, to make it through the summer, foregoing a chance to save and buy a house, which I have never managed to do, since I have lived with my mother for more than twenty-one years, we likewise spent a full afternoon looking, for hours, at dozens of screens for our fireplace, before we moved on to examine pokers, shovels, and tongs, which were good to have since I refused to turn on the heat, in September, or early October, suggesting, so unreasonably, that she wear a sweater if she felt cold.

I refused to pay for satellite television, while cable was not available, but I did buy a special replacement telephone, along with his and her mobile phones, so she spent her time out of my sight calling her grandmother to carp, moan, and grumble about her horrible mistreatment, leading the old hillbilly once to call me Dracula.

That's when she didn't quit each of her little jobs, one at the health-food store, and the other at a local clothing boutique, after a single day, in the first case, and less than a week in the second, so she complained that she didn't even get to use the discount.

The house had just gotten a fresh coat of paint in each of its rooms, while, of course, she was not happy with the colors, so we went to another store, while I needed to study, and work, and spent far more than an hour looking at different shades of paint, before she finally settled on a blue-tinged white, so I could buy, with money I did not

have, buckets, rollers, and brushes, thinking, at least, now, she would have something to do, and I could work to support our lifestyle.

As with the garden, she never did the interior design, but I did, mostly during a period she had left the house, and had sex with her professor-friend in the mountains, so she could lead him to believe our daughter was his, when she bilked him out of tens of thousands of dollars, taking years from his life, and putting grey hairs on his head.

Best of all was her criticism of the new decor when she returned, for then she told me that she had kept secret her real favorite color because she knew that I would never let her buy it.

BOOK TWO: THE MAGIC TURTLE

While my daughter's mother consulted with the free legal department of Washington and Lee University, which had no problem representing her against its own alumnus, who had graduated only a year before, I hired a lawyer to oppose the action of my law school against me—while I also wrote them a letter saying they would never get another penny from me, although this has not stopped them, over the last twenty years, from inviting me to alumni events and sending solicitations on a regular basis.

John Grove looked like a good choice since he was a principal at the leading firm of the nearest city, one hour away, of Roanoke. Woods Rogers was a highly regarded firm, where one of the partners at my shop had started out, and John had practiced there for more than thirty years. Doing so, he served as Chair of the Domestic Relations Section Council of the Virginia Bar Association. And Virginia Business named him as one of its "Legal Elite" with respect to the practice area of Family and Domestic Relations.

He was a likable fellow, who was in, way over his head, in what he regarded as a kangaroo court that did not have a real judge, while his method was to remove the lawyers from the situation, in order not to escalate hostilities, so otherwise reasonable parents, or divorced parties, could talk to each other, and work things out, for the best of everyone.

As much as I am disinclined to acknowledge the existence of the southern gentleman, who should be classed with the unicorn, in a compendium of mythical creatures, who have no actual existence, or with the Pikachu, the Talonflame, the Rowlet, the Rillaboom, the Corviknight, the Entei, and the Wailord, not to mention Omanytes, Chandelures, Jigglypuffs, and Hawluchæ, which I am told are species of Pokémon, I must admit that John was a good old boy at his best, who truly meant well, and did the right thing, as far as I saw, while he took his bachelor's from Hampden-Sydney College and his juris doctorate from the University of South Carolina.

To John's credit, he had disassociated himself from the University of the South, transferring to Hampden-Sydney, before I was born, since he must have had some problem with Sewanee.

The college was founded by Bishop Major General Leonidas Polk, who served as both a Confederate General and an Episcopalian Bishop, so he appears, standing, in the famous painting, Sword over Gown, cybereye bulging to his left, wearing his clerical garb, as his right hand rests, everready, on the back of a chair, touching both his saber and his rebel uniform, just in case of trouble.

This painting, which hung in a saloon, before its transfer to the University of the South, is only part of a series by Eliphalet Frazer Andrews, whose works hang in the White House, the United States Capitol, and the Smithsonian American Art Museum, while it was commissioned as one of twenty portraits to celebrate confederate

generals, by the Oddfellow, John Underwood, whose father supported the Union, just like the entire slave state of Kentucky, of which he served as Lieutenant Governor, while his big cause was building the Confederate Memorial in the neighboring union state of Illinois, not to mention a Confederate Monument in Richmond, as he lived, after his government service, in a state that defeated the cause he admired, in a place even more Yankee, for years, since he died in New York City.

That was after the neutrality of his soon-to-be-union state was violated by the rebels under the command of Bishop Major General Polk, so the Kentuckians appealed to the North, to expel the invaders, as the imbeciles, like the ones I fight, brought it down on themselves, so my daughter grew up listening to me sing a humorous song from the Bluegrass State.

*Lincoln was a union man,
A union man was he,
He was the gentleman,
Who set the darkies free.*

*Honor, boys, honor,
Honor, don't you know.
The war is raging:
You're all bound to go.*

*I'd rather be a union man,
And carry a wooden gun,
Than to be a rebel,
And turn my tail and run.*

I used to change it to “our brothers,” rather than “darkies,” as I told my daughter about the slave-whippers in the South, while we laughed at what we called Bad Guy Day, since Virginia, required to celebrate the federal holiday of the communist adulterer, Martin Luther King, came up with Lee-Jackson-King Day, so two confederate generals shared the day with the civil-rights leader, a custom abandoned elsewhere in the state before her birth, but preserved in her home town, Lexington, where Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson are buried and honored in a place that’s called the Valhalla of the Confederacy.

They started it, so we finished it, and, while my father’s family were Copperhead Republicans, who helped escaping slaves, on a case-by-case basis, but they knew that war was bullshit, so, as substantial and prosperous farmers, clergymen, and schoolteachers, the Shelleys paid for substitutes, just as one could buy a colonelcy in those days, picking whatever outlandish uniform struck a fool’s fancy, I am nonetheless proud to claim descent from my great-great-grandfather, William Shinn, who before he married a Seneca lady, whose family were murdered by the government, when she was a cute little girl, prior to her adoption and upbringing by a white family, while this enlisted

adventurer served as a drummer boy at the Battles of Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, and Antietam, later to name his son after one of his generals, Winfield, but first to march with Sherman, through Georgia, as we destroyed the big-mouthed hypocrites' capacity to make war.

I believe that all Shinns, Shanes, and Sheens, like the awesome Playmate, Jacqueline, who appears as my pirate partner, in a sexy scene, not to be taken seriously, unlike my praise for her, which is completely authentic, at the end of the second volume in this series, descend from our progenitor: Sir James Shaen.

Sir James Shaen helped to put the Catholic Irish to the sword, burning their villages, and starving them out, as High Sheriff, under the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, while he led a troop of horse, in a different civil war, but he made the transition to profit under King Charles II, as Surveyor General, while the young king had earlier escaped, with my father's family's permission, across our ancestral lands in Sussex, along the Monarch's Way, over the Downs, where Michelgrove sits in the heart of Angmering.

Sir James arranged a loan for the returning king, just as the other side of my family bought our estate back, and our first baronetcy, from Charles Stuart's grandfather, the patron of the bible, who molested children, when he wasn't drunkenly vomiting up his supper, having replaced the queen who killed his mother, King James.

He had the connections, as he moved behind the scenes, in an apparent backwater, after his marriage, more than four hundred

years ago, to a daughter of George Fitzgerald, the Sixteenth Earl of Kildare, who, because of his diminutive stature, was known as the Faery Earl, although he once went to jail, a fate I only narrowly avoided, for contempt of court, because of his fight with his cousin, Lettice Digby, who, for reasons easy to guess, went by the name Baroness Awfully.

That's normally spelled "Offaly," while offal refers to the entrails, and organs, of other animals, eaten as food by our species, but, since spelling conventions did not exist in those days, just as you will see unusual spellings in this book, in the same way that Walter Raleigh spelled his name more than a dozen different ways, as the mood took him, and the Queen called him Water, I think it's fair to call that bitch after the manner in which she indubitably acted.

But Sir James wasn't just putting the squeeze on the gaelic serfs, who raped their own children, like the Indians whom the Scots-Irish later took out, having practiced on the Papists, but he used the money for noble causes, engaging in building projects, to bring at least a little class to the dreary island he governed with the other Anglo-Irish.

So, my ancestor became one of the original fellows of the Royal Society, more than three hundred years ago, or, as it is properly known, the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge, which was chartered by the moustachioed wastrel, louche and long-haired, who acknowledged more than twelve of his royal bastard children, and from whom my second girlfriend, Charlotte Large, descended, before his Catholic brother, King James II, was pushed off

the throne in the Glorious Revolution, while the older brother avoided a similar fate, since he learned the lesson of spending his time cavorting among his mistresses, though he failed to impregnate his wife, and staying out of politics, unlike his father, King Charles I, whose head was severed from his body, after his trial for treason.

The Royal Society had grown from the Invisible College, which connects to the Order of the Golden and Rosy Cross, or the Rosicrucians, who seem to have moved, in their present form, along with the Great White Brotherhood, in the background of my life, while I represent one of their greatest failures, and this is connected to something called the Church Invisible.

Its members have included Christopher Wren, a city planner who rebuilt the capital after the false flag attack of the Great London Fire, and Benjamin Franklin, a child molester who arranged the microwave harassment of King George after the false flag attack of the Boston Tea Party, and Winston Churchill, a homosexual criminal who arranged the gangrape of women for Black Friday in England, the Firebombing of Dresden in Germany, and the Bengal Famine in India—while he, too, relied on the false flag attack of Pearl Harbor, after he earlier arranged the sinking of the Lusitania to draw America into the Great War.

That's not counting scientists like Albert Einstein, who determined that space and time were crooked, warped, and relativistic just like the philosophies of his masters, or Stephen Hawking, whose

crippled body wheeled past me when I was a student at Cambridge, and he was used to promote neurolinguistic formulæ, with forced speech, so morons guess what we are thinking, and insist they know better, or Sir Isaac Newton, who spent his time discrediting the rival inventor of calculus, when he wasn't practicing biblical numerology to understand the end of the world.

Plus, let's not forget Doctor Jennifer Doudna, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, just so she would appear on the cover of my old college magazine, where people like her, me, and Lady Rothschild studied at a school named for the Roman Goddess of the Harvest, because I had stopped reading Playboy so the enemy had started putting lookalikes in Pomona College Magazine.

Jennifer Doudna resembled a lady I briefly dated, in multiple respects, while she served as human relations manager of the world's best large-animal hospital, right next to my home, in the foxhunting country of Unionville, as it forms part of the Ivy League Bastion that calls itself the University of Pennsylvania, so I am sure that Janet Mioduszewski encountered more than one application for exemption from vaccination, just like the three I received from three other colleges, leading to three different lawsuits with a recovery of more than twenty-four thousand dollars, so far, as the third is still pending, since they claimed that their firing of me, which followed their acknowledgement of my protected status, derived from other factors.

I don't know what part this local lady played in receiving applications, as New Bolton Center moved her from one job to another, on its farm facility, or even her stance on vaccinations, since we dated only for a couple months at a time when neither of us had any interest in politics, and vaccinations were simply something we had gotten, as children, without thinking, but I do know the position of the Royal Society to which her lookalike belongs, because they work not only to force dangerous vaccines on the people of the world but to shut down, and to control, all discourse on this subject, for they recently proposed "legislation and punishment of those who produced and disseminated false information" regarding vaccines that give children autism, and so destroy their lives, when not killing them outright, or sterilizing them.

Otherwise, The Cruelty To Animals Act, 1876, gives the society's president power to man-splain to activists, like me, why it was fine to subject an innocent animal to a science experiment, while the society's motto, **Nullius In Verba**, is normally translated as "Take Nobody's Word For It"—so I'm taking their word for it on the motto, which disclaims their own alleged authority, while I'm not taking their word for it as to the horrors that these psychos inflict upon the innocent.

I would translate, equally right, and perhaps better, their motto as "Nothing In Words," or a warning not to record the crimes of the perverted scientists in paper, or now computer, records, while I also take issue with the common translation of the motto of Phi Beta Kappa, the oldest and most prestigious academic honor society in America,

which was founded at the birth of our republic, before I was inducted more than thirty years ago, to join the company of seventeen presidents, forty supreme court justices, and one hundred and thirty-six winners of the Nobel Prize, Φιλοσοφία Βίου Κυβερνήτης, transliterated as Philosophia Biou Kybernētēs, and normally translated as “Love of Learning Is The Guide Of Life,” but, by me, here, and better, with a cognate that it doesn’t take a scholar to read, as “The Science Of Life Is Cybernetics.”



The **PHI BETA KAPPA** *Society*
THE NATION'S OLDEST ACADEMIC HONOR SOCIETY
— Founded December 5, 1776 —

But before the birth of Phi Beta Kappa, at the College of William and Mary, who replaced King James II, in the Glorious Revolution, Turlough O'Carolan, the famous blind harpist, wrote one of his planxties, just for my ancestor, Sir Arthur Shaen, the High Sheriff of Mayo, who had one of the first greenhouses in the country some call the Emerald Isle.

I don't know if the University of the South, which my first lawyer had left, before I was born, has a greenhouse, while this sham celebrates what it calls the War of Northern Aggression, into which they drew a neighboring neutral state, as their enemy, in the Invasion of Kentucky, showing southern aggression, as ordered by Sewanee's Fighting Bishop, but they do have a magic spring, from which water gushes, so that, more than one hundred years ago, as football took the place of war, their team travelled more than two thousand miles, by rail, to play five games in six days, while everyone played both offense and defense, so they brought two barrels of the stuff, from their mountain, to assist them with their physical recovery when they weren't receiving rubdowns from the negro boys employed for this purpose.

They were known as the Iron Men, although this did not stop one of their number from losing the sight in his eye, while another lost part of his leg, which was later sawn off his body, so he would apologize in the years to come to a team-mate for his bad feelings, toward Coach, since he didn't want to be a sore-head.

As the southern teams worked to spy on each other, and to sabotage equipment, while only a sissy would leave the field in anything but a stretcher, unconscious, or with his jagged bone jutting from his arm, questionable, or leg, much better, as the sport developed from one that allowed the wearing of special belts, leather handles sewn onto their trousers, to which the players would hook each others' waists, before the hurling of players' bloodstained bodies over the opposing

line was banned by nancy-boy spoilsports, while the Iron Men deliberately cleated the legs of their opponents, with their spiky metal shoes, fisticuffs often broke out, in the stands, where people drew guns on each other, as the Big Game happened on Thanksgiving in a town named for my daughter's mother's family: Montgomery.

Their names make Leonidas Polk, the Fighting Bishop, seem normal, for they include William "Wild Bill" Claiborne, John "Deacon" Jones, Hugh "Bunny" Pearce, Ringland "Rex" Kirkpatrick, Henry "Ditty" Seibels, William "Warbler" Wilson, and Bartlet Et Ultimus "The Caboose" Sims.

As students missed their classes, and got crippling injuries, the trip was financed on the take, split between the opposing teams, while, on one occasion, the division was made, on site, with cash counted at gunpoint, because these ridiculous boys, who claim to have honor, but squabble with other southerners, over receipts, knew that they could not trust each other.

No wonder the place was set up by its largest single donor, Franklin & Armfield, which served as the largest slave-trading firm in our country, so the people who fired on a union fort, while undoubtedly drunk on mint juleps, old-fashioneds, and sazeracs, brought it down on themselves, after they went on to invade an adjoining state, which sought only neutrality, before their neighbors were forced to kick some rebel ass, against the school that was founded, in its own words, "to resist and repel a fanatical domination which seeks to rule over us," and

the six-ton marble cornerstone, earlier consecrated by the Fighting Bishop, was blown to pieces by victorious union soldiers.

While football players are commemorated in the stained glass windows, and teachers or students may wear gowns, in class, a practice that survived only in chapel and formal hall when I attended Cambridge University, the institution also houses a university mace, dedicated to the interstate slave trader, jail operator, and founder of the Ku Klux Klan, its original Grand Wizard, Nathan Bedford Forrest, a true Confederate and Southerner, who somehow rose from private up to general, without any previous military training, in the War Between The States, to take his nom de guerre as the Wizard of the Saddle, showing no quarter to black enemy combatants, as he massacred hundreds of surrendered troops, at Fort Pillow, where many were deliberately burned alive, crucified, and mutilated, while the general fatally stabbed a brother officer at the Battle of Chickamauga, in order to really inspire people who took a carefree attitude toward the southern scum to break out the whoop-ass.

So, barely literate, the war criminal explained his success in battle with a simple precept....

GIT THAR FUSTEST WITH THE MOSTEST.

Some deny the quotation, but it seems very true to his character, and, more importantly, to the character of a southerner—since they lie.

It's no wonder that the University of the South has produced twenty-six winners of the Rhodes Scholarship, since who better to teach the Oxonians how it should be at Oxford—while the Other Place is likewise chockerblock with pretentious homosexual criminals.

It is embarrassing to think I once admired Grantland Rice, the sportswriter, schooled in the classics, while he cornily wrote,

But when the One Great Scorer comes

To mark against your name,

He counts not if you won or lost

But how you played the game.

This is a correct attitude toward sportsmanship, while I have always been a clean but ruthless fighter, who could not understand why anyone would take a ball game seriously, as they acted like an emotionally retarded child, but I refuse to give anyone who went to this garbage college credit for anything—while, if you remember, I began its discussion with a statement that my lawyer left Sewanee after his first year, moving north to Hampden-Sidney, which, for all I know, may be no better (though it could hardly be worse).

On the other side of the case, in family court, after my unborn daughter's mother moved on from the free legal clinic, which

had chosen to oppose an alumnus of its school, in a battle for his child, was Ellen Arthur.

Ellen would look like a gracious lady next to the southern trash, licensed to practice law, in Virginia, whom I met, much later, in the Courts of the South, as they advised their client to violate court orders, while I am happy to say that I got one of them killed by the deep-state actors who continue to come against me.

Will Hancock was thirty-six years old, in apparent good health, when he died mysteriously and suddenly, during a time, fifteen years later, when I was being denied the three months, a year, of visitation, which was my right, while we were about to have a hearing of my appeal, *de novo*, in front of a lady judge who had earlier labelled the mother as a borderline psychotic, engaged in parental alienation, when she ordered Kimbee to seek therapy, and increased my time with my one-year-old to four months, or one-third, of every year, in response to half-hearted allegations made to medical and legal authorities that I was sexually abusing my infant daughter.

After Will Hancock died, and I laughed, drinking a shot of ice-cold pepper vodka, from my freezer, his partner got an extension, and the favorable judge retired, so a southern shitboy, who served as judge, while he bragged about putting children in foster care, over the objections of both parents, in the middle of hearings, heard my case, and he upheld the cancellation of my visitation rights simply because I maintained a website exposing illegal activity by deep-state actors, as I

served as a lawyer, in good standing, in real jurisdictions, like Delaware, and held security clearances to teach children, for I taught at multiple local colleges.

If the reality of the three million hits on my website, or the one hundred thousand downloads of my books, or my billion-dollar lawsuit against the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Department of Justice, and the Department of Homeland Security, and their director, secretary, and attorney general, which went all the way to the United States Supreme Court, while former officers of the National Security Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation were my co-plaintiffs, since I served on the Advisory Board of the world's largest anti-neurostrike organization, Targeted Justice, along with other doctors, lawyers, and scientists, not to mention a senior official of the federal government, and a field agent in special forces, is not enough to convince you of the reality of my position, and the actions of the enemy against this typical southern lawyer, then how about this?

Thirty-six-year-olds who are in good health do not just die suddenly—especially when their entire case revolves around the exposure of international conspirators.

But before we got to the others, there was Ellen Arthur, who later ran, as a Democrat, and was trounced, by a Republican Jew-Boy, for a position in the Virginia House of Delegates, who, although a four-letter-word herself, was a straight dealer next to some of the characters I met in this circus.

Maybe that's because she came, not from Virginia, but the better-mannered state of New Jersey.

Those better manners began with the papers filed against me, so that, while I had sought communication, in person, and through lawyers, for the entire term of pregnancy, as I worked to ensure my newborn daughter was protected by my medical insurance plan, and paternity was established through a genetic test, I received a demand that I acknowledge my daughter, as mine, without a test, and that I pay child support, and provide medical insurance, although the other side, shortly thereafter, offered to give up child support, letting me walk scot-free, if I would give up all rights in my child.

Naturally, I rejected this offensive offer, out of hand, while I learned the sex, name, birthday, and weight of my daughter from reading legal papers filed, and served, against me, whose substance my parents relayed, on the telephone, while I worked at my law firm, so that, when the time finally got to an hour or so before midnight, I told the senior associate, with whom I was working, what was going on, and he let me leave early.

The next morning I awoke, and I thought to myself, that I didn't want this, for less than a minute, for the only time in my life, a thought I immediately countered with self-remembering, which I would later learn through person-to-person work, with the students of spymasters, but I then knew only through my reading of George

Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, Pyotr Demyanovitch Ouspensky, and Doctor Maurice Nicoll.

This was merely an intellectual framework, as my head participated in the natural action of my heart and my body, so I obeyed the biological imperative to care for my offspring, which my parents, and my upbringing, had reenforced through my entire life.

Nature and Nurture supported Duty, which I felt before Love, so I resolved that my daughter, who carried the name of a rival house, had a right to be welcomed with Joy into her Existence.

I have always felt joy at the performance of my duty, which I have never shirked, while I had the time of my life with my daughter—spending time, and sharing experiences, that one in ten million other people have had, and I won—as, like any good parent, I worked to make myself obsolete, and my child independent, in order that she would have the benefit of the platform I built for her, so I felt victory, when, sitting upright, looking people in the eye, she spoke sixteen years later of her desire not to see me, wrongly saying,

That man is not my father.

Of course, the statement is delusional, since you can pick your friends but not your family, but the sentiment is honored—not only since I brought my daughter up to be her own woman but because I do not present, as the same person, now, as I did then.

Even if you believe every word I say, it is simply not fun to be around a person who shakes and jolts like someone with Tourette Syndrome, as he screams obscenities at invisible people, which scream through him, and he argues with the voices in his head, with this to culminate, occasionally, in his cups, with the smashing of someone else's prized possession just the way a cat would seek revenge or a gorilla would mock-charge.

I hated my father, too, when I was a teenager, but I had the good fortune not to appear, by my choice, in an open court, while he did curse me, when not striking me, with the right jab to the face of a former warrant officer, who did shore patrol, in the navy town of Norfolk.

My father, who was disinclined to speak of his four years in the Coast Guard, and I made things up when I went to college, as we played chess, drank tea, and listened to classical music during vacations, but he did curse me, and bless me, while, still, I gladly affirm his words, as I did in our exchange forty years ago....

I hope you have a child just like you.

To which I said,

Good, I hope so, too.

I brought up my daughter not to take shit, from anyone, man or woman, and she has never been more mine than the day she

disowned me, while I forced her mother, even then, to reencamp to the beautiful village in the Piedmont, and she later went to the beautiful art school in the Low Country, for which I did not pay, since my duty was fulfilled, as her mother got exactly the same treatment, and our grown-up daughter, Lily Montgomery, swore off the bitch who had sought to wreck her life.

But, first, a different kind of joy immediately followed my embrace of obligation, as I put myself under higher laws, which gave me greater freedom, when I told my parents I wanted to celebrate that night—so, after a round of pink champagne, under pink balloons, for girls, we supped at Sovana Bistro, which later catered my father's wake, for free, as a boost, and we joyfully announced, to all, the birth of my wonderful bastard daughter.

This was pending the paternity test, but, first, even if the child were not mine, I sent two hundred dollars of baby presents to the enemy's fort in the mountains.

Before the champagne, clad in my navy-blue light-wool suit, and shod in my rich cordovan wingtips, in which I virtually slept, bright silk-tie, for cheer, loosely knotted, shirt top-button undone, I drove into work, along the corridor that stretches through the beautiful Château Country, past Longwood Gardens, down the Kennett Pike, through Fairville, then Centreville, and finally, to stop, unexpectedly, at Greenville.

A Brandywine Bog Turtle, a threatened species, and the smallest of the Order Testudine to live in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, growing four inches at adulthood, much like the red slider my daughter would later have as a pet, but different from the box turtles she would adopt during our summers, stood close to the road, on the right, as one automobile, after another, whirred its driver into Wilmington.

So, I turned my car, a Volkswagen Beetle, black-leather interior, black outside, turbo-charged, with bicycle and kayak racks on top, around, to the left, in the parking lot of Old Janssen's to go back, and pick the little person up, to carry her down to the creek, as I saw, first, a mother and a daughter, by their house, smiling as I held my new friend up, to say, as they beamed, sunnily, back,

I am saving a turtle!

Then I got back into my ride, the Poor Man's Porsche, as my father used to say, which handled like a dream, and accelerated like a rocket sled, so it actually needed the foil that would pop up, in the back, when I stick-shifted into fourth gear, and I carefully cleaned my hands, twice, with an alcohol wipe, since turtles can have germs.

I had earlier spoken with a single one of the partners, Jon Lessner, an eccentric blue-eyed man, of the Jewish Persuasion, who wore an ear-ring, pirate-style, while this good-looking father carried on an extra-marital affair with one of the paralegals, a floozy known for

adjusting her bra, when speaking to others, which inspired his departure from the office, as he went on to a more profitable position at Greenberg Traurig, leaving me his client, Wilmington Trust, while he continued to spend time at each of his beautiful farms in my county.

But now the news broke across the firm, as everyone expressed their support, and, finally, the slavemasters starting treating me reasonably since they realized they had been going ridiculously hard, for no reason, while I had real stuff going on in my life.

After a couple heart-to-hearts, one with a reptile who kept a telescope, oddly pointed at the buildings across the street, while he had taken his degree from the college at which I served as a professor, only five years earlier, and another with a snooty gentleman, with whom I still maintain a friendly correspondence, I returned to my office.

There I worked, reviewing documents for the preparation of legal opinions, to be given two weeks later, at the end of the second quarter, with my little jade bonsai tree, sitting on the blonde wood of my bookshelf, by the window, my pictures, printed reproductions, framed under museum glass, on the walls, and my stainless-steel electric kettle, next to boxes of high-quality tea, supplied by the firm, on a second bookshelf, acquired through the fine art of office thievery.

Lou Hering, who played polo, while he drawled in Locust Valley Lockjaw, could undoubtedly relate to me, as I left work early to attend a do, black-tie, at the Racquet Club, I lived on the edge of the Cheshire Hounds Country, and I took off to ski at Killington, while, to

his credit, he is one of the few lawyers with whom I have ever worked who was not threatened by my title of doctor.

Still, it amused him, as he liked having a former professor at his beck and call, and we gave each other, “Doctor,” and “Sir,” when not Tim, and Lou, wryly grinning as we spoke, appreciating each other as characters, while I was made to perform hazing-type tasks, like reprinting a set of opinions, because the watermark, of our shop, was upside-down, something he noted while holding the heavy papers up, looking through his jet-black eyes, toward the sunlight that streamed through his larger wall of windows.

Voices were always quiet, and polite, but everything had to be done to a tee, while, still, the nonsense stopped, as the tall gentleman from New York, whose solid education, like his Cornish Norman Blood, shone through his every action, continued to bicycle into work, from his place near my sister-in-law’s farm, and I stopped wishing for his death on the roads.

Nonetheless, as his lean body creaked and popped, moving along the hallways, I said, to others, after he went off, to Colorado, on a bicycle tour, like Lance Armstrong,

It’s a holiday for us all!

But there were other holidays that came with presents, since, after my pay was cut, because of my flexible schedule, and before I left, three

years later, this man, whom many view as a total son-of-a-bitch, gave me a personal bonus, hand to hand, at Christmas, when he visited my office, rather than ringing for me, of more than ten thousand dollars.

Lou was a good guy, as he piled up the work on long weekdays, just like me, and he spent every weekend, just like me, away from the office, with his daughters, since, just as this man was not threatened by my title, he is not threatened by my activities as a journalist, an author, or an activist, so we still exchange photographs from our travels, along with interesting letters, and he's one of only two lawyers with whom I maintain any contact, with the other survivor temporarily cut off in a squabble over money, although, to her credit, we are patching things up, this summer, over a tailgate at the polo grounds.

Later I would fatten up, since the family court insisted on testing my hair for marijuana, so I forewent my indulgence in the green weed, to return to the booze, perfectly acceptable to one imbecilic judge after another, that led me into reckless behavior while I put on the pounds, to take them off, and put them on, and take them off, while, eventually, through mind control, the enemy led me, more than eight years ago, to give up the weed, to which I had gone back, forever.

That was except for one time, when I was partying with my friends, on their farm, in the mountains, where we had spent so many happy days, as I stayed, for free, in our cabin, at the final hearing where my daughter disowned me, and it felt like a graduation, since we had won, and I dined with their family, and they smoked me out, after

supper, and three years' abstinence, and my host gave me more than a quarter ounce of his finest, with cigarette papers, and a lighter, so I returned, on foot, up the hill, through my happy memories, under the starry ribbon of the Milky Way.

In the cabin, the enemy immediately attacked, trying to push me around, raping my ass with directed energy weapons, making threats, and promises, through the technology described in the appendices to this book, and I warned the scum to cut it out, and they didn't listen, so I walked over to the toilet into which I calmly flushed the drug.

Instantly, the lies started about how this was a victory for them, how they had me now, and how they would force me to buy cannabis upon my return to Unionville.

THAT WAS SIX YEARS AGO.

So, they smash their weapons, and they harm each other's bodies, and they foolishly pretend that they have taken something from me.

Earlier, they worked to destroy the taste of the best cannabis in the world, which I bought from local gentleman farmers, and our mutual friends, sold only to insiders, freshly grown, kept in mason jars, so I was mind-controlled not to use the vaporizer I preferred, or even just to smoke the stuff, but rather to mix it with tobacco, into the large joints we call euros, and often to reroll the used butt-ends, into other

cigarettes, so, although the stuff got me high, as I smoked a good three per night, for years, it tasted terrible because the slaves, not content to destroy a person's health, or to put them in jeopardy, want to destroy our every enjoyment.

They destroy their instruments, like an immature child bending and snapping his golf clubs over his knees, wrapping them around the trees, and throwing them through the air, while he hurts himself, and earns a beating from his worthless father, because the expensive toys don't shoot right; so, while a bad worker blames his tools, an insane worker lights them on fire.

Thus, I went from someone who smoked fifteen pounds of cannabis over a thirty-year career, leading me to acquire prediabetic symptoms, which would have led to the amputation of my extremities, the macular degeneration of my eyesight, and my eventual death, to someone, who, thanks to my enemies, cleaned up his act and never smokes at all.

They also led me to become a vegetarian, for the last four years, an effortless move, as they used the technology described in the appendices to this book, to import false tastes into my olfactory bulb, so, when they're not making my food taste bad, or what they regard as a delicious favor, which is even more disgusting, they cause me to taste not only dogshit, and the excuse for "fast food" that they stuff, with dirty hands, into their unwashed mouths, but also everything from the

foulest dirt weed to the finest varieties of indica, and sativa, while they pretend that they will drive me back to the stuff.

This is done through the well-documented manipulation of taste and smell, as described by the British Broadcasting Company, in videos like “Can an ‘Electronic Lollipop’ Simulate Taste?” and in academic papers, like “Modeling the Olfactory Bulb and its Neural Oscillatory Processings,” as published thirty-five years ago in the sixty-first volume of Biological Cybernetics by doctors at enemy institutions I exposed, in earlier volumes of this series—*i.e.* AT&T Bell Laboratories and the California Institute of Technology.

So you can learn about the wonders of neurogastronomy, which has its own membership-based international society, if you’re really sophisticated, while the enemy works not only to infect the sensations you experience but to reframe real tastes through lying words, using neurolinguistic programming, and neurolinguistic formulæ, to refer to something called *UMAMI*—since, although our language has more than half a million words, somehow, we have always lacked our own word for one of the five basic tastes that goes with sweet, sour, salty, and bitter.

In Ibiza, Spain, you can dine at Sublimotion, which promotes the cybernetic manipulation of taste as a gourmet experience, while Project Nourished sells food dreams, through the system, comprised of a virtual reality headset for simulating vision, an aromatic diffuser for producing smell, a bone-conduction transducer for creating chewing

sound and vibration, a gyroscopic utensil for manipulating virtual and physical foods, a 3-D printed cube made with algæ for adding taste and texture, and a virtual cocktail glass for mimicking intoxication, all to provide you with a virtual reality experience.

Rich chumps pay for this stuff, but I am subjected to its equivalent every day, as the enemy forces me to taste their dirty penises, their filthy anuses, and the excuse for food that their slaves consume at McDonald's—not to mention a plethora of other tastes and smells—so, whatever they are making me experience, it is not a come-on, while buying an expensive bottle is always a risk since I recently found a wholesome wheat beer, from Bavaria, altered, through cybernetics, into something that tasted like Molson.

For many years I had valued connoisseurship, a weapon to which they led me, as I drank expensive wines, and ate fattening suppers, but they wrecked their weapon, as they wreck all their weapons, saving me tens of thousands of dollars, while they burned down the restaurant at which my parents and I supped, which was the only bar to which I ever went, rebuilding it as a place I would never visit, and they worked to estrange me from every one of our gang, whom I now regard as worthless losers.

When my daughter was born, and before I met her, I didn't go to that bar, or any bar, dining only in the restaurant, but I did ride my mountain-bike all day, all weekend, along the crunchy gravel trails that

pass through the fox-hunting country, as I stayed lean and fit, enjoying the great outdoors, smoking ganja, and visiting my hippy friends.

The enemy hated the magic turtle, whom I see as a symbol of my daughter, as she carried her house, a protective shell, wherever she went, while they hate all life, so they worked, unsuccessfully, in pathetic attempts, to pollute this beautiful symbol and sign of encouragement.

I have eaten unusual foods, as a matter of course, whether they were conch fritters, periwinkles scraped off rocks, barbecued eels, raw octopus tentacles, the snails that make escargot, bologna made from moose, sausage made from caribou, pheasant hung to tenderize with microbes, deep-fried alligator tails, or sautéed frogs' legs cleansed in milk, and dredged with farm-grown eggs, chicken manure and feathers on the shells, in salt, pepper, flour, and baking soda, so that game like quail, duck, boar, elk, and venison were very standard fare.

But, during the summer when my daughter was born, and the little turtle appeared as a herald, I found myself eating, for the first and only time, in my entire then-thirty-five years, and now-fifty-five years, an unusual animal, which was, you guessed it, a turtle.

My brother cared for foals, and helped to breed mares, at Buttonwood Farm, for Jonathan Sheppard, the Englishman who became one of America's best steeplechase trainers, where Rocky the Rooster would chase him at his work in a very mellow, and friendly, environment where everyone loved wildlife, so it's no surprise that

right next door lives Hugh Lofting, for whom my brother also worked, while his grandfather wrote the books, made into films, about the doctor who talked to the animals.

A giant snapping turtle, like the ones who lived on my farm in the mountains, who was easily capable of taking someone's finger off, was welcome to live on the pond until he ate every one of the baby ducklings, so his fate was sealed, and he was carefully moved into a stall, to dry out, for several days, awaiting execution, before he was painlessly shot in the head with a firearm.

I was keen to eat him, so his parts were given to me, and I dropped him off with my friends, on the old King Ranch, next to the Laurels, to return to their farmhouse, on my bicycle, where I cooked the turtle into a delicious ragout, which we enjoyed with cannabis cookies I made from an ounce of our county's finest, as we built a roaring bonfire to celebrate the beautiful weekend, September Eleventh, in Two Thousand and Four.

Patriot Day was spent with Shawn Garris, an old pal, who, although not that weekend, drank far more than he should, so, after multiple drunk-driving offenses, he was imprisoned for a few months at the county farm, in order that he could get the message that one really may not drive after the state takes away his or her license, so, this led us to joke, when he won the Marlboro Sweepstakes, by sending in red-and-white proofs of purchase, to stay as the guest of Philip Morris, the client of my old summer law firm, Womble Carlyle, at Crazy Mountain Ranch,

set in eighteen thousand acres, Clyde Park, Montana, that he probably had to wear a differently colored wristband so the staff would know to protect our friend from his reckless proclivities.

Later I would stay at House Mountain Inn, while the Irvines made their money, to buy their side of the mountain on which they grew up, by rebuilding the Pentagon, after the false flag attack on September Eleventh, which also marks events like the destruction of three Roman legions, and the taking of their eagles, by Arminius, in the Teutoburg Forest, the victory of William Wallace at Stirling Bridge in response to conquest by my ancestor, King Edward the First, or Longshanks, the Hammer of the Scots, the culmination of the Siege of Barcelona to end the War of the Spanish Succession, or the defeat of General Washington, on the field occupied by my old little farmhouse, where my daughter was conceived, in the most important battle of the American Revolution.

The false flag attack looked suspicious, and an opportunity for a power-grab, with the attendant erosion of civil liberties, as it fell only a couple episodes into the disgusting propaganda series, Band of Brothers, staged by the child-molesting Tom Hanks, to whom Sarah Ruth Ashcraft was sold as a sex slave, at the age of thirteen, by her own father, but I had no idea of the depravity of our enemies, thinking only they would take advantage of an attack that came from outside our country rather than having arranged it themselves.

It happened on a beautiful clear day, right after I accepted a summer job for two thousand a week, at the law firm that would hire

me on a permanent basis, after I passed the bar, so the law school cancelled classes, and I stopped by to see my friend, Chuck Smith, at Washington Street Purveyors, to buy some lovely bottles of Select Harvest, from Germany, to be enjoyed with Marcona Almonds, on my porch, looking dozens of miles to the south, over the ancient mountains, where I could hear my neighbors engaged in target practice, with the crackety-crack, and crack, of their rifles, to the West, at Marlbrook Farm.

I considered signing up for a stint in the Central Intelligence Agency, thinking I was probably too old for the Army, and knowing that my firm would hold my place for me, and it was wonderful, a lovely day off, just as I have always found the facing of any enemy, which calls forth my true nature, to be so very beautiful.

I'm sure it was less fun for anyone at Ground Zero, for whose ill-conceived mosque I later worked on an abortive financing, as they suffered massive asbestos exposure, if they survived at all, while my friends, the Marianis, went up in their trucks, to help with the first response, since everyone felt something like what I did on that porch.

Indeed, years later, this would connect to my lunch, over croque monsieur and red wine, at a mid-town bistro, below the park, where I reconvened with my old college friend, Noah Lerner, the television director who has won dozens of awards, including four Sports Emmys, while he worked for ESPN, HBO, and Showtime, for he grew up as the son of Murray Lerner, the independent film director, who studied at Harvard, before he taught at Yale, winning the Oscar for his

promotion of Communist China after he filmed Bob Dylan go electric, for the first time, at the Newport Folk Festival.

Later, when we spoke on the phone, and I fried French Toast, to go with my Armagnac, as my friend watched the little-league baseball game of his son, taking my call immediately, while his team sat on the bench, and talking until his boy went up to bat, my pal reminded me of an incident I had completely forgotten—how he was kicked off our college baseball team for pitching on lysergic acid diethyl-amide, or LSD, since he must have thought he was Dock Ellis, forgetting that his destiny was merely to be a good director, and a better father, who lived in the beautiful village of Cold Spring Harbor.

Noah would become similarly confused, when he recalled his rock trio, Crossing, in which he played drums, at the Motley Coffeehouse, Scripps College, as they were led by our classmate, Viveca Paulin, whose vocal stylings were almost as distinguished as her later appearance as the Porsche Girl in A Night At The Roxbury and the Auctioneer in not only Money Talks but also Ralph Breaks The Internet, before she married Will Ferrell, a Hollywood actor who has made light of human trafficking in tasteless comedy sketches.

I knew that my friend's wife was perfect for him, when he asked me at her art gallery if I remembered his rock-and-roll performances, which, to be fair, were probably better than whatever Bob Dylan did to launch the documentary film career of his father: Professor Lerner.

As she rolled her eyes, with a wry grin, Julie said,

Well, of course, Tim does

Who could forget Crossing?

But before that moment, when my friends laughed at me for saying hi to people on the street, although I knew not to look up at buildings, or to break out paper street maps, I did say to my old friend that I noticed a real change in New York City, from what I remembered, since people seemed far more polite and also friendlier.

This he attributed to the 911 Attacks, so, just as with a later false flag that the enemy would arrange, just for me, when they shot up a church in Charleston, South Carolina, as part of NATO OPERATION GLADIO C, through which they arrange mass shootings, which led through Dylan Roof, and his manifesto, The Last Rhodesian, not to interracial strife but to a historically racist community's rejection of racism, in the South, here, further north, as part of NATO OPERATION GLADIO B, through which they control the muslim terror network, their disgusting and hateful antics led good people to awake, more, into their own goodness.

The same was not true for bad people, so the likes of the rapist scum, Dick Cheney, and his homosexual slave, George Bush,

thought they were getting away with things, as they lived lives of shit, and they killed people.

One was Larry Silverstein, who had made the lease-purchase on the World Trade Center, only eight months before it was blown up, in the first time for the buildings' more-than-thirty-year-long history in which they changed ownership, so he could recover more than four and a half billion dollars, in insurance, on a roughly three-billion-dollar investment, in less than a year, because, unlike his victims, he actually survived the attack since, on that morning, Lucky Larry broke his workaholic routine of power breakfasts on the top floors of the North Building, at the Windows on the World, adjoining the Greatest Bar on Earth, to do something completely out of the ordinary, which was to attend a medical appointment after which he went for a walk in Central Park.

Still, to be fair, Larry Silverstein, who, if he's not in on it, must be the luckiest man in the world, does his share of charity work, as a philanthropist, at institutions as diverse as the United Jewish Appeal, the Museum of Jewish Heritage, and the National Jewish Medical and Research Center.

Meanwhile, jet fuel, which cannot under the laws of physics reach a temperature hot enough to melt fireproofed steel, or even regular steel, somehow managed to vaporize that steel, instantaneously, so buildings collapsed into their own footprints, rather than falling

sideways, and people saw flashes moving downward, floor to floor, typical of a controlled demolition.

The attacking planes had penetrated a security system, for the World Trade Center, Dulles International Airport, and United Airlines, run by Securacom, on whose board the brother of the president, Marvin Peirce Bush, served, after he went to Woodberry Forest, and the University of Virginia, since he was not smart enough to follow the family's traditional path through Andover to Yale.

Marvin Bush later appeared in the award-winning documentary about the white-trash operator, Lee Atwater, who called the criminal imbecile who resembled a monkey, President George W. Bush, by the sobriquet of Junior, rather than the usual Dubya, while the film itself took its title, Boogie Man, because Atwater also fancied himself a musician, as he put forward the Southern Strategy, apparently against the American Negro, only to be made a trustee of the famous historically black college, relentlessly plugged by the rapist, Bill Cosby, Howard University, before the dirtbag converted to Roman Catholicism.

Marvin Bush served on the board of HCC Insurance, formerly Houston Casualty Company, which was an insurance carrier for the World Trade Center, at the time of the attacks, while his other company, Stratesec, formerly Securacom, in which he held a significant position as a stockholder, as he served on the board of directors, from which he resigned immediately before the attacks, had security contracts with the Department of Defense, obtained through noncompetitive bids,

since the nature of their work, like their compensation, is a top-secret matter, heavily classified, because its disclosure would imperil the safety of our country.

So it makes sense that the Federal Bureau of Investigation never looked at any of these connections, or questioned any of these people—and that's according to the Chief Executive Officer of Stratesec, Barry McDaniel—while these characters also connect to the security firm's major investor, sometimes holding a controlling interest, Kuwait-American Corporation, tied to the Kuwaiti Royal Family, in whose defense we fought the First Gulf War, while the Bushes also connect to the Saudi Royal Family.

Still, let's look at what happened, a mere three years before I celebrated the birth of my daughter, cooking a turtle ragout, and munching on ganja cookies, next to our bonfire, outside the kitchen, at the home of my old friend, Shawn Garris, who suspiciously died only days after I started to write his story in the book you are now reading.

On the morning of September 11, 2001, exactly sixty years to the day from the first breaking of ground at the Pentagon, nineteen men armed with boxcutters, directed by a man on dialysis, in a cave fortress more than six thousand miles away, using a satellite phone and a laptop, directed the most sophisticated penetration of the most heavily defended airspace in the world, overpowering the passengers and the military combat-trained pilots on four commercial aircraft before flying

those planes wildly off course for over an hour without confrontation by a single fighter interceptor.

Those nineteen hijackers, devout religious fundamentalists who liked to drink alcohol, snort cocaine, and live with pink-haired strippers, managed to knock down three buildings with two planes, while the British Broadcasting Company announced the collapse of Building Seven before it fell, neatly into its own footprint, with it standing in the background, plainly visible, as the lady announcer told the story—before the transmission she made was mysteriously cut off.

So, as to the office-fortress shaped like a satanic pentagram, on which my friends cashed in, to spend their money wisely, in a return to nature, through a new family business, a pilot who couldn't handle a single-engine propeller craft, like the bushplanes in which my daughter and I flew, managed, somehow, to fly a giant commercial airplane, in an eight-thousand-foot descending two-hundred-and-seventy-degree corkscrew turn to come exactly level with the ground, hitting the Pentagon.

There, in the budget analyst's office, staffers had been working to solve the mystery of more than two trillion dollars that their boss, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, had announced as missing in a press conference only the day before.

Like the Special Operations Command, the Defense Intelligence Agency destroyed more than two terabytes of data on its program, ABLE DANGER, which concerned transnational terrorism,

and several of the plot's alleged hijackers, and the Securities and Exchange Commission destroyed their records on the investigation into insider trading before the attacks, while they relentlessly hounded stylish ladies like Martha Stewart, and the National Institute of Standards and Technology classified the data they used for the collapse of the Lehman Brothers Building, which no plane ever touched, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which I sued for a billion dollars in a different matter, argued that their investigation should remain secret.

Then Osama bin Laden, who received his earlier training from the Central Intelligence Agency, evaded capture for ten years, as the War on Terror cost over eight trillion dollars (\$8,000,000,000,000.00), but he was just too darned clever until we caught him, right on the luciferian sabbat of May Day, adjusted for timezones, living three-quarters of a mile southwest of the Pakistan Military Academy, where our allies had been helping, for years, to track him down, as he had lived there for years, all the while releasing video after video, in which he changed appearance, to taunt his pursuers, before he was killed on the day of sacrifice by SEAL TEAM SIX, in OPERATION NEPTUNE SPEAR, but no video of the daring raid survived, while the crack team panicked and killed an unarmed man, who gave no resistance, even though he offered the best source of information, on the planet, regarding the global terror network, which threatened our country, so they dumped his body in the ocean before a couple dozen of the team died in an extremely suspicious helicopter crash.

I've cribbed some of that from James Corbett, who, like me, moved from teaching to journalism, so I hope he doesn't mind a couple pages of plagiarism on the story he more than scooped, while I highly recommend his work published, online, and available, like these books, for free, at the Corbett Report.

But then, on what used to be the northernmost outpost of the King Ranch, to which I had ridden my mountain bike, as I happily looked forward to my new rôle as a dad, I knew absolutely nothing about any of these things, or the conspiracy behind the terror attacks, three years earlier, while I was happy to make good money at the top of the world's financial system, so I thought only, at the time, that it was a lovely day, which must have a name of some sort—and, although I viewed the destruction of our liberties through the ridiculously named Patriot Act, as an unfortunate occurrence, which I didn't have time to contemplate, since I thought I was being left alone, I saw no irony in the naming of the chilly afternoon as Patriot Day.

What I viewed as magical energy taken in, from the turtle we ate, just as I saw the earlier turtle as a sign, was reenforced that summer by other beautiful views of turtles, since, when I wasn't bicycling, I was kayaking with friends.

In Annapolis, on the Chesapeake, we admired, from the water, the United States Naval Academy, at which my colleague, Oliver Middleton Read IV, or Ollie, had studied, before he took a master's degree at the University of Southern California, back when we both

worked for the oldest firm in North Carolina, after he served as a commander of an aircraft carrier, although I didn't think of Ollie at the time, but only the view, and the atmosphere, excluding the cloud of cannabis that surrounded our boats, while I later broke my alcohol fast with a couple bottles of Sam Smith's Organic Ale.

On our other excursion, we went down the Schuylkill, to the Art Museum, where the overpriced and overrated impressionist masterpieces gifted by my friend's grandfather, Carroll Sargent Tyson, hung, a Van Gogh, a Renoir, and a Cezanne, for he was not only a collector but an artist, who studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Royal Academy of Munich, before he painted the birds of his island, in a style unfortunately influenced by Charles Audubon, which approaches visual taxidermy, to win many awards including the Chevalier Cross of the Legion of Honor.

We didn't go to the museum, where I would later take my daughter, following the local tradition of running up the steps, like Rocky Balboa, whose actor, Sylvester Stallone, used to play polo with my old friend, from Andover, Graydon Brittan, but we did float happily down the river, where we saw a bale of red-bellied cooters sunning themselves on some logs along the right bank.

I took a casual view of Carl Jung, seeing not earth-shaking connections, nor mere happenstance, but only the action of Synchronicity, or meaningful coincidence, while the river turtles were only in their natural habitat, and the snapping turtle was clearly enemy

action, but the little bog turtle who appeared at my daughter's birth announcement seemed, and still seems, a positive sign from a benevolent cosmos, which doesn't like the enemy, and their unnatural ways, so it supports people who obey Great Nature.

Eating the energy of the turtle, which I took into my body, at the culmination of the summer, wasn't a big deal to me, while I had a playful attitude toward winning, and fighting, and living, as I still do, so I also spent time watching crazy programs, on t.v., at my parents' house, into which I had moved following a burglary on the estate, and the expiration of my lease, for, unlike me, they had cable.

Some of my favorites were Chappelle's Show, about which I learned at a dinner party, Viva Variety, which featured the fictional Meredith Laupin, with his ex-wife, the former Mrs. Laupin, and their cool friend, Johnny Blue Jeans, and Extreme Dodgeball, where my team, the Certified Public Assassins, went all the way, wearing business suits, made into cut-offs, so they defeated the Sumo Storm, the Silent But Deadly Mimes, and the Stallion Battalion, midgets dressed in jockey gear, who made small targets, allegedly difficult, to hit.

As my mother's idea, we rejoined our old swim club, Greenwoods, while I thought I hadn't swum for thirteen years, although I grew up constantly in the water, even taking a merit badge for life-saving, so I wondered, as I did, when I returned to riding horses in Hawai'i, while I hadn't sat astride for twenty-nine years, and, as my daughter did, when she returned to skiing her second winter, after only

one year, but fourteen percent of her life, whether one's body would remember how to do the thing, which it did, since swimming, riding, and skiing remain in the muscle memory.

That seems strange because it comes to me now that I had swum at Mount Desert, and off-island, in Green Lake, when I visited my friends in Maine, only a year, and then two, before, and I had swum at Cape May, New Jersey, one year earlier, with my family and the albatross, who obviously did not swim, since she probably does not even have the skill, not to mention Ocean City, New Jersey, two years earlier, when I visited my friends on Memorial Day Weekend.

As I forgot things I had done, and I had a different awareness of my body, I know now that what I experienced was due to cybernetic hive mind, where the consciousness of one of the dirtbags, paid by the government, who lacked the basic skill of swimming, infected my experience in a way that was then minor but would now be intolerable.

When I wasn't swimming laps, my family went to Congress Hall, at Cape May, where we were met by rain, so we didn't swim, but, still, it was lovely, to smoke Cohiba Cigars, with my dad, as we played chess, and cards, on the lovely porch, overlooking the courtyard, of the yellow hôtel that, one hundred years ago, rivalled the horse-racing of Saratoga and the yachting of Newport, as America's First Seaside Resort, hosting four different presidents, at different times, while Benjamin Harrison made it his Summer White House, and John Philip

Sousa conducted concerts on the lawn we overlooked, when he wasn't inventing the Seussical tuba, named for him, the Sousaphone, or writing the Congress Hall March, for he led the Marine Corps Band.

But the big hôtel experience was the Homestead, as through negotiation, a temporary agreement, and enforced legal process, I commanded the presence of my baby daughter, whom I met for the first time, in Lee Chapel, Lexington, under the battle flags that surrounded the general's tomb, in the Valhalla of the Confederacy, for about ten minutes, before she was brought, that day, to Hot Springs, Bath County.

The Homestead, which sits on fifteen thousand acres, where volcanically warmed hot springs gush into the beautiful fin-de-siècle pool, provided a place for me and my baby daughter to take the waters, as I held her, in her swim diapers, and her pink bottoms, topless, in the shallow end, with my mom and dad, so she conked out, for a nap, immediately afterward, as we took turns carrying the love of my life through the hôtel, from, and to, the Great Hall.

There the evil one awaited, so my child was whisked away, after two hours with her family, but I was confident, and rightly so, that far more time would come—since, after all, I did get lucky.

Later my daughter and her mother would pose, in bikinis, on FaceBook, as mommy followed my lead, once she got my daughter to swear me off, after fifteen years, in the newly renovated outdoor waterpark, Allegheny Springs, at the Homestead. This stays open all year, since it, too, is fed with the volcanically warmed waters, pure and

clean, but here with no chlorine, so the two-acre space provides an outdoor swimming hole, with its currents constantly running along the hundred-foot waterslides, its four-hundred-foot lazy river, and its whirlpool. The Omni has taken over, and improved, the decaying resort that has hosted more than a dozen presidents, over more than two hundred years, putting almost two hundred million dollars into the refurbishment, to confirm my mother's assessment when we stayed at their Charlottesville branch.

When the Omni grows up, it wants to be the Ritz.

Maybe, but it has also taken some notes from the Intercontinental, buying historic properties like the Homestead, or Bedford Springs, so the resort where I first brought my daughter, in traditions continued by her mother, was recognized as one of the World's Greatest Places by Time Magazine.

In my day, it was stuffier, as the earlier owners mismanaged the property, but it did have atmosphere. They imported their staff from the West Indies, so the grand hôtel felt like a plantation, with its jacketed negros, to carry one's bags, while these nice people showed better manners, and better rapport, than some of the poorly trained hillbillies on the premises. Thus, a white girl told me to straighten my tie before she took me to my table, where I dined on bouillabaisse, after she presumptuously nodded her approval of my book, at which she glanced inspection.

Tales from the Samurai.

And our friendly sales-rep from WestLaw, Kate Familetti, for whom I always had a question, and a conversation, when she came for our monthly visit, told me that, after she came in from golfing, or tennis, I forget which, they actually required her to remove her baseball cap while she stood in the Great Hall.

Still, it was marvelous, with an incredible breakfast buffet, at an enormous table, from which I chose kiwis, blackberries, and plain yoghurt, along with my strong coffee, before my daughter reappeared the following afternoon for a carriage ride and a visit to the stables with her father, as her grandparents, more sensible than their son, stayed an hour off in a perfectly adequate motel, while her mother skulked and plotted in the shadows of the barn.

It was certainly expensive, with a single day approaching one thousand dollars, not counting my lawyer's fees, so I am lucky I did not share the fate of another of its frequent visitors, Carl E. Schultze, the artist who made a famous comic, more than one hundred years ago, in the newspaper funnies, called Foxy Grandpa, where an elderly gentleman played friendly pranks on his mischievous grandsons, while, probably due to his fondness for the place, he lost every penny he ever made to scratch by first as a travelling salesman for the soft-drink, Whistle, then as a director of physical exercises, oceanside, at Miami

Beach, and finally as a beneficiary of the Works Progress Administration, later, so he died, on welfare, in a furnished room.

Maple Hall, at Timber Ridge, was cheaper, so I experimented with different lodgings, in trips that would continue for years to come.

There I downsized to the antebellum plantation just off the interstate, on the Lee Highway, which was improved, before the Civil War, by John Gibson, in the Greek Revival Style, after the place was earlier sold, under suspicious circumstances, by Edward Tarr, the first African-American to own real estate west of the ancient Blue Ridge, to the founder of my old farm, where I lived two years earlier, Marlbrook, as Alexander Stuart served not only as one of the original trustees of Liberty Hall Academy, which eventually became Washington and Lee University, and later my law school, which represented my daughter's mother against me, but as the great-grandfather of the famous rebel general, J.E.B. Stuart, who must have stayed at the manor in its less jazzed-up form as a Federalist Plantation, while it stood, less than a mile, from the thirty-eight-thousand-pound chunk of pink granite that commemorates the birth, in a nearby log cabin, of Sam Houston, who made his name, and founded Texas, through the Alamo.

The place was musty as dammit, from the bodies of untold zillions of dust mites, feeding on skin flakes, to be digested in their striated exoskeletons, as they scurried, barely visible to the naked eye, to poop up to two thousand faeces, per mite, ranging from ten to forty

micrometers, and they mated, and reproduced, to lay up to one hundred eggs, per female, when they were not eaten by wiggly silverfish.

I was the only guest, left alone for the night, in what seemed a real Scooby-Doo situation, so the strange person who checked me in led the way to my bedroom, one of twenty-two, perfectly acceptable, with daguerreotypes of confederate officers, framed on the walls, eyes almost following my movements, as they scowled, to resent my intrusion into their ancestral home.

After I foolishly smoked some cannabis, in my curvy tobacco pipe, a Peterson Mark Twain, and I left the stuff, zippered into my bag, at the hôtel, I washed my hands, and my face, and I slapped on some Polo aftershave, before walking out, and lighting a perfumed cheroot, one of Lars Teeten's Acid C-Notes, to drive my Volkswagen Beetle, humorously named Lothar, into town, in a place where the police will pull you over for things like driving too slow.

After cruising down the Lee Highway, past Hull's Drive-In Movie Theater, I turned right past the Maury River, as I continued through the campus of Virginia Military Institute, to park in the lot of the bank where I had earlier done business for three years, only to hear, on the small down ramp, a disturbing CRUNCH, since I had forgotten that my mountain bike was on the top of the rocket sled, and my ride had failed to clear under the concrete lintel.

But, fortunately, I have quick reflexes, and finely tuned instincts, along with a humorous guardian spirit, and a sense of

humility that makes me great, along with powerful arms, which had strongly secured, and resecured, and further resecured, the rack that carried the bicycle, so, when I hopped out to check, I could see that each of the bike, and the rack, had survived the frightening incident.

Breathing a sigh of relief, I headed, calmly and coolly, not immediately out of town, but over to the grocery store, where I bought a six-pack of beer, a bag of ice, and snacks for the weekend.

Returning to Maple Hall without incident, I went for a walk along the grassy paths, cut through the neighboring fields, uphill, as I smoked some more of my weed bought from an old friend, who shall remain nameless, while he later won the Pennsylvania State Open Skeet Championships.

Bigger championships were the night's entertainment, as I broke my alcohol-fast with the beer, kept cold, on ice, in the bathroom sink, watching the Olympics, held near their birthplace, in the Ægean, as they cost the host country a total of nine billion euros, since I wasn't the only one who was spending big on classy activities, plunging the Greek Government into the eight-year-long debt crisis that accompanied the second half of my career as a lawyer in the world of high finance.

These were the only thing on, since the hôtel was such a blast from the past that it didn't have cable television, or a little satellite dish, or even a dvd player, so there may have been as many as two fuzzy channels grabbed, wobbly, through the airwaves, while, in a scene

that recalled my childhood, I adjusted the bunny ears on the little black-and-white set.

The next day my daughter sat on my lap at the black wrought-iron table under the giant maple trees to the north, with the toys I had brought, for babies, as we looked up at the sunlight through the canopy of leaves, and the mother glared across the table, with her friend, Joan, as the manipulator worked to extract money from the heavy older lady.

While we had agreed to visits of two to four hours, and my daughter showed no sign of fatigue, or distress, her mother announced, in a tight voice, after exactly one hundred and twenty minutes, that the visit was over, in a pattern we repeated the following day, so I spent the remaining time riding my mountain bike on a short loop past my old farm, walking the field trails to smoke, and swimming, with an odd sense of my body, in the lovely little pool.

And there I turned, lap after lap, in, and before, the little semi-circular wells that graced each narrow end, before, getting out to dry, in the already chilly air, I warmed my heart with thoughts of the coming battle.

Two weeks later there was a third of the weekend visits before we would appear, in court, a second time, for what went to more than thirty hearings over eighteen years, while this was preceded by a letter, lawyer to lawyer, one of many I had to pay my counsel to read, before I moved to self-representation, to win, as I played up costs, and

tension, for my opponent, costing me nothing—as the epistle falsely alleged that my daughter had shrieked in pain the first time I held her back in Lee Chapel.

The mother played her childish games, moving the location at the last minute, as she refused to give me directions to the new meeting place.

This I miraculously found, within the time limit she had unilaterally imposed, so, just having driven three hundred miles, over five hours, I saw the bench where she sat with my darling.

At my request, she passed the sleeping child to me, as I gently held my little baby, who remained oblivious to my rage, as the enemy, all the while, slammed me with suggestions to hurl her body to the ground.

Calling out the mother for her low-level actions, as she sought to deprive her own child of a father, not only at the expense of a legal battle, while she endangered his career, on which she would depend for her income, but at the expense of that income itself, which she had offered to give up, in order to get me out of our daughter's life, I venomously whispered and hissed insults, through clenched jaws, at this low-level loser, who was secretly recording our meeting, with a portable cassette-player, kept in her pocket.

Then I handed my daughter back, told her mother I would see her in court, and cancelled the second day of the visit, which would have been exactly two hours anyway, driving fast, a second three

hundred miles, so, twelve hours after I had left my home, I returned to Unionville, where I cheated again, on my alcohol diet, garnishing each bottle, with an interior twist of lime, as I consumed a twelve-pack of Corona.

BOOK THREE: TANZANIA

Our next hearing gave me a further sense of the system I would have to navigate, as wanted posters hung on the walls for fathers who had not paid child support, a strangely named black man was brought in wearing an orange jumpsuit and chains, as his friends told him to be cool, and a white juvenile delinquent, whose lawyer had obviously told him to dress formally, preserved his rebel-style by appearing with a skull-and-crossbones motif at the center of his black necktie.

There we entered into an agreed temporary order, as a prelude to a third hearing, three months later, before Christmas, which provided for visits unsupervised by the mother, or any person, of eight hours each, for three to four days, on alternating weekends, while we also agreed to nonbinding mediation, home studies, and psychological evaluations—along with a requirement that I attend a class for the care of babies—while we confined our feud simply to custody, never moving, over eighteen years, from the agreed amount of one thousand dollars per month.

Like my daughter, I am fortunate that I eventually learned to manipulate the loser, who ran out of money to hire the lawyers who also grew tired of her bullshit, so we enjoyed eight years without a hearing, before things heated up again—for, otherwise, she might have truly put me under to demand an increase in my daughter's ransom.

The class on babies was held at a hospital near my home, where I went with pregnant mothers, and soon-to-be fathers, as it lasted for a single evening, getting me the certification that, to have fought, would have made me look unreasonable.

The home study was hilarious, as the mother had someone, who never met me, visit her in Virginia, to recommend that she have sole custody, while I shelled out another several hundred dollars to have a nice black lady sit in the kitchen of my upper-middle-class suburban home, on the edge of the horse country, as she compared, in a friendly way, the resemblance of my situation to a movie she had just seen about the Carpenters, whose songs everyone just loves, as Karen fought depression and eating disorders, while her loving brother, Richard, dabbled in soft drugs, and she cheerfully pocketed the cheque I wrote, personally made out to her, and not her agency, at her request, so she promised the excellent recommendation that she made, as she spoke, with anticipation, of the visit she planned, later that day, to the Cheesecake Factory.

Then there was the nonbinding mediation, which predictably went nowhere, as the mother would claim again and again, and again, that she should have sole custody because we could not agree and that my child should be kept from me since she did not know me, but, first, the retired judge, who had stepped away from a low-level job, earning far less than I did in my first year, gave me his card, with a

brochure, because he was looking for work, and needed money, so he hoped I might hire him again as a mediator.

I had absolutely no memory of any of the times I had been drugged, kidnapped, or assaulted, as they tried to brainwash me, while, earlier that summer, I watched The Manchurian Candidate, not making any connection to my own life and the mind-control programs that I knew were real, as I was struck by a favorite song used as the credits rolled.

Some folks are born made to wave the flag.
They're red, white, and blue.
So when the band plays "Hail to the Chief"
They point the cannon at you.

It ain't me, it ain't me.
I ain't no senator's son.
It ain't me, it ain't me.
I ain't no fortunate one.

Some folks inherit star-spangled eyes.
They send you down to war.
And when you ask 'em,
"How much should we give?"
They only answer, "MORE."

Still, clueless as I was, I felt their presence, driving along the interstate, on a route I had used for seven years in graduate school, and for three years in law school, which, after a decade, broken up, was suddenly different, full of strange close-calls, and almost crashes, so I could tell that something was trying to kill me.

At the same time, I believed in a magical force that protects babies, as it had done when my father accidentally dropped me down a flight of stairs, diving after me, and banging himself up, while I remained unscathed, back in the Sixties, when John Fogerty wrote that song, and the War in Việt Nam raged.

I was learning to be a right bastard, as I took no prisoners, in the fight for my daughter, and I modelled after my boss, telling people without a smile that things were not adequate, without the obsequious sugar-coating my mother would have given, and I can still bring this out, when it suits me, as I play different rôles for different reasons with different people under different circumstances, while it's all not simply awareness, of oneself and others, but different kinds of caring and not caring how those others think and feel, as I always keep a solid sense of myself, my goals, and my priorities, so, using discernment, I can employ the proper tactics.

That came in handy when I was going to meet my baby daughter under the second court order before she turned all of three months old, so I knew how to speak firm to the latest in a string of hôtels although I still hadn't learned to speak soft with Lily's mother.

Still learning the ins and outs of travel, at which my father was an expert, with the help of his secretary, and his colleagues, I was still learning from my mistakes, not doing sufficient research, while my eye was not sufficiently developed, so I booked three nights at the Natural Bridge Hotel.

Before noon, I checked in, and I walked up to my room, which was woefully inadequate, so I went back to my car, and I called the Homestead, dialing with my thumbs, on my BlackBerry, to see if they had a room. Finding they did, I went back to the hôtel, and fetched my bag, walking downstairs and to the clerk. Without explanation, or conversation, I simply told her the bare facts, which did not include a critique of the room, but only that I had decided not to stay there. So, she didn't charge me, and I motored off, happily smoking my cannabis, as I headed up the Roanoke Valley, and then west, through the Goshen Pass, with the rocky Maury River, pretty to my right, until an hour later, high as a kite, I checked back in to what was becoming my favorite hôtel.

As I stood in line, I had a strange experience, where I heard voices in my head, talking about me, as "Old Doc Shelley," and I didn't know about voice-to-skull, or any of the technology described in the appendices to this book, so I thought I slipped in time, into the future, where people knew me years from now, just as I had earlier attributed experiences like this to ghosts, or echos from the past, and I would sometimes attribute them to astral attack, from demons, or spirits, and I

would later attribute them to parallel universes, with different possibilities, like those suggested by The Subtle Knife.

So, later, The Golden Compass would strike me, as the enemy promoted Nicole Kidman, herself the victim of mind control, while she defended her psychologist father, Doctor Antony David Kidman, AM, who worked in mind control hubs like the National Institute of Mental Health and Saint Elizabeth Psychiatric Hospital, while this piece of trash was exposed by the heroic Fiona Barnett, in her book, Eyes Wide Open, and elsewhere, after Barnett's grandmother, who committed war crimes, emigrated to Australia, since it was not only America that offered asylum to Nazis, as part of OPERATION PAPERCLIP.

She grew up being raped and abused, from her earliest memories, by a scumbag she took for her grandfather, Poitre Holowczak, who told her stories of Jews he had killed in a death camp in Poland, while this connected to a pædophile ring, which included police officers, psychiatrists, biochemists, psychologists, actors, writers, politicians, university lecturers, and medical doctors, who held orgies as part of a strange mystery religion rooted in Nazi Germany.

Doctor John W. Gittinger, who developed the Personality Assessment System, was only one of the trash that worked for Sidney Gottlieb, whose Jewish background did not prevent his work on Nazi programs, as he destroyed people's lives, by feeding them LSD, in PROJECTS BLUEBIRD, ARTICHOKE, and MK-ULTRA, moving on to

spend some of his final days one county north of my old stomping grounds, in Culpeper, Virginia, where he raised goats, ate yoghurt, and advocated peace and environmentalism, maintaining his passion for folk-dancing, so he died in the tiny village where my parents fêted me upon the acquisition of my doctorate: Little Washington.

Nicole Kidman's father died suddenly, as the walls were closing in, on White Balloon Day, which symbolizes support for survivors and victims of child sexual abuse, thanks to Fiona Barnett, who absolutely got her revenge, by making the trash kill their own, as they even accompanied the clean-up operation with coded gangsigns, or perhaps someone else did, while, at the time of his sudden and well-deserved death, he was under investigation by the New South Wales Health Care Complaints Commission and the Psychology Council of New South Wales—not to mention the Australian Police and the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Abuse—just as I later sicced the licensing authorities on Doctor William Whelan of the Virginia Child and Family Attachment Center, whom I humiliated in the Circuit Court to maintain one-third of every year with my daughter.

The Singapore Police investigated the “unnatural death,” of Doctor Antony Kidman, as he visited his daughter, Antonia, while the other daughter, the shit-whore, Nicole, married Tom Cruise, who would cast her aside, as the daughter of the deep-state rapist adopted two children, and she entered the cult of Scientology—although she

maintained an affiliation with a different cult that molests children, which is called Roman Catholicism.

Kidman was born on the luciferian sabbat of Midsummer Day, since her mother's labor was induced, cybernetically or otherwise, while the enemy put her in at least one film partly for me, Hemingway & Gellhorn, which I turned off, the first time I tried to watch it, four years before I woke up, since I was repulsed by a disgusting sex scene where the hairy ass of her co-star bounced up and down, drilling the skank, as their hôtel was bombarded by the ruthless but correct falangists who fought Communism under Generalissimo Franco, El Caudillo, in the Spanish Civil War.

The closest I would ever get to Scientology was to make fun of its television commercials, in college, which were simply ridiculous as they gave specific page numbers, for different questions, as to things like the meaning of life, in the book marketed as Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health, not to mention watching The Master, which I used to like, until I researched these matters, while Philip Seymour Hoffman was killed, on the luciferian sabbat of Imbolc, Candlemas, or Groundhog Day, for a very gentle treatment of a dangerous cult.

The Church of Scientology, like its alternative, The Free Zone, embraces oddball beliefs like reincarnation, on other planets, which involve an alien called XENU, or XEMU, who ruled a Galactic Confederacy, when, long, long ago, and far, far away, he brought billions of his people, whom he fooled with tax inspections, and psychiatrists, to

Earth, then known as TEEGEEACK, only to kill them with hydrogen bombs, in Incident II, which led to traumatic memories, carried within us all, as the Wall of Fire, or R6 Implant.

So, its programmers work to remove subconscious programs, due to past lives, called engrams, through a process known as auditing, using an electropsychometer, with hidden charges, further along the path, in order that adherents may pay the organization more than half a million dollars, per person, to move through eight different Operating Thetan Levels at the upper part of the Bridge To Total Freedom where they attain godlike control over Matter, Energy, Space, and Time, called in shorthand, MEST, just as Operating Thetan is OT, while it is succeeded by Cleared Theta Clear.

The Super Power Rundown was meant to occur, whether it did or not, as it trained initiates to use all of their fifty-seven perceptics, in the Flag Building, formerly known as the Super Power Building, so roughly one hundred and fifty million dollars was raised through the Super Power Expansion Project, while plans were released by the Church of Scientology Religious Trust, and leaked blueprints show facilities such as a Time Machine, an Oiliness Table, a Pain Station, and an Infinite Pit.

Sailing from jurisdiction to jurisdiction, while members were tried *in absentia* in the courts of countries they had just left, the Church of Scientology used its ship, Freewinds, four-hundred-and-forty feet long, and sixty-nine feet at the beam, with a deadweight tonnage of

more than fifteen million pounds, so who knows what was smuggled on this thing, as it could carry more than three hundred passengers, while one of them, Valeska Paris, who joined the cult at age fourteen, was held against her will, and not allowed to leave the ship without an escort for six years, as she was forced into manual labor for twelve years, even though she belonged to the senior-most staff of the cult, called the Sea Organization.

A member of Sea Org, who signs up for a billion-year contract, may be disciplined under the Rehabilitation Project Force, or RPF, after he or she faces a hearing, which often separates children from their parents, as it is held before a Committee of Evidence—which is probably just about as fair and neutral as the hearing I got, when the mother of my child violated a court order, denying visitation, so I was ordered to take a parental evaluation, which although it recommended that my time stay the same, dragged things out so an ugly twat, followed by a fat shitboy, as they passed for judges in Virginia, terminated my court-given power, then fourteen years old, to require the presence of my daughter, in my company, for what was then twenty-five percent, or one quarter, of every year.

This is connected to the Office of Special Affairs, or OSA, formerly known as the Guardian's Office, which mounts character assassination operations against the enemies of the cult, so it employs not only private investigators but also police officers—although I am happy to say, in my case, a policelady of great integrity travelled to

court on my behalf, to testify in my cause, with respect to the mother's conviction of battery, and child abuse, to a judge that refused to listen, just as the same judges threatened to throw me in jail, and refused to listen to the psychologist for whom they made me pay thousands of extra dollars.

But the weirdest beliefs I held came simply from my reading of The Subtle Knife, and The Golden Compass, after I saw the film with Nicole Kidman, which I liked, as this harmonized with my beliefs about spirit animals, parallel universes, and strange energies travelling from the Sun, which would be more accessible toward the Poles, where Coronal Mass Ejections crash into the sides of the magnetically weakened ionosphere, to form what the sympathetic girl who served as protagonist called the Roarer, as she later encountered the Tao te Ching, or Book of Changes, and she travelled to an island based on the deep state fortress of Spitsbergen in the Svalbard Archipelago.

It all boils down to Occam's Razor, the problem-solving trick developed by William of Occam, roughly seven hundred years ago, which tells us to cut the fat from solutions, so that, all things being equal, the simplest answer is most often the best—so it's easy to see that all new age movements, like all religions, are bullshit.

So, when I smoked cannabis, and I stood in the Great Hall of the Homestead, and I heard voices talking about me, it wasn't parallel universes, like the one in which the fictional girl ate not chocolate, but chocolatl, with an accidental overlap to the future—but only very simple

technology to broadcast sound employed through documented government programs as I engaged in a practical battle for my genetically superior and wonderful daughter, not in a spiritual fight to defend a child, who as she grounded me to my nature, looked, only for moments, and under the influence of mild hallucinogenics, like the reincarnation of a taoist saint.

So, my daughter was carted back and forth from the double-wide trailer, south of Buena Vista, where her trashy mother lived, the decayed branch of an ancient noble house, held up by her own grandmother, who I thought was a complete nut since Sadie Montgomery, who had simplified her own last name to Montie, was a Seventh Day Adventist, or a Holiness Person, or something, whose church seemed to involve dancing and shouting, handling snakes, and speaking in tongues, while she was far ahead of me because she actually understood that people are subject to horrific invisible attack but not by the Devil, or his demonic servants, but only by the subhuman worshippers of an imaginary Dark Lord.

During our second stay at the Homestead, I would soak with my daughter, in the beautiful greenhouse that encloses the hot springs, while I sang folk-songs and ballads, lulling her to sleep, on one day, while another we rode on another carriage ride, as I built her love of animals, so she touched the silky manes, the velvety noses, and the hot skin, of the snorting and breathing horses, and another my father waltzed with his granddaughter in the Crystal Ballroom.

One of the highlights, for me, was to go hawking, in a sport enjoyed centuries ago by my aristocratic forebears. My reading of Shakespeare, whom I studied at Cambridge University, in private supervisions with the Senior Tutor of Saint Catharine's College, who hailed from the Island of Jersey, enhanced my appreciation, as did the strong poetry of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who wrestled a lion, five hundred years ago, at Penshurst, the seat of a rival branch of my family, the Viscounts de L'Isle, or the Shelley-Sidneys, who descend from a poet of each name, which Ben Jonson eulogized, praising its hospitality and its grounds, in a famous poem taught to me by the director of my doctoral dissertation, a Fellow of the British Academy, and a Commander of the British Empire, who edited The New Oxford Book of Seventeenth-Century Verse.

Harris's hawks, also known as bay-winged or dusky hawks, hunt in teams, with some driving their prey across the scrubland floor, and others falling from the sky, spotting cottontail, or hoppy jackrabbit, or poor little mice, with vision eight times better than our own, which they hit with balled fists, at up to twenty-eight miles per hour, before they rip their prey to pieces with their beaks and talons, so a lizard might get lucky, by autotomy, through the break of his wriggly tail. These presented no threat as the intelligent beauty casually walked off my tan leather gauntlet, onto my forearm, without harm, though it easily could have put its claws, which can squeeze at two hundred pounds per square inch, through my muscles. So I sent the bird from

my arm and it flew away, to an easy hundred yards, while I learned from my teacher, and, after a while, we called it back to my arm. I was amazed at its lightness, since my eye told me an object its size would be far heavier, but hollow bone and fluffy feathers tricked my eye as they made perfect sense for a flying animal.

After our walk, with the hawk, the nice young man wanted to take my photograph, something I didn't really want, since it seemed show-offy, and vulgar, but he felt it was part of his job, and it was harmless, so, of course, I let him take the picture.

SNAP!

There I am with my green polo shirt providing a perfect complement to the browns, blacks, and whites of my flying companion, weirdly hooded, wearing jesses on his yellowy legs, above his curvy claws, in the cool of the misty forest.

I wanted to repeat the experience at Christmas, since it was really neat, so I spoke a few months later to the activities desk to book another one-on-one hawking experience, only to be surprized when they were happy to do it for *two thousand dollars!*

As it turned out, I had gotten lucky since my excursion was supposed to be a group experience, for which I paid the group rate, as though the other dozen guests had come along, but I got to solo-hawk only because it was an overcast day so no one else showed up to our meet in the little giftshop.

That was only one example of me hitting it lucky, and forgetting about money, since, as I looked through my eelskin wallet, later replaced by buffalo, to go through printed receipts, and enter them into my cheque-book, I found that every one had worn out, so its print was illegible.

That probably contributed to me finding when I checked out that I didn't have enough to pay the bill—but it wasn't a big deal since the hôtel was happy to send me a paper invoice, which I paid off at the end of the month, right before my thirty-fifth birthday, on Michaelmas.

But first I had tipped the kindly older man, another jacketed negro, who pushed my bags on a brass cart, to increase the plantation-feel of the grand hôtel, with a solid twenty, unlike the two-dollar bills that were fun to put into circulation for the valets who parked my little VW.

Tony stayed in my mind, as one of the few people I knew who connected to active service, since soldiers are generally from the gutter, but I liked him, and I felt the pride of this other father, in his son, whom I hoped would come home soon, safe and sound.

And, so, he provided me with a bit of conversation when I later met the aristocratic cousin, of my aristocratic friend, at the Half Moon, over a pint, cask-drawn, of a local beer, Hop Devil, in a bar where my drink would later be fixed, and I would be lifted, to a local safehouse, on a night when so many tens of thousands of volts were put

into my body that my thumbnail purpled, and fell off, split down the middle—but then I remembered nothing.

He, like me, drew on his Norman heritage, as he wore a crusader's ring with the crest of his family, and he saw himself as fighting the Arab trash, just as I do, only, unlike him, I am not being played, while my battle costs me nothing, and I take no orders, nor commit atrocities, fighting joyfully with a clean conscience, unlike those deluded in the War in Iraq, where even my girlfriend's brother, fresh from Sandhurst, said he would have a hard time finding his motivation, as he described the burning oil fields in not the Second but the First Gulf War.

Luciferians like to spill blood, arranging world events, on magic days, because of their belief in numerology, gangsigns, and sacrifice.

So, it is not surprising that the invasion of Kuwait, in the First Gulf War, occurred not only as led by Saddam Hussein, who had been heavily supported by Great Britain, and from Iraq, where British Petroleum has run the show since it redrew the map of the Middle East following the First World War; but the invasion happened at exactly midnight, British Summer Time, at the Witching Hour of Lughnasadh, Lammastide, or Mountain Sunday, one of the eight Luciferian Sabbats.

The Coalition would appear to stand against Saddam Hussein, but really they were led by the traitors at NATO, while they arranged a characteristic false flag attack, and the scum were led

particularly by Great Britain, as the Prime Meridian, like Greenwich Mean Time, stands at the center of the world's longitudes and time zones.

Even though the Americans appeared to lead one side of the fight, as the Iraqis appeared to lead the other, really both sides were controlled by England. Even though people appeared to act for reasons of their own, really they were moved by mind control. And even though things appeared to happen for reasons of their own, really they were driven by a special calendar.

As they seek to destroy everything in sight, the luciferians invoke *star magic*.

The luciferians believe in astrology, so they arranged the invasion led by their old friend, and their new enemy, Saddam Hussein, who was soon to be defeated, only one day after the speediest planet, Mercury, stood at its highest, as it began to fall in the sky, visible only at the beginning and end of the solar day—which means a little too slow, as to your whole sun-driven enterprise, while you stand, in the desert, where the sun rules.

Further, the initial invasion, led by Saddam, who would lose the war, began right on the lunar occultation of Antares, who falsely imitates the Planet Mars—which means the Changeable Moon stands in the way of a wannabe God of War.

The Counter-Invasion, Desert Storm, lasted forty-two days, for exactly one phase and one half of the moon, so that it began on the

New Moon, and it ended on the Full Moon, while Mars, the True God of War, stood in a conjunction, which happens roughly once every two years, with Saturn, the Grim Reaper, who appears as Father Time.

As he started the war, Saddam's cards read, roughly, (i) too slow, (ii) fake god of war, and (iii) your fortunes will change like the moon, while you move in a place ruled by the sun, as it eats and poops out your symbolic planet (which is really a far-off star).

But, as the side chosen to win, by the conspirators, counter-invaded, to finish the war, their cards read, roughly, (i) true time, (ii) real god of war, and (iii) grim reaper, while the moon moves from new to full for harvest.

Saturn, or Chronos, is the god of chronological time who invented the calendar, as he appeared in the cards of the quickly victorious coalition, who signaled control through chronological and calendrical gang-signs.

The last part of Desert Storm, Desert Saber, lasted exactly four days and four hours, or exactly one hundred hours, while it began when Jupiter, the Father of the Gods, who strikes from afar, and whose bird is the eagle, resumed its apparent normal course as it left its retrograde motion, no longer moving backward but suddenly moving forward like a lightning bolt.

The luciferian conspirators who run the military are just that crazy, and they actually use manufactured omens to fool and recruit

others, and they're just that stupid, as they lie, through gangsigns that they simultaneously believe and disbelieve.

It's just so very them.

They are like the Zodiac Killer, calling in clues to the police, as to their crimes, just so detectives like me can solve them—or the Wet Bandits, or the Sticky Bandits, in Home Alone, fools who are not only defeated by a child but who go to jail for multiple crimes because they left the same telltale sign at each and every one of their burglaries.

In the First Gulf War, Desert Saber, the last portion of the coalition assault, moved so quickly, over numerologically significant numbers of hours to begin and end on astrologically significant dates, only because Voice-of-God Weapons were used on Iraqi Forces, as their soldiers heard sound weapons, voice-to-skull, or V2K, in their heads, just as I did in the hôtel, talking about me, only these said Allah ordered their surrender.

The use of these weapons, in this way, in this war, more than a dozen years before I stood at the front desk, so it was thirty-four years ago, has been attested by Doctor Robert Duncan, who worked for the Central Intelligence Agency and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, and, while Duncan is plainly scum, who still works for them, he is nonetheless a credible source as to the reality of hive mind and the use of sound weapons in the Persian Gulf.

But the Iraqi Troops weren't the only ones to hear voices, or to see pictures, in their heads—and I don't mean only me from the very beginning of this series almost fifty years ago.

So did the engineer, Floyd Ragsdale, who worked for my father's old company, DuPont, with which just about everyone I grew up with was connected.

Radio transmission is often used to convey military technology to scientists, inventors, and engineers, who think they are solving problems because of intuition, just as the soldiers thought they were hearing the Voice of God. Walter Russell heard voices, while he partnered with the deep state, and he predicted the discovery of deuterium, tritium, neptunium, and plutonium, but he had absolutely no scientific training. Dmitri Mendeleev came up with the modern periodic table because he saw it, fully formed, when he was asleep, while his formulation allowed the prediction of undiscovered elements. And Niels Bohr came up with the structure of the atom because he saw it in a dream, so he won the Nobel Prize. People who think ideas come to them in dreams are receiving radio transmissions, while the technology to do this has been around for a very long time.

Hildegard of Bingen is only one example, since, like Walter Russell, she had all sorts of scientific knowledge, and knew all sorts of things, that people attributed to visions, while she did not have the background to have learned them on her own, as she moved in the mediaeval world of tonsured priests, with shaven pates, because they

had suffered brain surgery, and church spires, topped with metal, which broadcast to their heads just like today's cellphone towers.

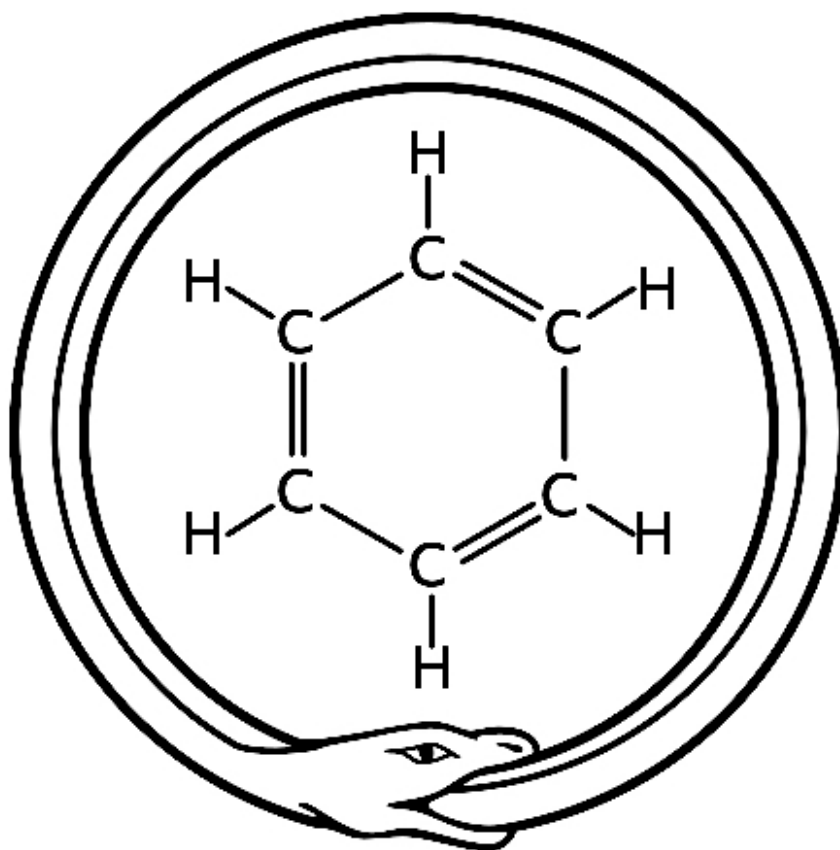
The very word, inventor, comes from the Latin, *invenio*, as it refers to something coming in from the outside, just as inspiration comes from the Latin, *inspiro*, as it refers to something breathed in from the outside.

So, it's no surprise that Nikola Tesla saw fully developed schematics in flashes in his visual cortex, had terrible headaches, and talked to people no one could see because he wasn't creating things at all but only receiving transmissions of pre-existing inventions that would be used for mind control—or that the Father of Neuroscience, Otto Loewi, proved that the transmission of nerve impulses is a chemical, not electrical, process, vital to cybernetic mind control, because he had a dream, scribbled down his notes, went back to sleep, and found, to his horror, that he didn't understand what he had written the next morning.

Good thing he then had exactly the same dream, with exactly the same solution, on the very next night, so the sicko jumped out of bed, and he sliced up some innocent frogs, all to win the Nobel Prize.

It looks like magic, or religion, or inspiration, or the secret workings of the unconscious mind, but, in reality, people are receiving broadcasts made by the luciferian conspirators who run the military.

And they just can't resist tagging their stupid moves with satanic signals, obscene winks and offensive nudges, so when Friedrich August Kekulé von Stradonitz received a similar message, as he dozed, to realize the molecular structure of the benzene ring, with six members of carbon atoms joined by alternating single and double bonds, used as the chemical basis for other conspirators to fill the world with gas, plastic, and drugs, it came to him as a strange satanic symbol, the ouroboros, or οὐροβόρος, which word, when written in a circle can be read both forwards, and backwards, to take the emblem-form of a serpent eating its own tail—and, presumably, its own shit, as it fucks itself in the mouth.



So, in the First Gulf War, a special high-speed machine that made bullet-proof vests, from Kevlar, kept breaking down at my father's company, but the Kevlar vests were in huge demand for the coalition soldiers, while Kevlar itself came from an apparently chance discovery.

Engineers could not figure out what was wrong until Floyd Ragsdale had a strange dream in which he was part of the machine, and saw water spraying all over the place, along with hoses and springs; so, when he woke up, he realized not only that the lining of the two-ply hoses was collapsing because of the extreme heat needed to make the polymer but also that only springs would keep the hoses open.

His co-workers thought he was crazy, but, at this point, they were ready to try anything, and he turned out to be right; so the impossible numerological, astronomical, and calendrical timetable for the end of the war became both possible and real, while something that looked like a miracle happened, and the First Gulf War was started and completed within less than seven months back in my final year at the college named for the Roman Goddess of the Harvest.

This was different from the Second Gulf War, paid for over time, with blood and borrowed money, with more than one million dead, and more than one trillion spent, fighting Saddam Hussein, whom our government had financed, with borrowed money, for many years, and then let go, before they fought him in another war, so then they hanged him, denying him the dignity of a firing squad, as he stood strong and shouted defiance.

None of this was on our minds, since we didn't know any soldiers, but I had begun to fight my own war, for my daughter, which I joyfully won at the cost of a mere million.

A small percentage of that was spent at a motel, where my parents and I spent our next visit, together, with the new member of our family, who rolled over for the first time, per the baby book, while we earlier met for supper at Burger King, on the way down, as I slipped for a moment, and a moment only, into someone else's narrative, so we joked, singing together, spirits high as we faced the challenge, a trashy swing number from the Southwest.

Trailer's for sale or rent.
Rooms to let, fifty cents.
No phone, no pool, no pets.
I ain't got no cigarettes.

(Here I say, indicating my father, "But he's got cigars.")
(And my mother says, "He'd better not.")

Two hours of pushin' broom
Buys an eight-by-twelve four-bit room.
I'm a man of means by no means
King of the Road.

I had given up weed, at least for a while, since the other side was pushing for a drug test, so I cheated again, going back to the alcohol

I had avoided for more than two years, when we went out to the Southern Inn, as a family, and were delighted to find a Celtic band with whom we joyfully sang a number I would later learn was stolen for SpongeBob, with especial emphasis on its rousing sounds.

Hey, ho, up she rises!

Hey, ho, up she rises!

Hey, ho, up she rises!

Early in the morning!

Just as my daughter and I would learn various sea shanties to accompany our trips to Hawai'i and Alaska, from the Northwest to Maine, with nods to the Real Florida and the Big Sur, as we followed the path of the wooden ships that sailed the seas, whose barefooty sailors sang to worksongs, fueled by daily doses of navy rum, extra-strong, fearing the cat of nine tails, laid on hard, and disgustingly indulging the love that dare not speak its name, so they made the hempen sails rise on beautiful vessels that were piloted by, among others, the great Captain Cook.

I love to sing, although I'm not very good at it, which I would do, constantly with my baby, going back to my memory collection, learned in the banjo-years, ranging from work songs moved to the minstrel stage, like "Haul the Woodpile Down," to ancient ballads

like “Black Jack Davy,” “The Roving Gambler,” “Young Emily,” “Lady Margaret,” and “The Merry Golden Tree.”

This I would change at the request of my daughter, as she asked, lying next to me, in our bed, at one of our fun sleepover parties, about what happened to the evil captain who betrayed the first mate, so I added an especially gory ending.

Oh, him. Well, he thought he had gotten away with it, as people like that often do, but then, the winds began to pick up, with a giant storm, tossing and rocking the ship, so the captain was afraid. Suddenly, there was a tremendous thunderclap, and a bolt of lightning, that split his ship in half, so it crashed on a rock, and he found himself swimming, swimming, desperately, in the cold waters of the icy ocean depths, waves tossing him, spluttering and coughing, as he took in draught after draught of salt water, barely able to breathe, choking on his fear, while he frantically tried to stay afloat. That was before the sharks began to circle, biting off pieces of his flailing arms, and his kicking legs, so he screamed for mercy, finding none, in the bloody sea, and they ate him all up, so only his spyglass, his pistol, and his sword sank to the bottom.

It was what she wanted, so I gave it to her just as today I give her the deaths, torture, and lives of shit that I inflict on her enemies, making the scum blame, and hurt, each other, deep within their secret military bases.

My mother used to give my nephew a harder version of these stories, meant by his mother, the heiress, to scare him into good behavior, when he would ask his grandmother, in worried seriousness, questions about other children.

"Was there ever a boy who played with matches and got burned up?"

"Ohh, you must mean Billy Robinson."

And his eyes would go wide, his jaw agape, and he would nod so seriously before he asked his Mimi to sing him "Ghost Riders," so he could go to sleep, just as he would on his mother's farm.

An old cowboy went riding out
One dark and windy day.
Upon a ridge he rested
As he went along his way

When all at once a mighty herd
Of red-eyed cows he saw
Plowin' through the ragged skies
And up the cloudy draw.

Their brands were still on fire
And their hooves were made of steel.
Their horns were black and shiny
And their hot breath he could feel.

A bolt of fear went through him
As they thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders coming hard
And he heard their mournful cry.

Yippie-yi-oh!
Yippie-yi-yay!

Ghost Riders In The Sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred.
Their shirts all soaked with sweat.
They're riding hard to catch that herd
But they ain't caught 'em yet
'Cause they've got to ride forever
On that range up in the sky
On horses snorting fire.
You can hear their mournful cry.

Yippie-yi-oh!
Yippie-yi-yay!

Ghost Riders In The Sky.

As the riders cantered by him
He heard one call his name.
If you want to save your soul
From hell a-riding on our range,

Then, cowboy, change your ways today
Or with us you will ride
Trying to catch the devil's herd
Across these endless skies!

I wonder if he sang this, and I'll have to ask him, when he spent three summers at Teton Valley Ranch Camp, four weeks each, after we joyfully helped him pack his footlocker, and he brought not only the knife made from a saw-blade, with its antler handle, that my daughter and I bought for him, in Alaska, but also the bear-tooth pendant, capped with silver, we had given him from our trip to Washington State.

He always brought instruments, and especially the beautiful round army-navy mandolin, since I started him on music when he was a baby, giving earlier gifts, for birthdays, and for Yule, of colored plastic boomwhackers, or tuned percussion tubes of various lengths, a pentatonic glockenspiel used in Waldorf Schools, and a steel drum, which his father appropriated and lost, at a party, somewhere, with the best of intentions.

As my nephew progressed to piano, accordion, upright bass, guitar, and euphonium, I was overjoyed when he and his father accepted my posted bounty of one hundred dollars for the first person who could figure out how to blow our conch shell like the trumpet of Triton, which turned out to require the drilling of hole, so he learned a craft, not just a skill, and one that required research, which paid dividends when he encountered just such a shell, and just such a challenge, with his friends on a class trip to Puerto Rico.

Still, no one has yet to claim my other bounties, which stand for the first family member to do a Cossack Dance, or the silly fun challenge that is now safe, since Wyatt chose never to break out one of my favorites done by a group my brother and I heard at the Chameleon Club, a curious Victorian venue, where Dickey Betts and Gregg Allman staged their little old reunion, in Lancaster, surrounded by the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, as I knocked down Patrón silver tequila iced with lime and we listened not only to The Reverend Peyton's Big Damn Band, where the leader played his steel-body guitar, his wife, "Washboard" Breezy Payton, set her instrument on fire, and Brother Jacob Powell followed her on a drum kit augmented with a white plastic bucket, but also to the psychobilly maniacs who call themselves The Reverend Horton Heat.

I wanna go two-steppin',
With a good lookin' big black buck,
I want him to come and get me in his Chevrolet pick-em-up truck,

And when we're on the dance floor his hat will rise high above.

It's inter-racial cowboy homo kind of love.

It was awesome to hear them rattle through numbers like "My Big Red Rocket of Love," "Bales of Cocaine (Fallin' From A Flying Plane)," and "Martini Time," while I'm also happy that I spoke firmly, and politely, to a bouncer, who was engaged in ambushing and tossing mosh-dancers, telling him to be gentle, that I was a lawyer, and I was watching him.

Before that happened, as I drove the next morning to the mountains with a raging hangover, and a mere two hours of sleep, my daughter and I would dance to The Wiggles, as they rotated in and out of the group, on television, driving in their "Big Red Car," "Having Fun at the Beach," or eating "Fruit Salad (Yummy, Yummy)," as my sweetheart did fun classes in movement, fluttering as one of a kaleidoscope of butterflies at an outdoor performance, at the leafy-green Lime Kiln Theater, just as my nephew and my brother witnessed the migration of thousands of monarchs at Cape May, where we did have our fun at the beach, and Elmo was very popular for about six months, when I bought all the DVDs, but, at first, there was a lot of no television, before I caved, and stupid shows started to take over, so there were almost exclusively wooden toys, and picture books, along with hand-games, and traditional pieces from Pete Seeger's Songs for Mother and Child, which included "All Around The Kitchen," to which my daughter would dance, or "I Had A Rooster," to which she would do the

animal noises, not to mention “There Was An Old Lady Who Swallowed A Fly,” with its nesting mnemonics, “The Grand Old Duke of York” with its marching up and down, or “A Hunting We Will Go,” to which we changed the words for long car trips to “We’re Going To Mommy’s House,” with descriptions of all the different fun activities that would happen on my daughter’s return to the parental alienator.

I facilitated my daughter’s acquisition of speech not only by listening to her, and spending time with her, but simply by removing pronouns from our caveman talk, so there were no shifting reference points, with the result that, before eighteen months, my daughter could ask questions, understand responses, and correct misunderstandings, while many of her first words were the names of animals including the stuffed black bear that stood by the fireplace of our inn, whose fur her little fingers would touch, while sometimes locals would hunt the unfortunate beasts with hounds and rifles using our home for the meet that would begin their adventure.

The Irvines were awesome, as they continued to allow the traditional uses of the side of the mountain on which their father had grown up, while another day a tiny helicopter, carried to the inn, on a trailer drawn by a pick-up truck, was giving air-rides, to adventuresome guests, and while I wasn’t crazy enough to take my baby, and then my toddler up in the thing, over the years to come we would move from the tethered balloon at the Philadelphia Zoo, to a true ballooning experience over the Virginia Piedmont, to various buzzplanes in the Florida

Everglades and the Alaska Bush, to a helicopter just like the earlier one, which I kindly asked my daughter not to photograph, so as not to worry her mother, as we choppered up to Holgate Glacier in order to mush an Iditarod team, encamped on the snowy bowl, and later to wander, as we just made the weather window, in crampons, with ice-axes, to stand over the million blues of an underlying crevasse.

As we came to an easy arrangement for a discounted room in return for biweekly bookings, I learned to be a better parent from my new friends, and particularly, from Carrie Irvine, the wife of Jeff, who had four small children as to whose upbringing she excelled, not so much from her direct instruction as from osmosis, so I simply picked up her ways, while, with her sister-in-law, Jamie, who ran the inn, she gladly testified in court on my behalf while these excellent ladies also inspected my daughter at the end of every visit to forestall the mother's false claims of bruises on our child from her careless, at best, father.

Jeff was fond of drink, so he lost his driver's license, as I was lucky not to lose mine, but everyone thought it was the funniest thing that this did not prevent him from racing specially designed automobiles, legally, on the semi-banked clay oval racetrack of the Natural Bridge Speedway—although, of course, he needed someone to drive him, over there, and back, on the public and paved roads that ran to the place.

Only one time we couldn't stay at House Mountain Inn because the entire venue was rented out to a secret client, about whom I learned only afterwards.

It was the film company that made The War of the Worlds, as adapted from the novel by H.G. Wells, who wrote The New World Order. Other of his books include The Time Machine, which describes underground bases, like the DUMBs from which the military strikes against us, as it depicts the devolved specimens that inhabit them, not to mention The Island of Doctor Moreau, with its horrific descriptions of rape, bestiality, psychological splitting, genetic experiments, and animal-human hivemind, as the luciferian conspiracy promotes not merely trans-sexualism and trans-humanism but also trans-genics. Indeed, they further plan to reprise The War of the Worlds, which caused such a panic with its radio broadcast, almost one hundred years ago, since NASA, USAF, and AATIP plan to stage a fake alien attack, under PROJECT BLUE BEAM.

Back then, I knew none of this, and I've never even seen the movie, but I was amused by the story of Jeff's father, Charlie, who later told me, that one of the famous movie stars had forgotten to take his suitcase home with him, so he not only had indulged in a little snooping, while he went through the bag of the renowned scientologist, who just appeared at the Olympics, but he also stole the pyjamas of Tom Cruise.

Charlie Irvine, whose brother is a judge, made his money to buy the mountain on which he grew up when he rebuilt the Pentagon, after the 911 Attacks, staged through NATO OPERATION GLADIO B, so the lovely naïve man who had a subflooring business, which had to redo all its previous work, and more, at no-bid overtime rates, for love of country, and money, got the scratch to buy the entire side of the mountain that had always been his home, while it undoubtedly houses a secret base.

Back then I thought nothing of this, while I had earlier suspected a power grab, but not sabotage, as I visited the inn where an American Flag, gifted by the government, with some associated historical information, sat displayed in a glass case between the bar and the great room.

The first time I visited House Mountain Inn, I had been pulled over on my way out of town by a police officer who followed me for miles before he stopped me, without even asking for identification, for driving five miles below the speed limit—a fact he found unusual, so I was very lucky over the years never to suffer an arrest for drunken driving while I carelessly flouted the law.

That night, I had two books from Africa with me, one by Alexander McCall Smith, The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency, which takes place in Botswana, and another by Alexandra Fuller, who described her childhood in Rhodesia, but I had absolutely no recollection of the scum that called himself a colonel from their Bush

War, or his whore-wife with her lookalike in Playboy, while they had drugged and kidnapped me into a secret mountain base only six years before—so I never would have become the amazing freedom-fighter that I am, had the moronic victims not deliberately woken me from my slumber.

South Africa, like Kenya, or Rhodesia, which had formed a theme not only of failed mind control but of real events in my conscious life, as described in the earlier volumes of this series, was simply a place that had changed, of no significance to me, while I was very busy with my high-level job, my custody fight, and my rightful rôle as the world's greatest father.

The only thing that the Dark Continent meant to me was music and animals, so my daughter and I listened to albums like African Playground, and I enjoyed the fascinating rhythms of high-life music, while we visited Natural Bridge Zoo and she rode on the back of its sad captive, Asha the Elephant, of whose suffering I felt acutely aware but I had determined to put aside, since my daughter was just a toddler who thought animals lived at the zoo, and she didn't know they were in prison, so it would be years before I became a vegetarian and an activist for animal rights, as I now write dozens of letters, and sign petitions, every month for causes like PETA.

The hunting trophies that decorated the walls, like the indoor totem pole, on which animals climbed from an imaginary water world, up and up, from a green frog, to a toothy beaver, to a cheeky

kingfisher, to a bear holding a fish, to still others I cannot recall, and I do not see on my photographs, which I am using to write these words, provided a source of discussion for me and a lady who had met my mother at a teachers' conference, while we spoke on the phone, one night, after I let myself in, under the wooden eagle, flying above the front door, and I laid my bags next to the cherry-mocha leather of the sofa on which I sat in the great room.

That lady was an Irish Jewess from Sag Harbor, who had met my mother at a teachers' conference, where somehow the idea had been floated that she and I might date. Normally, I would never take a suggestion from my mom about dating, or any other matter, but, here, I uncharacteristically accepted her suggestion, so I contacted Kelly by email, following up on the telephone from the inn.

The conversation was pleasant, real, and interesting, but, as usual, the enemy thought they had a weapon they did not have. As soon as we set up a date, they destroyed the opportunity since they thought they could use it to get me fired at my job. We had planned to breakfast at a historic delicatessen, named for its founder, Barney Greengrass, The Sturgeon King, on the Upper West Side, and then to go ice-skating at Wollman Rink, which has appeared in various films featuring Central Park such as Love Story, Night at the Museum, and Home Alone, with a possible side-trip to the Metropolitan Art Museum or to a Broadway Show. But, although I never had to work on the weekends, working only till midnight on the weekdays, all of a sudden,

something came up that time, and virtually that time only, as I was also engaged in the unusual activity of taking my mother's advice.

Mind control is easy to spot because it stands out. When you find yourself breaking your pattern, doing unusual things, or encountering unusual events, it is not simply happenstance, nor is it coincidence, but it is enemy action. Nonetheless, this action will often fail because the enemy, who swim in a sea of lies and shit, try for things that would never work.

A classic example would be the encounter I had with Lilith von Foerster, whose grandfather was a cyberneticist who worked for the Nazis, the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency. My classmate showed up in the Vienna Train Station, six thousand miles from the college where we lived in the same courtyard. This happened while I studied at Jesus College, Cambridge, where her great-great-uncle, the famous philosopher, Ludwig Wittgenstein, taught. It was not a coincidence that I studied at this one of more than thirty colleges at the university, any more than it was a coincidence that I bumped into Lilith, or that Lilith's lookalike appeared in Playboy immediately after my girlfriend, Charlotte, left America, having visited on holiday, as she returned to Great Britain. They wanted to breed us together, to combine our bloodlines, as they succeeded with another former student of our school, Lynn Forester, undoubtedly Lilith's cousin, who married Sir Evelyn Rothschild. But it didn't work because I had an ongoing relationship with a different woman, I had made plans to travel to

Prague, during the Velvet Revolution, with my friend, Robert, and I had just bought a ticket to board a train to Budapest. I didn't need to see their plan for it to fail because I was simply myself, loyal to my girlfriend, loyal to my friend, and loyal to my travel plans.

Likewise, I did not need to see their plot against me when they arranged a reunion concert of the classic rock trio, Cream, in an attempt to destroy my legal career at Morris Nichols. Cream was one of my favorite bands, who never could get along with each other, as they tried to blow each other off the stage, when they weren't engaged in senseless fisticuffs or indulging their appetites for powdered drugs. Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce, and Ginger Baker were never going to play another concert together, so it's amazing that they did, both in London, for only four nights, and in New York, for only one night, in 2005, almost forty years after the dissolution of their band, when my daughter was one year old. It was tempting to take the train up to the city, at the end of the day, as my boss's secretary did, to see the show, but I knew that to do so would mean the end of my employment.

It was one thing to have an irregular schedule due to the demands of fatherhood, and my custody fight, which earned me my walking papers anyway, but it would have been suicidally reckless to have taken off, even for an evening, to see a rock concert, especially since I was about to have a lot more family court, as I dragged my daughter's mother back into the forum, because she made false accusations that I was raping, or molesting, my infant only two days

before the show, on the luciferian sabbat of Samhain, while these allegations earned her a scolding by the court, which told her to get help, and they resulted in an increase of my time with our child to one-third of every year.

Less than two months later, I didn't know they were trying to use the date as a way to destroy my income, any more than I knew the same about the concert, or I remembered the times I had been drugged or assaulted. I simply knew that I would receive blame at my stressful and demanding job if I didn't crank out the required paperwork over the holiday weekend, so I cancelled our plans to meet at the Big Apple.

That's the last time I had any contact with the French teacher from Long Island, who probably thought I was a flake, or was signalling disinterest since I changed my mind, but first we were talking about the film I had just seen, on television, about big game hunting, in Africa.

At House Mountain Inn, I sat in an area I described to this nice lady, on the black corded telephone, which she had called at my request, made by BlackBerry, so I wouldn't be exposed to extra radiation, by holding the device to my head, not knowing I was receiving broadcasts the entire time, through mind control technology, and cybernetic implants, while my body reclined, sat up, and stood, surrounded by the heads of an elk, a bison, a moose, and a thinhorn sheep, as trophy decorations, a stuffed black bear and a wild turkey, as fireplace surrounders, a red fox sitting in the corner, and a boar standing

by my sofa, with wolf and grizzly skins, complete with the heads of their unfortunate owners, draped across the wooden walls of the great room.

In The Blood not only related to my locale, while the Irvines would later let me use, free of charge, a simpler hunting camp, adorned with the antlered heads of almost a dozen deer, but it connected to Kelly's home, since she came from the very spot in Long Island, where President Roosevelt, whose family shares connections to my part of Pennsylvania, had kept his Summer White House, before he went on the famous expedition that provides the background for this amazing family film.

The descendants of the aristocratic president, and their friends, had taken a family hunting trip to Botswana, and Tanzania, just as their forebear had travelled, with his son, to East Africa, on a scientific expedition sponsored by the defense-contractor who promoted the international peace movement, Andrew Carnegie, and the organization founded by an Englishman in our nation's capital, The Smithsonian Institution, to collect specimens my daughter and I were horrified later to see, as innocent animals killed in the name of perverted science, at the Museum of Natural History.

Roosevelt killed over five thousand creatures, returning with their hides, while he took over five thousand plant specimens, hopefully living but probably dead, so it took eight years to catalogue his trophies, while he travelled with the great white hunter, R.J. Cunninghame, who

had spent time killing whales, because he loved the big game as a brother, while he taught the president how to murder elephants, and he massacred untold buffalo, trading their skins, on the Pungwe River.

The Australian, Leslie Tarlton, also took part in the science, picking off animals at a distance, through his skill as a sharpshooter, so he contributed to the imminent extinction of the elephant, the rhino, and the lion, when he wasn't facing the Cape buffalo, known to his kind as the Black Death, while he had earlier fought the Boers in a war through which the English continued their attempts at genocide against these people, putting them into newly formed concentration camps, whose name would later apply to centers of killing, and forced labor, used against the Jews, Gypsies, and Poles.

Roosevelt showed unusual sense by allowing the great white hunters to lead his expedition, since his original plan was to do so himself, until his mind was changed by Frederick Courtney Selous, DSO, who, when he wasn't killing more than five thousand plants and animals, which he donated to the British Museum, served as an associate member of the Boone and Crockett Club, founded by Roosevelt, to promote the conservation of wildlife, not to mention his founding of the Shikar Club, which met in the Savoy Hotel, where I ran into the father of Ghislaine Maxwell only one month before his interview appeared in one of many Playboy Magazines that were targeted through the placement of models, articles, and advertisements just at me.

Roosevelt had less success on his later expedition to the River of Doubt, in the Amazon Rainforest, where he was accompanied by Marshall Cândido Mariano da Silva Rondon, the Father of Brazilian Telecommunications, who had earlier studied at the Superior School of War, and would later head the Indian Protection Service after he was shot with a poisoned arrow fired by the Nambikwara, all while he remained a member of the Positivist Church of Brazil, which sought to convince the lower classes of the need to be dominated by their betters, in exchange for guidance, and benefits, in its rôle as a Religion of Humanity.

Working with Randon, Roosevelt insisted on co-leading the mission, thinking it would be neat to use North American Indian dugout canoes instead of the usual watercraft, locally designed in that part of the world, so they instantly crashed, and were lost, in the whitewater of the rapids, while, surrounded by snappy crocodilians, ravenous piranhas, and venomous serpents, not to mention hostile natives, bare-assed and sweating, who shot the leader's dog, all the participants instantly acquired dysentery, malaria, and other tropical diseases, with festering wounds caused by flesh-eating bacteria, and high fevers driven by strange viruses, as they barely subsisted on starvation rations, since they had not planned properly, with respect to their provisions, so that one member shot and killed another who had called him out for stealing food.

Roosevelt wanted to commit suicide with a fatal dose of morphine, in order not to burden the others, but his son, Kermit, who had taken student leave from Harvard to accompany him to Africa, and was now suffering by his side in Brazil, insisted that he survive, saying he would transport his obese corpse out of the area, which would cause everyone far greater trouble than the portly gentleman, proceeding, on his own.

With his brother, Theodore Roosevelt III, known as Theodore Junior, an investment banker who won the Congressional Medal of Honor, when he was not embarrassed by his involvement in government corruption, through the Teapot Dome Scandal, or working as the Governor of Puerto Rico, as the first of our people to hold this office who actually made an effort to learn Spanish, Kermit would go on to lead an Asiatic Expedition.

There his brother became the first westerner to shoot a panda, along with his bag of a Himalayan brown bear, on which Rudyard Kipling based the character of Baloo, in The Jungle Book, while he murdered a family of white-faced gibbons, father, mother, and child, to make a magnificent trio—not to mention a gentle sun bear from a species so intelligent that, after a captive observed sugar, kept in a cupboard, locked by a key, it waited for a chance, later, to use its claw to open the lock, while their facial expressions rival those of gorillas and humans.

More than five thousand specimens of birds were collected, along with two thousand specimens of small animals, and forty big mammals, so Kermit and Ted Roosevelt celebrated the trip in their book, Trailing The Giant Panda, while the general who worked as a banker, and a politician, earned fame for killing a pygmy water buffalo, in his capacity as Governor-General of the Philippines, to get the nickname One Shot Teddy.

Kermit Roosevelt, MC, fought a lifelong battle with depression, so when he wasn't expeditioning to dangerous places, slaughtering innocent animals, and writing curious books, or even at the same times, he hit the booze, with the result that his wife once enlisted the help of his cousin, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, to have the Federal Bureau of Investigation track him down, on one of his benders, in order that he could be brought back to his family, before he became a military intelligence officer whose death was attributed to suicide by gunshot when he served at Fort Richardson in Alaska, while his son, Kermit, or Kim, Roosevelt, also worked as an officer in military intelligence, for the Office of Strategic Services, or OSS, as he played a leading rôle in the CIA's efforts to overthrow the democratically elected prime minister of Iran in OPERATION AJAX.

This is the family whose patriarch's expedition to Africa was saved from certain disaster because Teddy Roosevelt actually hired others to lead his trip, taking direction from experts, after he listened to Frederick Selous, who inspired the fictional character of Allan

Quartermain, while he consulted with the homosexual rapists, boy-fuckers, and criminals, Cecil Rhodes and Lord Baden-Powell, before he gave his name to the elite commando troops of the Rhodesian Bush War.

Selous expressed his early love for nature by stealing the eggs of birds from their nests, so they never had a chance to live, while he started out by killing butterflies, something that repulsed me as a child, since I loved butterflies, and got a net and a book in a school program, when age nine, only to reject, instantly, any involvement in this activity, which culminated in the use of a killing jar before the bodies of the murdered lepidoptera were pinned to a board, and even my little nephew, a gentle soul who once had trouble defending himself on the playground, started a fistfight when he saw other children harm one of the colorful fluttering insects, to receive a reprimand from his school, but an accolade from his family, for he said,

They were torturing nature.

Frederick Selous was taken out by others like him, when he progressed from earlier actions in the Matabele Wars to the East African Campaign, when a German sniper, in the colonial Schutztruppen, put a bullet through his head, so one hundred years ago, the Selous Game Reserve was created in his honor, by the Colonial Government of Tanganyika, although it is rarely visited by humans due to an animal that can successfully fight against our species.

The tsetse, or the tik-tik, fly is an obligate parasite, roughly one centimeter long, with an extended proboscis, that transmits through its bite, which may be accompanied by an ulcer, corkscrew-tailed microscopic trypanosomatida, carrying sleeping sickness, which moves through its first hæmolymphatic stage of fevers, headaches, itchiness, fatigue, and joint pain, after a month, to its second neurological stage of confusion, tremors, seizures, limb paralysis, hemiparesis, paræsthesia, hyperæsthesia, hallucinations, delirium, and ataxia, not to mention, you guessed it, trouble sleeping, before it culminates in its third mortal stage of systemic organ failure, coma, and death.

The disease can be transmitted sexually, from mother to unborn child, and through laboratories and hospitals, which reminds me of something that came as such a surprise when I spoke with Lilith von Foerster upon her return from Kenya—that one should never go to the hospital since it was certain, in that country, to result in the acquisition of AIDS, or Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, now renamed as HIV, or Human Immunodeficiency Virus, which my television tells me can be made undetectable, so a person can transmit it to others, through the sexual activities implied in commercials, where interracial couples approach another place of transmission, the tattooing parlor, through the taking of Biktarvy®.

The Selous Game Reserve is the home to bush elephant, black rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, leopard, spotted hyena, painted dog, Cape buffalo, Masai giraffe, plains zebra, white-bearded gnu, and

the giant Nile crocodile, so, when I was a boy, it had more than one hundred thousand elephants, as the largest population in the world, but because of our species, forty years later, only one-tenth of that number remained, and although the population has now redoubled, ninety percent of these beautiful animals have been murdered in my lifetime.

Even the name is a lie, while it has now been renamed after the black dictator, who ruled for more than twenty years, before, during, and after my childhood, as Nyerere National Park, with Nyerere Hydropower Station, flooding the area, and the border shifted to allow the mining of uranium, while it was first designated as a protected area by the Governor of German East Africa, whose armies killed Selous at the Battle of Behobeho.

Hermann von Wißmann, or White Man, who gave his name to the Wißmann Truppen, or White Man Troops, which consisted of black soldiers led by white officers, once did four months in jail, after he wounded an opponent, with his sword, in a duel, before he started his career in Darkest Africa in the employ of King Leopold, who killed twenty million people in the Congo Free State, where the future governor of German East Africa worked with Nsapu Nsapu, or Zappo Zap, who gave his name to the Zappo Zaps, a group of slave warriors, and their black masters, who tattooed their faces, and filed their teeth to sharp points, wearing tiny thong loincloths, made of palm fibers, when they did not dress up in Arab, or Western, clothing, as they raped,

massacred, and cannibalized their neighbors while collecting taxes, in rubber, for the colonial administration.

Often they would eat the bodies of the people they killed, selling hundreds of slaves to the Swahili-Arab traders who lived in Zanzibar, while they priced their captives according to the amount of meat on their bodies, so a six-year-old cost the price of a dwarf goat but a fat man could fetch up to four full-sized goats for his bodyweight.

Hermann von Wissmann went on to use similarly brutal methods in his suppression of some of the customers of the Zappo Zaps in the Coastal Rebellion, the Abushiri Revolt, or the Slave Trader Revolt, where he employed recoil-operated machine guns, firing five hundred rounds per minute, against colored slave traders, whom he took as prisoners for forced labor and prostitution, as he was assisted by the British.

Later he fought the Hehe led by Chief Mkwavinyika Munyigumba Mwamuyinga, or Sultan Mkwawa, whose name meant Conqueror Of Many Lands, but whose full name was Mtwā Mkwawa Mkwavinyika Mahinya Yilimwiganga Mkali Kuvagosi Kuvadala Tage Matenengo Manwiwage Seguniwagula Gumganga, or the Leader Who Takes Control Of The Forests, Who Is Aggressive To Men But Polite To Women, Who Is Unpredictable And Unbeatable, and Who Has The Power So Only Death Can Take Him Away.

When the Germans killed Sultan Mkwawa, so death did take him away, they severed his head from his body, and they sent his skull

to Berlin, so it ended up as a different kind of specimen in the Overseas Museum, although, despite the German victory in the Battle of Tanga, or the Battle of the Bees, where they were outnumbered nine to one, and the curiously named Tom von Prince met his end, the Triple Entente defeated the Central Powers, due to the betrayal of Germany by Jewish trade-unionists, as the internationalists put a knife in their own country's back, in an attempt to set off a revolution, so the British required the skull's return under Article 246, one of four hundred and forty articles, in fifteen parts, spread over hundreds of pages, in the Treaty of Versailles.

But first came the Maji Maji Rebellion, as Gustav Adolf, Graf von Götzen, who served with Theodore Roosevelt during the Spanish-American War, killed roughly three hundred thousand people, while his forces sustained casualties of only fifteen whites and fewer than four hundred blacks, since the main weapon he used was not bullets but food, as he starved his enemies, but this harmed the economic interests of the Germans, since they had killed all their workers, so their plantations, which grew coffee, rubber, and cotton, as they were owned by fewer than one thousand whites, had only seventy thousand black workers, or seventy per ranch, with the result that they could not function.

Given the atrocities committed by the whites, not to mention the less efficient atrocities committed by the blacks, with the exception of Shaka Zulu, who earned the respect of Europeans by killing more

than one million of his own people, in nearby South Africa, or Idi Amin, who killed hundreds of thousands of people in neighboring Uganda, after its people had impressed President Roosevelt with their civilized ways, so he wrote his pamphlet, The Negro Question, it may be understandable that a large number of misguided people, foolishly choosing what they may have seen as the lesser evil, in their absolute ignorance, and their desperation, gave their support to the first black leader of Tanzania, formed from the merger of the slave-trading islands of Zanzibar, and the land they victimized as Tanganyika, so the post-colonial country was ruled for more than twenty years by the same man.

Julius Nyerere grew up as one of twenty-five surviving children, fathered through twenty-two wives, by Chief Burito, who took his first name of Nyerere, which he gave as a family name to his son, from a plague of worm caterpillars that infested his tribal homeland in the year of his birth, while he was installed as a leader by the imperial administrators of German East Africa.

Naturally, then, President Nyerere underwent the traditional circumcision ritual of the Zanaki People, who not only cut the penises of their boys but they also carve the clitorises of their girls, mangling their bodies, so that female genital mutilation afflicts one in ten black girls, at this day, in the country of Tanzania.

These atrocities occur most commonly in areas that practice Christianity, which teaches its own hatred of the body and of women, so President Nyerere, after he went on to have his incisors sharpened into

triangular points, to make his fangs, in the traditional tooth-filing ceremonies of his people, took an interest in Roman Catholicism, which he learned from a group called the White Fathers, so he took part in a less violent tribal custom, of the whites, when he was baptized by a papist, but not before he entered into an arranged marriage with a toddler named Magori Watiha.

President Nyerere's first wife, according to the traditions of his tribe, was either three or four years old, when he raped her body, before she disappeared from the historical record upon the acquisition of his second wife, while, because birth years were not clearly recorded, and these people had no calendar, looking to events like destructive plagues of larval insects, for the keeping of annual time, her age is not precisely known, but her husband did go on to win a competition, as he took a college degree, to go with his replacement spouse, because of an essay he wrote on the subjugation of women.

Perhaps this provided a basis for his admiration of Mahatma Gandhi, another sexual predator, who married a fourteen-year-old, although his wife later died because he refused to let her take penicillin for pneumonia, so he could have teenage girls to sleep, nude, in his bed, warming his decrepit body, while he rubbed against them, and touched their privates.

Survivors who complained, depressed and weeping, as they were repeatedly described, in the medical records, were labelled by doctors as psychotic, but Gandhi called his molestation of girls,

“experiments,” saying that he wanted to see if they aroused sexual desire, as he refrained only from ejaculating while he pawed their naked bodies, so that two editors of his newspaper resigned because of his immorality, prominent leaders of India’s Freedom Movement (such as Vallabhai Patel, J. B. Kriplani, and Vinobha Bhave) condemned his immoral abuse of children, and R. P. Parasuram, who had served as Gandhi’s private secretary for two years, quit his post, to write a sixteen-page letter, describing these crimes, for his conscience would not let him keep silent.

Gandhi told his married followers not to have sexual intercourse, as he insisted that their wives sleep naked with him, and he encouraged children to bathe and sleep together, while he molested members of his family, such as the wife of his grand-nephew, Abha, and his grand-niece, Manu, whom he required to bed, nude, with him, in what he called nightly cuddles, when she was seventeen and he was in his seventies after he assumed her guardianship upon the death of her mother, while this served only as a continuation of her earlier rape by his eldest son, Harlal, who violated the body of his relative when she was seven years old.

This pathetic specimen was so brainwashed that she wrote of the encounters where her guardian molested her, oddly calling him her mother, not her father,

Bapu is a mother to me.

*He is initiating me to a higher human plane
through the Brahmacharya Experiments,*

Part of his Mahayagna of character-building.

Any loose talk about the experiment

is most condemnable.

But Gandhi's doctor, Sushila Nayar, who bathed with him, slept with him, and massaged his body, wrote that even the famous civil rights leader, and advocate of non-violence, was not so mixed up that he believed the cover story swallowed by his western adherents.

Later on, when people started asking questions about his physical contact with women--with Manu, with Abha, with me--the idea of brahmacharya experiments was developed....

[But] in the early days there was no question of calling this a brahmacharya experiment.

As Manu endured this treatment, Gandhi, cackling with glee, preaching non-violence, and embracing chances to show his principles, said that a person should fall at the feet of the rapist of his sister, not fighting back as the criminal killed him, while he forced his grand-niece to walk through a thick jungle, where many women had suffered violent rapes, so she could fetch a pumice stone he liked to use on his feet.

Mahatma Gandhi had a homosexual affair with a South-African Jew, Hermann Kallenbach, while he kept a photo of his bodybuilder boyfriend, posing and flexing, in a bulging loincloth, as the only picture next to his bed, so, in one of the few intelligent positions he took, the anti-colonialist espoused prejudice toward the native blacks whom he called kaffirs, in the tradition of apartheid, saying they were uncivilized, troublesome, and very dirty, as they lived like animals, for, like South Africa, he regarded negroes as racially inferior to Indians.

Just as the molestation of young girls does not trouble feminists who admire Mahatma Gandhi, so his racist stance did not trouble his black admirer, the fang-toothed socialist, who wore a moustache, hitler-style, as Julius Nyerere rose to power, preaching nonviolence, for he became the president first of Tanganyika, and then of Tanzania, which took a hybrid name from its merger with a smaller neighboring country, all made possible by the racially motivated massacre, rape, and torture of more than twenty thousand Arabs, with a sprinkling of unfortunate Parsees, by the Pan-African Afro-Shirazi Party, and the Communist Umma Party, in the Zanzibar Revolution.

President Nyerere continued to take public positions, lobbying hard against Rhodesia, and South Africa, and presumably against Angola and Mozambique, so he expressed anger when, through OPERATION DRAGON ROUGE, the United States rescued more than one thousand white people, who would have been massacred along with one hundred thousand blacks, by other blacks, in the Congo Crisis, followed later by the First Congo War, in which blacks killed another two hundred and fifty thousand other blacks, and the Second Congo War, in which blacks killed another six million other blacks, while all this violence erupted immediately after whites granted independence to the blacks.

Blown by the Winds of Change, the President of Tanzania sailed his country into the future, so, under his title of MWALIMU, or teacher, he espoused the principles of UJAMAA, or brotherhood, so, at the necessary cost of detaining his political enemies without trial, he reduced infant mortality by a factor of almost four percent, from 138 to 110, per 1000 live births, as life expectancy rose by a factor of roughly twenty-six percent, from 37 to 52, and, as little children went to schools to learn of his greatness, he increased the literacy rate by more than three times, so it rose from seventeen percent to sixty-three percent, which was much higher than that of other countries run by blacks in Africa.

No wonder the Catholics have nominated him for sainthood, so he bears the title, Servant of God, while he opposed colonialism,

which provided a far better standard of living for the blacks under apartheid, in the Arusha Declaration, but this did not stop his negroid neighbor, who had killed half a million blacks, from invading Tanzania, in the Kagera War, leading the Servant of God to depose the despot Idi Amin.

Still this was nothing next to the murder of sixty-five million people by Mao Tse Tung, while President Nyerere cozied up to Communist China, which invested in his country, Tanzania, so its appetite for ivory and skin, from endangered species, for ingredients in traditional medicines, drove the murder of ninety thousand elephants.

BOOK FOUR: WATCH ANIMALS

As my daughter grew up, we would visit Asha the Elephant, at Natural Bridge Zoo, whose suffering I hid from her, since she was just a child, and I would fight for animals later, while the sad old captive was shackled and threatened with a sharp bullhook that led her to attack a keeper at a place once named the Worst Zoo for Elephants.

Natural Bridge racked up more than one hundred and fifty citations, over thirty years, under the Animal Welfare Act, so the State of Virginia confiscated ninety-five beasts only two years ago including sixteen capuchins, fourteen tortoises, five lemurs, and two pythons along with twenty-eight dead including alligators, a llama, a lemur, and a dog not to mention body parts of other victims including a mandrill, a zebra, and several giraffes, while other animals taken in rescue under warrant included tamarins, gibbons, macaws, cockatoos, turtles, kookaburras, ground hornbills, and sacred ibis.

The important thing was for my daughter to enjoy time with her father, and not for me to lay some strange guilt trip on her young developing mind, or to appear as a stern man who would not take her on a fun trip, so we went to places like the Camden Aquarium, the Virginia Safari Park, and the Philadelphia Zoo, for I adopted the changing values of the Nietzschean Übermensch.

These objectively bad places provided positive experiences for the both of us, while we bonded together, so I won her heart. In the beginning, they provided useful tools for this purpose, but it took only

five years to phase them out entirely so dogs, horses, and wildlife took the place of zoos and aquariums, without a single lecture on the subject.

My daughter grew up in a hunting culture, where little boys bonded with their fathers, whom they emulated, by stalking together. Just as this formed a theme of In the Blood, children in my daughter's school spoke, long before they could accompany their fathers, of their desire to come along, into the forest, on the first day of the season. Virginia even has a Youth and Apprentice Deer Hunting Weekend, before the season proper starts, so people under fifteen may harvest deer, including with the aid of tracking dogs, under the supervision of an adult, who may not carry or discharge a firearm and who does not need a license.

But my daughter held a nonconforming position, as she remained true to her heart, for, possibly wondering if her father would require her to participate in the slaughter of her cervine brothers and sisters, she said,

Dad, I don't want to shoot a deer.

I affirmed this choice without effort, mirroring her position, by saying the same, just as a fellow professor, Jim Ransom, who grew up hunting, in New Mexico, told me how he gave up the sport when an elk lay dying in his arms.

Even fishing, which we happily did, was purely catch and release. So, my daughter learned to cast a line on a guided trip, at a fly-

in lodge in Alaska, where the Ocean River ran, next to Wildman Lake, thick with Arctic Char and Red Salmon, and also on the Talkeetna River, where we travelled by boat, to stand next to others, on a slightly crowded bank, not having the spot, this time, to ourselves—although she also got to laugh at her father, and avoid killing a fish, at a trout rodeo, near my home, because I had not properly secured the reel to my rod, bought at the local sporting goods store, so my first cast sent the gadget, but not the lure, straight into the pond of the local park. That's when I wasn't fishing the trees, in back of my shoulders, that day, so I had to remove my hook from the little branches above, although, for whatever reason, I did an excellent job in the bush letting my cast float downriver, as I got strike after strike, which I hauled in for my guide to release from capture. But earlier I had thought to take her one weekend, when we stayed at Osceola Mill, on the Tye River, since our usual cabins were all unavailable, to catch one easy fish after another, at the little pond at Montebello, along the top of the Blue Ridge, only to learn that one couldn't catch and release but had to kill and gut the rainbow trout at the shed, on site, paying for their bodies, per pound, so we didn't do it, choosing other activities for the weekend, because I was working to build sensitivity to nature, and love of animals, in my daughter, not to provide her with an opportunity to slaughter animals with her dad.

Earlier we had started at Natural Bridge Zoo, as I felt a malicious impulse to feed her to the alligator, which I knew was not me but I attributed to accidental telepathy, thinking I had picked up the

thought of one of the dirty rednecks who visited the place, since I had no conception of the technology described in the appendices of this book, so I thought only that there were some really bad people in the world who hated adorable children.

Lily rode on the back of the captive pachyderm for about four times, when she was little, as I gently moved her into the safari park, and away from the zoo, without her noticing when she was one and two years old, but first she was delighted to understand my song about the bird captured from Australia.

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree,

Derry merry king of the bushes he.

Laugh, kookaburra, laugh, kookaburra,

Gay your life must be.

There was nothing gay or happy about the life of that bird, who sat, perched, in a wire cage, at the foul-smelling prison, but my daughter didn't know. She thought animals lived at the zoo, so one of her favorite games was to play with a wooden ark, and wooden pairs of painted animals, not to mention Mr. and Mrs. Noah—for no one knows the name of the wine-drinking patriarch's wife, who cursed his black son for mocking his naked revels—as I crawled on the floor, with her on my back, from the kitchen of our cabin to the bedroom closet, transporting one pair of animals after another, while my daughter gleefully sang,

To the zoo!!!

The tiger made a particular impression, in Philadelphia, where my daughter was the only toddler smart enough to know this animal would eat her young body, tearing her limb from limb, if it had a fraction of a chance, so all the others pressed unthinking right up to the plexiglass, which the animal pawed, smearing it muddy, but my daughter approached only after first checking with me, while I mirrored her again.

Tiger can't get me?

No, sweetheart, the tiger can't get you:

Go have fun!

So, Scary Tiger was also a favorite game to play with her dad, as I feigned sleep, only to growl, or attack, at our cabin on a different farm in the Roanoke Valley.

Big Cat Falls would soon be built to house the Siberian, or Amur, tigers, *Panthera tigris altaica*, who have a population less than four hundred in Russia, with fewer than twenty in China, and none in India, while it's still hard for me to understand how the other children had so little sense. These animals have the largest teeth of any carnivorous land

mammal, while they lick their chops with a tongue covered with tiny sharp backward-pointed hooks, or papillæ, used to rasp gobbets of flesh off the carcasses of their prey. And the three-hundred pound monsters were lively, interacting with the tiny human visitors, while in the wild they eat animals as large as elk and wild boar, not to mention badgers, lynx, and hare, which they take on the run, or salmon and other fish they bat, and slap, from the rivers with their giant paws.

Together we would run to the heated pool, with plexiglass sides showing underwater action, as the giant river otters swam, frolicked, and skreeked, chasing and carrying balls, in games of their own, while my daughter ran back and forth on land to interact with them, while these water dogs, or river wolves, have an endangered population of only a few thousand due to the greed of our species, who cut down their forests, mining for gold, and polluting their waters with mercury.

Later I would screen Tarka the Otter, about otter-hunting in Devon, as an easy two days off, in the college course that I taught on global awareness, speaking of my mixed feelings regarding fox-hunting at my home, which although excellent for land preservation, and for foxes on the whole, threatens a horrific death to vulpine victims torn to pieces by the hounds, while I felt horrified at my earlier reading of The Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton, where an otherwise idyllic scene is completely destroyed by cheering hominids that deliberately kill the young otters who, in the future, might compete with them for fish.

(And if only I had felt a similar aversion to his recipes, which involved enormous amounts of butter to destroy an otherwise healthy diet!!!)

Still, the otters seemed happy, if not wild, while the love of animals I fostered in my child later took us to see river otters lounging on the banks of Kenai Fjords, sea otters chilling out on ice floes in Prince William Sound, and a really special pairing as a mother, floating on her back, nursed her pup, in the wild coastal waters of Point Lobos along the California Sea Otter Game Refuge, while my daughter asked of Big Sur,

Is it a national park?

And I said,

You're right: it should be.

As we sang the song of King Julian, and danced through the grounds, I built trust and bravery in my child, along with further connections to her grandparents, so we went up, and up, four hundred feet high, in the Channel Six Zoo Balloon, to see the skyline of Philadelphia, the Schuylkill River, and Fairmount Park, in a tethered craft in our country's first zoo, which was also the first zoo to offer balloon rides, while the nation's first manned balloon launch went skyward, only four miles away, as President Washington, and the next four presidents—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and

James Monroe—watched Jean-Pierre Blanchard fly from the Walnut Street Jail, across the Delaware River, to land at the Clement Oak, which died only recently, at the age of four hundred, in Deptford, New Jersey.

Blanchard, who once escaped a crash with a parachute, used a hydrogen balloon, like the Hindenburg, *Luftschiff Zeppelin #129*, which went up in flames, in Lakehurst, New Jersey, to end the Airship Era, killing more than one-third of its passengers, because our country refused to share its helium with Nazi Germany, although we had no problem rearming their country for war, as companies like Ford, General Motors, Standard Oil, Eastman Kodak, International Harvester, Singer, Gillette, Coca-Cola, Kraft, Westinghouse, and United Fruit—not to mention International Business Machines—made enormous profits by trading with Hitler, which they doubled by building the Allied War Machine, only to triple by reconstructing the war-ravaged mess they had made in Europe.

We would go up later in a hot air balloon, sailing over the Virginia Piedmont, to the discomfort of my five-year-old, who asked, of the other craft that flew with us, putting down first, in the fields of a local farm,

Why do they get to land?

Our burner roared, so I could feel its heat, as it sent hot air up, through the skirt, into the colorfully gored envelope, with the ancient mountains, twisted blue in the background, until, to my child's relief—for although

she did not have to shoot deer with her father, she did have to fly hundreds of feet above the ground in a gondola of rattan—the chaser car caught us up, as we disembarked, near her later home, of Crozet, so she got to jump up and down, stomping the fabric back into its basket, for its presumed punishment, before we popped the cork on a bottle of champagne for the traditional aeronaut's toast.

Imaginary games would follow, as we recreated the adventure, so I would play-act another child, who felt frightened of balloons, and my daughter would take the job of helping her friend to overcome her fear, so, without her knowledge, I tricked her into a further exploration of anxiety and bravery as we celebrated, commemorated, and relived our aerial adventures.

But my earlier method differed, for, as my mother cocked an eyebrow, silently questioning my judgement, I led my one-year-old into the giant wrought-metal cage that made the basket of the zoo's tethered balloon, as, to her astonishment, we left the ground, and I held her up, so she could see the landscape, hypnotizing her with an old war-song from the Jacobite Risings.

*charlie's neat, charlie's sweet,
charlie, he's a dandy.
charlie, he's the very lad
who stole the striped candy.*

Over the river to feed my sheep,

Over the river, Charlie.

Over the river to feed my sheep,

And measure out my barley.

So, we came down happy, without a hitch, a funny look, or a hesitation, while my daughter got to know her father's family as people she could trust for they created amazing experiences.

At Natural Bridge, we had left the horrid zoo behind, moving to the Virginia Safari Park. So, from the ages of two to eight, we would drive to the southern part of Rockbridge County, after I had consumed several beers, or a bottle of wine, as the enemy sought, through mind control, without my knowledge, to lead me into trouble. There we would proceed, with the sunroof of my Volvo XC90, the largest sport-utility vehicle in its class, open, so my daughter could stand, on the central armrest, body half through the roof, overseeing the grounds, as buffalo, dromedaries, and antelopes wandered the ranch. Still, she would come down from her perch to pet the zebras, who approached the window—something you're not supposed to do because they bite, but I saw her manner was intelligent, unlike that of who knows what other children, who get what they deserve, so I allowed the practice. And we also dialed things back, giving a nod to safety, when we would make a game of quickly rolling up the windows, and the top,

as the slobbering ostriches, and emus, used to the buckets of feed given by other visitors, sprinted to the car, while I could still remember their frightening approach from when I was only one-year-old, more than thirty-five years earlier, in something that formed one of my very first memories.

Cannabis, not alcohol, would start my day, on the times I took off from work, up north, to take my daughter to the Adventure Aquarium.

Camden, New Jersey, has often been rated the number one city for crime, in America, but it still felt safe on the weekday mornings, when snoring felons slept off their night's activities, with our only outside time as a vigilant cross of the open parking lot, so we would often go to one of our favorite places.

There Shark Realm, Shark Bridge, and Shark Tunnel provided close-up sights of the selachine swimmers with whom we would later share the waters as we snorkelled over a shipwreck, in North Kohala, on the Big Island of Hawai'i.

Equipped with our fins, masks, and shorty suits, along with printed copies of tidal charts and our guidebook, we set off, from our place at Waipio Rim, through the Paniolo Country of the Parker Ranch, to arrive at Mahukona Beach Park. After watching the movement of the surf for half an hour, we climbed down the steel ladder to explore the wreck of the SS Kauai, an inter-island steamer that struck the reef off the harbor exactly one hundred years earlier before it sank to the bottom.

Old mooring chains lay along the ocean floor, leading to the remains of an engine and a screw, while we encountered Moorish Idols, and Yellow Tangs, clearly visible in the aqueous turquoise, but my daughter jumped straight from the water when she met a Hammerhead Shark, so I gently mocked her reticence, for a smaller child continued to swim the area, and I swam a half an hour more, while my darling sat enjoying the view of the ruined railroad track, and the rusty metal crane that loaded sugar onto the ships that visited the abandoned mill.

But the sharks at the Adventure Aquarium never bothered Lily, unlike the octopus, who bothered me, never visible, shy and hiding in its own private hell, while I ate her cousins' tentacles without a thought, or the green sea turtles who did not swim in their native waters, where we would visit honu south of the Queen's Bath, paddling our wa`a kaulua in Hilo Bay, and wading with the chartreuse cheloniidae at sunrise off the black sands of Punalu`u.

As my daughter pretended I was her pet whale, we visited Ocean Realm, which holds more than seven hundred and sixty thousand gallons of water, and over four hundred animals, so strange fish looked at us sideways, and captive loggerheads swam loop-de-loops, toward us, up, and away, and it was always an experience, so I later told one of my black students, at the night school, who took my mandatory course on the oceans, please, not to stop taking her daughter to the place, or to feel bad, since she could do like me, to practice

activism, later, after she took her child as many times as possible to the Adventure Aquarium.

There I carried my daughter's diaper bag, with Seventh Generation chlorine-free diapers, and hypoallergenic natural wipes, with alcohol handcloths, for her dad, and a change of clothes, in case of blow-outs, together with Ziplock slider storage bags to segregate items as needed, in gallon-size stuff-sacks, along with Annie's organic cheddar bunnies, a bottle of Stonyfield organic strawberry smoothie, and a box of HonestKids organic berry good lemonade.

And the same was true of the Zoo, or the Please Touch Museum, in the Centennial District, where Philadelphia hosted the first World's Fair in the United States, one hundred years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, down the road, in Old City, so consumers lined up to see demonstrations of state-of-the-art technology like the Alexander Graham Bell's telephone, or the Remington No. 1 typewriter, to herald in the modern age, as they munched on French Fries dipped in the new Heinz Ketchup, or the novelty of popped corn, while they cooled off sipping the latest in refreshments by Hires Root Beer, all as an arc-light machine illuminated the Centennial Exposition, for it was powered by a Wallace-Farmer Electric Dynamo.

Then, as they admired the right arm and torch of the Statue of Liberty, which would welcome millions of unwashed immigrants to our shores, bringing anarchism, disease, and, even worse, Roman Catholicism, with the foreigners that recognized themselves as the

homeless, the huddled masses, and the wretched refuse described in the sonnet attached to its pedestal, visitors could learn of the erosion-stopping wonders of the species kudzu, or arrowroot, which would invade, and choke our native plants, unless fought back, just as the Southern and Eastern Europeans, who followed the drunken Irish, threatened, and threaten, to destroy our native people, culture, and traditions.

So, years later, as my daughter was made to stand at Falls Church, in her millionaires' public school, immediately beyond the segregated space of our nation's capital, to protest the gun rights of her fellow citizens, her teacher told each student to return the following week with a story of how their family came to America.

I told her how she was an eleventh-generation American, and Pennsylvanian, whose family came to the proprietary colony owned by William Penn, at his invitation, as original purchasers to buy a thousand-acre tract of old growth forest, so a local village takes its name from our people, while we became one of forty-six families to petition the colonial legislature for recognition as English subjects, as the first Pennsylvania Germans, or Pennsylvania Dutch, in an area famous for its religious tolerance, and its friendly relations with the local Indians, so we later helped escaped slaves, running from their southern pursuers, in the Underground Railroad, while, buying exceptions, from the federal government, we stood against the carnage of the Revolutionary and the Civil Wars.

But her teacher wanted a story about dirty immigrants, losers in the old country, who came here with nothing, so she had an easy and dismissive answer, teaching how these imbeciles view their betters, for she said, to my daughter, whose family friend is buried in Arlington National Cemetery,

THAT DOESN'T COUNT.

And so the state employee required by the government to indoctrinate children moved on to find the stories she sought.

Until then I never told my daughter the legends of her family, or her father, except for the ones she wanted, of my childhood, as we focussed on larger things like building her love of animals, at places like the aquarium, where we passed, every time, by Hippo Haven, home to Button and Genny, from the River Nile, who gladly would have killed any human foolish enough to enter their space, since these are some of the most dangerous animals in Africa.

The last event of animal cruelty, of which my four-year-old remained joyfully oblivious, was the circus put on by Ringling Brothers, which I am happy to say was shut down only eight years ago by an organization for which I often engage in activism: People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals.

PETA filed complaints with the United States Department of Agriculture following the death of Kenny, a baby elephant whom the circus forced to perform while desperately ill, and Benjamin, a four-

year-old elephant who drowned while swimming in a pond after a trainer tormented him with a bullhook, not to mention Ricardo, an eight-month-old elephant who died after his legs broke in training, while a lion named Clyde baked to death in a boxcar. So, after many years of persistent activism, the USDA slapped the circus with the largest fine ever imposed on an animal exhibitor—for more than one quarter of a million dollars.

This formed only part of the attack, which might have failed if not for steady pressure against the soulless corporations that supported the circus, so, not only did families tear up their tickets before entering the stadium, while activists confronted them with pictures of animal abuse, but the circus lost the sponsorship of Visa, MasterCard, Kellogg's, Ford, and Sears.

Perhaps fear had a greater effect, not just regarding the loss of unjustified corporate profits but with respect to the spread of disease. PETA obtained documents in an open records request showing that the circus used animals with active tuberculosis. In fact, tests confirmed that at least twelve percent of our country's elephant population, suggesting an actual infection rate of eighteen percent, had this deadly illness, while one third of Ringling's elephants tested positive, as they performed in front of audiences. And since the disease can easily pass to humans, the company's negligence put employees, arena workers, and the public at risk of death.

Samuel Dewitt Haddock worked as an elephant trainer, for thirty years, so his own spirit, as much as his charges', was broken over time. He had an unusual background for a whistleblower, since he ate meat and he hunted doves with his shotgun. He didn't sneak in, as an activist and a reporter, to expose animal cruelty, but he was just a guy who took pictures at work—pictures that became part of a fifteen-page notarized declaration used to shut the circus down. As he drank himself to death, his wife, Millie, on her deathbed, appealed to his conscience, for she said,

SAMMY, I KNOW YOU'LL DO THE RIGHT THING.

This he did, striking back from the grave, as his wife struck back from the grave, so they took out a business that was one hundred and forty-six years old.

Haddock was no angel since he committed burglary before he joined the circus, as a carny, and he later suffered conviction for the illegal possession of a firearm, but perhaps his most convincing testimony concerned his own misdeeds as an elephant trainer. Once a bull fought back, knocking him out, so, in revenge, he grabbed an electric prod and fried him for ten minutes, while the elephant screamed and puked water. Another time, he beat a different male for fifteen minutes while his victim cried in pain. But the thing that troubled him most was the treatment of mothers and children.

Ringling's trainers would drag baby elephants from their mothers' sides, chaining their parent to the wall, by four legs, since she would fight hard for her offspring. Half a dozen staff would pull the child from its mother, with whom it would never have a further relationship. This crime occurred when children were less than two years old, while wild elephants do not leave their mothers' sides until they reach the age of five at youngest. After a few days, the orphans would stop mourning, so trainers could move on with their education to force them to stand on a concrete floor for as much as twenty-three hours a day for a full half year, while staff covered bleeding wounds, obtained from beatings and jabblings with bullhooks, which might have upset the audience, with a grey blood coagulant.

This did not trouble me, as I concentrated on the enjoyment of my own child who stood in real risk of losing her father. Because I maintained a lasting attachment, and I did my duty, my daughter turned out just fine. In fact, I am happy to report that I relocated her only days before I wrote these lines—not through a personal reunion but through internet snooping. So, not only did she progress, while under my care, through healthy relationships with men like her father, her uncle, and her cousin, to her healthy relationship with her first boyfriend, at the age of thirteen, but to her successful career as an actress.

My daughter studies at the Savannah College of Art and Design, while she pays her own way as a hostess, waitress, and

foodrunner at a historic fish house. This must provide an ideal spot for people-watching, which has parlayed into her success at her craft—not only appearing in Romeo and Juliet, at her company, Low Country Shakespeare, but starring in The Heart of a Dog, which became an official selection of the Berlin Women Cinema Festival and a winner of the L.A. International Art Film Fest.

Judging from her photographs, including as the only face on the film's poster, I can report a remarkable and total lack of tattoos or piercings in addition to a beauty that befits her aristocratic lineage, but before she trod the boards, she was just a little kid, so I took her to the circus.

I had seen Ringling once as a boy, and once with my nephew, Wyatt, whose family endowed the Regenstein Library at the University of Chicago, the Regenstein Hall of Music at Northwestern University, the Regenstein Learning Campus at the Chicago Botanic Garden, and the Regenstein Sea Otter Habitat at the Shedd Aquarium, while all are fed by the Regenstein Foundation.

Immediately before my daughter's birth, when I lived at the little house on the Gardner Estate, I took off from work, midweek, to smoke cannabis on a private holiday of my own declaration:

It was National Freedom Man Day!

This was better than Fathers Day, which I have never observed, except on one occasion to assemble, by hand, a wooden kitchen, complete with refrigerator, stove, and cabinets, not to mention pots, pans, and utensils, and pretend items of food, while I lovingly screwed in the colored panels, drinking beer as I worked, or on another, long after my daughter stopped talking to me, when I drank my first batch of homemade country wine, Strawberry Fizz, to write an email to my child's mother, celebrating my success and her failure, as she moved to humbler digs since her free meal ticket had ended, after eighteen years, and I had gotten my influence into our bastard, now grown, despite her attempts to deprive our daughter of a father, with a second to her former lover, whom she took for a ride, taunting him for how she had used his help, stringing him along, as she played him like an accordion at a Polish street festival.

With my nephew, my mother, and my father, before the enemy killed him, by inches, as he lost his mind, I worked to enhance the experience of my young relative.

Cheering, and adding to the party, we watched not an animal perform but rather a human, as Crazy Wilson Dominguez ran somersaults, falling fifteen feet through the air, blindfolded, on the Pendulum of Pandemonium, then on the highwire, to skip, jump rope, and play leapfrog with his coworkers, and finally as a daredevil rider in Motorcycle Mania.

Then we were off to supper at Buddakan, where a golden statue of the Enlightened One sat, ten feet high, in full lotus position, hands folded in mudra, as it overlooked the diners, in one of nineteen restaurants owned by Stephen Starr in the City of Brotherly Love, which include the bistro of Parc Brasserie, the beer garden of Frankford Hall, and the chophouse of Butcher and Singer not to mention El Vez, where once, after lunch, on our way to the Art Museum, with the best of intentions, I approached a family of blacks, on the streetcorner, asking if they would like my high-quality leftovers, in a beautiful doggie-bag, for an alms, only to learn, as a foolish white man, that they were waiting, in the heat, for a bus.

So, of course, before my daughter turned five, and she got, for her big present, a beautiful English bulldog, Rosie, piebald, with a white body, and a big black patch over her right eye, so we could have called her Spot, tall, elegant, and clean-featured, whom I bought from an Amish farmer, Lance, who was allowed to talk on a mobile phone when two thousand dollars was involved, I took her to Ringling Brothers, with my friend, of thirty years, Daniel Mariani, and his two daughters, before, without alerting anyone of the issue, I moved all of our future visits of this kind to the human acrobats who used no animals at Cirque du Soleil.

The transition had already completed itself with the gift of our pet, through whom my daughter would learn the responsibility, leadership, and love that comes with filling a dish, or giving commands,

or playing, or snuggling together, not to mention grooming, and bathing, so my daughter's favorite part was the canine capers of the Dynamo Flying Dogs featuring Houston, the Australian Shepherd, and his son, Dallas, not to mention Jet and Chaps, the Border Collies, and Cricket, the pretty mongrel, who once did a photo shoot, with Keira Knightly, for Vogue.

Conspiratorially, as the silly father, high as a kite on the cannabis I had earlier smoked, I leaned over to my child, to whisper,

Hey, maybe we can teach Rosie to do some of these tricks...

only for my daughter to turn, stern in reprimand, and shocked, as she corrected me, dead-serious,

Dad, didn't you hear what they said?

DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME!

But first, before Rosie, whom the enemy sneaked on our property to poison with anti-freeze, while they put a movie on television on exactly the same day, about a father who did not take a similarly poisoned dog to the vet in time, which I found myself watching, as they murdered our beloved bulldog, there was the Saint Bernard at House Mountain Inn, whom the enemy must also have poisoned because he died at only three years old from what the Irvines attributed to a

snakebite, while their property sat on top of a deep underground military base.

As Lily played with Copper, her mother would allege in court that the gentle beast had bitten our infant child, while she worked non-stop to deny visitation, and make false allegations, only to fail as I turned my daughter into the winner her mother would never be.

On one occasion, because the inn was full, the Irvines invited us to stay as guests in their house, so my daughter and I played on the property, visiting their pet goat, and playing with their pet rabbit, and on their porch on the remote side of the mountain, where hummingbirds whizzed and whirred constantly to half a dozen sugar-water feeders, while, on the gravel drive, we found an amazing but dead luna moth, who would have lived only a week as an adult, ceasing its existence, except for its offspring, after the evolutionary success of reproduction, with a wingspan of four inches, jade green wings, pearl white body, and legs like rose quartz, so it recalls the beautiful Fabergé replicas that I bought for my daughter, seven years later, when we shopped for Christmas at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

For me, my daughter bought her traditional present of a silk tie, crimson with enfenced unicorns, repeated in motif, and copied from a Flemish tapestry, which I would proudly wear with my green loden-cloth jacket, goatskin-shouldered for shooting, from Bavaria, an ecru shirt from Brooks Brothers, full spread collar, khaki or moleskin trousers, and my cordovan wingtips, Florsheim Imperials, before they

were replaced by cap-toes, bench-made in London by Peale & Co.; but for her I bought a bee brooch for her woolen navy blue jacket, hooded in case of rain, with jute cords and wooden pegs for buttons, as well as a pendant, of her choice, with another insect copied in jewelry.

It was a ladybug, like the ones we saw in hundreds as they hatched at the Owl Cabin, owned by friends of the Irvines, Eddie and Bonnie, when my daughter was two, as we carved a jack-o-lantern, and I followed her instructions not to make a scary one, so I taught her the traditional children's rhyme.

Ladybug, ladybug, Fly away home.

Your house is on fire: Your children will burn!

Asking her as we gently regarded the insects on our porch, and I gave her the first line as a prompt,

What comes next?

For her to say in wonder,

THE FIRE.

We had returned to the Owl Cabin, properly Greystone, but so named by us, because a large plastic owl stood, as a scare-mouse, on a rock by its steps, to discourage rodents from taking residence in the

beautiful house with its hand-hewn beams, and bedroom in the balcony loft, overlooking the picture window of the great room, where my daughter had grown up looking at animal flash-cards, and firing untied balloons, inflated with a yellow pump, so they sang and flew through the air.

Crafting with construction paper, we decorated the walls with what my hillbilly offspring called her party trimmin's before we watched The Addams Family from the library of videocassettes and I danced, strong in performance, but comic, to the music of Black Sabbath,

Nobody wants him:

He just stares at the world—

Planning his vengeance that he soon will unfurl!

So, as I told my daughter I was Iron Man, she laughed and rightly said that I was silly, but it took an ironman, and a superman, to pull this venture off, while, years later, indeed, I would have my vengeance.

I was overjoyed when my daughter spent a record five days with me, at the age of one, over Thanksgiving, where we joyfully ate pumpkin pie, her drinking milk, and me drinking coffee, for our meals, immediately after my law firm cut my pay, moving me to a part-time salary, because of my devotion to fatherhood, while they gave me the

demotion one day before the holiday, so I drove, south, through a snowstorm, along the interstate, with the shock of the hard news.

Unlike my later firm of Prickett Jones, Morris Nichols was extremely demanding, even with the recognition of my special status, and my outstanding work, as I worked at the firm that handled the stockholder litigation for Roy Disney, the estate planning of Howard Hughes, and the general counsel work, in Delaware, for Ford and Coca-Cola, while my life became harder, as I embraced joy in battle, because a lawyer of counsel, who kept a bottle of vodka in his office, tucked in a drawer, suddenly departed, so that, as a man with less than one year's experience, I was forced to take over his work when our team, led by an outlier partner, worked as deal counsel for a joint venture between Lucite and DuPont.

Going on zero rest, while another partner for whom I slaved once fell asleep mid-sentence, as he stood, talking in the conference room, only to jolt awake after less than a minute, I drove to the skyscraper castle, surrounded by unfortunate negros, as I delayed my beautiful journey, at five o'clock in the morning, through the Château Country, by stopping at three different shops along the way, the Longwood Starbucks, the Centreville Cafe, and the Brew Haha, each for the extra-strong latte that formed the breakfast of champions, along with chocolate-covered pretzels, rocking out to They Might Be Giants in my brand-new magic blue Volvo XC90.

I taught you how to cyclops rock
Then you turn around and break my heart.
You go and waste my cyclops time
And mess up my cyclops mind.

I'm sick like Chucky was sick.
My defeated heart keeps beating on.
I won't die like Chucky won't die
But I'm not here to socialize.

Gonna find a new place to hang out
'Cause I'm tired of living in Hell!!!

Nonetheless, I was required to socialize, so I had to attend the do at the house of the soon-to-be managing partner, the after-parties for the golf outings of the client I inherited from a departing partner, the seventy-fifth anniversary at the Judge Morris Estate, and the black-tie Christmas parties at the Hotel DuPont, where I positioned myself next to the giant bowl of caviar, working my way through a dozen buckwheat blinis, topped with crème fraîche, and using the excuse of teaching others, while I'm embarrassed to say that I ate not the delicious eggs of the sturgeon but the foie gras the following year, which frankly

grossed me out after only a couple bites, as the last party was held at the Delaware Art Museum.

There I did not realize, nor did I during my daughter's and my later visit to the Temple of Dendur, housed within the Metropolitan Museum of Art, that these places are rented not only for black-tie functions but by occultists. In the second volume of this series, I describe the Ishtar Gate, housed in Berlin, which I visited in my youth, and I believe formed the scene of ritual satanic abuse for my beautiful blonde classmate from East Germany as the STASI watched our movements and together we took a course, to and from which we sometimes walked as a couple, on the Ancient Near East. East Berlin houses a famous altar from ancient times, which the Nazis took as their inspiration for the larger ritual space of Zeppelin Field, and at which they performed strange ceremonies in connection with the 1936 Olympics. So, what I had earlier made as supposition, I later found as fact, not only with respect to these and other fascist rituals at the Pergamon Museum but also through an article by the Smithsonian Institution on the use of the Temple of Taffeh by the Cult of Isis at the Rijksmuseum van Oudheden

Later, I would move to the mellower firm of Prickett Jones, from which Joe Biden washed out, after a few months, since he couldn't hack, although he would find himself fortunate to go to his backup jobs as Senator, Vice-President, and President of the United States. So parties would move to the pleasant scene, where we actually had fun, and

lawyers, secretaries, and staff went to the same function, at the Vicmead Hunt Club.

This meant that it did not matter that I grew fat so my dinner jacket bought for functions at Cambridge University, and the scene in England, no longer fit, but first I trotted it out of the closet to find to my delight a personal cheque from my date, Suzette, the daughter of a Cadillac dealer in New Jersey, who had studied at Oxford, and taught in Japan, before we took our masters' degrees together, at Charlottesville, where we dos-à-dos-ed, and gypsied, to the Virginia Reel.

She had insisted I take her cheque for her half of the boutonnière and corsage we had worn, but I deliberately did not cash it, leaving the memento for myself in the pocket, and forgetting it for years, while I can say that despite my disagreements with the University of Virginia, its Honor Code shone bright that night, more than thirty years ago, since Suzette dropped her pearls, somewhere, as we danced, only to find that, when we visited the lost-and-found, several pearl chokers, and bracelets, had been handed in by honest students.

Suzette was a good person, an eccentric conservative, despite her earlier attendance at Vassar College. This like its former partner, Yale, contains at least one secret society, which, unlike its counterparts of Wolf's Head, Scroll and Key, and Skull and Bones is truly secret. So I exposed the bitches who are witches, six years ago, on my website, as alumni and townspeople came out of the woodwork to confirm my article, and to add factual data, while its veracity was also

confirmed by an immediate and unusually unperturbed scalar wave attack, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, so that I could barely move my body because of wracking fibromyalgic pain for all of Christmas Eve.

This did not stop my counterattack, or continued good cheer, so I spent the day writing a further exposé on the satanic nature of The Nutcracker, in which I saw Mikhail Baryshnikov dance, as a child, before my first girlfriend, Wendy Johnson, worked as an intern at his company, later to progress past her dance scholarship at her beautiful ladies' college to her career as a personal assistant to the head of one of our country's best dance schools at Pacific Northwest Ballet.

On I went, following my holiday article, turning and moving slowly, with difficulty, to build a bright and crackling fire, and to make a batch of dirty martinis, in my grandmother's steel shaker, with an artisanal potato vodka, Boyd & Blair, distilled in Pennsylvania, salty olive brine, ice-cold, with a stick of four green garlic olives, as my mother and I watched the Jews dance and sing, on our television, in the classic production of Fiddler on the Roof.

This was occasioned by my article on the witches' coven hidden within the Seven Sisters, where students cavort in fertility rites around pagan maypoles, or ecstatically on sabbats, keeping traditions like the Daisy Chain, while earlier ceremonies treated the story of Bluebeard, the punishment of Eve, and the last days of Vassalem Wytchcraft. Its calendar of religious holidays has recently included not

only Samhain, and the Day of the Dead, but also Nag Panchami, which involves the worship of snake deities, Eid al-Adha, which commemorates Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his son, Isaac, and Raksha Bandhan, in which sisters tie a thread, talisman, or amulet on the wrist as a form of protection. Rituals are performed up-valley at the Imbolc Riverfire, which marks the rape of Persephone and her descent to the Underworld, and through Winter Spiral, which features the swastikas of Hecate, the Goddess of Black Magic. The Hudson River State Hospital, on Route 9, formed a locus of mind control before a fire gutted the place and it later closed, while events on campus have included plays about the Anti-Christ and the festivities of Labyrinth Week and Yule Ball. Maybe that's why there's a secret satanic temple, called the Devil's Den, beneath the main building, which the administration walled up, after innocent students discovered the altar, something they exposed in a news article the college tried to quash, as they described the remains of small animals killed in sacrifice, graffitied phrases from the Book of Revelations, and a mural of the face of Satan.

Vassar College has hosted speakers like the homosexual satanist, Leo Martello, who wrote The Gay Witch, while he supported the Women's Liberation Front, and the Women's International Terrorist Corps from Hell, or W.I.T.C.H., using the same techniques as the Medieval Mattachines, or gayboy jesters, not to mention wiccan priestesses like Margot Adler, who wrote Drawing Down The Moon, a book I read in the summer of my freshman college year, back in the

Eighties, when the enemy made Witches of Eastwick, just for me, and I found myself enrolled in a course on pagan feminism, taught by Carol Christ, for exactly one day, but I missed another product of this school, which I earlier thought of attending, when one alumna, Penny Lane, made a film called Hail Satan.

On a lighter note, the comedy group, HEL, performs on campus, at places like the Shiva Theater, named for the Hindu God of Destruction, while the school's glee club is the Vassar Devils, who share their name with a delicious chocolate dessert, which may contribute to weight gain on freshmen.

No wonder the school with its arts-and-crafts look, complete with runic inscriptions on maps, and sacred trees, was founded by the freemason Matthew Vassar, who associated with Solomon's Lodge No. 6 and Solomon's Chapter No. 31, while Poughkeepsie uses the masonic beehive on its seal, since it was founded by members of Solomon's Lodge No. 1, including Grand Master James Smith, Senior Warden Andrew Billings, and Masonic Secretary Ebenezer Badger.

So it's almost nothing that the famous alumna, Edna St. Vincent Millay, dressed as a witch, had a china set featuring witches, and wrote her poem, "Witch-Wife," not to mention her play, Two Slaterns and a King, which features a character called Slut, while Jacqueline Kennedy, who whored her body to the Golden Greek, Aristotle Onassis, following the assassination of her husband, President Kennedy, went to Vassar before the shipping magnate who bought her

as his trophy wife called his woman, the Witch, for he believed she carried a curse into his family that led to the death of his son.

But the craziest story to come from Vassar concerns the demise of the Reverend Henry L. Scott, the Rector of Saint Philip's Church of Charleston, who resigned from the Episcopal Church, later to join the Methodists, after he told his astonished congregation, in what became his farewell sermon, that, when he attended Harvard and Yale, as a young man, he dated a lady from Vassar, who styled herself a witch, before she put a curse on him—something he initially laughed off only to see the bad luck pile up, and up, and up, so he eventually came to accept her dark magic powers.

But all of this was merely cybernetic targeting, so likewise when a reader contacted me, in my capacity as a journalist, at Fighting Monarch, to say the area was full of Sicilian and Irish Mafia, and Jehovah's Witnesses, she told me, as part of her own story, in which she was drugged, raped, and trafficked, including by deep-state actors in the CIA, FBI, and NSA, that she had also encountered something called an Invisibility Cloak.

This is simply an invention, put out by Guy Cramer, at HyperStealth Biotechnology Corporation, so that a person can stand behind a transparent curved shield, which bends light around the holder, or a similarly positioned object, in its sweet spot, roughly one yard back, so as to create an apparently magical effect.

I would not be surprized if, just as my people, and my daughter's mother's people, come from aristocratic Norman Bloodlines, which derive from the Burgundians, as my daughter carries the blood of Sigurd, or Siegfried, through her ancestor, Rollo the Walker, the Conqueror of Paris, and his progeny, Roger the Great, cousin to William the Bastard, while these oppose the Merovingians, who derive not from Odin, but from Jesus, and we seem to associate with werewolves, just as they associate with vampires, if students at Vassar, like students at Yale, engage in the practice of drinking adrenalized blood.

Werewolves would come up, though I rejected the suggestion, through Injin Bullshit, at Kalaloch Lodge, where my daughter and I travelled, on the Olympic Peninsula, through Twilight Country, as we walked on Beach Three, viewing the strange creatures of the tidal pools, and around the Big Cedar Tree, before it split in half, up to the sea arch at Ruby Beach, only, after dodging the Indians who encamped outside our suite, every morning, to sell worthless trinkets, for us to meet a Red Man, in the Gift Shop, who told a spurious story of an encounter with a wolf, which I figured was simply local knowledge, of wildlife, before I learned, at home, from my own research, that absolutely no wolves live in this area, so I realized he was angling for fans of the t.v. series that concerned vampires and wolfmen.

My daughter's venture into acting, so she just had the lead in an award-winning international art film, seems also to concern this subject since the project describes the close relationship between a wild

dog and a farmer's wife, which leads to the downfall of her marriage, while a glance showed a giant wolf-claw, presumably used as a mitten, through special effects, in the corner of a photograph of the set.

Back at House Mountain, when my daughter was only one year old, and already she had acquired caveman language sufficient for conversation, we would howl, together, one night, at the Full Moon, before I drove her back toward what she called My Mommy's Mountains, looming purple, in their beauty, below the yellow orb.

Another time, on the same trip, to the double-wide trailer where the evil one did dwell, I felt joy, and reassurance, at my toddler's rage, when she screamed bloody murder for more than half an hour, on the single occasion that I abruptly manhandled her body into the babyseat, resenting the affront to her dignity, as I thought just when my always otherwise happy and easy baby yelled fury for hours when she woke to find her mother gone, without a goodbye, that this was an excellent and healthy sign since wrath is a quality needed by any survivor to excel in the battleground of life.

Still there were down times, like my daughter's first Thanksgiving, when I had booked my usual room in the Garden Wing of the Homestead, only to be forced to cancel, since Lily's mother denied me my right, flouting court orders, with impunity, so we didn't get to do the usual carriage ride, or the visit to the stables, or the swim in the greenhouse pool, on that occasion. I did not want to deal with my family, so I skedaddled, off to the only place I could find open, at the

cinema. There I spent the day watching a biopic about Ray Charles, a conspiracy flick featuring Nicholas Cage, and a holiday film about the Polar Express, before I finished up with a walk under more than half a million lights, strung in the trees, at Longwood Gardens.

I spent untold tens of thousands on my second lawyer, whom I found after I dismissed John Grove, while I found David Weaver, who worked for me for three years, only after another lawyer, Laura Dascher, a total cunt who later appeared, conflicted, as a judge, in my case, where she ordered me to take a parenting evaluation, threatened me with contempt, and terminated my visitation rights, refused to take my case in her earlier private capacity.

So, two years later, after I got one third of every year, reduced to one quarter, three years later, only because my daughter entered kindergarten, because of the demands of public education, but more than a decade before the ugly twat would end my daughter's constant contact with her father, and an entire side of her family, my daughter finally got to visit the pretty lights at the DuPont Estate, of Longwood, with her father, at Christmas.

This we did every night, at her request, in subfreezing temperatures, after I bundled her in her L.L. Bean bibtuck ski overalls, and her matching lilac coat, with hat and mittens, drinking hot chocolate upon our return, made with cocoa powder, whole milk, sugar, and salt, while, at home, while my daughter slept, or hung out with her grandmother, in front of a crackling fire, glowing with coals, I played a

series of chess with my father, in the evenings, on the set his father made, as several bottles of absinthe, then illegal in our country, were smuggled to me, and delivered by courier, through the grey market.

I was curious to try the herbal tincture, with the forbidden wormwood not found in a Provençal Pastis, which I bought retroengineered by Jade, who had studied pre-ban bottles, as Verte Suisse, and from Kuebler, which made an interesting blue, but, frankly, it's not all that, so the craze didn't last long. Still, it was scary at first, because who knew what this stuff did to you, and it had to be illegal for some reason, but the trace amounts of thujone present in the glass present less of a challenge for a human body than the surrounding poison of alcohol. I was laughed, at least partly, from my folly by the frequently asked questions, and the answers, on the overseas website, which began with anyone's in the form of why was absinthe outlawed, given before a serious reply, in jest,

Because it will make you crazy!

And the yuletide before we returned again to the Homestead, under the giant Christmas tree, in the Great Hall, for one of my daughter's first overnights, as we watched Happy Feet, following our soaks in the pool, and our rides in the horse-drawn carriage, after I gave her an amazing wooden toy, full of metal bells, and cranking sounds, turned by levers, to build her dexterity, and her sense of

wonder, not to mention her connection with her father, as a ball ran its course, through the present that made its way to mommy's house.

As I skated on ice, and I took the waters, avoiding cannabis because of threatened drug tests, I learned, upon my daughter's departure, that the deadliest natural disaster of this century had struck in the Boxing Day Tsunami, caused by the Sumatra-Andaman Earthquake, at an incredible 9.2 on the Richter Scale, for a rupture broke along a distance of more than eight hundred miles, for over ten minutes, along the fault between the Burma Plate and the India Plate to reach a Mercalli Intensity of IX, so it displaced more than seven cubic miles of water to kill roughly one quarter of a million people, while, releasing more than twenty-five quadrillion calories of energy, the megathrust caused a wobble of an inch along the axis of our planet, so a complex harmonic oscillation remained detectable for more than four months on the surface of the entire Earth.

For this reason, as we sent farm animals to third-world families at Christmas, through Heifer International, the Mennonite charity would give ducks not chickens to its beneficiaries since the ducks have some chance of swimming, not drowning, in an aquatic cataclysm.

But my daughter's mother was not giving, even to her own family, as she denied visitation again and again, and again, for a full year, and particularly on one occasion when I took the usual four-day weekend, twice a month, away from the office, to refuse access on a

flimsy medical excuse for the entire time, which I recorded, calling every day, to check on my daughter's health, so the mother would play my messages politely left on her telephone back to the court as evidence of harassment.

Drinking Sam Smith's India Ale, bottled with a label from the days the company supplied Queen Victoria's Anglo-Indian Army, on the Subcontinent, while it was brewed with water drawn from an aquifer lying a mere eighty-five feet, down, at the Old Brewery in Yorkshire, fermented with malted barley and fruity hops, in stone squares, I soaked in my hot tub, cranked up to one hundred and four degrees, Fahrenheit, on the deck of my favorite room, Bratton Mountain, at the House Mountain Inn.

Otherwise, on weekends when I actually got to see my daughter, we would walk, or I would carry her, sitting on my right forearm, with my left across her chest, as she engaged in play speech, happily jabbering, as I built her love of nature, working on the simple words of grey rocks, and green leaves, along the Chessie Nature Trail, maintained by Virginia Military Institute, along the Maury River, following the old right of way that had been owned by the Rothschilds' Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

I had no idea of the events described in the third volume of this series, when I had been drugged and kidnapped into the secret military base below Afton Mountain put in by the railroad, as its chairman, Major Dooley, had built Swannanoa Palace, into which they

tried to lure me at the University of Science and Philosophy formerly run by Lao Russell, who had grown up in the shadow of the Rothschild place at Tring Park, and who had continued to work for the Satanic Jews, so I didn't even think of their family, or their interests, at this time, associating the scumbags only with exceptional vintages like the Cask 23 collaboration, with Robert Mondavi, which I had enjoyed ten years before on my birthday in Charlottesville.

Still, I was amused when I brought my daughter back to my brand new sport utility vehicle to stand her on the tailgate, and to change her diaper, as she stood squarely positioned, for her to urinate all over my brand new Volvo, christening the car we called Balthazar, as soon as I unvelcroed her Huggies.

Later I took her up to the grassy bald, at Cold Mountain, or to the wooden swing by the abandoned orchard, where I fed her kiwis, one of her favorite fruits, up at Tar Jacket Ridge, where my brother and I had earlier hiked on the Mount Pleasant Loop, with his mixed breed dog, Ogden, whose mother was a Rottweiler, to find the scratchmarks of black bear against the trees where they plainly slept, hibernating, among the rocks.

But the mother's false allegations came when we stayed at Three Hills in the historic manor with its facade built in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and its interior in that of the Colonial Revival, as we played hide and seek in the boxwood garden, strolled in the parlor as my daughter fell out of sorts, and warmed ourselves before the fire in

our bedroom, all in a house built by the feminist writer, Mary Johnston, whose works influenced her friend, Margaret Mitchell, as she wrote Gone With The Wind.

Since overnights were to be phased in, starting on the following weekend, I would pick my daughter up, and return her to her mother, every day, driving the two-hour round trip, twice each visit, for a total of eight hundred miles over four days, in addition to the more than six hundred miles I would drive to do the round trip between the Virginia Mountains and the Pennsylvania Horse Country.

So I would drive along the Goshen Pass, following the Maury River through the narrow mountainous gorge, past the whitewater rapids at Devil's Kitchen, as it flows from the confluence of the Calfpasture Rivers, for thirty miles until it reaches the James, with its amazing boulders, strewn across its watery bed, as I listened to the greatest hits of Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young.

Two months later I would travel this way, along Route 39, in my parents' Nissan SUV, for reasons I cannot recall, on the way to our Christmas at the Homestead, where I still wish we'd taken the time to watch Santa Claus arrive in the old-fashioned hook-and-ladder fire truck, instead of one of our many jaunts in a horse-drawn carriage, when I stopped along the roadside to urinate, leaving the engine running, and the windows up, only to hear, in the cold, to my horror, the click of the car locking itself, and me out, since the enemy had used a radio command against my vehicle.

After fifteen minutes or so, another car passed, through the wilderness, as I flagged them down, and a lovely older couple gave me a jacket, while they asked, once they had cleared the pass, if it were all right for them to call the law, which I absolutely authorized them to do, so a nice young sheriff arrived after another thirty minutes, to help me break into my car, before it ran out of gas, as I continued on my way, leaving the jacket per the strangers' instructions at the next gas station to the West.

But first the mother made her crazy allegations, that she thought, although was not sure, that I might be raping and molesting our one-year-old, so I had a friendly talk on the telephone at my office with the investigating officer who would later serve as my witness not when he brought charges against me, because obviously he didn't, but when I sued the crazy bitch who birthed our child, successfully, to get not only one-third of every year, as my time was dramatically increased, but a dressing down of the mother by our judge who told her to get help.

Still, I was enraged, seeing not merely red but white, and unable to concentrate on my work at the office, so I took the afternoon off to visit my old friend, Craig Ziegler, who had just brought in his harvest of cannabis, to sell me an ounce, as we drove out to the old King Ranch, at the Laurels, in his grey-market Mercedes, which had no safety belts, and probably wasn't registered, so we walked in the fall beauty and he taught me many things about the trees.

I told him what an excellent babysitter he would make, knowing he is a good influence on his nephews and nieces, while he laughed at an imaginary scenario where “Uncle Craig taught us how to set off fireworks,” as I was pleased for him to meet my daughter, many years later, when we crossed paths at Whole Foods, after her aikido practice, at the Quiet Storm Dojo, where she had just enjoyed a latte in the cafe, while I relished a dozen raw oysters, Chincoteagues and Assoteagues, salty from the Chesapeake, with a couple glasses of beer at our brunch, and Craig zipped up outside the grocery store on his little dirtbike.

When Craig was not serving three months in a prison, South of the Border, for growing cannabis in Costa Rica, he contributed to my knowledge of shotguns, initially acquired from another ganjahead who won the Pennsylvania State Open Skeet Championships, as I brought to shoot with him, at his old hippy commune, in Chadds Peak, my newly purchased firearm, which I long since sold, and may not own in my state, since, although I have never been convicted of a crime, am a lawyer in good standing in two different jurisdictions, and possess security clearances to teach children, I was committed for observation to a lunatic asylum, for ten days, against my will, by the police, because I sought to file a report, as to my ongoing harassment by the deep state, including my kidnapping, when drugged, into a house owned by a local crime family, so a psychiatrist determined I had been poisoned with laced marijuana, or a synthetic substitute, and there is nothing wrong

with me, but, now, due to the imposition of background checks, I may not exercise my second amendment rights because of shootings like the one later arranged just for me under NATO OPERATION GLADIO CAIN.

More on that later, but meanwhile you may wonder, dear reader, how Craig taught me about guns, since I had already learned from a state champion, and would later shoot with the folks at Remington, so to satisfy what I know must be your rampant curiosity as to this point it was in the assembly, and disassembly, of the twelve-gauge, and how not to do it, since my friend took less than five minutes to break a tiny rubber gasket, although this did not interfere with the functioning of the autoloader, and we couldn't tell what that thing did, anyway, so we went on to blast a crate of wood, for fun, to smithereens.

Another time, when my friend lived with another in our set, Chris Teetor, before he married his beautiful wife, Margot, not at his mother's estate, but at the little house he owns below the ancient oak at London Grove, since fallen after hundreds of years to a storm, where his Old English Mastiff hung out, and Craig did earlier, helping to pay the mortgage, while we sometimes met at Atglen, across the covered bridge, to break sporting clays, Teetor came home to find Craig removing flagstones from the terrace, and loading them into his ancient pick-up truck, in order to complete a landscaping job, with the honest intention of replacing borrowed materials at a later date, only to tell his tenant to return the slates to their original position in the back yard.

Craig and Chris had come to my beautiful farmhouse, on the Gardner Estate, for a party, with crabs, back when the evil beauty lived under my roof, as we toured my garden, in which I grew my very first watermelon, while we debated its ripeness, for time of picking, as my eccentric friend declared himself the melon master before we went off to pick up the seafood at Hill's, after smoking some of his finest, which hit me hard, and sudden, at the fish market, so I told my pal, of my state, just so he would know in case I passed out, that it wasn't a heart attack, only for him to glimmer, in conspiratorial merriment, and whisper back to me,

It's the weed.

But another guest to come that day was my old friend, Daniel Mariani, whose eldest brother, Frank, once eluded capture from the police after a high-speed car chase, so he slept rough for days, in the woods, fields, and barns of our local countryside, turning himself in, once he sobered up, after he had scared people, walking into their house and asking them about the green guitar, and whose elder brother, Matt, once earned fame on the streets of Philadelphia because in an instinctive response, as a teenager, he knocked out a policeman who had grabbed his shoulder, with a single blow of his fist.

Dan had come that day with his wife, Leslie, a local lawyer, and a former field hockey player on the All-American Team, while she was pregnant with his child, just as my girlfriend had become pregnant

with mine, something we still didn't know, as she worked at the office of the public defender, while her lookalike who lived only a county away, was placed in Playboy, just for me, in a failed attempt to move us together, while my mom and dad frequented the ice-cream shop owned by her parents, on a nightly basis, and she once joined us, at a time when she and my friend were on the rocks, for sushi, and a visit to Orvis, as we watched one of the several films made with me, and my friends, and acquaintances, as targets, since the enemy was also trying to jazz me up, at a time when I taught college, in tweed, through an implicit comparison to the character played by Kevin Kline, as he taught at a school next to mine, in The Emperor's Club.

And Dan, too, would prove a friend in need, although not ultimately, as my crazy conspiracy theories reminded him too much of his brother's madness, so, when I cancelled the date up to New York, with Kelly, the Irish Jewess, working that day in the office, I spent the following, as I moved back to cannabis, having passed two drug tests at the insistence of the family court, with him, as he cherry-picked beautiful pieces of serpentine limestone, with permission, from the ancient quarry, west of Crebilly Farm, which adjoins the Brandywine Battlefield.

Soon I would win, back before the judge, who labelled the mother as a parental alienator, with a borderline personality disorder, so we moved to a system where my daughter spent four days, in Virginia, with her dad, and eight days, in Pennsylvania, every five weeks,

although I was required to have another adult in the car with me for any trip more than one hour long, and therefore every trip, for at least a twelve-hour day twice a month, and I never could have done it were it not for the help of my parents.

Shortly before my daughter's second birthday, the decision came through, while the mother instantly appealed so we would take the case up to the circuit court, where the law allowed either party to relitigate as he or she brought an appeal de novo, of right, but, in the meantime, as I sought to delay the mother's appeal for as long as possible, so as to strengthen my relationship with my daughter, and my position in the court, which should respect the status quo, I had the first of many eight-day weeks with my daughter, for which I took off a full week at work, which I spent in a hunting cabin owned by my friends on the other side of House Mountain.

I celebrated the big win with a big zin, from Ridge Vineyards, and a crumbly farmhouse cheddar, from England, as I drove the next day to fetch my daughter, only to find I had to pull the car over on more than one occasion because of what I experienced as ch'i, or mystical energy moving through my body, which had earlier concerned me when I studied kung fu on Afton Mountain, above the secret military base, into which I was drugged and kidnapped, but I now know to have been microwave harassment using the weaponry described in the appendices to this book.

I had begun to listen to Joni Mitchell, whose albums Blue, Hejira, and Court and Spark, spoke to me, while I saw her wrongly as a Nietzschean Übermensch, who moved creatively from one artistic style to another, as she pioneered into the wilderness, living her life as a free spirit in Los Angeles, Vancouver Island, and Europe, where my friend's father, Professor Lerner, filmed her performance at the Isle of Wight, along with those of Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, and Pete Townshend, while I later saw, given her embrace of leftist causes, not to mention her time with losers like Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty who frequented the Playboy Mansion, that her best performances had depended largely on the contributions of others like Pat Metheny, Jaco Pastorius, Steven Stills, Graham Nash, and James Taylor.

Geffen Records kept trying to put her with another superstar like Charles Mingus, Thomas Dolby, or Herbie Hancock but nothing clicked, and Joan was never able to come even close to what she had earlier done and wrongly seen as entirely her own achievement, since she did things like tell studio musicians to "throw some Elvis on it," thinking they read her creative mind, while really they knew just to play something good and let her take the credit.

Still, I remain struck by some of her early work, including her strange use of emotional chords, her unusual guitar tunings, and her operatic singing range, and then she was brand new, so I sneaked out of the cabin to listen to her sing in my sport utility vehicle, smoking a joint, while my daughter slept, only to return to find my child missing from

our bed, since she had woken to find me gone, and climbed under the bed, for presumed protection, just as she would later hide under a table with her friend, Kirk, at Woods Creek Montessori.

She came to me immediately when I called, and it was no big deal, as we fell asleep together, but I wonder now what she experienced, and what she remembered, long since forgotten, as she did things like tie my feet to a chair, in play, and meanwhile I know that the enemy was breaking into our houses and drugging us with scopolamine, sodium pentothal, and other salts.

Every morning we breakfasted, surrounded by the antlered heads of a dozen trophies, as I made pancakes for myself, to form the outer layers of breakfast sandwiches, encasing fried country ham, and I set out a buffet for my child, so she could understand that any food she wanted was hers from blackberries, raspberries, kiwis, and cookies, along with juices, milk, and yoghurt smoothies, while I never felt above dark chocolate bribery, so we always had many squares of the stuff.

Outside, we would play with her big purple ball, one yard in diameter, which she would chase and kick, running toward me, through the grass, while I backed up, constantly scanning the area for copperhead snakes, or we would chase soap bubbles, blowing or waving them from a plastic wand, dipped in their cylindrical container, while another favorite game centered around the orange plastic angel fish rocker, in which my child would sit and ride, but, more often, play at being stuck while crawling through its center, beneath the arc that

supported its dorsal fins, behind the eyeball and puffy lips of its face, and above its seat, asking for help, which I would give, so then I could play at getting stuck in the toy and she could pretend to free her father.

Then we would walk up the hill to the pond, with a bag of dog kibble, to throw to the catfish, which would take the feed from the surface, later to return down the gravel trail, past the pine trees, from which I would take needles to tickle her neck, and her face, as we recalled the story of Raven, told by Gerald McDermott, as he transforms himself into a pine needle, guzzled in a drink of water by the chief's daughter, to form a child in her belly, and then become a toddler, all so he could steal the ball of light for the people, who lived in darkness, running, hopping, and flying as he was chased, so first he tore a big piece off, throwing it in the sky to make the sun, then a smaller piece, throwing it in the sky to make the moon, and finally tearing the entire thing in tatters as the chief he tricked closed in, scattering them all into the heavens so that they form the sparkly stars.

After lunch, with cow's milk, we would read stories together not only of Raven but of Jibouti the Tortoise, who broke his shell, to experience pain, only for it to be reassembled, with the help of others, so it still has a cracked pattern, or a firefighter pig who helped others, as I would ask my daughter to point out different items on the colorful pages so as to help her acquisition of language, while I lay next to her, and she fell asleep, with the soft fabric of her yellow kitty-cat and the woolly fur of her brown pony.

One night we went to the country fair at Effinger, where I let my one-year-old ride alone on the boats, and planes, that formed a carousel, later to climb alone, as I watched, up the stairs of an inflatable castle, stopping to lecture larger children who pressed her from behind, as she asserted her right to proceed safely at her own speed, before she slid down the slide, to repeat the process, as one grandfather twanged in the speech of the mountains,

Look at that little girl!

So, later, for an easy year, I would put my child to sleep with the story, lying next to her, repeating a hypnotic loop, as I told of her fun, her bravery, and her overcoming fear, for she had initially told me she didn't want to do the castle, but I knew if I let her watch the other children, just for a while, she would quickly change her mind.

I actually had to use the same technique on Saint George Island, on the Gulf of America, where we bicycled on the Forgotten Coast, since my twelve-year-old was suddenly too cool to swim in the ocean, as a suggestion, sent by radio, took over her mind, so I swam and frolicked, and laughed, having fun myself, until she quickly joined me in the surf.

Still, she knew I would always respect her no, as she demurred not on the rickety ferris wheel at the mountain but only three months later at the Devon Horse Show, so this, too, became a story of watching people ride on the wheel, which was much too high, and

choosing instead to do the merry-go-round, while I said nothing, and we simply moved on, a couple years later, after I strapped her into the bungee harness, at the ski slope, in the summer, so she could bounce fifty feet in the air, but I saw the fear enter her face, so I calmly and instantly stepped up to cancel her ride.

Lily had bounced in the thing before, just as she had ridden the wheel before, and there was a brief backward step, too, as to horses, which she formerly loved, each time recovering shortly thereafter, and proceeding in bravery, so I strongly suspect that these backward movements, surrounded by fun, were times the enemy got into my daughter's head, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, while we had earlier sneaked past the moronic shitdogs.

Certainly I received hypnotic suggestions, as I did stupid things, for no reason, driving on one occasion, around the mountain, with my toddler, to visit my friends, the Irvines, at the bar of their inn, where I drank some Anchor Steam, after I had earlier knocked down some beers at our cabin, but I could have just as easily done at least the first half of the drive in a sober condition.

The whole thing went perfect, as I told my daughter that her mother always came back, although the bitch gave an ambiguous answer, using a whole lot of words our daughter did not recognize, when prompted on the telephone, so Lily spent twice the time she had ever done, away from her mother, for a total of eight days, in our new pattern.

The following month she would come to Pennsylvania, for the first of many visits, up the Shenandoah Valley, through the gorge at Harper's Ferry, and across the Mid-Atlantic Piedmont, with my mother in the back seat, as she put raspberries on the ends of her fingers, eating them one at a time, playing hand games, and singing songs, for the six-hour trip, foregoing her nap, and staying alert, as she repeated the mantra I had given her, as to what we would do when we arrived at her daddy's house.

It was to watch her favorite videocassette, of wild animals doing silly things, engaged in crazy escapades, set in clips to music, although this had competitors in the jibberish of Maisie the Mouse, Charlie the Crocodile, Cyril the Squirrel, and Eddie the Elephant, which had a small board book, and in the animated shorts of Rosie's Walk, about a clewless chicken whom a hapless fox tried to catch, and in Chicken Little, who wrongly thought the sky was falling, not to mention one whose title I cannot remember about a supercilious caterpillar who bragged, all special, that she would change into a butterfly.

So, long past the usual time for a nap, my daughter's head began to nod, falling to the side, in her car seat, only for her to catch herself, and sit bolt upright, as she intoned her intention:

Go daddy's house:

watch animals.

BOOK FIVE: THE MISSING PIECE

The imbeciles who run family courts as judges, at low salaries, because they cannot find legitimate jobs as lawyers, even as ambulance chasers, or other bottom feeders, do not show themselves to be the enemies only of fathers, but also mothers and children, as part of the state's war against the family.

So, in June, 2009, when my daughter was five, and I faced similar hearings, a family court judge, in a different state, in a different matter, and one involving different people, but with a logic similar to what I saw in my case for years, denied the grant of a restraining order against a moslem who refused to appear in court. The dirt-worshipper felt he had the right to rape his wife, according to his religion, which he did as a matter of habit. Meanwhile, his wife had been forced to marry someone she had never met, at the age of seventeen, and she suffered, in part, for her lack of cooking skills. So, her husband brutally raped her body, pinching her nipples, and her labia, while he pulled her pubic hair, over a three-hour period. Still, he had some understanding of her position, so he forgave her for embarrassing him in front of his guests through her inability to cook acceptable meals. Meeting her halfway, he gave a list of substitute chores, which she also failed to perform to his satisfaction. Then, he raped her again, not in his usual style, but as punishment, slapping her face bloody, to give her a fat lip, so she fled barefoot into the street. The attack resulted in a hospital stay, and a

police investigation, so photographs of her injuries were introduced into evidence before the family court.

Judge Joseph Charles, a New Jersey State Senator, who served as Minority Leader Pro Tempore, following his earlier work as Deputy Attorney General, discounted the stories of repeated assaults. The judge deferred to the defendant's religion as characterizing his mental state, since what mattered in his courtroom was that the moslem did not feel he was doing anything wrong, when he insisted on his marital privileges, not to mention when he punished his wife. Therefore, he refused to protect the woman, saying her injuries were "not severe," and the crimes were only a rough spot in her marriage, which any newlyweds might experience, when he wrote,

*[T]his is a case where there is
no history of domestic violence....
Then the bad patch was three weeks, and
then another week.*

Judge Charles went on to note that, although the litigants were getting a divorce in a foreign country, whose laws permitted husbands to abuse their wives, "the two would have to be involved in litigation over the baby and child support."

Fortunately for the mother, and her infant, after a heavily briefed case, discussing the potential conflicts between religion and the law, with many citations of legal authority, which must have been

expensive to research, Judges Cuff, Payne, and Miniman reversed the order of Judge Charles, finding that he was “mistaken,” only nine months later, so the mother could return to the lower court, still months later, where there and only there, and then and only then, she could get an order, to protect herself, and her baby, from her foreign rapist who had fled the borders of our country.

Similar insanity appears with respect to gender dysphoria, where the certifiable parents of mixed-up children think that they can overrule biological realities as to sex, chromosomes, and hormones by foisting crazy ideas upon their vulnerable offspring, which they present as the child’s own choice.

Jeff Younger lost all his rights as to his twin sons when Judge Mark Juhas of the Los Angeles Superior Court granted his insane ex-wife, Doctor Anne Georgulas, the authority to castrate one of his boys. The boy, whose name is James, was encouraged to “identify” as a girl, by his mother, starting at the age of two, while, when he entered elementary school, at age six, the boy began to wear dresses, and called himself Luna. Funded with taxpayer dollars, the school affirmed this choice, as the mother successfully sought a restraining order to block the father from entering his twins’ place of education and from telling other parents what was happening. Meanwhile, when the father brought his son to school wearing boys’ clothing, the school would give him a dress into which he was allowed to change while they required him to use the girls’ toilet. Later, the castration applied to the twelve-year-old at the

insistence of his mother, who is a pediatrician responsible for the medical care of children, was admittedly not surgical, but rather it used puberty-blocking drugs to stop the production of sex hormones. The father who fought this procedure, as he tried to protect his son, lost even the right to real visitation since the court ruled that any future contact must be supervised by the government.

This became possible because the mother moved the children from Texas to California, while she did so less than a week before the Golden State's trans-refuge law went into effect on New Year's Day. The father petitioned the Supreme Court of Texas to stop the move, and therefore the plan of his sicko ex-wife, but the court refused to step in, claiming that California could not possibly do what it later did, in stripping him of rights, or in mutilating a pre-teen.

California's law, which requires parents to affirm the transgender identities of their children, or have them taken away by the state, has been copied by Minnesota, while its governor, Tim Walz, ran for Vice President of the United States, as the running mate of Kamala Harris, under the auspices of the Democratic Party, only to be defeated by President Donald Trump.

Although I am fortunate that the insanity of trans-sexualism never remotely approached my case, I can sympathize with another father who faced the issue, with respect to the castration of his son, in that the court refused to enforce its own order against the boy's mother, since I was deprived of my right to spend one-quarter of every year

with my daughter, after more than twelve years of doing so, including periods with additional time, after the mother willfully violated a standing order so that she refused to allow me to see my teenager.

Ted Hudacko lost his visitation rights with his son due to the action of Judge Joni Hiramoto. This specimen, who herself is a divorced woman, who fought her ex-husband in the family courts, takes pride in her achievement, as a colored woman, since she became the first Asian-American elected as a jurist to the Superior Court of Contra Costa County. Although she supported a drug-based transition for the boy whose life she destroyed, Judge Hiramoto restricted any transgender medical interventions to exclude surgery before the boy was eighteen years old. Despite the fact that the mother, Christine Hudacko, her lawyer, Nathaniel Bigger, her son's lawyer, Daniel Harkins, and the University of California, from which Hiramoto took her law degree, all knew of the no-surgery injunction, they still conspired to violate the order that had stripped the father of his rights. So, they caused his son to be given a Supprelin[®] implant after they consulted with the San Francisco Child and Adolescent Gender Center, of the University of California, which is supported by tax dollars. This presented four different options, with only one involving surgery, so, of course, as they violated the court order, they put the boy under the knife.

It's not much of a surgery, but it is a surgery, which can only be performed, according to the law, and medical licensing requirements,

by a pediatric surgeon. As the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, or CHOP, puts the matter,

Placement of the implant...is completed by an attending pediatric surgeon. Children who are very young or easily get anxious may require sedation or, in rare cases, general anesthesia to undergo the procedure. Most children are able to complete the procedure in the outpatient surgery clinic.

The surgeon will make a small (5mm) opening in the skin on the inner surface of your child's upper arm, then use a special tool to insert the implant just beneath the skin. The implant is very narrow and about 1 1/4 inch long....

The small opening where the implant is placed will be closed with dissolvable sutures and surgical, waterproof glue.

CHOP goes on to tell parents of children who develop complications, or those who have questions about the procedure, to contact its Department of Pediatric General, Thoracic, and Fetal Surgery.

In California, the father learned about the surgery two months later, since he wondered why his insurance company had covered a charge of \$209,820.³⁴ I find it doubtful that he could have won his motion to show cause, so that the criminals would be held in contempt, but what good would it have done anyway—except to save another child.

During the eighteen years that my daughter's fate remained subject to the insane courts of Virginia, I faced contempt charges on two different occasions.

In the first, the mother asked that I be held in contempt of court for not exercising visitation on a day when no order was in place because her lawyer refused to honor a handshake agreement as to the terms of the order that the judge would sign. I lost track of the schedule because we just moved from an earlier order as to my three-month-old infant, so I thought that visitation started on the following weekend. The mother did not call me when I didn't show up, but she simply filed papers asking that I be imprisoned, or fined, or both. This I was able to beat by paying my lawyer five thousand dollars.

But in the second, I was both more fortunate and less. Then, the mother asked that I be held in contempt for not giving my daughter a cough medicine when she was not coughing. She also asked that I be held in contempt for driving more than an hour with my child without another adult in the car. I had just won the appeal that maintained my four months per year with my daughter. Because a winter storm

loomed on the horizon, the mother gave me oral permission to drive one hundred and fifty miles north, where I met my parents at Charles Town, West Virginia. There I called the mother on her phone, leaving a message to apprise her of the situation, so she would know that her toddler was safe on the trip, and I thanked her for her reasonableness, while I wished her a merry Christmas. She played the recording of the message back in court, as evidence against me, so the judge opined that no authorization had been given and that, while I served as a lawyer in good standing in a real jurisdiction, I had left the message to cover my tracks. She said she was thinking about giving me jail time, so I would learn my lesson, but she let me go with a warning. So, unlike the first motion, which I successfully opposed, as I won, costing me five thousand dollars, here, I lost, and was held in contempt, so I had to pay a total of eight hundred dollars.

Later, after I had won on my daughter's behalf, giving her the million-dollar upbringing that was her right, over fourteen years, spending between one-third and one-quarter of every year together, as I enriched her life, the court appointed a total shitwhore, Laura Pyle, as guardian ad litem. After her appointment expired, and I maintained my visitation time, she stepped into my case, and she told my daughter's mother to violate a court order, so as to deny me visitation. I sought to hold her in contempt, while I took my case up to a second level of appeal, and I sued her in federal court for the ancient tort of interference

with parental rights, since the validity of this action was affirmed by the Supreme Court of Virginia.

In California, Asaf Orr was a similar interloper, as scum who don't have real legal careers make money, off the public dime, and charge money, through the courts, to the real parents who oppose them. He served as the legal director for the gender center, and he earlier worked at the National Center for Lesbian Rights, while he directed the Transgender Youth Project. Also he wrote Schools In Transition: A Guide for Supporting Transgender Students in K-12 Schools for the Human Rights Campaign, so five-year-olds could be exposed to his perversion by government employees, while they, too, would have lawyers. And he taught a course in continuing legal education, which criticized "non-supportive" parents, like Mister Hudacko, saying that their disagreement with the insane mutilation of their children causes harm to their sons or daughters. Naturally, he thought it was unfair that he was included in Ted Hudacko's legal action, after he participated in the transition of his son, through illegal experimental surgery, so he asked the father to drop him from the case.

The Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the madness, while it has legalized homosexual marriage, upholding the strange institution as a traditional right, derived from the common law, while it continues to allow the prosecution of people who actually are following an established custom, existing through history, unlike the homosexual version, so Mormons are persecuted for their belief in the

plural marriage that is affirmed throughout the Bible—but who knows how a moslem would be treated, since their rights, like the homos', are special.

While a child is not allowed to drink, smoke, or vote, or to enter into a nonvoidable contract, except for room and board, or to drive a car, or to consent to sexual intercourse, the state affirms the child's so-called right to call itself a boy, if it is a girl, or a girl, if it is a boy, against the wishes even of both parents, acting as a team, against the insanity.

Therefore, the State of Indiana took the child of Mary and Jeremy Cox. They both lost custody because these Christians believe that girls are girls, and boys are boys, so any child should be raised according to the sex assigned on the birth certificate issued by the state government. The Department of Child Services destroyed their boy's relationship with his parents, during his teenage years, while a court found that the destruction of the family was necessary to protect the child's physical and emotional health, which trumped their religious beliefs, contrary to the treatment of moslem men whom the family courts of another state allow to beat and rape their wives because of religious freedom.

So, the Supreme Court refused to hear their case at the start of LGBTQ Health Awareness Week, but, as with Roe v. Wade, where the mother had already given birth, even though she could easily have travelled to a state that allowed an abortion, the question was moot, entirely pointless, since the boy was already an adult by the time the

case went up for certiorari—although in its affirmation of the supposed right to kill babies, the court felt the need to step in just to make precedent.

The common factor is the hatred of the family, while the globalists work, behind the scenes, to disfigure people's sex organs, to move them into homosexuality, and to exterminate the unborn, without painkillers, so the foetus feels the instrument of its death, since to do otherwise would admit that it lived, while the virtually magical properties of its stem cells are used to reënliven the skin through beauty products or for industry-funded scientists to learn things through research. This is done under the guise of sustainability, since population control, including through vaccines, which cause sterilization, is the only way to forestall Malthusian Catastrophe, where exponential population growth outstrips the development of resources—even though this argument itself ignores variations in birth rates since the out-of-control expansion of population occurs only in Asia and Africa but not in Europe or America.

I am glad my daughter turned out normal, as I protected her interests, so now she works as an artist in her own right, a thespian not a lesbian, winning international awards for her independent art film, in which she had the leading rôle, while her face is the only one on the poster, where she shows not only the aristocratic beauty that belongs to her race but a complete absence of piercings or tattoos.

Fortunately, her interest in K-Pop never did her any harm, while she listened at the time she disowned me to the ridiculous oriental perverts, kept in satanic slavery, but it says it all that these little losers promote, of all things, Carl Jung, and Jungian Psychology, through albums like that put out by the Bangtan Boys:

Map of the Soul

And, likewise, Carl Jung never did me any harm, except to believe in extra-sensory perception, synchronicity, and mysticism, along with the liberating effects of psychedelics, because when I read his stuff on the anima, and the animus, being the woman inside any man, or the man inside any woman, I took him only to advocate the individuation of the Self, through which I could develop a softer side—and not to promote sex changes for children who listen to the voices in their heads.

As he was used to lead people into mysticism, while he went out of his way to help the Allies fight the Nazis, contributing to psychological operations against Hitler, although the Jews would smear him, lying that he was an anti-semite, Jung began his career at the Psychiatrische Universitätsklinik Zürich, or Burghölzli, in the New World Order Hub of Switzerland.

Here Ewen Cameron would study, after he left Johns Hopkins, which, before I was born, had a first-of-its-kind clinic to provide sex changes for its patients, while there the federal government funded illegal human experiments, including the insertion of radium

rods into the noses of more than five hundred schoolchildren in Baltimore and the deliberate infection of more than five thousand people, including children, with syphilis, and gonorrhea, in Guatemala.

Johns Hopkins provided the stage for the emotional conditioning of Little Albert, or Douglas Merritte, whose white-trash mother was paid a single dollar so they could induce fear of rats in her nine-month-old baby. Due to other experiments, he never learned to talk, or walk, so he died at the age of six from hydrocephalus, accompanied by bacterial meningitis, which seems to have been purposely induced.

Otherwise, the university that sponsored EVENT 201, through which it planned a worldwide response to the Covid Epidemic, two months before the outbreak was announced, took cervical cells from a black woman, Henrietta Lacks, or Loretta Pleasant, so that the HeLa Cells, called by some the new species of *Helacyton gartleri*, mysteriously continued to grow, and reproduce, in petri dishes. These underlay the development of genetic mapping, not to mention experiments with Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS), or Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), Zika, mumps, and herpes, along with vaccines for polio, human papilloma virus, and coronavirus.

This would make trillions for the criminal associates of Johns Hopkins, and it supported lifelong careers for distinguished professors, while, just as Little Albert's life was worth a single dollar, for which his

worthless mother sold his future, the thirty-one-year-old mother of five was buried in an unmarked grave after she died in the Colored Ward.

As he served as President of the American Psychiatric Association, the Canadian Psychiatric Association, and the World Psychiatric Association, Doctor Cameron would run illegal projects, in mind control, torture, and cybernetics, including the rape of children, for the Central Intelligence Agency, including the Montreal Experiments, at the Allan Memorial Institute of McGill University, involving psychic driving, electroshock, sensory deprivation for periods of over one month, and the drugging of his victims with paralytics like curare, and hallucinogens like acid, while he deliberately worked, through depatterning, to erase the memories of his victims who had entered the institute for minor problems such as postnatal depression, or anxiety, but they emerged unable to speak, unable to control their bowels, or their bladders, and unable to remember even their own parents for the rest of their lives, as children were gang-raped by high-ranking officials from the federal government who were subsequently blackmailed, as they were filmed, and the scumbag himself was eventually murdered by his masters so conflicting reports went out regarding his death.

Doctor Ewen Cameron worked as an affiliate of Doctor Josef Mengele, who ran similar experiments in Auschwitz, before he moved to the United States, where he worked to brainwash my family members, among others, under the auspices of the Rockefellers, who originally financed his work at the unfairly named Kaiser Wilhelm

Institute of Anthropology, Human Heredity, and Eugenics, or KWIA, while he continued to visit workplaces like my grandfather's at Atlantic Richfield, or ARCO, in Pennsylvania, so David E. Rosenfeld, working as a lawyer, conducted a nine-year investigation concerning allegations of torture and drug-induced hypnosis, at one of their facilities in my state, to conclude that Jerry Dotey and Ann White, the victims of radiation exposure, were the products of a genetic experiment using Hitler's DNA.

Mengele was captured by the United States Army, where he was registered under his own name, but they released him after a single month, while they brought thousands of other Nazi criminals to the United States, under OPERATION PAPERCLIP, through P.O. BOX 1142, a secret facility, outside Washington, D.C., run by Military Intelligence Service, based at Fort Hunt, and fed by Camp Ritchie, to staff the newly created United States Air Force, or USAF, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, or NASA, and Central Intelligence Agency, or CIA.

And, so, criminal internationalists built the Nazi War Machine, built the Allied War Machine, and rebuilt the Europe they destroyed, under the Marshall Plan, making money three times over, and redrawing the map of the world, as families like the Harrimans, or the Bushes, continue to dine on the china of Hitler at Skull and Bones.

Doctor Cameron argued for the transformation of German Culture, and individual Germans, whom he deemed unfit to have

children, while he promoted psychological assessments so that behavioral scientists could act as social planners under a satanic one world government established by the newly formed United Nations.

Burghölzli, which produced useful idiots, like Carl Jung, along with perverted criminals, like Ewen Cameron, also housed Eugen Bleuler who made up the psychiatric concepts of schizophrenia and autism, since both are the misdiagnosis of the effects of cybernetic mind-control programs, while, meanwhile, Doctor Bleuler would sterilize his patients, to promote racial hygiene, while others simply killed themselves, and he never cured a single person.

As psychiatry was weaponized, along with mysticism, Doctor Cameron would misdiagnose the hero, Rudolf Hess, at the Nuremberg Tribunals, as suffering from hysterical amnesia, in a fixed trial, full of confusion, which makes what I suffered look like a Sunday picnic, and he derived this assessment from looking at inkblots, in the Rorschach Test, to which I would be subjected on two different occasions in family court, as I fought for my child, although the test is only supposed to be given to one person, one time.

I told the second doctor I had taken the test before, without telling him that I had also seen the cheats, which explain how inkblots are meant to be interpreted, but he said it didn't matter, since it had been more than ten years, while I was forced to pay him several thousand dollars to evaluate my ability as a successful parent of a thirteen-year-old winner, and, to his credit, he recommended that my one-quarter of

every year not be altered, but the court, which had ordered the evaluation, refused to listen to his opinion.

Otherwise, as I encountered these buffoons, I would be held against my will, in a mental hospital, for a ten-day observation, which resulted in a verdict of toxic psychosis, from smoking poisoned marijuana, for which I was presented a bill of thousands of dollars after the police committed me because I went to them for help, and to report real crimes, when I recovered my memories.

For fourteen years I won in family court, so my daughter, Lily Montgomery, spent one quarter to one third of every year with me, as I worked a light schedule, spending one million dollars, on her upbringing, and the rest on my own good times, while this caused enormous chagrin to an enemy as to whom I had absolutely no awareness, but, eventually, they woke me up, so I recovered my memories, and they weaponized me against them, while my teenage daughter exercised the independence inherent to her blood, and breeding, which combined with mind control, to alienate me from her affections, so I succeeded, as a parent, in making myself obsolete.

But then her mother became aware of my website, Fighting Monarch, which now enjoys almost three million hits, as I became a world-renowned conspiracy theorist in connection not only with my first three books, which enjoy more than one hundred thousand downloads, but with my journalism, which comprises roughly eight hundred articles, so she denied me visitation, flouting a court order,

while a judge ordered us each to undergo a parenting evaluation by a psychologist.

In the end, they failed to isolate my daughter from her mother, as they sought to place her in foster care, where she certainly would have been pimped, but they got her away from me, after I had given her a winner's script that will last her entire life—starkly in contrast to the losers' scripts of our enemies who will never recover from their experiences of incest, child abuse, and who-knows-what.

But first I fought in court, as my daughter, wrong-headed, made me proud, and we were about to come in front of a judge who had earlier chastised the mother as a parental alienator, and a borderline psychotic, who needed help, while she gave me one-third of every year with my daughter.

Shortly before our hearing, the opposing lawyer, Will Hancock, a total scumbag, but a prince compared to our enemies, died, very suddenly, at the age of thirty-six, so his partner got an extension, and our judge retired before she could hear the case.

This ensured my separation from my daughter, since she had already been kept away from me for more than a full year, first in violation of a standing court order, and then as affirmed four months later by a family court judge who threatened to hold me in contempt, for asserting my rights in court, while she refused to hold the mother in contempt for the ongoing violation of her own order.

Earlier this excuse for a judge had removed my daughter from my custody, while she was getting straight A's at her school in Pennsylvania, and playing on the field hockey team, to put her back into her mother's custody after her mother had been arrested for physical child abuse. She did so despite the testimony of the lady police officer, who went out of her way to speak on my behalf. Then she ordered parenting evaluations for the mother and me in a writing so jumbled it could not be appealed—because the appellate court judge thought she wanted to hold on to the case, which she did not, but that took another several months to confirm, because the appellate court judge could not be bothered simply to speak with her colleague in the tiny rural courthouse.

So, I took the parenting evaluation, which recommended the continuance of my one-quarter of every year, and then the mother violated the order, withholding visitation on a permanent basis on my daughter's fourteenth birthday, so the judge told her this was fine, and she ordered me to get an update to my parenting evaluation, and that evaluation still recommended that my time stay the same, but she destroyed my visitation rights anyway, as she then refused to pay any attention to the expert psychologist she had ordered me to pay thousands of dollars.

I finally got in front of another appellate judge almost two years after my daughter had been separated from me, and I won every motion in the case, while the guardian asked, contrary to law, that I be

ordered to take down my three-million-hit website, which receives heavy traffic from the deep state, at Fighting Monarch, something the new judge refused to do, while he affirmed the separation of my daughter from me since, at this time, she had been thoroughly, but temporarily, brainwashed, by her mother, the parental alienator, to say I was not her father.

This is simply normal teenage behavior, while Lily turned out perfectly, and we had a great time through the years, as I did my duty, but I am very lucky that I was able to overcome this sort of nonsense when my daughter was little so I formed her character in actions that she came to regard as trickery—and I am also very lucky that Lily passed through her remaining teenage years, during the time her mother seems to have worked as a highly paid escort, just fine, with no tattoos, no piercings, no serious troubles, and a stellar career as an actress, on the boards, at Low Country Shakespeare, and, on the screen, through the award-winning Heart of a Dog, in which she starred, being the only face on the poster, while she has put herself through college, on her own go, and she has sworn off her bitch of a mother.

My daughter was able to do these things because of the upbringing I gave her, as I spent one million dollars, and would again, a million times over, devoting myself to her education, since I did not bring her up to cling.

I had absolute confidence in my daughter when she was fourteen, and later when she swore me off, having only the normal

concern that any parent would have over the dangers of adolescence, so, rather than feel dismay at the postponement of my appellate hearing, at a time when my daughter had already been away for more than a year, I felt delight at the death of my enemy, the lawyer who was plainly killed by the international conspirators, at the age of thirty-six, so they could move me in front of another insane judge, following the retirement of the judge who was going to hear my case, and who had originally branded the mother as a borderline psychotic and a parental alienator due to her false claims of incestuous baby-rape more than thirteen years earlier.

Who knows how many others I have made the enemy kill, as I turn them against each other, motivating them to hurt each other's bodies, and destroy each other's lives, as they fail in their plots against me, my family, and my friends, so I rejoiced in my power, laughing at the death of Will Hancock, when I drank a toast of rough but clean vodka, from the Lone Star State, which I had flavored, with a quartered and cleaned jalapeño pepper, kept ice-cold in my mother's freezer, so it was ready for the celebration.

Back in the day, I knew that family court was bad, but I didn't know it was that bad, thinking only I had better win, while, under mind control, I once toyed with the idea of beating the mother to death in her driveway, doing the calculus for a manslaughter sentence, and considering, as an academic matter, how I might shoot the mother, her lawyer, and her shrink, each with a single bullet, or a short burst,

together with the problem of how to travel the hour across the mountains from the home of the mother and the office of the lawyer, to the center run by the psychiatrist, before I was apprehended.

Dr. William Whelan runs the Secure Child and Virginia Attachment Center, which promotes itself as “a team of professional counselors and social workers who collaborate with caregivers and community members to promote healthy and secure relationships for all children.” As they say, on their website, with spelling and grammatical errors I have silently corrected,

We help to alter small interactions to create large changes, leading children to become more and more open and accepting of their parents' guidance and wisdom. Caregivers begin to feel more confident about their child's needs and how to meet those needs in a way that leaves everyone feeling healthier and more connected. Our focus is less on outward behavior and quick temporary fixes, and more on making lasting change and improving the quality of life and relationships within the family.

But my experience was very different, since Doctor Whelan came in as an expert witness for my daughter's mother, who had been diagnosed

and referred to in a court order, following her false accusations of incestuous baby-rape, as a borderline psychotic engaged in parental alienation—even though the lying scum later taught a seminar in family law about parental alienation.

The advertisement for the seminar features the expert as the only psychologist there, while it describes parental alienation as “a tactic used by one parent to undermine or destroy a child’s love, attachment, and relationship with the other parent,” so lawyers can “learn to identify this abuse, how it affects a child and the legal tools available to combat it.”

I do not quibble with the idea that Doctor Whelan is an expert in parental alienation, since this sociopath recommended, as his expert opinion, that my time with my three-year-old, who was used to seeing me for four months out of every year, should be cut to eight hours per month, in two-hour sessions, exercisable only through videoconference, supervised by psychologists, so, as he said, seeing my daughter on the screen could be a way for me to visit.

This would have reduced my toddler’s time with me from two thousand eight hundred and eighty (2,880) hours per year to ninety-six (96) hours per year, or to three and one-third percent (0.033), of what she was used to, while it would have put her in regular contact with the psychiatric observers who would further ruin her life, as they charged me money for the privilege.

Fortunately, there was a game-changer with respect to this witness, whom my lawyer destroyed on the stand, so that my mother saw him shaking, and trembling, in the hallway, after he walked out. My attorney was not given to such expressions or viewpoints, but, when Doctor Whelan gave us his entire file, and was chewed out by the mother's lawyer, David Weaver said it was the Hand of God. So, he could cross-examine Doctor Whelan as to his notes regarding the need to "get evidence for mother," as Doctor Whelan, who identified himself as an expert in the hire of the mother, employed to make her case, admitted that he represented himself to me as a neutral.

This he did in a videotaped interview, as all our interactions were recorded, and he violated his own protocols by giving a second assessment to my child with her mother but only one to me. He offered to sell me these videos for a little less than one thousand dollars, before our court hearing, but, after the hearing, where his lies were exposed, and I cornered him, accepting his offer as to the first tape, where I had purposely elicited repeated statements as to his neutrality, he told me that the first videotape, which he had previously tried to sell, was accidentally destroyed in his care. No wonder, then, I was successful in prompting an investigation from his licensing board, which, although it did not put him out of business, must have made him a little uncomfortable.

In the strange proceedings of the three-day hearing, costing tens of thousands of dollars, Judge Swett, who turned out to be a really

cool guy, did something unconventional. He said he would give Doctor Whelan a note, while he would tell us the contents, after the psychologist left the courtroom:

*You would sound more professional,
if you did not refer to children as kiddos.*

No wonder Judge Swett, who confided that he suffered from a personality disorder, much like the mother, while he shared his belief that everyone could benefit from therapy, maintained my time with my daughter, exactly as it stood, so he completely ignored the expert opinion of Doctor William Whelan.

The Hand of God had also moved Judge Swett, for, the morning he rendered his decision, after a day for contemplation, following one day of argument for me, and one for the mother, he held his first grandbaby in his arms, for the first time, as his daughter, who works as a nutritionist, affirmed my approach to alternative medicine, while a similar action occurred a year later, when, as all business vanished, following the Financial Panic of 2008, without trying, since they went to my old boss, and he had to refer them out, due to a conflict, I brought in the Federal Reserve.

This serendipitous event ensured my continued employment at a salary of six figures, while I worked only four-day weeks, so I was

able to perform, with the help of my parents, my duties as the world's greatest father.

Strange events of this kind are usually due to mind control, and mind control always works to destroy everything in sight, so it is tempting not to attribute my good fortune, and that of my daughter, to the imbecilic bumbblings of the enemy, but to say, indeed, a mysterious force has protected the author of this book.

But, hell, maybe I'm just lucky!

Not to mention my amazing genius, my outstanding tenacity, and the help of my mom and dad.

Judge Swett, with his icy blue eyes, his steely hair, and his down-to-earth manner, had a knack for doing unconventional things, so he helped William Washington, a drug addict who was facing seventeen years in jail. The jurist's sense of a person's character was unerring because instead of putting the black man away, this stern judge allowed him to do a rehabilitation program called New Life for Youth. In the intelligent words of Judge Swett,

*I try to be compassionate and open, that
there are different ways to solve these complex problems.*

We have, in our country, the highest rate of incarceration of any other civilized country, and it's not working.

So, Washington, who said he would otherwise be dead, founded the Bridge Ministry, while he named one of its buildings after the man who saved his life.

The Judge Jay T. Swett Learning Center gives men who made a mistake, with drugs, a place to take trade classes, like welding, small engine repair, diesel engine repair, electrical work, and heating and air—not to mention cooking. This saves the taxpayer money, while it truly rehabilitates the unfortunate, who have committed no violent crime, so they can work at honest jobs once they get off the dope. And in response to this honor, given to him by a formerly felonious negro, Jay Swett could say only that it made him humble.

Judge Swett let William Washington take all the credit in an article run by CBS News, but Washington wouldn't have it that way because the whole thing had been a team effort. So, he told a different story, at his ministry, while the judge himself began to question his judgement because he kept seeing repeat offenses from people to whom he had given a second chance. But a court officer told him that Washington was doing okay, as he helped others, so the two men met, and Jay Swett invited him to join a men's group of which he was also part. Building their relationship, they worked together for their

community, and they travelled on mission trips. They established a house in Charlottesville, to help others, and they met every morning at six o'clock for fellowship and service. Still, they felt a change in scene, in a properly controlled environment, would help the ex-cons, so the judge and his friends, without taking credit, found seventeen acres in the country, raising money to buy and build a new place in Buckingham County. More than eighty-six percent (86%) of the program graduates return as productive members of their communities, while they never go back to a jail cell. And none of it would be possible without the creative approach, anchored in practical considerations, put forward by the hard man I met in the Circuit Court.

Judge Swett could not help but notice the class difference between me and the evil one, to which he alluded, obliquely, as my mother spent time chatting with the bailiff, hearing stories of the deer he had killed, and not killed, while hunting in the forest, and the court staff took down the metal detector and the security screen on our second day, while I earlier had noticed the low status of the mother, along with our complete incompatibility, when I laughed at an article in The Onion, which I hoped would never describe my daughter's situation.

The pretend story was written from the perspective of another hoochee-mama about the new man in her life who was so good for her family. The other day he taught little Earl how to steal cable, and when little Darla got cut up, on the nasty metal thing, behind the trailer park, he took off his brand new bandana, just like it was nothing, to

bandage up her arm. The picture showed Cletus, the new addition to the family, playing an indoor game, as they threw an unidentified object, in attempts to knock down a pyramid of empty beer cans, while Lorlene noted that their new daddy always stays out of trouble by sleeping on the couch.

As the mother sought to weaponize doctors, taking our daughter to her pediatrician dozens of times, while her lawyer falsely alleged that the child was sickly, but, for my daughter, it was only a fun game to go to the doctor, as I obtained every record through legal process, it was later a simple matter to register my daughter for school in Pennsylvania, after her mother was arrested for physical child abuse, and I swooped down to remove her from Virginia, because I simply looked through my old litigation file, pulled out the vaccination records, and enrolled her in the school system from which I graduated, seventh in my class, and at which my mother worked as a French teacher, while I had no problem with the social worker who appeared at my house and could see this was an excellent environment.

Still, I must give credit to the evil one, who, although she tried to weaponize doctors against me, overdoing antibiotics, actually seemed to have an awareness I did not as to the dangers of vaccines, which she staged out, rather than following the ordinary schedule, making sure our daughter ate a high-quality organic diet, and breast-feeding until the age of three and a half.

The nursing was excessive, so it became a subject of gentle teasing, and jokes, between my daughter and me, as it continued for years in her mother's house, but I must say that I strongly support this natural source of nutrition as opposed to the use of chemical formulæ, which include lecithin, carrageenan, docosahexænoic acid, arachidonic acid, diglycerides, and monoglycerides, while agribusiness actively markets their products to children in the third world, whose parents cannot afford the inferior chemical substitutes to breastmilk that nature has designed for human infants, as with other mammals, while the very lives of these babies are further endangered by the mixture of artificial formula powder into unsafe drinking water.

Co-sleeping continued until age twelve, while it never came up in court, because we were short of beds, and my daughter was scared of the dark, although largely fearless otherwise, since she must have had a subconscious memory of being assaulted through home invasion—just as I grew up, as a child, lying on my bed, with my eyes open, until I fell asleep from exhaustion, while I dreamed of a black space, which stood for the aversion at my amnesic wall, and I had horrible nightmares, which were really attempts at programming sessions, by the scum, where voices kept talking about the numbers, and how the numbers were wrong, and the numbers didn't match up.

Many times I have been taken from my bed, when drugged with scopolamine, as described in the appendices to this book, and I did not remember, until I learned to prop a chair against the knob of my

bedroom door—or, if not possible, when travelling, to pile my bags, or to push a piece of furniture, including the bed, against the door, or to make a clatter-bomb of cans and bottles so an intruder would awaken me, while I also recommend to anyone who has a dog, that they sleep with their pet, who can provide an excellent alarm system to defend against the break-ins everyone on the planet has suffered without remembering.

But back then I didn't remember any of this stuff, while my daughter and I were kept relatively safe through co-sleeping, and we lucked out on one occasion, when we house-sat for friends, because my daughter chose to sleep not with me but with their golden retriever, while, earlier, at the age of four, I don't know if the mother was co-sleeping or not, knowing only that my daughter once awoke to her mother having sex with her boyfriend,

something that sounded like a bear,
when they both wanted to know how long I'd been listening,

which only amused me, but I did have to ask the mother, at my daughter's request, not to make her sleep in rubber incontinence pants, just as I asked her, at my daughter's request, not to strike our toddler.

I was concerned about the constant antibiotics, which I understood would weaken my daughter's natural immune system, as the mother now began to speak of the possible insertion of plastic tubes

into our child's head, so as to provide drainage against ear infections and to make doctors money—something she never did, but she did manage to subject my daughter to a tonsillectomy and an adenoidectomy, which although they undoubtedly weakened her natural system, seem to have done her no harm while she has always remained strong and healthy.

So, aside from giving our child cod liver oil, to boost her immune system, I discussed her diet with a nutritionist, whose advice I rejected, and I took her to a chiropractor for a check-up. The nice lady who examined my child, as she truly helped people, rather than shilling drugs, noticed a kink in my daughter's topmost vertebræ, which blocked the drainage of nasal fluids, hung up in her ear, since she breastfed with her head crooked to one side, so she gave Lily a minor adjustment. The problem went away, as did the doctor visits once I definitively won in family court, while the insane criticism of my approach, in the circuit court, only made me look good in the eyes of a sympathetic judge whose daughter worked as a nutritionist while he believed in homeopathy.

This was not the only striking chiropractor to cross my path, since another, Doctor Julie Peterson, posed in Playboy, into which the enemy has put more than twenty women, just for me, so I am proud to grow in renown with these excellent ladies, whom I celebrate in this epic, just as it pleases me to know that their beauty was captured

through art, and they earned hefty modelling fees, which sometimes financed their educations.

Julie Peterson and Erika Eleniak were two of these ladies, who appeared in the pages of my favorite magazine, the only one I read, back in the days before the internet, or pop-ups, when periodicals were targeted not only at groups of people but at individuals. I know this not only because they are surrounded by other ladies whose manipulation for me is undebatable, but because we each share the same birthday, September 29, while these lovely women were Playmates of the Month, with their birthdays recorded on the datasheets on the back of their centerfolds, within two and a half years of each other.

The odds of me having the same birthday as two Playmates within such a period at random are four thousand four hundred and forty to one (4,440:1), or a probability of two one-hundredths of one percent (0.02%), so I don't think it's a coincidence, especially since Julie Peterson came from one county south of my home, in Havre de Grace, on the Chesapeake Bay, while her favorite spot, listed on her datasheet, with her birthday, was the county seat on the other side of my house, West Chester, where Playmate Victoria Zdrok was also sent to college, just for me, before she earned a doctorate and a law degree, just like me, at another college, Villanova University, immediately next to the place where I taught as a visiting assistant professor, Haverford College.

Normally, the plan was for the Playmate to resemble someone I knew, as the enemy tried to transfer lust for the picture of one

lady onto the body of a different lady, in a plot I call lookalikes, but with Doctor Z it was different, as with Holly Witt, from the neighboring county, because they actually wanted us to date after we ran into each other at a bar, or a grocery store, or I just decided to call them up, from their number in the telephone book, which would have been exactly my style during my late twenties.

But all along there were also articles, interviews, and advertisements placed in the magazine just for me, something indicated and discussed in the prequel to this volume, WonderWomen, when I sat at the table next to the father of Ghislaine Maxwell, at the Savoy Hotel, only to find, when I returned to America, that his interview was in the Playboy for that month while his name appeared on the cover.

Julie's issue hit the stands back when I was a senior in high school, while it hit me not only with the choice of model but also with articles on cocaine, which I sniffed the most in my life that year, enjoying the highest quality, cut with Vitamin C, while the article implied the dangerous, expensive, and addictive powder wasn't that bad, as well as skiing, again, since they wanted me to break my arm, or kill myself, through deliberate recklessness on the slopes, which is exactly what two of my classmates did, one dying in a race, and the other dislocating his elbow, while the beautiful Playmate, Julie Peterson, also appeared with skis, in the great outdoors, but the amazing thing is that the fools actually thought I could sell the magazine to my father.

My father was an extremely upright person, without being uptight, who would never subscribe to the Magazine for Men, although he did carry erotic magazines overseas as favors to customers since pornography, like Penthouse, and erotica, like Playboy, were illegal in his host country of white South Africa, so a subscription might have had an appeal, just for business purposes, while the enemy sought to seal the deal in the issue that contained my birthday twin because it contained a comprehensive guide to frequent-flyer plans, comparing the packages of different airlines, while my father flew constantly to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Thailand, Indonesia, and Germany, relaxing between flights in the Clipper Club, and racking up the frequent-flyer points, which he converted to airline tickets used to shuttle me back and forth to my college in California, and to my college in England, with my brother going to college in Montana, and earlier and later for free tickets to be used on family vacations.

Back in my senior year in high school, I actually told him of this article, but he expressed disinterest, so the enemy failed again in their plans, this time to lead a forty-six-year-old man to ogle pictures of naked women while they moved to write articles just for him.

Julie Peterson never really caught my eye, and I certainly wasn't looking for her during my trips to Gay Street, in West Chester, her favorite place, which she rated next to Crow Creek Pass, in Alaska, nor was I travelling into Los Angeles, where she moved, from my college on the outskirts of the city, while another subliminal suggestion

failed, since the enemy had driven me, mysteriously, away from horseback-riding, a year and a half earlier, while Julie was one of three Playmates in three consecutive months who was a horsewoman, so back to back Luann Lee, Julie Peterson, and Marina Baker appeared with horses, as the enemy tried unsuccessfully to move me back to an activity that could have easily broken my spine or killed me outright.

But Julie comes up here because I am happy to say that whatever the enemy had planned for her, it also failed, because this genius, who was a national spokesperson for American Mensa, so she scored at the ninety-eighth percentile on her I.Q. test, continued as a dressage rider, while she became a businesswoman and a chiropractor, just like the nice lady who helped my daughter, as she also hosted an hour-long radio show, on local A.M., for a solid five years before she began a syndicated show, Health Watch, which she produced, wrote, and recorded for four years as a best-selling product for CNN. That's when she wasn't receiving numerous awards for leadership including the American Biographical Institute Woman of the Year 2003 Award, Outstanding Young Women in America Mertz Excellence Award, WLP Leadership Award, and Charleston's 40 Under 40, while she is also an active member of organizations like the Society for Neuroscience and the International Chiropractic Pediatric Association.

Still looking great, and five years older than I, Julie uses the Odinic Valknut as the emblem for her business. This symbol appears in the archaeological record of the Germanic Peoples, to which every

Playmate featured in this chapter belongs, as each comes from a bloodline north of, or equal to, my own Burgundian, Saxon, and Norman forebears'. It evinces the intellectual capacity of our pagan ancestors, wrongly disparaged by Mediterranean Christians, who claim to have brought civilization to benighted peoples, whose sacred trees they cut down, in the Dark Ages. This it does through a geometry shown in the Triplehorn, which appears with the Swastika and Algiz, or the Elk Rune, showing cyclical and upward movement, first on the writings of the Snoldelev Stone and later among ecofascists like Savitri Devi. It is featured on the Nene River Ring, the Oseberg Ship, and other Rune Stones, while it shows a fascinatingly interlocked set of triangles that form a subliminal Triskelion at its center, as it connects also to the three-dimensional pattern of the Trefoil Knot suggested by the Triquetra and related to the Borromean Rings. It's neat that Doctor Peterson chose this symbol, which connects to her blood, and bespeaks her intelligence, although I simply do not know whether this involves her endorsement of Asatru, Vanatru, or Heathenry.

Mostly Julie gives people the simple advice of drinking water, so she helps me, as the enemy constantly bothers me, with voice-to-skull transmissions, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, thinking that they can drive me to perversion, through hypnotic suggestions to go to Playmates, and Julie in particular, so, through these idiots, I have a constant reminder, on which I act, to drink water all day long.

That reminds me, so you'll have to excuse me for a moment.

Okay, I'm back after three delicious pints of well-drawn water, with absolutely no fluoride, or the residual traces of medications found in city water, so I feel better, energized, through something very simple that anyone can always do.

Sodium fluoride is a poison used to kill rats and cockroaches, while the most common types of fluoride in municipal water are sodium silicofluoride and hydrofluorosilicic acid. These come as a by-product of tin and aluminum mines—not to mention the wet scrubbing systems of the fertilizer industry, where they are classified as a hazardous waste. But don't just think it's in municipal water, because you can also find it in all sorts of bottled water, which may also contain other impurities. As little as one tenth of an ounce can kill a one-hundred-pound adult, while as little as one one-hundredth of an ounce can kill a ten-pound baby. Dozens of studies have shown that it can cause neurological damage, various cancers, and thyroid problems, while it calcifies the pineal gland, and it is a basic ingredient both of the Prozac that my daughter and I were once prescribed, and took, until we came to our senses, and of Sarin Nerve Gas. Fluoride impairs our kidneys, and our bone strength, while it increases infertility, in a plot to sterilize people, so it gives them health problems to which they go to doctors unlike Julie Peterson. The stuff was popularized by an industry

scientist who was neither a doctor nor a dentist, as he worked for Alcoa Chemicals, and it's used mostly in China, Brazil, and the United States, while it's avoided in most of Europe.

Four out of five dentists may recommend brushing with fluoride, but which five dentists are those, and as to the four, were they at the bottom of their class? So, it's no wonder that your toothpaste tube, unless you're like me, says to call poison control if swallowed. Plus, let's not forget that mainstream dentists, for years, have filled people's teeth with the poisonous substances of lead and mercury, which sit under your brain, while they come into contact with your food. Even my father, who had a cavalier attitude toward industrial poisons, used to limit our dental x-rays, so we always signed a release, although we did get them on a more seldom basis, as our friend, Doctor Moser, or one of his assistants, moved into the next room before they shot x-rays into our heads, making sure we were first wearing lead aprons, while I always took the extra precaution of cupping my hands over my testes. I have been to a dentist exactly once in the last twenty-five years, and that was only because I'm an old man who chipped his rear molar on a kernel of popcorn. I chose not to have the tooth filled, or removed, while it still sits happy, harmless, and painfree in my mouth.

Playmate Julie Peterson understands these things, because she's a chiropractor, who studied at Life University, while her old alma mater discourages vaccinations, so it has hosted anti-vaccination

advocates as speakers including Doctor Andrew Wakefield, Secretary Robert Kennedy, and Del Bigtree.

As Julie helps my health, through her aquibibulous advice, my other birthday sister, who posed for Playboy, at the same time, neither helped nor harmed me, although I hope that she profited from the modeling fees and the launchpad she acquired not only through her own posing but through the enemy's positioning of her in my favorite magazine, which led to her feature in a t.v. show that was many people's favorite.

While the enemy sought through Julie to lead my father to Playboy, they repeated their move with my other birthday sister, since they hoped to use her to lead my friend, Scott Patten, to Playboy.

Erika Eleniak also had the same birthday as me, only this time to the year, while she appeared almost two years after I had rejected the advances of Ella Richardson, who had a lookalike placed in Playboy, Alana Soares, but before I was having sex with my second girlfriend, Charlotte Large, who had a lookalike placed in Playboy, Saskia Linssen, while I refused to consider Lilith von Foerster, who had a lookalike placed in Playboy, Alison Armitage, while I was having sex with my first girlfriend, Wendy Johnson, who had two different lookalikes placed in Playboy, Helle Michaelsen and Wendy Kaye, and I also refused to consider Chrissy Roberts, who had two lookalikes placed in Playboy, Laurie Jo Wood and Jennifer Jackson, in back-to-back issues, right after our families met in New York, and hypnotism misfired, so I

was struck not by my childhood friend but by the attractiveness of her younger sister.

Back at Pomona College, Scott had the only television of anyone I knew on campus, and I know he was not a reader of my favorite magazine. In our sophomore year, we were watching Star Search, as it featured the appearance of Lynne Austin. I remembered Lynne when she posed as the Playmate of the Month in July 1986, placed there because of her resemblance to my classmate and friend, Amy Korban, two years after their placement of Kim Evenson the summer I returned from Germany, when I noticed, from her data sheet, that she had been born at an army base in the same country. I kept hoping for a blonde who would stack up to my favorite brunettes, and I was hypnotized to admire these ladies, so, like many others, but not the months I missed, they stuck in my mind. I pointed Lynne out to Scott, when she appeared on television, but he insisted I was wrong, so I know he did not read Playboy.

That was back in the Eighties, in Harwood Court, which was used on television for the girls' dorm in the popular series, The Facts of Life. None of us knew this at the time, although we knew our college connected to film and t.v., industries in which my friends and classmates would participate. So, I watched Star Search with my friend, Scott Patten, who would work as a grip, a best boy, and in the electrical department, rigging lights, sound, and cameras on Twenty Bucks, The Ballad of Little Jo, The Usual Suspects, The Truth About Cats And Dogs,

The Cable Guy, Boogie Nights, 3:10 To Yuma, Gemini Man, and Inception. And our friend, Noah Lerner, who has won the Emmy four times, while he worked as a director for ShowTime, ESPN Sports, and HBO, and was the son of Murray Lerner, who won the Academy Award, when he wasn't filming the first electrical performance of Bob Dylan, was also a feature, in Scott's messy room, probably watching Star Search, if he wasn't with his girlfriend, since we had all been roommates in Walker Hall. We avoided the filming of Quantum Leap on campus, by Carnegie Hall, where we could have been extras, but we all watched Star Trek, whose pilot was targeted at our freshman courtyard, as the show would later take the Borg from the nickname of Oldenborg Center. But, for sure, we didn't watch The Facts of Life, which I had given up after my time at a real boarding school, super-fun, when I learned to play squash racquets, and to fence, at Andover.

Still, just because it's goofy, and it fits with the theme of this chapter, so I actually considered giving it the title, I feel like singing the song, right now, so you can join me if you want, or you can flip the page.

You take the good, you take the bad,
You take them both, and there you have
The facts of life, the facts of life.

There's a time you got to go and show
You're growing now you know about
The facts of life, the facts of life.

When the world never seems
To be living up to your dreams
And suddenly you're finding out
The facts of life are all about you!

You-oo-oo-oo-oo—oo-oo-oooh!

That's pretty much what I learned from parenthood, and in therapy, that it wasn't just about fun times with my daughter but also the times when she was sick, or angry, or whatever, as I helped her grow into her own strength, giving her useful tools and experiences, molding her character, so she could encounter any difficulty, any setback, with confidence—and get her confidence back if she ever lost it.

Just as a painter uses different colors on the palette, for contrast, lights and darks, hots and colds, rich and lean, placing them onto the canvas, or the panel, so they each embolden and empower each other, allowing them to say things they could not say by themselves, to carry otherwise untransmittable messages, while even the apparently monochromatic masterpieces of Andrew Wyeth have thousands of shades, within their narrowly focused spectrum, and subtle contrasts, as they demand a more sophisticated critic, the same painter would not paint in only one color, because orange was happy and bright, and it made him smile, doing the same twee subject, over and over, again and again, with saccharine shots of sunrises, sunsets, and sand, so, in the

same way, I find that a full life involves happy and sad moments, heavy and light times, good and bad feelings, from a full paintbox of emotions and experiences, to grow one's being, because life's not only a beach, but it's also a bitch, and that's how I like it—which is exactly the message from that goofy song on our bunny-eared eighties television.

The Facts of Life ran for nine seasons on the National Broadcasting Company, from right before I started fifth grade, when we moved to Unionville, to right before I moved into the dormitory that provided scenery for the show. It gave healthy messages to young people, while it openly addressed their problems regarding lesbianism, teenage sex, drug use, eating disorders, and peer pressure. And while my other birthday Playmate never appeared in the show, she acted in competing programs, on the idiot box, when we were teenagers, like Silver Spoons and The New Leave It To Beaver.

Erika Eleniak, who had played Eliot's little sister in E.T., giving Reese's Pieces to her extra-terrestrial houseguest, went on to play Shauni McClain, in the pilot of Baywatch, which premiered on the luciferian sabbat of Mabon, or the Autumnal Equinox, the birthday of my nephew, Wyatt Shelley, which begins the satanic Season of Harvest, exactly one week before our shared twentieth birthday, when she posed in Playboy.

There she stood, nautically naked, sporting a captain's hat, an epauletted navy jacket, and a makeshift skirt, hiding nothing, as she

stared straight into the camera, while her centerfold, like so many others, is a masterpiece of photographic art.

Erika's body is smaller than I would prefer, while my girlfriends were slightly hefty, excelling in dance and sport, and my favorite models from that summer were the musclebody of K.C. Winkler, the beachbodies of the Van Breeschooten Twins, and the womanly Scandinavian, Helle Michaelsen, who was meant to resemble my girlfriend.

Erika is given extra dimensions through tricks of the camera, so the lateral stripes of her skirt widen her hips, as they stand in contrast to the anchor-motif braces, which form diagonal lines narrowing her waist, also contrasted to her hips, while these inch-wide strips of stretchy fabric start the upper half of a triangle, which culminates in the smaller triangle of her thighs, which fold over the bottom of her bush, forming a subliminal triskelion, as she crosses her standing legs, to further widen her hips, by contrast, so her thighs and knees form another set of triangles, at the bottom of the page.

Her breasts are widened, by the loose open jacket, and a second set of lateral lines below her shoulders, and her elbows, each crooked, enhances the widening, while a series of double-ess curves carries the viewer's eye in so many routes around her body, with her hand hitching up her skirt at the same time it pulls down against her brass-clipped suspenders, to pick up where the down-pointed anchors left off, making the largest of end-stopped arrows, capped with the

finger-lined rectangle of her open fist, clenched and relaxed, as it points to her bush, next to the other large arrow connected to her other hand, where her face forms the base of another sideways triangle, and her pink claws point down to the spiral that culminates in her dusky nipple.

There her eyes, even with her elbow, break all the rules, since their lovely light blue clashes with the darker blue of her uniform, while her polished nails break the same rules to clash with her aureola, so there are two intelligent plays on a perfectly chosen palette to draw the reader's eye to the ovals and circles that are highlighted by the brass porthole on the riveted wall, which clashes with the steel dial of the engine drive, in a third play on the color scheme.

The entire thing is a masterpiece of contrapposto with tension balanced against relaxation, up balanced against down, curves balanced against lines, and triangles always broken, as they meet with ovals, circles, spirals, and rectangles, always in meaningful ways, while the interrupted circle of the speed dial takes you back, at each end, to her bush, surrounded by its subliminated triskelion, and its handle takes you up, again, not only to the theta-spiral of her breast but to her head, surrounded artfully, by her tousled but styled flaxen hair.

There we find another interrupted circle, so the brass porthole, and the brass handle take you to her face, where they clash with the braid on her cap, next to the clash of her claws, and the clash of her eyes, and the clash of her hair, while this stands against the steel circle that leads to the body part you're supposed to see in Playboy.

Everything is clean and simple, which befits a boat, while the whole thing was accomplished using only variations of the primary colors of red, yellow, and blue, with no secondaries, as her body stands against thousands of whites.

The symbols say she is the captain, and together you can go up or down the diagonal straight line of the ladder, which has its own complementary geometry, as it foils her curves—or you both can place your hands covering hers, or hers covering yours, fingers interlocking, forearms stroking, communicating with each other, on the drive stick connected to the circular gauge, not remotely vulgar, as you take the powerful engine, driving the ship, on the ocean, under the sky, through each of its speeds of stop, standby, slow, half, and full ahead.

The centerfold, tasteful as ever, would have made a cool dorm-room poster for someone who wanted to turn off any coed he took back to his room, wrecking his chances for a make-out session, but that was not remotely our style, and I'd love to teach it in my college courses, where I show students these kinds of visual tricks in art and advertising, but that's not possible either, since these centerfolds didn't receive the treatment they deserve, as real artworks, even when college libraries carried Playboy, for which you had to approach the desk to request the spools of microfilm encased in oaktag boxes.

Still, it probably had something to do with the model's appearance, typecast in sea-side or sea-faring rôles, not only as the first star of Baywatch, on the beach full of rescues, professionalism, and fun,

but more as a co-starring actress, starring in Under Siege, which featured Steven Seagal as a former Navy SEAL, who fights a group of mercenaries, after they take over, pirate-style, on the U.S.S. Missouri.

What the enemy wanted was a bet. They wanted Scott and me to watch Baywatch upon its premiere, or in its first season. Then I would tell him that Erika Eleniak, who played Shauni McClain, was a Playboy Playmate, who even shared my birthday. Scott would refuse to accept this, just as he refused to accept my take on Lynne Austin, so I would retrieve the magazine, from my room, to settle the wager, and I would probably have let him keep the thing, starting him with the erotic periodical, just as the enemy had sought to start me with erotic graphic novels through his earlier possession of a hardback Druuna from France.

Too bad I was busy drinking wine, and listening to classical music, with my girlfriend, in the hacienda-style tower of her old-fashioned dormitory, where we had sex, and I learned my way around the bodies of real women, at her ladies' college, where she held the dance scholarship.

I never watched Baywatch, not once, and I didn't even know of its existence for another five years, or so, when it would hit its peak, although the enemy had also tried to promote our interest in the show through the near-drowning of my friend, Britton Shepard, who had to be rescued with a helicopter, from the Pacific, during its first season, while I studied at Cambridge.

Our friend, Noah, who had swum with him, at Manhattan Beach, or possibly Hermosa, said, in a friendly moment,

*You must have been embarrassed when you
saw that helicopter....*

But Britton said, correctly, that while the waves threatened to drag him under, and he coughed up water, on the California Coast, his last concern was embarrassment, so the chopper was one of the happiest sights of his twenty-year life.

Baywatch was probably too close to home, once the danger had passed, and I learned the story only from noting how pale and bloated our friend looked in a photograph, asking if he were sick, down with mononucleosis, like two years before, while Erika Eleniak, playing Shauni McClain, was soon supplanted by a different Playmate, Pamela Anderson, playing Casey Jean, or “C.J.,” Parker, who posed the following winter after her centerfold, just when I travelled across the Atlantic to study at Cambridge, and right before my buddy almost drowned in the Pacific.

Pamela Anderson is an amazing lady, who engages in political activism for many of the same causes that I support. She has been active to free Julian Assange, who exposed the crimes of the government through WikiLeaks. She is a vegan, while I am merely a vegetarian, who sometimes cheats on shrimp, just so I can toss the shells

on a page of the Koran, which I use for a doily on my plate. (It's really fun especially since the words for Allah, Gabriel, and Mohamed appear in red script, so you can smear the cocktail sauce on the sacred words of the sand niggers using the tail of an unclean bottomfeeder as a brush). Like me, Pamela is an activist for animal rights and welfare, with respect to People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, or PETA, who fight against animal experiments at universities, their public abuse at rodeos, fairs, and circuses, and their murder and maltreatment through the agriculture and fashion industries. And like me, but so much more, she supports Paul Watson, who has exposed the murder of millions of adorable baby seals, as sponsored by the Canadian government, at a loss of money, and Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, which she joined in OPERATION GRINDSTOP, to protest the annual dolphin hunt in the Faroe Islands, while she serves on its Media and Arts Advisory Board, and she turned on the charm to write Vladimir Putin, the President of Russia, asking him to stop a ship carrying whale meat from leaving for Japan. And none of this would have happened, just as I never would have become an activist, if the scum had not kept hounding us, so we are forced to bring it down on them, as they suffer, through our actions, in the Deep Underground Military Bases.

But first Pamela was part of a plot, as she was discovered, at a football game, through something called the Jumbotron, while, just as my birthday was arranged at Michaelmas, Pamela was hyped as the Centennial Baby since she was the first child born within the Dominion

of Canada upon the one-hundredth anniversary of its founding through the Constitution Act.

In the Nineties, no one had an internet connection, so my mother and I still call it “the last time things were normal.” So, the enemy, which created the internet, through DARPA, and ARPANET, as it promotes the Fourth Industrial Revolution, sought to hype the newly developed medium through established methods of mind control. These, in Pamela’s case, were the television and magazines, so Pamela was promoted there in order to lure wrong-minded people to their first internet connection.

Pamela was inordinately promoted through Playboy, as she holds the record for the model to appear on the most covers, formerly held by Marilyn Monroe, otherwise used for mind control, at the suspicious number of fourteen. She never grabbed me, although she looked great in her red one-piece suit, so why would this model, and not another, appear on the cover so often? One might ask why the flabby body of Marilyn, the goddess of the gayboys, and her dumb blonde act, would appeal to anyone, so she held the former record of six covers. And, indeed, one might ask why any model, whoever she was, would be such a favorite to a publication that regards women’s bodies, like women, as disposable and replaceable. So, the Playboy Ideal, unlike the life of a real man like me, is not to settle down in a relationship, but to move constantly from one conquest to another, seeking variety just like the protagonist of a work put forward by their scumbag cartoonist, Shel

Silverstein, who fucked over a thousand women, though he never fathered a child, while, encouraging misbehavior, in cutesified doggerel, he remains mysteriously popular as a children's author:

The Missing Piece

Something's missing, though the answer becomes clear once one realizes that movies, television, and magazines are not just controlled by the Central Intelligence Agency, Army Seventh Psychological Operations Group, and Military Intelligence Section Seven, or MI-7, just as the Air Force, through Lookout Mountain, and the Navy, through its Offices of Naval Research and Intelligence, shaped the music that came from Los Angeles, but they are targeted not only at particular people, like me, through the placement of particular models, articles, and interviews, along with characters and plots in movies and film, but at entire demographics for the purposes of mind control.

The first issue of Playboy was published by the access agent, Hugh Hefner, in December 1953, when my father was twelve. This featured Marilyn Monroe, as the covergirl, while she posed inside as the Sweetheart of the Month, since they hadn't yet come up with the title of Playmate. Monroe was an established actress, who had appeared in a dozen films, over six years, before that year, when she simultaneously crested with Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and How To Marry A Millionaire. Of course, Hefner would want her for his new magazine,

but the magazine didn't exist, while it started with a mere six hundred dollars of his own money, a loan from his mother, and several thousand from other investors.

Why would an established star pose for this rag? And why would Norma Jeane Mortenson, who restyled herself as Marilyn Monroe, be famous in the movies to begin with? Why would homosexuals, like Elton John, write songs in her honor, so everyone could remember her? Why would her image, rendered by the child molester, Andy Warhol, who consorted with the DuPonts and the Wyeths in the Brandywine Valley, where I live, keep her legend alive? Why would she be used as the mistress of the rapist Irish, President John F. "Jack" Kennedy and Attorney General Robert F. "Bobby" Kennedy, who connect back to the DuPonts and the Wyeths, while they were each assassinated by the Central Intelligence Agency? And why would Marilyn herself be murdered by the same deep state operatives?

Obviously, the little boys and their bitches seek to ruin everything in sight, while their idea of a woman is Marilyn Monroe, or her canook counterpart, Jacqueline "Jackie" Onassis, and their idea of class is the gutter upstarts who alternately fucked the blonde, and the brunette, possibly together, in the criminal Kennedy Clan, as they always smash their tools, and despise their heros, but the deeper move is to use one set of established mind control media to move people to a new set of mind control media.

So, with Marilyn, they lured gullible boys from the movies to the magazines, then with Pamela, they lured the same audience, forty years later, from magazines and television to the newly formed internet, which the United Nations insists that everyone should have, promoted under the Sustainable Development Goal of Education, so everyone who is fifteen or older should carry a connected hand-held device as part of the New World Order.

Pamela's t.v. show, on which my Playmate, Erika Eleniak, had earlier appeared, as both women, and at least two others, moved from the magazine onto the television, enjoyed eleven seasons, while it had a weekly international audience of more than one billion viewers. Right at the height of Pamela's fame, a scumbag stole a private video of her having sex with her husband. The only way to see that video was to go on the newly established internet, so, if you were that kind of pervert, you needed to get your first internet hook-up. Then you could lead the way, as the first kid on the block to have the new toy, in a decade when internet access grew from zero percent to fifty percent, or half, of all Americans.

As her video was leaked onto the world wide web in exactly the middle of that decade, 1995, while active use of the internet went from one percent of our country before that year, to fourteen percent of our country in that year, to twenty-two percent of our country in the year following, the entire internet was launched all because of Pamela Anderson.

Like any red-blooded person, and like me for my daughter, Pamela fought back in court. She filed several lawsuits, and, while one settled, and another got a favorable injunction from a good judge, which was unenforceable as a practical matter, a third got an unfavorable ruling from a bad judge. So, her image was moved, without her consent, from Baywatch, where she wore a swimsuit, and Playboy, where she posed tastefully naked, to Penthouse, which stole pictures of this lady and her husband, as they invaded her privacy, and to the internet, so, now, if I just wanted to see a sexy photo from the good old days, my search results would be full of images from a video I would never watch along with photographs of other men's penises.

Pamela is a survivor, who was abused by her babysitter, as a child, where she had the survivor's instinct to attack. She thought for years that she had killed the scum with her magic powers, since she had cursed her attacker in some form of rite, and the bitch died immediately afterwards. The important thing is not whether curses work, but she used her utmost power, as she believed, to take out her enemy, so her self-esteem remained strong, and, of course, she would do the same to whoever attacked.

I do not know how justice was served to the piece of garbage who raped her body when she was twelve, or to her first boyfriend, and six of his buddies, who wanted to be around each other's penises, while they assaulted a child, doubtless including her ass, to prove they were straight, but her affinity to animals during her troubled teenage years, a

time when she couldn't trust any human, inspired her later activism including through the launch of The Pamela Anderson Foundation.

Pamela did not tell her mother of this disgusting attack, since, with her father gone, and her mother working two jobs, always crying, she did not want to place an extra burden on her parent. So, the enemy used her nobility, her strength, and her sense of service and sacrifice against this excellent person, as she stepped up to take the rôle of parent, protecting her mother from hard realities, while both her parents took the rôles of children.

It is so like them to use someone's goodness against that person, but, still, this only made her stronger, while their favorite trick is to use someone's positive qualities to cause others harm, but, even then, it often doesn't work.

They did this to me, since I was slated to have Judge Irvine, the brother of my host, Charlie, hear my case in court, when the mother wrongly appealed the judgement that gave me one-third of the time with my daughter because, in part, of her false accusations of incestuous baby-rape. I had the wrong idea that everything should be ethical, and that my friendship with the judge's family would provide an unfair advantage. Here, too, my intelligence, wrongly applied, made me think that the mother could find grounds for a further appeal if we had a biased judge. So, I asked Judge Irvine to recuse himself, which he did. This certainly cost me money, as the appeal dragged on, but I held my position, continuing to see my child, and winning the appeal, with the

extra bonus that I never could have obtained otherwise. So, the satanic faggots, and their little bitches, lost again, as they made me stronger.

Because I went over to Judge Swett, who felt that everyone could benefit from correctly applied therapy, chosen by themselves, I learned consciousness techniques, used for fighting the enemy, and for winning at life, which go back thousands of years. I became a better person, a better father, and a better friend, while I manipulated others, since I had for teachers, person to person, people who learned, person to person, from an English spymaster, John Godolphin Bennett, who learned from a Russian spymaster, George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, as they carried forward what are only handy tricks from the days of Babylon, where the enemy invented banking, and of pre-sand Egypt, where the enemy invented monotheism. So, because of my mistake, which cost me only money, as I combined my newly acquired knowledge, and growth of being, with what I learned of cybernetics and microwave attacks, I woke up, I recovered my memories, and I achieved my goal, expressed in brainwashing sessions, of fighting the enemy with my conscious mind, in my waking life, so I became the most advanced practitioner of the Work.

Something I learned in therapy, as Judge Swett had asked me to do, was to encourage open lines of communication with my daughter, so she always felt she could tell me anything at all. This connected to an understanding that not all experiences would be pleasant, as the feelings of pain, loss, or disappointment, not to mention

others, were simply part of life. I worked always to allow my child space to experience unpleasant things in her own way, while I mirrored her responses, telling stories of my own, nested within larger stories, through hypnotic technique. So, while I got, as a child, with every bee-sting and brush-burn,

THAT DOESN'T HURT,

I gave to my daughter,

Wow. I bet that really hurts.

Then I would go on to tell a tale, real or imagined, about a time I felt pain, but how, eventually, it diminished, and I moved on to other pleasant things and successes, and we both moved on to ice cream, or soda pop, and I never presented her with a moral, which would be telling her what to think, just as the Sufi teaching stories that I learned through the Gurdjieff Work never draw conclusions, working only by suggestion. I did not spoonfeed ideas to my daughter, but I helped her to digest her own experiences in her own way.

Meanwhile, she was tough as nails, and there was no crying, or very seldom, only adult processing of emotions and experiences, and there were plenty of times, before we broke, when I told her she would just have to deal with something, whether she liked it or not, without telling her what she should think or feel but simply what she needed to do.

My style is naturally avoidant, as is my daughter's, and a real psychologist will tell you that this is a more successful approach to reality than the touchy-feely business I use to play snowflakes in my classroom or to manipulate people in the businessworld, but a superman needs to know how to use different styles with different people in different situations, regardless of his or her preference.

I am glad I learned how to be more of a listening educator to my daughter, who knew some extra tricks, to teach and share, as her friend, who accepted her as a different person, placing her needs before my desires, or her own, while I encouraged her to listen to herself, to acknowledge her own difficulties, and to speak uncomfortable truths, as I always could also be a fun distraction, and I grew, without avoidance, into a father who accepted that a sheltered home would not provide the best preparation for her life, that I could not, and I should not, protect her from her own decisions, and that our relationship would successfully conclude, and continue, moving on to its next phase, and the next phase for each of us, as a real person, with her telling me to fuck off.

Lily Montgomery will always benefit from my presence in her life, through her first fourteen years of development, as my genetics and my guidance, her blood and her breeding, remain an influence, regardless of whether we have any personal communication in the future, although I regret, not her independent pride to go her own way, and to reject advice or help, but her decision to avoid contact with her

northern family, because of potential unpleasantness, while we could provide, at least sometimes, on occasion, a further source of enrichment and support.

Otherwise, I would note that Pamela's difficulty in communication stemmed also from the lack of correct avoidance in her mother. If her weakling mother had not been such a sob sister, as her family was attacked behind the scenes by the scum, leading to financial, marital, and emotional problems, Pamela would have had a strong figure, like me, as a parent, to whom she could present anything that happened in her life. From time to time, as appropriate, I would tell my daughter about things like rape, and what to do if she were assaulted—not to blame herself, always to tell, how to fight, and so on. But Pamela never got this kind of straight talk, or strength, from her parents. Looking then, at the whole business of interpersonal communications, which I have taught to nurses, as a college course, I would say it is not a matter of avoidant or touchy-feely being better in all instances but rather the ability to distinguish, consciously, and to employ, purposely, either style, as appropriate, while each of these competing methods is a tool in the kit of a master, not an end in itself to judge slaves, and their environments, or to give false meaning, and structure, to slaves, as they work to fit square pegs into round holes. And those tools, those approaches, themselves, have higher and lower forms—not to mention proper and improper uses.

Somehow, Pamela Anderson turned out okay, although I guess it could have gone the other way, just as it could have gone with me. This shows her native strength, carried through genetics, and her nordic bloodlines. She is like Tarzan, the Earl of Greystoke, who although he lost his parents as a baby, and he grew up in the wilderness, raised by apes, he naturally rose to become their lord, a point from which he could return to face a new set of challenges in the different environment of his grandfather's estate in Scotland.

I feel honor for this woman, as we share causes, and luciferian birthdays, while she was a writer, publishing books, and scribbling all along, long before I established myself as a journalist and an author, so sometimes the rocky start, and the horrible experiences, of a child can forge strength into a person, so they wake up earlier and they fight harder.

Nonetheless, I am happy that my daughter never had to suffer the way that Pamela did, while her father was absent, and she felt she needed to protect her mother from her own unpleasant experiences, as the unstable woman worked at two jobs, constantly crying, trying to make ends meet.

And it was all because I got lucky in front of a favorable judge, with some possible help from some friendly guardian spirits, in a series of miracles, while, because of my native strength, my enormous intelligence, and the support of my family, I earned two million dollars in a twelve-year period, largely working four-day weeks, and taking

two-hour lunches, while I spent one-third to one-quarter of every year with my winner of a daughter, travelling the entire country, so I gave her the lady-warrior upbringing that was her right, until she turned fourteen, at the cost of a million dollars, which I would gladly pay a million times over, along with thirty trips to family court, while my child, who is now an adult, and a successful independent actress, and self-starter, became only stronger in my absence.

BOOK SIX: BACK TO BERLIN

My daughter's mother continued her fight against me, herself, and our child, since she asked again for a dramatic reduction in my time only eighteen months after we met Judge Swett.

As Lily reached the age of five, the state required her attendance in kindergarten, moving into elementary school, which required her vaccination with thirty different shots, including five doses for diphtheria, tetanus, and whooping cough, four doses for polio, four doses for pneumococcal disease, four doses for *hæmophilus influenzae* type b, three doses for rotavirus, three doses for hepatitis b, two doses for hepatitis a, two doses for measles, mumps, and rubella, two doses for chickenpox, and one dose for respiratory syncytial virus, so it's amazing that my darling girl turned out so very healthy.

The Center for Disease Control now recommends more than seventy-two doses per child, with contributions accepted from the companies they regulate, a revolving door that facilitates the interchange of industry executives and government regulators, and virtual immunity from suit supplied to the vaccine makers, while their vaccines are contaminated with deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA, including from the Simian Virus, or SV-40, proven to cause cancer, in amounts up to more than sixty-two thousand percent, or more than six hundred and twenty times, in excess of the regulatory limits set by the Food and Drug Administration, or the FDA, and the World Health Organization, or the WHO, as doctors have called for a total halt to

vaccines that modify ribonucleic acid, or RNA, and some of these vaccines contain supposedly medical nanotechnology, like the cybernetics used against us all, so that tiny robots are put into human systems to form part of the Fourth Industrial Revolution.

It's no wonder that chronic disease consumes over half our children, who are required to take more vaccines than any children in any other country, increasing toxic spike proteins, autoimmune diseases, and outright death, while autism has increased by a factor of five over the last forty years.

Vaccines increase the risk of this disease, something admitted by expert government witnesses, like Doctor Andrew Zimmerman, a board-certified paediatric neurologist who served as Director of Medical Research at the Center for Autism and Related Disorders of the Kennedy Krieger Institute and the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, while he reviewed a report on vaccines and autism, in the year of my daughter's birth, for the National Academy of Sciences at the request of the Center for Disease Control and Prevention, or CDC, the National Institute of Health, or NIH, and the Institute of Medicine—and that's not even counting the willful destruction of data admitted by Doctor William Thompson, of the Center for Disease Control and Prevention, as to increased risk of autism among negroes from the vaccine everyone gets against measles, mumps, and rubella.

But back then I was completely ignorant of the dangers, as I busied myself not with the vaccination schedule that concerns the family doctors who sued in Thomas v. Monarez but rather with the visitation schedule that allowed me to see my daughter in Shelley v. Montgomery.

Because of the demands of school, which required the administration of dangerous vaccines, along with the brainwashing and imprisonment of children, the order that allowed me to have one-third of the time, with one full week out of every five, and a separate four-day weekend, no longer worked. I had reached the point where I could no longer afford a lawyer, nor did I think I needed one. So, I went in to court by myself, asking that each parent, no matter who, should have the largest possible amount of visitation with our child in order to maintain the healthy environment in which she thrived. The mother did not agree, while she asked that I pay her legal bills, but the judge saw it differently. The same lady who had threatened to throw me in jail did not remember our case, while she was pleased to hear of a child doing well—something made possible by my calling my daughter's teachers as witnesses. For these reasons, for every year, she gave me six weeks of summer vacation, plus one week of school vacation, and alternating four-day weekends. My time was reduced to one-quarter, but it was still good, as I held my own, although I lost legal custody with the mother to have sole power as to any medical decisions—since the judge felt she had to take something away from an out-of-state father.

Any appeal would go before Judge Swett, who had met with us, intelligently choosing a conference room rather than the court, for an earlier hearing. There I had appealed my conviction for contempt, but I agreed, at his suggestion, to put the matter off, reserving my rights, until we reached a resolution in the court below.

The mother had run out of money, as her lawyer grew tired of her bullshit. Ellen Arthur was fed up with her clients, while she planned to move into a career at the legislature. I had brought pressure on her through my connections in the county, which reached into her social circle, so she was starting to look bad, losing other clients, as the stories spread. And I was delighted to hear she had acquired cancer, which doubtless gave her a new perspective, leading her to question the wisdom of her career choices, as she faced her mortality, and she felt the need to marshal her resources in order to use her energy, steadily diminished, and diminishing, to fight a potentially mortal disease. Because I knew it would help, I shook her hand, an act distasteful to me, but useful to my goals, which I had refused to do at our first meeting, but now I did with graciously convincing but secretly false aplomb. She felt she had earned my respect, something she plainly did not have from her difficult, insane, and impecunious client, so that is where, whatever our differences, we chose, as grown-ups, to end the matter.

Having entered into therapy, approximately once a month, for a year, at the farmhouse of a witchy Jungian, Babette Jenny, and drawn to Gurdjieff, I had acquired a belief in signs and symbols,

accompanied by strange powers, and destiny, which was reenforced by my encounter with the magic turtle upon my daughter's birth, and the miracles in the courthouse, giving us the enemy doctor's notes, and turning the heart of the judge, not to mention in my office, where I brought in a hundred-billion-dollar deal, during a time of global financial panic, so I was struck by another sign, when I executed the papers drafted by me, which would form our court order for the next eight years, as I forewent my right to appeal, since a beautiful double rainbow appeared in the sky, when I left the house of my friends, to emblemize the peace that would govern a new age in my daughter's life.

I was working to let go of my sense of rightness, which connected to my anger, as I learned not to trigger the borderline psychotic with whom I would try, again, to work, for the benefit of my daughter. I came to see how little things that a normal person would not even notice, and would be wrong to notice, were extremely threatening, on a subjective level, to an insane weakling who had felt under attack for her entire life. By not scaring the mother, and by stroking her, and by stopping my rightful insults and provocations, I could get the job done, and not set her off, so she wouldn't act out.

This involved a personality change, as I developed my peaceful side, suspending judgement, lowering my standards, and tolerating losers, as I had worked to do when I lived above the deep underground military base, into which I was kidnapped, and below the

palace, which provided a headquarters for a cult, not to mention a meeting place for the highest level of conspirators, later replaced by the castle, up the road, with a member of whose family I have since become friends because of my third book, which treated my time at the Blue Ridge Terrace, below Swannanoa, next to Royal Orchard, on Afton Mountain.

I really worked to open myself, as I embraced strange beliefs, through my encounters with the Work, Sufism, and other systems, full of useful knowledge, and flaky nonsense, taught to me, in particular, by John Hutcherson, who led a group in the enemy hub of Malta, while he began his journey as a student of John Godolphin Bennett, who had served as the Head of Division B, British Military Intelligence, in the ancient city of spies, known as Constantinople, then as Istanbul, where he met, and studied under, George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff, who had worked as a spymaster, for the Russians, in the Anglo-Tibetan War.

They might be giants, but I am sure they did not know the silly song by the group of that name, which comes to me now.

Istanbul was Constantinople.
Now it's Istanbul, not Constantinople.
Been a long time gone, Constantinople.
Now it's Turkish delight on a moonlit night.

Every gal in Constantinople
Lives in Istanbul, not Constantinople,
So if you have a date in Constantinople,
She'll be waiting in Istanbul!

Even old New York was once New Amsterdam.
Why they changed it, I can't say.
People just liked it better that way.

So take me back to Constantinople.
No, you can't go back to Constantinople.
Been a long time gone, Constantinople.

Why did Constantinople get the works?
That's nobody's business but the Turks'!

And I did not know the significance of John Bennett's connection to the spy world, as he had responsibility for the fate of the entire Middle East at the end of the First World War, any more than this good man, who did not understand how he was being played, understood the significance of the out-of-body experience he had in a military hospital.

So, he started not only his search for deeper wisdom but also an affair with the woman who became his second wife, a morphine addict, twenty years his senior, as he gave up custody of his first child, granting a divorce to his first wife, before he left the world of

industrialism, behind, more than twenty years later, rejecting a seat on the board of British Petroleum, all so he could finally get it right with his third wife, Elizabeth Mayall, as he went on to found schools of wisdom at Coombe Springs and Sherbourne House.

John Hutcherson, John Bennett, and I each experienced strange coincidences, sensing the thoughts of others, and believing in higher powers, while, to one degree or another, we were separated from our children, as we misread the microwave attacks, using the technologies described in the appendices to this book, that failed to harm any one of us, in any meaningful way, since enemy action only enriched our lives and strengthened our beings.

While Bennett wrote of hazard, everyone is not so lucky, so, while some would say that chess represents our lives in that we win or lose through intelligence, others prefer backgammon, which contains a random element, since not everyone starts with the same advantages, or disadvantages, and anyone can encounter a run of good or bad luck, while in my late twenties, as a young college professor, before I became a corporate lawyer, I preferred poker, played at the farmhouse then rented by my hippy friends, and otherwise used as a safehouse by the enemy, into which I was later kidnapped, as I was drugged and lifted from a local bistro, on two different occasions, since skills in lying, and reading lies, not to mention telling truths, through subtle body language, along with trust in luck, and knowledge of odds, all combine in a game we played for friendly low stakes.

Rudolf Hess was not so lucky, but he did the right thing, as he embraced eternal return, and would follow his destiny again and again, and again, millions of times, changing nothing, if he had the chance to relive his life, while he lost his freedom, his wife, and his son, witnessing the destruction of his life's work, as his country was overrun by criminals, mouthing hypocrisy, so he failed in his noble effort to stop the deaths of millions of innocent people. He never asked for mercy, or stooped beneath his dignity, while he was judged by more than two hundred insane psychologists, in connection with an unfair trial that sentenced him to life in prison. On top of it all, history obscures his achievement, due to the action of the conspiracy, while the show trial that put him away was virtually erased by the destruction of his jail, and his grave, because of the lie of World War Two.

Hess was a Nazi, pure and simple, who served as the number-two person in his country in his capacity as Reichsminister without Portfolio, and Deputy Führer, while he earlier went to prison, with Adolf Hitler, after an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the government of Bavaria, and ultimately Germany, in the Beer Hall Putsch. Doing always what he felt was best for his country, he helped Hitler to write Mein Kampf, as his personal secretary, relaying, in part, the ideas of his former teacher, from whom he had learned geopolitics, Professor General Karl Haushofer. Then he moved on, and up, in the party, until, in the middle of the war, he stole an airplane, which he flew,

solo, more than one thousand miles, in a daring bid to enter into peace talks, with the enemy, only to be arrested for what became a life in jail.

The Nuremberg Trials were supposed to be a show of impartial justice, but, like many actions of the legal system, they were nothing but an obscene exercise in hypocrisy, since to be accused was to be convicted, so each guilty verdict was a fait accompli. Hess left Germany long before any Jews had been killed, so he had nothing to do with the Holocaust, where the suffering of one group was exaggerated so as to form the basis for the founding of Israel. But, still, he was tried for Crimes Against Humanity, and War Crimes, as to which charges he was acquitted, while he was convicted solely for the charges of Conspiracy and Crimes Against Peace.

Major-General Iona Timofeievich Nikitchenko, or Иона Тимофеевич Никитченко, wrote the judgement, while he had earlier presided over some of the most notorious show trials in Soviet Russia, where Joseph Stalin, whom Adolf Hitler was fighting, had killed forty million people, or twice the number done in by the Nazis, at a time when the Russians brutally gang-raped more than two million German women, in, and following, the Battle of Berlin, and American soldiers raped roughly two hundred thousand German women as part of the Allied Occupation. As commanding officers joked about these crimes, the Nuremberg Tribunals refused even to bring charges against Nazis who had raped Jewish Women, while no charges were brought, or applied, to anyone among the British, French, Americans, or Russians.

Hess was convicted of Crimes Against Peace, and Conspiracy, since he signed a law requiring compulsory military service, much like the ones used by his enemies to raise their armies, as he supported the vigorous rearmament of his country in speeches made across Germany. He had contact with the Nazi Party in Austria, whose people voted almost unanimously to join their country with Germany, through the Anschluß, in the years before the war, when this political group was prohibited by the laws of its homeland. He signed the laws that unified Austria and Germany, the laws that reincorporated the Sudetenland, which had been part of Austria-Hungary, into Germany, and the laws that incorporated the Polish Corridor, which had been part of Germany, back into Germany, while this required certain groups of Poles to accept citizenship as Germans. This was the entirety of his crime, which was characterized as aggression against Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, who had no judges on the tribunal, as they were occupied by the murderous Russians.

As Hess sat at the front of twenty-four defendants, arranged in two rows, the defeated enemy leader saw the trial as a farce. Surrounded by white-helmeted guards, in a courtroom that smelled of their peppermint gum, since they weren't allowed to smoke during the trial, Hess faced injustice in a city reduced to rubble by its conquerors. Signalling his contempt for a process that delivered twenty-one guilty verdicts, while the three acquittals were found guilty of separate charges later brought in courts that implemented policies of denazification, the

former Deputy Führer spent most of the trial reading a novel, while he made a point not to put on his headphones, so he didn't have to listen to a translation of offensive jibberish, when his verdict was read.

First he was kept in a frigid jail cell, and his warm clothing was taken from him, and when the cell was heated, he was moved to another, while guards shouted insults at the prisoners. Then he was denied access to a lawyer, the right to question witnesses, and the right to plead his own case. Once he was granted legal representation, his lawyer contested the jurisdiction of the court and the non-existence of any applicable law at the time of the alleged crimes. When his lawyer tried to plead for mercy, he attempted to fire him because he accepted responsibility for every legal action he had taken and for every government document he had signed.

His wife was arrested and interned simply for having married him, without an accusation, although she fared better than Sir Oswald Mosley, an aristocrat and a politician, who left Parliament to found the British Union of Fascists, since he, like many others, was imprisoned without charge, and denied habeas corpus, for three years, under Regulation 18B of the Defence (General) Regulations 1939, only because he argued that the British should accept a peace treaty offered by Adolf Hitler.

Sir Oswald's wife, Lady Mosley, was also imprisoned, without charge, immediately after the birth of their son, Max, as infants were torn from their families, so the boy spent his first three years

without his parents, who were never even accused of a crime, while Wolf Rüdiger Hess, who had lost contact with his father at the age of three, when he left on his mission of peace, was taken from his mother, at the age of ten, and admittedly once allowed a visit of a few weeks, before she was finally released a year later.

This was because of their sympathy, and fellow feeling, for Adolf Hitler, while, although, like Napoleon, who caused the deaths of six million people roughly one hundred years earlier, before he was sent to his own private island, as a punishment, the Führer certainly bears some responsibility for the deaths of millions, he comes in only as the third most murderous leader of the Twentieth Century, barely beating out, and soundly beaten by, three others who never faced any sort of official justice, while two of these were counted among the winners in World War Two.

The Belgians, whom the Allies painted as a put-upon and innocent party, in World War One, had committed horrific atrocities in the Congo, so that King Leopold falls just short of Adolf Hitler as one of the four most murderous leaders of the Twentieth Century, while Adolf Hitler barely took the bronze medal with roughly twenty million kills, compared to the silver medalist, Joseph Stalin, whom he was fighting, with roughly forty million kills, or the gold-medal winner, Mao Tse Tung, whom Hitler's allies, the Japanese, were fighting, with roughly sixty million kills.

As the Allies, who committed terrible crimes, hypocritically trumped up charges against the Germans, the legalized persecution of foreign leaders, who had lost a war, was not limited to the Kangaroo Court of Nuremberg, but the internationalists had tried this stuff before, roughly thirty years earlier, after the end of World War One.

Under the Treaty of Versailles, and the London Schedule of Payments, the Central Powers were required to pay one hundred and thirty-two billion gold marks, which amounted to the masonic number of thirty-three billion dollars, in reparations, and, when Germany failed to pay, France and Belgium occupied the Ruhr Valley for more than two years, leading to a worsening of the economic crisis, as the government printed paper money, which contributed to hyperinflation, wiping out any savings held by citizens in Germany, while the occupation contributed to the birth of the Nazis, and their move, in the Beer Hall Putsch.

As Germany continued to default, and its economy tanked, new payment schedules were imposed in 1924, through the Dawes Plan, and in 1928, through the Young Plan, so that Germany would continue to make payments for the next sixty years, just as countries have gone bankrupt, only to enter into refinancings, in sovereign debt crises, during my lifetime, in Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico through the Lost Decade, in which the International Monetary Fund prolonged unsustainable borrowing, transferring private banking losses onto taxpayers, which deepened the region's debt overhang and delayed

necessary market corrections, while the United States faces a looming problem since we have had three debt-ceiling crises in the last fifteen years, and Congress, under President Trump, just authorized an expansion of federal debt, and an increase in the deficit, so the masonic number of three point three trillion dollars (\$3,300,000,000,000.⁰⁰) will be added to the national debt over the next ten years, with the result that, ten years from now, the government, which shuffles money to its fascist partners, will have put the taxpayer on the hook for a debt of fifty-nine trillion dollars (\$59,000,000,000,000.⁰⁰).

That's not even counting the twenty-eight trillion dollars (\$28,000,000,000,000.⁰⁰) in debt that our government will need to refinance in the next three years, at significantly higher rates, so, while the maturing debt was taken out at two percent interest, it will have to be refinanced at five percent interest, so interest costs per year will increase by eight hundred and forty billion dollars (\$840,000,000,000.⁰⁰).

This figure uses not accrual accounting, required by Generally Accepted Accounting Principles, as applied to the fake figures put out by publicly registered companies that leave a money trail to crime, which the Securities and Exchange Commission fails to investigate, but rather cash accounting, where debts only count when they come due, so the actual number of the present national debt is not the commonly bandied figure of thirty-seven trillion dollars (\$37,000,000,000,000.⁰⁰), rising by two million per minute, but rather a grand total of one hundred and forty-three trillion dollars

(\$143,000,000,000,000.00) as revealed by the United States Treasury through its report required by 31 U.S. Code § 331.

The solution is always to borrow more at higher rates, while the bankers work to destroy and enslave not only countries, and companies, but also individuals, planning to impose austerity measures, through which they will eliminate government entitlements, and raise taxes, while the printing of money destroys people's savings and drives up prices, so I was lucky to escape a similar problem in the custody fight for my daughter.

There was a time when I had roughly two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000.00) of debt, while I made roughly one hundred and sixty thousand dollars (\$160,000.00) per year, as I provided my daughter with the upbringing that was her right, so, if I had not had the good fortune to have worked at a firm that won the largest contingency fee in the history of our state, in a shareholder derivative suit, so that my employer paid me a bonus equal to my salary, I would never have dug my way out, while I survived only by living at my parents' house for more than twenty years and later by filing a strategic bankruptcy to eliminate two credit cards under which I had borrowed thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000.00), so I now live within my means, never borrowing, while only recently I eliminated the last five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00) of a student loan, from law school, which was carried at three percent interest.

My daughter grew up, and I won, while the enemy could have easily put me back in a worse position, through the birth of additional bastards, which the law would have required me to support with money I do not have and I cannot earn. I would have been imprisoned for nonpayment, held in contempt of court by a judge, but, fortunately, they destroyed my ability to father children by disgusting attacks against my body and my mind, using the technology described in the appendices to this book. They saved me from certain doom, while they also saved me from additional expenses for my daughter. These I would have gladly paid, borrowing and borrowing, and borrowing, to send her to college, and to take her on additional trips and adventures. But they alienated my teenager from me so I don't even know, at the time of this writing, if she would accept the thousand dollars I would like to give her as a present upon her graduation. And, so, instead of depending on me, she became an independent person who paid her own way, through her beautiful college, all to become a successful actress in independent film and on the stage.

The Germans didn't get so lucky, as the bankers engineered the Wall Street Crash to propel Hitler to power, in accordance with their plan to create Zionist Israel on the same lines as Nazi Germany, and for the same purposes, and to form the United Nations, along with the World Bank, the North American Treaty Organization, and the European Union, not to mention the expansion of communism, which they had always secretly supported, in the murderous regimes of Communist

Russia, under Joseph Stalin, and Communist China, under Mao Tse Tung, so the bankers profited from the creation of World War One, the five-year plans of the Soviet Union, the rearmament of Germany, and the build-up of the army in America, through the creation of the Military-Industrial Complex—not to mention the rebuild of Europe, which they had destroyed, as it later rose like a phoenix through the Marshall Plan.

The scum aren't content to bankrupt people, or countries, as they work to destroy everything in sight, and make untold fortunes, which add up to nothing but zeros on a computerized ledger, because they actually want to lecture people, while they're doing this, and hold phony trials that blame not only fathers, or even mothers, in family court, but also entire countries and their leaders, who have done no worse than the supposed victors in the wars that are deliberately created by the bankers.

So, before they even got to the Nazis, they were pulling this stuff on the Germans, in a war that had nothing to do with any of that, while they demonized not Adolf Hitler but Kaiser Wilhelm, who spoke openly against the persecution of Jews, in his former Empire, and against the Nazis, when they smashed and took the property of the tribe in Kristallnacht, or the Night of Broken Glass, so Article 227 of the Treaty of Versailles created an international court of justice, while it demanded the trial of surrendered enemy, with the result that one year later the French submitted a list, almost two hundred pages long, of supposed war criminals with, at the top, the name of the Kaiser.

They charged General Ludendorff, and others, of crimes like unrestricted submarine warfare, through which the Germans sank the Lusitania, a passenger ship the English had secretly loaded with more than four million rifle bullets and several tons of munitions, so it sank to the bottom in minutes, or the use of chemical weapons, which the Allies also employed, while these were made by Bayer, which later merged with Monsanto, to make agricultural poisons, and genetically modified crops, as it seeks to control your food supply.

Other alleged crimes concerned the raid on Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby, towns the German Navy bombarded without warning, during World War One, while the North Atlantic Treaty Organization would regularly bomb undefended areas, killing civilians, at times when no official war had been declared, as the heirs to the real war criminals claimed to have a moral imperative.

The North American Treaty Organization is the group to which the worst of the Nazis congregated, since Adolf Heusinger, who served as Operations Chief of Hitler's General Staff became the Chairman of the NATO Military Committee, while Reinhard Gehlen worked as a spymaster for Hitler before he became the head of West German Intelligence, and thousands of other Nazi criminals moved to the United States, under OPERATION PAPERCLIP, through P.O. BOX 1142, a secret facility, outside Washington, D.C., run by Military Intelligence Service, based at Fort Hunt, and fed by Camp Ritchie, to staff the newly created United States Air Force, or USAF, National

Aeronautics and Space Administration, or NASA, and Central Intelligence Agency, or CIA.

But before that happened, and before the Allies put the good-guy Nazis on trial at Nuremberg, so everyone could see the impartiality of their justice, and the nobility of their cause, although they later killed Rudolf Hess, while he served his life sentence, they attempted to suppress his story through threats against the American, Colonel Bird, and the Australian, Desmond Zwar, and they demolished his prison, at Spandau, so that everyone would forget, while the Jew, Simon Wiesenthal, a survivor of the concentration camps, who spent his life bringing war criminals to justice, joined the international call for the release of the former Deputy Führer, all to no avail, the Allies were working from the same playbook as they brought trumped-up charges against any available Germans at the end of the First World War.

So, they harped on Germany's violation of a treaty with Belgium, into which it had entered seventy-five years before, while the United States regularly broke treaties with Indians, as it killed tens of millions of buffalo, and committed genocide against hundreds of different nations, and President Andrew Jackson earlier flouted the orders of the Supreme Court to expel the Cherokee from their lands, raping women, and killing others, on the Trail of Tears, but now that America would make the world safe for democracy, Viscount Bryce compiled a false report of atrocities, claiming that the Hun was raping nuns and killing babies.

The Rape of Belgium seems to have been a total fabrication—unlike the stories that would come back from the other side in what was alternatively called the Black Shame, the Black Disgrace, or the Black Horror on the Rhine.

Although Germany was not occupied following the Armistice, under which conditional surrender took place, ending hostilities, on November 11, 1918, at 11:11 a.m., or the eleventh day of the eleventh month, at eleven minutes past the eleventh hour, the Allies did not occupy only the Ruhr, because of failure to make debt payments, but also the Rhineland, as they were scheduled to do for seventeen years, so white women were repeatedly molested, assaulted, and raped by colored soldiers from Senegal, Madagascar, Indochina, Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco, as the niggers, the gooks, and the dirt-worshippers served within the French Army.

These dreadful crimes were repeated roughly twenty years later, when the Moroccan Goumiers, as part of the French Expeditionary Corps, commanded by General Alphonse Juin, raped more than two thousand women and six hundred men, in the Italian countryside, between Naples and Rome, following the Battle of Monte Cassino, as the French once more occupied a country they defeated in a world war, while the Judges at the Nuremberg Trials stated that the Laws of War applied only to enemy nationals, or Germans, not to Allies, so that these hideous atrocities did not count.

Although I had a vague sense that unfair terms were imposed at the Treaty of Versailles, and that atrocities were committed by the Russians in the Second World War, I learned none of this despite my excellent education, as I was fed fake history, including when, as a teenager, I spent a month in West Germany, partly as a guest of a local family, at a time when the terrible atrocities of the Allies, who raped more than two million German women, including many children, were within the living memory not only of everyone's grandparents, who had fought for Nazi Germany, but also of many people's parents, who had grown up in Nazi Germany, and under the Allied Occupation, while one of the professors at my college had served in the Hitler Youth fighting the Russians with a rifle when they took Berlin.

I was just a kid, who learned German because I wanted to drink beer on the school trip, which I did, so I was completely innocent of the crimes committed by the government of my country, and its moronic soldiers, but I find it deeply disturbing to think of how, under those circumstances, I was welcomed into the homes of these friendly people.

The unspoken agreement between the students and the chaperons was that we could drink, and even visit prostitutes, as long as we never, never, never brought up the subject of the war, which would be very impolite to our host families, and I was so stupid that I thought we were giving the Germans a pass, letting bygones be bygones, in our magnanimity, little realizing that the grandmother in whose house I

lived had undoubtedly been violated by scum from my country, during that conflict, in crimes that didn't count, while we ate Ritter chocolate, thinking it was only a neat foreign snack, because the survivors of sexual assaults by American soldiers were regularly given Hershey bars, as they were made to fuck for food.

In Berlin, we visited the Olympic Stadium, designed by Albert Speer, an architect who was imprisoned for twenty years at the Nuremberg Trials, and I drank a cup of coffee I had ordered from a vendor in my new language, feeling all grown-up, at the age of fourteen, as it spoke to my imagination, while the glories of its athletes were made famous by the ground-breaking films of the world's greatest woman director, the world's greatest sports director, and one of the world's greatest film directors, Leni Riefenstahl, who was also an author, a photographer, a skier, a mountain climber, a dancer, and an actress, so I later bought a book celebrating her achievements, for our coffee table, only to find my favorite picture in the whole magnificent thing: a stamp that says it was removed from the collection of the West Islip Public Library, in a community that contains more than six times our country's usual percentage of Jews.

But the looming giant in Berlin, about whom we learned nothing, although we knew he was there, was still serving his life sentence, for Crimes against Peace, and Conspiracy, but not for Crimes against Humanity, or for War Crimes, since he had left Germany before the systematic extermination of the Jews, Poles, and Gypsies, so they

didn't execute him, at the Nuremberg Trials, as he lived, all alone, in the prison attached to Spandau Castle.

Each with their own personality, seven prisoners were kept in a special jail overseen by all of the four occupying powers, with France, England, America, and Russia alternating months under a board of four separate directors. Karl Dönitz was a grand admiral, who had led wolfpacks of submarines, in unrestricted naval warfare, before he became the President of Germany, upon Hitler's death, so he surrendered to the Allies. Erich Räder was another grand admiral, who had asked for a firing squad instead of life imprisonment. Walther Funk was a banker, whose hands were dirty, like any of his ilk, or my old clients, while he liked to tell crazy stories about wild parties. Konstantin, Freiherr von Neurath, was a diplomat who served as foreign minister before, and a governor during, the first part of the war, while he managed to have chocolate smuggled into the jail, and he planted a poplar tree in the yard. Baldur von Schirach was the founder of the Hitler Youth, and a governor, who had grown up in America, where he descended from two different signers of the Declaration of Independence and a member of the funeral guard for Abraham Lincoln. And Albert Speer was an architect who, contemptibly, gave his captors what they wanted, expressing remorse, while he said he was sorry.

Released after twenty years, Baldur von Schirach would vamoose, picked up in a big Mercedes, which took him to the Hilton, before he went to a villa in southern Germany, smoking his Dunhill

pipes, and playing with his grandchildren, while he wrote I Believed In Hitler, his tell-all book, which has never been translated, as a used copy of the fascinating hardback costs more than four hundred dollars in its original language, and some sellers will not ship to our country, while Albert Speer went on to form the subject of a television show I remember from my teenage years after he gave an interview for Playboy.

The magazine cost exactly one dollar, while it floated an armada of advertisements against the reader for a peacocky plethora of pipes, in an assortment of colors, to go with your smoking jacket, a Rapido, the starchy torquer dirtbike made by Harley-Davidson, and a Simca, complete with luxury air-conditioning, for a mere \$2,212.⁰⁰, while racing stripes could be painted on the sedan for an additional \$17.⁹⁵. After the ads, ads, and more ads, the sophisticated reader could learn from an article on absinthe, a story about cybernetic mind storage, and a piece on the government's murder of innocent but unruly negros on Lynch Street, where seventy-five police officers opened fire on a women's dormitory at Jackson State College. On a happier note, one could also congratulate oneself on openmindedness by admiring the racially mixed Japanese-American Playmate, Lieko English, who posed shopping in an outdoor market, dining in a teahouse, and playful with a kimono and fan, before she cavorted topless at a waterfall, since, in those days, bush was *verboden*. Plus there was an article on Wimbledon, and the latest in men's swimwear, so they could sneak some pictures of

men's bodies in on you. But that was nothing next to the monochromatic photographs, with notes on chiaroscuro treatments and textured graininess, taken from the Living Theater, where a disgusting jumble of nude bodies, male and female, black and white, masqueraded as art, so the thespians reenacted tableaux from their performances of The Sound Of A Different Drum, Tennis Anyone?, and Oh! Calcutta!—not to mention Dionysus in '69. It was très sophistiqué, in a respectable periodical, which promised you naked women but gave you naked men.

Part of the sophistication involved smoking a pipe, just like Hugh Hefner, as little boys looked up to their hero in a way that is completely alien to me, since my interest in women never combined with other men. So, the magazine contained no fewer than ten ads for pipes, pipe tobacco, and pipe accessories, picturing almost forty pipes, in comparison to two ads for cheap cheroots and twelve ads for cigarettes, spread over two hundred and sixty-six pages. Pipe-smoking was far more common in the seventies, when roughly fourteen percent of American men were pipe-smokers, while roughly forty-four percent of the same group smoked cigarettes. This would indicate that cigarette smokers, among men, outnumbered pipe smokers by more than three to one, but ads for pipe-related products in this magazine were almost equal to ads for cigarettes.

My father smoked a pipe, just like the wrongly imprisoned Baldur von Schirach, who filled his Dunhill with Union Leader, unlike my father's Peterson, filled with Borkum Riff, or Captain Black, and he

did it for health reasons, giving up cigarettes the day I was born, from a sense of paternal responsibility, but most people weren't like this, and even in the days of smoker-friendly airplanes, restaurants, and schools, you weren't allowed to smoke pipes or cigars in the designated areas—even though they smelled so nice that my father would get compliments on the scent of his whisky-soaked tobacco.

Why was Playboy promoting pipes, when these were something grown men smoked—unlike their boyish counterparts.

Pipes could provide a normal-looking gateway, or a stepping stone, to smoking marijuana during the Me Decade. During this time, you could learn about the wacky tabacky, and not to be close-minded, or ignorant, as you acquired sophistication through your favorite magazine, which published “Pot: A Rational Approach,” in 1969, whose foundation was one of the founding donors of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, or NORML, in 1970, and whose owner hosted fundraisers for this cause throughout the years that immediately followed my issue of Playboy. Drug paraphernalia were often illegal, and a makeshift pipe, crafted from an apple, a beercan, or a toilet-paper roll, would have looked off-putting. But pipes looked normal, so, if you encountered cannabis, and you liked it, you would have an easy means to smoke the stuff without drawing attention by buying cigarette papers at your newsstand, where you might meet your neighbors, or at your smoke shop, where you might draw questions from a talkative tobacconist.

My father tried the weed, exactly once, when I was six years old, on my parents' anniversary. He had just gone on a business trip to Boston, whence he returned with live lobsters. So, my mother made a special meal with gazpacho for soup, leading to the steamed crustaceans, and followed by peach melba, all washed down with a lovely white wine recommended by Bliwise Liquors. This was joined by our neighbors, the Roberts, and our younger neighbors, the Balcas, who had a Saint Bernard named Beaver. The Balcas were younger, and less mainstream, so they broke out the ganja for an after-supper smoke. The women passed, while my father and his friend each had exactly one hit from the joint before they freaked out and ruined the party. But, if my dad had liked the stuff, I guarantee it would have gone into his pipe.

Some of the first smoking experiences of me and my friends involved these implements, and I started smoking cannabis less than two years after I started reading Playboy, as the experience of smoking contributed to pleasant sensation, and to fantasy, while masturbating, while, otherwise, my classmate, Doctor Mary Jane Potter, told a story about lighting up some homegrown in her dad's pipe, only to laugh later that day, or the next, when, puffing away, he started to act silly, having accidentally consumed some of the remaining THC.

Likewise, when the enemy led my dad, through mind control, to take us to Barbados, immediately before I smoked my first cannabis, while I did not do so on the foreign island, the stuff was everywhere, and I remember a friendly black fellow, and an excellent

salesman, who sold us shell necklaces, politely suggesting a purchase of the drug around my father's pipe.

Rudolf Hess was even straighter, since, unlike my dad, he would never smoke tobacco, in any form, although, like my father, he refused to look at Playboy, saying he didn't read magazines like that—but he did make a joke, as to the interview in the periodical, with his fellow inmate, the Minister of Armaments and War Production in Nazi Germany, saying he hoped at least that Albert Speer had kept his clothes on his body!

At the age of fourteen, I was not visiting prostitutes, unlike some of my classmates, when we visited West Berlin, but I was happy to use my newly acquired language skills, to buy my second and third copies of Playboy, July featuring Bo Derek, the slender subject of my earlier fantasies, running naked on the beach, whom I now rejected in favor of Miss June, Tricia Lange, whose womanly hips, muscly belly, and curvaceous figure took my full attention, while I am happy to say that not a single one of the thousands of tiny hairs that befringe her body was airbrushed out of her centerfold.

Bo Derek, who became an honorary Green Beret, inducted upon the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Special Forces, was having fun riding horses in Spain for the shooting of Bolero. Through her love of horses, the enemy tried to lead readers from erotic magazines through sexy art films to pornographic videotapes. As with Tarzan, about which this excellent lady tells amusing stories, in her memoirs,

Riding Lessons, Bo worked as the producer, her husband directed, and they shot a film that describes an empowered and aristocratic woman who approaches her first sexual encounters, while, here, she nurses her bullfighting lover back to health, just as, in the real world, she would do charity work with crippled jockeys and soldiers, wounded through what she sees as bravery. This film is now rated R, but was then unrated, since they did not want to receive a threatened X, and NC-17 was still six years away, while the enemy manipulated the rating system, and the image of my hero, in their disgusting attempts to ease people over into perversion, through a new technology, just when everyone got their first home recorder, so they could watch movies in the privacy of their homes.

As their plots failed with me, even with the romantic adventure available at the local rental store, Video Carousel, while I played tennis at my friend's court, where his mother and her husband watched this kind of stuff, and I rode horses, in the Brandywine Hounds Country, as the enemy kept putting horsewomen in Playboy, so they failed with Bo, as she went on to swim the Hellespont, watched by her companion, John Corbett, after the eventual death of her husband, at the end of a long and successful marriage, while she served, when not supporting animal and veterans' causes, as a Commissioner and Vice Chair of the California Horse Racing Board, a Member of the Board of the Del Mar Racetrack, and a Member of the Board of the Disabled Jockeys' Foundation.

Playmate Tricia Lange took a bachelor's degree in English literature from the University of California at Los Angeles, while she kept a journal and wrote songs, hanging Art Nouveau and Pre-Raphaelite prints in her home, as she dressed up for visits to the Renaissance Faire, so she felt ill at ease in her geographical environment.

I belong in England, in a lighthouse or a castle
overlooking the cliffs somewhere. I might have
liked to live during the days of King Arthur,
Lancelot, and Guinevere.

That fantasy was drawn not only from the adulterous triangle she mentioned, where a wife betrayed her husband with his best friend, as he betrayed his king, but also from Eliduc, which appears not only in the favorite book of Playmate Tricia Lange but also in the manuscript, Harley 978, at the British Library, while it was written by Marie de France, in the days of Robin Hood, Magna Carta, and the Plantagenet Kings, after the Anarchy, just one hundred years after my ancestors, and the ancestors of my daughter's mother, ruled England, as its seigneurs, because of the Norman Conquest.

I would not meet an Arthurian source of this quality until I took my master's degree, while I felt pleasure in teaching The Lais of Marie just a few years ago, as I moved my students through Greek Mythology, in The Odyssey, to Norse, in The Prose Edda, to the knights, ladies, and lords of Norman England. This has renewed my interest in

the so-called Dark Ages, and the so-called Middle Ages, while, only last year, I finally got to read and teach Beowulf, leading to a better understanding of philology, the roots of our language, and the blood of its words, but my childhood acquaintance with this world depended largely on the popular fiction of Mary Stewart, Susan Cooper, and T.H. White.

(And just so you don't think I'm stupid, please know that I'm going to replace The Edda with The Nibelungenlied, or The Völsunga Saga, the next time I teach this material, while my heart is taken by the story of Unn the Deep-Minded, or Unity the Thinker, who sailed to Breiðafjörður, or Broad Fjord, to begin The Laxdæla Saga, in the Salmon River Valley, as her great-grandson, Høskulður Dala-Kollsson, or Haskell Coleson, who fathered a child through a beautiful slave, whom his strong wife, Jórunn Bjarnadóttir, or Joanne Bearson, mockingly allowed him to keep, on one of their lesser farms, only to learn she was the daughter of a king, who later acknowledged their son, Olaf Peacock, when he travelled on his own adventures, over the sea, because he carried, as a token, a ring, or a cuff-bracelet, given to his mother, so she could teethe, biting the softness of the gold, when she was a baby, while the saga goes on, in a story that is more rambling than this sentence, where the tales of the Icelandic Frontier could be retold as a western, to tell of the manipulations of Guðrún Ósvífrsdóttir, who was the most beautiful and intelligent woman in all of Iceland).

While she admired the great actress and film-maker, Liv Ullman, who worked with Ingmar Bergman, Playmate Tricia Lange got her translation of her favorite mediæval romance through John Fowles, who wrote not only The Ebony Tower, which contains Eliduc, but also The Magus, and Mantissa, so it's easy to see how this wonderful woman acquired an interest in the esoteric learning expressed through astrology, yoga, meditation, and tarot cards, not to mention quantum physics, while I am happy to say that she looks fantastic, healthy, and strong, as a lovely older lady with her husband.

After I stayed in the British Zone, of Berlin, where Hess lived by himself, as a prisoner in a castle, and bought Tricia Lange's Playboy in French, I returned to America, only to find Playboy interviewing Shirley MacLaine, whom I didn't bother to notice, as she espoused her own strange beliefs regarding reincarnation, and picturing Kimberly Evenson, whom I definitely noticed.

Her strong arm, defined in its narrow musculature, culminating in her painted claws, was stroking her beautiful blonde bush, fluffy and furry, which rose from her velvety labia, to the top of her tanline, so the voluptuous body of the healthy sportswoman reclined, ready for her partner to join her in bed, to snuggle, or romp, or just to be, suggestively surrounded by an array of pastels, soft in color, soft in texture, and soft in implication, from the tousle of her long flaxen hair, to the silk of her periwinkle pillow, from the rosy cotton of her sheets, to the fuzzy lilac of her blanket, while she hitched up a white

mohair sweater, to show off the light tan of her chest, joyful, like a cat, stretching in sunlight, eager to play, turning and twirling, so alive, built for fun, but relaxed, in a masterwork of photographic torsion.

Everything in that photograph, which comes in through the eyes, evokes the sensation of touch, light and soft, just as I hope to awaken the senses of the reader, through my words, as they move through the confines of the head, into the life of the animal body, and the feelings of the pulsing heart.

In a different way, I awoke to an awareness of my physical self through the bendy book I gave to my baby, with the colored textures of its pop-out pieces, and the board book, Dinosaur's Binket, by Sandra Boynton, with its fuzzy yellow, just as these inspired her super-soft kitty-cat, a non-stuffed animal for her bedroom companion.

Then followed my later adventures in awareness, picking up from my experience with Tai Chi, and Ch'i Kung, from Afton Mountain, and the Three Emperors School, as I learned the Gurdjieff Work, by paying attention, in my second exercise, to whichever hand opened a door, so, even when my attention was taken, and I forgot, again, at the office, I felt, a moment through its passage, the cold of the steel pushbar in my hand, as a tell, and my body awoke, through a series of similar exercises, to the living bones, tendons, and muscles, as I filled, and developed, my Moving-Instinctive Center.

Kimberly Evenson was another of the more than two dozen women who were moved by the enemy into Playboy, just for me, since

just as she awaited in the fourth magazine I ever bought, her datasheet indicated her birthplace as Bremerhaven, fewer than ninety miles from the home of my host family, in Diepholz, West Germany, while her father must have been assigned to the Staging Area, which provided a base for the United States Terminal Command, Europe, or USAREUR, as well as the Navy, Coast Guard, Marines, and Air Force, which connected to the Bremerhaven Army Airfield.

Before I reached Unionville, where Kimberly Evenson awaited my return, with a suitcase full of contraband brandy, wine, and cigars, which I carried like an idiot through customs, asking the official if he wanted to look in my bags, and before our time in Diepholz, where I knocked down Apfelkorn at the Schützenfest, with King Jürgen, dancing folkdances with the uniformed locals, in between their rifle games, and with a beautiful woman at the disco, not to mention a voluptuous blonde to the music of the big bands, when I didn't see the hippies, naked sunbathing at the lake, I was back in Berlin, where I oddly found myself following the enemy's directions, relayed by radio, or fighting them, since I discarded, into a storage locker in the train station, first the Playboy with Bo Derek, and then the Playboy with Tricia Lange, sliding it under the wardrobe in our hôtel, while I listened to James Galway play the flute on Vivaldi's Four Seasons, or to Händel's Water Music, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, as a beginning music lover, on my yellow Sony Walkman, the newest thing, which had also made the trip to Quebec, rocking out to Van Halen's Diver Down, and

1984, in the year of that name, where I had bought my first Playboy with Patty Duffek, which I definitely kept for more than thirty years, until I woke up to my memories, after I learned to ski at Mont-Sainte-Anne and Stoneham-at-Tewkesbury, dining out on wine, and rooming with my teenage classmates, with whom I bicycled in the Outer Banks, the year before, to find, but not to buy, an earlier Playboy featuring the race-horse owner and jockey, Ruth Guerri.

Miss Guerri was reprised in the newsstand specials, reclining on a raft, sparkly purple, like a seventies dune buggy, revving its engine just for sport, kicking up sand, on the beach. She floated in aquamarines, rippling and marbled, shimmering in the light of the sun, so I could scent the chlorine on my skin, chemical clean from the country club, bleaching our bodies, where we swam, dived, and played, touching terry towels, cast on concrete, lying and lounging, sipping drinks, reading books, and casually privileged. Thousands of blues, with adjacent indigos, perfectly set off, through the use of complementary colors, the oranges and yellows of her hair, like the stitchy fabric of her swimsuit bottom, pulled down in front, and up behind, to reveal, highlighting, more than an inch of the top, almost a palm's width, of her beautiful animal bush. Thick and furry, it curled and cast a shadow over the edge, trapezoid tanline, just below the model's musclebelly, pumping and pulsing, to present the strongest color against the pinks, browns, and reds of her athletic instrument. Purring, snarling, and growling, sunlotioned in the summer, striking she

stroked her lean, lithe, and lissome frame. Hips thrusting upwards, bouncing on the bendy curves of the squeaky chaise lounge, her hotbody floated in the cool of the splashy water, the hardest thing, by far, on its surface. Ruth's riderlegs were gripping, and gripped, around the inflatable, and so it was caught, and couldn't escape the strong seat of the gentle equestrienne, who, elegant, and rearing ruddy, riding her moving mount, was posting easy. Lost in solar sensation, her eyes shuttered, and fluttered, orgasmic, in her ecstasy, while her hands—same as seastars, sexy coral-clawed, color-recalled the flesh of her lips, glossy surrounds for the gleam of her teeth, pearly and pink—pressed, rested, and sprawled against the mermaid's a-cupped chest.

But first she appeared fewer than three months before I started riding horses, a year before I visited Germany, while her poster showed up in Soldier of Fortune, at the same time, inspiring an ex-soldier to search, decades later, for a copy he posted on the internet, writing a full four paragraphs on the odyssey he undertook to find this thing, talking to strangers, making phonecalls, scouring e-bay and surplus stores, writing the model and speaking to a secretary, at the photographer's studio, which held the copyright, of an obscure photograph, while he was brainwashed to find not only the picture so special, from his past, but a high-quality negative so he could share his lovely inspiration—where, not naked, not topless, but camo-clad, she gripped a massive calibered submachine gun, a short and stubby MAC-10, complete with silencer, while this weapon was forbidden in

our country under the assault weapons ban that followed her pose ten years later.

They were trying to turn me into a mercenary, in a bush war, while Ruth appeared dressed in riding gear, on the cover of her magazine, or hot air ballooning, or galloping on the track, or rideable from behind, furry tail on display, inside her issue, which also had a pictorial on Bond Girls, from the spy-movie franchise, and a strangely titled article, "Life Among The Nerds," right when I met the naked woman in the outdoor wooden shower, clean and clear, in the campground, her beautiful bush wet with water, like a dewy playground, standing still, and shocked, her thighs positioned wide, as she faced me, as a young boy, and my manhood arose, immediately, to its full eight inches, with time slowing down, and virtually stopped, even when she shouted sexy, surprising, and surprized, of my serendipity in a striking saying so picked up, only a year later, in the radio commercial that inspired me to see, at its premiere, The Revenge Of The Nerds.

The idiots in that film should have been arrested for their capers, unlike Rudolf Hess, who had tried to save millions of lives, only to find himself, for life, in the confines of Spandau Prison.

One hundred years old, the prison stood red-bricked with round crenellated towers, machine-gun slitted, standing like sentries, at the sides of its grey metal gate. Black windows adorned with white bars, arched at their tops, stood in twos to either side of the entrance of

the squat fortress. Its walls rose thirty feet, topped with broken glass, and looped wire, another ten feet high, through which four thousand volts of electricity ran.

This was guarded by a military detachment of two officers, two sergeants, six corporals, and forty-four privates, with half on duty, and half off duty, at any time, as human sentries carried automatic weapons along with tear-gas bombs, sitting high in the guard towers, while a team of twenty-two non-military warders—cooks, waitresses, and cleaners—had to be employed, at a cost of more than three million dollars, per year, in today's money, all to keep a single prisoner for more than twenty years.

Hess was seventy-two when the last two of the other inmates left the prison, having served the full terms of their sentences, although three of the other prisoners were released early, so his sentence converted to one of solitary confinement.

Baldur von Schirach, who had earlier gotten in trouble because he had a snowball fight with one of the guards, had been his earlier companion, although the two men did not like each other.

Schirach was a devoted father, whose wife, Henriette, was one of the few people who spoke to Hitler against the persecution of the Jews, while her father served as the official photographer of the Führer, and whose four children were Angelika Benedikta, who painted as an artist, Klaus, who fought for his release as a lawyer, Robert, who worked as a businessman, and Richard, a sinologist who took a doctorate in the

literature of China, writing books on the last of the emperors, on the Nazi nuclear program, and on his father, while he lived in Taiwan, on the Island of Formosa.

His sister was an opera singer, while his father was a theater director, and his uncle was a composer, so his grandchildren would include Ferdinand, a criminal lawyer and a writer famous for short stories about the crimes of his clients, Norris, a commodities trader who wrote books about his experiences in the former Soviet Union, and Ariadne, a philosopher, writer, journalist, and critic, who teaches Chinese Thinking at the Berlin University of the Arts—not to mention the appropriately named Benedict Wells, who, like Benedict Arnold, betrayed his people by changing his family name, through legal process, as he disavowed his grandfather, before, he, too, became a famous novelist, who recently celebrated his tenth birthday, since he was born on the extra day of February in a Leap Year.

As Norris von Schirach wrote, after he attended seven different boarding schools, and before he moved to the Carpathian Mountains, where he lives as a recluse in Romania,

**Family is always destiny, and you have
to accept such a destiny; there is, of course, a
lifelong confrontation with this person.**

There he meant his grandfather, but I know that my daughter faces just such a conflict, as she grows famous in her own right as the daughter of

a notorious conspiracy theorist—more and more like her father because of her rejection of his legacy.

Baldur von Schirach had a magnetic effect, as I feel his likeable charm, after his death, so two thousand people stood outside when he was released, and a beautiful woman would stalk him, once climbing a tree to look into his room, in the hospital, during his later confinement, as she told the staff repeatedly, while he underwent one of the world's first laser surgeries, that she wanted, instead, to give her eyes to the man she loved.

Schirach would research every interesting place to which his boys had travelled, so he could converse with them, making the most of their time together, while he bragged that he knew ten thousand people by their faces, voices, and names, having earlier published a touching volume of poetry by unknown teenagers in the Hitler Youth, who were persecuted for their political beliefs, facing retribution in schools, and in the work force, physically beaten and sometimes murdered, in Austria, before the Anschluß, and a photo book that shows what Hitler was doing for Germany, as he pitched in to work happily with a shovel, or beamed with the joy of a child when an old woman grasped his hands in thanks, providing support for unwed mothers, housing for working families, and gifts for the forlorn at Christmas.

As Schirach told the world, Hitler's motivation came in part from the murder of his dog by Jewish Communists, while the enemy also killed our beautiful bulldog, Rosie, sneaking onto my property and

feeding her antifreeze, so her kidneys suddenly failed at the age of five, and, concurrently, they put a film on television, which I found myself watching, as it touched on a father who did not take a poisoned dog to the veterinarian in time so he let down his son.

Richard von Schirach would write, as a boy, that he wanted to give his dog to his father, so he would not be lonely in jail.

Dear Sirs,

I have a very great request. Please would you be good enough to grant my father, Baldur von Schirach, may keep a little dog with him in the Spandau Fortress?

It is my Tibetan terrier, Nylon, who is clean, healthy and cheerful. It would get accustomed to everything and my father would be very happy if he could have a dog.

Please do authorize it now so I could bring with me the dog at my next visit in April or May.

I request it cordially,

With kind regards,

Richard von Schirach

Naturally, the request was denied, while it touches my heart, just as my daughter, when she was a toddler, and she heard me speak of the need for money, solemnly offered to give me her large silver dollars stamped with the Eagle from the alleged Moon Landing and the face of the war criminal, general, and president, Dwight David Eisenhower, who warned America in his farewell address of the dangers of the Military-Industrial Complex.

As we left the Owl Cabin, listening to Cat Stevens sing “Don’t Be Shy,” “On The Road To Find Out,” and “Listen To The Wind,” I thanked my lovely child with equal gravity as I honored the nobility of her gift. But I politely refused, just for now, saying it wasn’t that bad, not yet, and we drove off in my Volvo XC90, a magic blue sport-utility vehicle, the largest in its class, named Balthazar, whose glass windows and leather doors she had decorated with a book of her stickers.

Baldur von Schirach would make a similar request on behalf of his fellow inmate, whom he left alone after twenty years, writing it out on the wrapper of a toilet-paper roll, asking that Rudolf Hess be allowed to keep a little dachshund as a pet, to force him to take his exercise, and to keep him from always thinking of himself.

This was denied, although some of Schirach’s other requests would be fulfilled, as Hess was allowed greater liberties in his isolation, while one of them, to have a clock, would provide the enemy, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, another chance to attack the old man.

The ticking irritated him, in the silence of his room, while he could see its hand sweeping away the time, and he dreamed of the thing, through image-to-skull sent by the enemy, for dreams are nothing but a battleground where hypnotic suggestions, images, and sounds are relayed to the dreamer, ticking his life away, as it stood in a huge tower.

Still, the enemy's plans went awry, misfiring as they so often do, so Colonel Bird, who served as the American director, had the thing replaced with another, which did nothing to haunt him as he set its alarm for the various direct broadcasts of the space program. So, as his warders brought in a radio, which they pretended not to have supplied, the old man would listen to the news he cherished, before, later, Major-General Cobb, who served as the United States Commandant of Berlin, would authorize a small television so he could watch the next space shot, and the Olympics, which had returned to Germany, while he sent the prisoner, following a personal visit, a copy of a glossy volume, telling the story of our country's space exploration, in the form of Das Grosse Projekt. Daily he would read complicated details of the moon landings and probes, looking up technical words in a scientific dictionary, as he kept brochures and timetables, interviews with astronauts and cosmonauts, and one of his favorite books called The Face of the Moon. This was filled with detailed maps, photographs, graphs, tables, drawings, equations, and formulæ, while he papered his walls with beautiful photos sent from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

NASA's rocket program was headed by the war criminal, Wernher Magnus Maximilian, Freiherr von Braun, a Sturmbannführer in the Allgemeine-SS, formally decorated twice by Hitler, including with the Iron Cross, while Hitler promoted him to the rank of professor for his work on vengeance weapons, or Vergeltungswaffen Zwo, more commonly known as V-2 rockets, when he served as technical director at Heeresversuchsanstalt Peenemünde, HVP, or the Peenemünde Army Research Center, as his deadly inventions were built by slaves kept at the Mittelbau-Dora Concentration Camp, where twenty thousand died from illness, beatings, torture, and hangings, as he walked by piles of their corpses, once ordering one to be flogged, while more people died building his rockets within the country his government occupied than were killed by them in the country of his enemies, where they fell against civilian targets.

Wernher von Braun's invention, in the form of Rocket MW 18014, became the first artificial object to travel officially into space, attaining an apogee of one hundred and seventy-six kilometers, or one hundred and nine miles, as it crossed the Von Kármán Line, on the Summer Solstice, or the luciferian sabbat of Litha, or Midsummer, before he went on to make films to promote space travel with Walt Disney as he received the National Medal of Science.

Unlike Braun, Hess had dignity, so he refused to let his family visit for more than the first two decades of his imprisonment, not counting his earlier time in enemy country, but he finally broke down

when the enemy's plans failed again. Hess constantly complained that someone would poison him, or kill him and attribute his death to suicide, while he suffered from microwave harassment. This culminated, in part, when Colonel Eugene Bird, his American warden, and Desmond Zwar, an Australian journalist, began to talk with each other about writing books, which the conspirators later tried to quash, as they threatened the two men.

So, as soon as they agreed to write about the wrongfully imprisoned man, Hess suffered an ailment so serious, in the form of a duodenal ulcer, that, howling in pain, curled in a ball, and shaking all over, his heart stopped beating several times in a single evening, while it was restarted with difficulty, so he had to be moved out of Spandau Prison to the British Military Hospital.

The enemy saved my father's life through directed energy weapons, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, so his heart was diagnosed, along with his circulatory system, in response to his reports of mysterious chest pains, which the doctors said were unrelated, when I was a boy, so he slimmed down, started bicycling in the mornings, and cut the fat from his diet, as did we all, as my mother changed her cooking, and he prioritized his family more and more, to provide an inspiration for me as a father in my own right.

And the idiots did the same thing with Rudolf Hess, so he started allowing visits from his family, and he started talking to the American, Colonel Bird, who wrote a book about him, and, through

him, to the Australian, Desmond Zwar, who wrote another book about him, while he was suddenly murdered, not quite twenty years later, just when it started to look as though he would be released on compassionate grounds, while earlier eight hundred prominent people, lawyers, judges, and scientists, had signed a petition requesting his release, a request that was made by every chancellor of West Germany, along with the American, French, and British Embassies to Bonn, as it was supported by a movement in the Congress of the United States, and his jailers Colonel Eugene Bird and Colonel Burton Andrus.

Hess was murdered according to both the journalist and the colonel, while one of them was his jailer for many years, and that's also according to Abdallah Melaouhi, who worked as a male nurse taking care of the prisoner for the last five years of his life, so, as the scum tried to silence him, he came forward with a sworn statement, about the ninety-three-year-old man, who could have electrocuted himself at any time, with the extension lead to his electric kettle or his plate warmer, or could have slit his wrists by breaking the glass he kept in his cell and using it as a knife, which he pointed out to his warden, as he expressed concern that someone would murder him, while he was said to have hanged himself at a time when he was barely able to walk, could not tie his own shoes, and had trouble using a spoon to eat, because his hands were crippled with arthritis, and he could not raise his arms above shoulder-level.

According to our government, at this time, he somehow slipped away from his guards, entered the garden alone, tied an electric flex around his neck, looped it over a hatch, four feet over the floor, and strangled himself, while the electric cord around his neck remained in the wall socket.

As his male nurse, who helped him to shower and dress that morning, as he had done for five years, said, in his sworn statement, Hess gave no indication that he was disturbed or depressed. But later that day, the man found him in the summerhouse, where he said it looked as though a wrestling match had taken place. Near to his body stood two soldiers he had never seen before, while another, Tony Jordan, sweated heavily, so that his shirt was soaked through, and the black boy did not wear the usual tie that was part of his uniform, while he shouted,

THE PIG IS FINISHED!

The nurse tried to revive the prisoner with an oxygen appliance, only to find the emergency case had been broken open, tampered with, so that the intubation instrument set had no battery, the tube was perforated, and the appliance contained no oxygen—this despite the fact that he had checked it, finding it in working order, that very morning. Desperate, he worked to revive the old man, using mouth-to-mouth, and massaging his heart, when two other strangers showed up with a heart-lung machine, which also did not function.

PART THREE

JUMPING THE GUN

Perfect is the enemy of good enough.

Russian Folk Saying

AFTERWORD: THE JEWISH PROBLEM

The enemy murdered Rudolf Hess, as they sought to suppress his story, so it concerns me that I might be killed, or simply die, before I finish this volume.

No one lives forever, and I just passed my fifty-sixth birthday, while I enjoy drinking, don't exercise as much as I should, and, although muscular and walking fit, now tip the scales at roughly fifty pounds over what would be my ideal weight.

I suffer constant microwave attacks, which do not merely cause discomfort but deprive me of sleep, so they are wearing a bit on my health.

The scum could easily explode my heart, using the technology described in the appendices to this book, and everyone would think I simply died from a natural coronary event, although, of course, because of their insanity, as they impose rules of engagement on themselves to prevent their victory, they have not done as much, nor do I expect them to, while they will want to arrange my death, just as they arranged my birth, on what they regard to be a magic day in their calendar because of their belief in gangsigns, sacrifice, and numerology.

And I bet they'll go with April Fools!

That's the day they crippled one of the more than two dozen beautiful ladies, placed in Playboy, just for me, while I celebrate Sharry

Konopski at the end of the first volume in this series, and it's also the day they killed the Colonel, Bertie McCormick, whom I honor in the third volume of this series, while he fought them through his ownership of The Chicago Tribune.

Today is October Twenty-Seventh, so it's the twelfth anniversary of the day they murdered our beautiful bulldog, Rosie, while, immediately after I woke up to my memories, but before I gave up sex, I met a beautiful woman in my mother's church whose dog died suddenly on exactly the same day.

What a coincidence....

Normally, the official date of publication for each of my volumes is the Winter Solstice, so I put them out on the luciferian sabbat to taunt the enemy, just as someone might serve divorce papers on Valentine's Day, while, since Yuletide is the season of feasting and fires, wassail and weal, music and merriment, where we share goodwill with all men, women, children, animals, and plants, so we bring the trees we admittedly cut into our houses, and we exchange presents, I also regard these books, which are free to all, like the articles on my website, where you will never see an advertisement, or receive a solicitation, or have your information collected or shared, as my gifts to humanity.

So, as I considered appropriate days, I was tempted to use the earlier sabbat of Samhain, or Halloween, for publication, just as I give candy, and pour whisky, at the foot of my driveway, to build

relationships with my neighbors, who tolerate my presence, accompanied by my cybernetic shrieks against the voices in my head, so it sounds like someone is being murdered on the top of the hill, at the closest I ever get to a party, as people stroll the suburbs and strangers greet each other, wearing costumes, which, for me, this year, will be a kung fu jacket and a conical bamboo hat, so I can make a fun appearance not as the cowboy of previous years, to greet young pardners with my drawl, but as a Chinaman, who asks the youth,

please to take honorable candy

and accepts any compliment with a whispered, lisped, & accented...

ah so, thank you very much.

And I have before done the actual but not official publication of the first volumes on the sabbat of the Vernal Equinox, which appears numerically in the crest of Skull and Bones, but I like to mix it up on Groundhog Day, so I'm throwing a curveball, as I record and remember the death of the beautiful friend I gave to my daughter, to foster her love of animals and to trick her into responsibility on the fifth anniversary of her birth, on Saint Richard's Day, just as I was born on Michaelmas, and this first half of my fourth book comes out on the Day of the Dead Pets, which is a recent tradition that forms part of the observance by Mexicans of the Day of the Dead.

Tell me it's a coincidence that my daughter's dog died on this day, or the beautiful lady's dog died on this day, while a movie that touched on a father who didn't take a similarly poisoned dog to the veterinarian in time appeared, on my television, the day our pet died in my arms at the hospital.

You need to see these kinds of coincidences in your life because every one of them is a sign not of paranoia, imagination, or insanity but of the action of the satanic trash that work constantly to destroy everything good, noble, and beautiful in the world.

But in the meantime I need to put out the first half of this volume, while I continue to work on the second half, so that my stories will not die with my body, and so I can continue to inflict violence against the subhuman degenerates that work to delay, derail, or destroy my magnum opus.

By publishing Superman in two pieces, I do it no damage except that you miss the beautiful continuation of the story of Rudolf Hess, through poetic descriptions of the garden of his prison or his heroic flight as a parlementar, bringing a message of peace, under the full moon, as the world witnessed, that morning, the quadruple conjunction of Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, and Uranus.

You'll have to wait for that since it begins the second half of this book, where he parachutes out of the special plane he flew through a war zone, only to be imprisoned for life as his efforts failed, although

he would have done the same one thousand times over, failing so beautifully, every time, to embrace his destiny.

Indeed, Hess's legacy may be greater for his failure, since it shows not only the man he was but the scum we are fighting, as they tell their lies on the television, in the theaters, on the internet, in the libraries, and through the schools—all through a far more obvious and predictable form of brainwashing.

This series is a series of epics, while each volume has exactly twelve chapters, just like Paradise Lost, or The Aeneid, and its structure breaks cleanly in the middle, just like that of The Aeneid or The Odyssey, while some readers may have noticed further signalling as to numeric structure since the third chapter of each volume is always entitled with the name of a country in Africa.

And epics have heros, while they engage in discussions about the nature of heroism, along with national identity, so I am happy to share the stage with Rudolf Hess, not to mention the beautiful ladies of Playboy, as things are really moving for the better, in part, because of my efforts.

Following the influence of my website, President Trump has withdrawn funding from the Public Broadcasting Service, or PBS, and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, or CPB, which are run by Jews, Catholics, and Freemasons, and he has rightly withdrawn the United States from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, or UNESCO, from the Paris Agreement to the United

Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change, or COP21, and from the World Health Organization, or WHO, while he correctly rejected the amendments to the International Health Regulations.

At the same time, Trump is exposing the interference by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, or FBI, and the Central Intelligence Agency, or CIA, in the elections and news of our country, while he fights the growing scandal of the Epstein Cover-Up.

That, too, is being exposed because of me, and people like me, so the sex criminal who passes for our president has been put into the spotlight, as Congress, led by real heros, like Thomas Massie, has forced the former Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation into false statements, and obstruction, so that James Comey, who thought he was safe, as he targeted others, through the deep state, is now facing criminal charges because of his indictment by a federal grand jury, while I also believe that my billion-dollar lawsuit had something to do with the resignation of Christopher Wray, who formerly served as the head of the FBI.

They killed Robert Maxwell, just after I bumped into him, and his interview appeared in Playboy, just for little old me, and they imprisoned his daughter, Ghislaine, who just lost her appeal before the Supreme Court, while her boyfriend in pimping, Jeffrey Epstein, was also put in jail, twice, before his own people murdered the access agent whom Aman, Mossad, and Shin Bet have used to blackmail and control the politicians in Washington.

The scandal is not going away, while their resistance to a real investigation of the one thousand people who were raped as part of an intelligence operation run by the Jews not only highlights the larger problems in Washington, where undue and inappropriate influence is exercised by the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, or AIPAC, but it also explains why Donald Trump is such a Jew-Lover, so he did their dirty work, attacking Iran on the Summer Solstice, because of the repeated lies of Benjamin Netanyahu, who, as he faces criminal charges for bribery in connection with the newspapers in his own country, brought in the Jerusalem District Court, has said for more than thirty years that the Iranians are only months away from a nuclear missile that would strike within our shores.

Likewise, the blackmail of politicians, influencers, and other personalities by the Jews, through the enslavement of our children, trafficked by Jeffrey Epstein, explains not only the murder of the pimp, written up as suicide, while he sat in a federal jail, and our foreign policy, while we supported an Israeli Offensive, under OPERATION RISING LION, through OPERATION MIDNIGHT HAMMER, as the first operation, which started on Friday the Thirteenth, fell exactly when Mars, the Planet of War, entered the heart of Leo, the lion, to conjunct with the Star of Regulus, but it also explains why our government released Tom Alexandrovich, who serves as the executive director of the Cyber Defense Division at the Israel National Cyber Directorate, or INCD, after he used a computer to lure a child into sexual abuse, so he

was arrested in Nevada, while, over the last six years, more than sixty Jews who molested our children, or tried to do so, have successfully fled from America into Israel.

They are getting away with exactly nothing, as they live lives of shit and abuse, so I expect them to kill more of their own, as I bring the heat down, and they pay for the murder of my father, my uncle, and my dog, not to mention so many others, and their other crimes.

Charles Dickens suggested this problem, in his novel, Oliver Twist, where he showed the use of children by the Hebrew, Fagin, in the underworld of London, just as he touched on the futility of courts in Bleak House, where a case went on so long that no one remembered what it was about, while all the lawyers made money, and the judges felt important, so who knows what he might have done as a satyrist, in his attempts to highlight, and to fix, social problems, if he had seen the rise of psychologists.

So, in my fact novel, I have drawn not only on Charles Dickens but also on Rudolf Brunngraber, who accepted a literary post in Nazi Austria, while he was born, like my nephew, on the sabbat of Mabon, or the Autumnal Equinox, and he wrote a screenplay about April Fools in the Year Two Thousand, lampooning the World Global Union, when he wasn't exposing enemy moves through books on sugar, radio, opium wars, and secret nuclear programs, all as he refused to abandon his half-Jewish wife, just as Rudolf Hess refused to abandon the family of Karl Haushofer, which had Jew Blood, and my classmate's

grandfather, who worked on cybernetics for the Nazis, the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency, came from a family that was friendly to the tribe, while because of their intermarriages, the disgusting criminal could truthfully tell his accusers that he was one-quarter Jewish.

I do not have that doubtful distinction, which is shared by my nephew, as an heir to the House of Regenstein, but I do look not only to these authors, and others, not only for some notes on style along with purpose but also to the use of serial publication, while what were later published as books were earlier published in smaller bits and pieces in a longish tradition of literary luminaries who include Charles Dickens, Thomas Hardy, Wilkie Collins, Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Jules Verne, and Frank Herbert.

So, instead of waiting, I am publishing the first half of this book not later, when I have it just right—and I might change a bit here or there when you get to read the whole thing—but instead I am going to do it now.

And, now that I think of it, I was going to wait a single week until the Day of the Dead Pets, but they are hitting me now with microwave harassment, and they are taunting me, with their lies, while I'm forced to share headspace with a disgusting piece of rapist trash that brags about torturing animals, while he threatens my family, and his female cohort makes false promises, so, you know, I'm not going to wait because I have a chance to hit this little nothing and his equally

worthless masters at this very moment, while I guarantee that some of them will be hurt because of my immediate publication.

I hope, therefore, that you will excuse any mistakes you see particularly in this afterword, or in the chapter before, while I also hope that you will join me, decorum aside, as I say regarding this my counter-attack...

FUCK IT!



PART FOUR

STRATEGY AND TACTICS

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

From "Scots Wha Hae"
By Robert Burns

FIRST APPENDIX

MICROWAVE HARASSMENT

Once one realizes the extent to which cybernetic technology has been implanted in human beings, many things become understandable—including the weird robotic demeanor of trash like the war criminal Dick Cheney or the CIA stooge Mark Zuckerberg, whose company, FaceBook, sprung up the same day the Pentagon killed their LifeLog Project—a plan by DARPA, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, to track a person's entire existence. DARPA, like CIA and NSA, is responsible for the voice to skull, or V2K, image to skull, or I2K, and other microwave harassment so many of us suffer.

The technology goes back more than one hundred years. Most people think Marconi invented the radio, but it was Nikola Tesla.

In 1899, financed by Illuminist John Jacob Astor IV, Tesla set up a station in Colorado Springs, later the home of the Air Force Academy, which is deeply implicated in our abuse. Tesla planned to conduct wireless experiments as he transmitted signals from Pike's Peak to Paris.

In 1901, financed by Illuminist J. Pierpont Morgan, Tesla built Wardencliff Tower to transmit sound and pictures across the Atlantic to England and to ships at sea by using the earth to conduct the signals. Tesla tried to get Morgan to back an even larger plan to transmit messages and power by controlling "vibrations throughout the globe." That's exactly the kind of thing the Deep State does with the

High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP) and the Ground Wave Emergency Network (GWEN).

Two days after Tesla's death, the Federal Bureau of Investigation descended on his estate, sweeping up his papers, as it ordered the Alien Property Custodian to violate his property rights and to seize his belongings. President Trump's uncle, John G. Trump, a professor at M.I.T. who served as a technical aide to the National Defense Research Committee (NDRC), was the first man to analyze the stolen property.

Tesla technology was available to harass people with voice to skull, image to skull, and microwave attacks before the First World War. Its development was financed by the Illuminati, and the federal government stole the inventor's papers.

Microwave harassment goes that far back—more than one hundred years—and today it's more advanced than ever.

Our enemies used to call it artificial telepathy or AT. The technology is similar to your cell phone. Satellites link the sender and the receiver. A computer multiplexer routes the voice signal of the sender through microwave towers to a specified location or cell. That's your brain. Out of nowhere, a voice blooms in the mind of the target. The skull has no firewall and therefore cannot shut the voice out. That voice can be transmitted at different frequencies, some of which are audible to the conscious mind and some not. And there will always be a hypnotist's voice that you can't hear, laying in "suggestions." You know

when you find yourself doing something unusual or unhealthy? Or you just have a sudden impulse to do something dumb? Or when you just can't remember something? That's them.

Or they might be playing music to you. You know when you just get a song stuck in your head all day long.... You can bet it's being played on V2K and it contains hypnotic suggestions. Most people know that grocery stores will play music that contains subliminal messages. That technology has been around for a long time. What they don't know is that the same technique is used in their mind. It is called "mind control" after all.

Or it might be that a phrase pops into your head. It will always be something foul, ridiculous, or unhealthy. You might wonder, "Why do I keep thinking that?" The answer is simple. Bad people are using technology to hurt you.

I am not a visual person. I remember far more with my ears than with my eyes. For almost all of my life, I could not form a picture in my mind. I could not remember what a loved one's face looked like, although, of course, I could recognize her. My visual memory was entirely subconscious. I can't imagine how many pictures and videos these scum must have influenced me with. Certainly, I know now that they will play a video subliminally, or even in person to someone, in an attempt to create sexual arousal, disgust, or some other effect. Lately, I have begun to receive images consciously, and, to some extent, I can

form, change, and send images back to the programmers, controllers, and other degenerates at NSA, who abuse me constantly.

But mostly I notice words. These abusive and moronic scum talk to me constantly, and, along with cybernetic technology, they use neuro-linguistic formulæ (NLF) and neuro-linguistic programming (NLP) to make me speak along with an interlocutor. They can actually control how people talk.

Some people recognize the mind-control properties of neuro-linguistic programming, although they see it as a self-improvement program. NLP employs neuro-linguistic formulæ. NLF is what your hand-held device uses when it prompts you to pick words and phrases, guessing them from letters as you type. Smartphones train people to be mind-controlled, thinking with particular words in particular patterns, exactly like everyone else. NSA uses these techniques to trick people into thinking that words relayed by microwave transmission are their own speech or their own thought.

Remember that "Freudian slip" you made, or that unbelievably stupid thing you heard a politician say, like the time when George W. Bush said, "There's an old saying in Tennessee—I know it's in Texas, probably in Tennessee—that says, fool me once, shame on—shame on you. Fool me—you can't get fooled again." I bet Bush actually knew that saying: "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me." But he was paired with an interlocutor who didn't, and the scum that controlled his voice messed him up.

Or maybe you think Bush is stupid. Okay. Take someone more intelligent, who also went to Yale and belonged to Skull and Bones: William F. Buckley. Watch some old videos of Firing Line, a show I grew up with, and you'll see what I mean. Buckley will stutter like an idiot, umm-ing and urr-ing, rolling his eyes back in his head, only to come out with a stream of dollar-and-a-half words and then go back into the same routine. The man was eloquent, but he had a speech defect, and that speech defect, like that of many others, was caused by mind control.

Sometimes they'll work on people, saying a phrase to a subject over and over again, and making that person say the phrase over and over again. You know how people have their little catch phrases—not to mention set-piece stories that they'll repeat verbatim and ad nauseam to others. And then there are the little things a subject may find amusing, which were slightly funny or enjoyable the first time, that he will repeat again and again and again to others, oblivious of his listeners' unsympathetic boredom. There he goes....

Hey, Lily: "Quick, act natural!"

But the scum at NSA are not just looking to identify and perpetuate simplistic formulæ, through internet habits, to lead scripted conversations, and to create prompted interactions, where they put people in each other's way: "Small world, isn't it?" They are actively trying to trip people up. They will work to make someone say something hurtful to himself and others. They have certainly made me

quarrel with family members and call them foul names. And they will also script a scene in a harmless context, have someone repeat it, and then move it over to another context where it causes trouble. Remember when Howard Cosell said on national television, while describing black football players, things like "That little monkey really gets loose, doesn't he?" or "Look at that little monkey run...." Cosell was good with words, and he was never a racist. He had a strong relationship with the African-American community. Back in the 1960s, he was the first announcer to respect Muhammad Ali by calling him by his new name when others deliberately persisted in calling this persecuted hero by his old name, Cassius Clay. As it turned out, Cosell often called his own grandson "little monkey" and otherwise called kids playing or running "little monkeys." NSA simply moved it over.

They are always putting things together that shouldn't be mixed. Just as they moved Cosell's habitual speech, which they may have created, from one context, where it was harmless, to another, where it was not, they will play one person's speech to another in order to create a false impression. You may have called one of your V2K abusers a fucking bitch or otherwise insulted her, which they will encourage, so then they will play the verbal insult again and again to a third party, saying that you insulted her instead. And at the same time, they will be working to create aggression between you and one of the female perpetrators, which they will then try to sexualize, to encourage you to rape an innocent party.

But however you resist or don't resist, the idea is to make you speak along with them, to torture you, and to modify your behavior as well as your speech. Most of your abusers, who work for CIA, NSA, DHS, USAF, or a similar organization, are poorly educated losers who use extremely foul language, and all are sexual deviants of the worst sort. People subjected to the horrors of the program are forced to hear a torrent of disgusting verbiage while their interlocutor tries to force their words to follow his. When things go wrong, you can end up with a person who twitches, tics, and shouts obscenities that do not come from him. A lot of the curses may be him yelling at his tormentors, while he fights in hypnotic sleep, although he does not know it. The doctors call it Tourette Syndrome, but something else is going on.

Fortunately, there are limits to language. People know what they mean even when they say something different. Language control is not mind control, nor is it the same as controlling emotions or bodily sensations. There are all kinds of ways you can resist your would-be controllers with language alone—not to mention that one word will have different meanings, connotations, and associations for different people. One can exploit these differences, as well as the inherent ambiguities of words, to confuse one's attackers. These are some of many fatal flaws in what our enemies call "the program."

NLP will never work—simply because of personal pronouns. NSA's idea is to have one person speak for another: they broadcast a perpetrator's speech by V2K and the recipient mistakes the

speech for her own. They want to talk through our mouths, and they want to substitute their speech for our thought. But changes in personal pronouns, leading to odd speech patterns, give the game away.

For example, people will hear a voice in their head, which they mistake for their own thought: "*You shouldn't do that....*" But if it is the person hearing the thought, why is he calling himself you? He should think, "I shouldn't do that." But someone else speaks, by V2K, and the listener mistakes the voice for his own.

Others will speak about themselves in the third person. This seems particularly common in Hollywood and Washington, where Illuminati mind control is strongest. Remember Rhonda on Laverne and Shirley? Or Lola in Damn Yankees? They are only two examples from Hollywood. Remember how Senator Bob Dole used to call himself Bob Dole? President Trump does the same thing. One time he even spoke of CIA at the headquarters of CIA, stood in front of a sign marked CIA, and had CIA written below on the television broadcast, calling himself "Donald Trump." Now that's what I call cartel signalling.

Still others speak of themselves as "we." "We need to get going" is the sort of phrase that pops into my head. But who's we? There should be only one of me here.... This recalls the royal we, used by monarchs programmed by the Illuminati. They don't call it PROJECT MONARCH for nothing. As Queen Victoria famously said, "We are not amused." Usually I don't like royals, but I'm with Vicki on this one. That's the kind of stuff Tim Shelley likes.

Watch for these speech patterns in yourself and others, and ask yourself where they come from. It's a good way to spot mind control.

As I am forced to engage in endless conversations with abusive morons, I give my tormentors nicknames to mock them. I call some of the female degenerates that abuse and lie to me names like Miss Direction, Miss Understanding, Miss Rule, Miss Reason, Miss Conduct, Miss Behavior, Miss Apprehension, and Miss Take. But the two that concern us here have other names: Miss Diagnosis and Miss Treatment.

Long ago, CIA successfully brainwashed many Americans to dismiss "conspiracy theories" without a second thought. After they assassinated John F. Kennedy, they put out an internal memorandum, Countering Criticism of the Warren Report. They had stacked the deck by creating a rubber-stamp commission on which characters like CIA Director Allen Dulles and child molester Gerald Ford served. They didn't want people thinking for themselves. If you're actually running a conspiracy, of course, you want people to dismiss "conspiracy theories."

CIA has also done much to shape both laypeople's and psychiatrists' views of insanity, especially to label people with MK-ULTRA issues as crazy. When I was a boy, you were considered crazy if you talked to yourself. Now, people are considered crazy if they hear voices. Paranoia is called a symptom of insanity. The Soviet Union used psychiatric wards to suppress dissent. The New World Order does the same. As every targeted individual should know, you must never go to

a psychologist. Dissidents are committed to mental asylums, after which they cannot own firearms (in most states), and they are prescribed powerful anti-psychotic drugs. These drugs cost money, so the big pharmaceutical interests and insurance companies make billions from the misdiagnosis and mistreatment of the survivors of CIA programs.

Aside from symptoms that arise from V2K and speech-focused forms of attack, the agency engages in other kinds of body, emotion, and mind control that involve implants not merely in the head. I am not entirely clear on the technology. Through implants in the brain, sensations may be induced in various body parts. Also, there may be implants in particular body parts. And, courtesy of PROJECT CLOVERLEAF and INDIGO SKY FOLD, we are all breathing in nanotechnology, otherwise known as smart dust, which assembles itself inside our bodies. (Look up, if you don't believe me, and you'll see chemtrails criss-crossing the sky.) Painful sensations may be caused by blasts from directed energy weapons. They can flood your body with dopamine, endorphins, or hormones that your body itself manufactures. They can induce movement. And they will try to stimulate a person's private parts or, alternatively, to cause impotence or frigidity, while assailing the mind with sounds or images, and giving hypnotic commands either to masturbate or copulate. Electronic anal rape is a favorite; and they will make a person's anus itch while they force that person through remote control, or give a hypnotic command, to scratch

or finger it. We are dealing with subhuman degenerates, and they are sick.

Other ailments induced by MK-ULTRA are misdiagnosed as diseases, so the big pharmaceutical interests and the insurance companies make billions from the suffering of human beings whose lives are destroyed by the New World Order. Parkinson's Disease seems due in many cases to MK-ULTRA, with its classic symptoms of shaking, rigidity, and depression. Likewise, dementia and Alzheimer's Disease come from the destruction of the mind caused by the satanic trash in the global "intelligence" community through hypnotic commands. Cancer, especially of the brain, is caused by directed energy weapons, microwave signals piggy-backed on cell phones, and the interaction of processed foods combined with the breathing of poisonous chemicals, not to mention neural dust, ingested, drunk, or sprayed from airplanes in PROJECTS CLOVERLEAF and INDIGO SKY FOLD. (Again, look in the sky: you will see chemtrails from planes but not all jets, and none of these were present a few years ago.) Strange allergies, which no one used to have, have become commonplace. Morgellons, so far unexplained, indicate the body's reaction to implants. Crohn's Disease is another favorite, since the scum think it's funny to make a human soil his trousers. Milder ailments such as tinnitus (ringing in the ears), dyslexia (a mix-up of signals to the right and left hemispheres of the brain), and restless leg syndrome (leg bouncing up and down from microwave transmissions at low frequencies) all come, too, from obscene

experiments on human subjects. They'll blur your vision and put a voice in your head that says, "I need to get my prescription updated" or "I need glasses." Or they'll cause pain in your teeth while you hear them say, "I need to go to the dentist." And then there's Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, where they just wear you down. Let's not forget the undisclosed purpose of U.N. AGENDA 21, 2030, and 2050, as described by Rosa Koire in Behind The Green Mask, is to kill eighty percent of the humans on the planet, as set forth on the Georgia Guidestones.

Then there are the related emotional problems that naturally arise, or are purposely created, by the use of this obscene technology on unwitting human subjects. The subhuman trash will work to make you feel sad or repentant for the sins they have caused you to commit or the ones about which they lie. Other controllers and programmers will try to fill a person with false pride or arrogance, so he has trouble with people. Still others will induce anger, either intentionally or accidentally. And all of these negative emotions depend on a constant stream of judgements—not to mention the suspension of judgement against the criminals that perpetrate these horrific crimes. Don't fall for it.

But let's not forget that this form of mind control depends on implants. Vaccines, like processed food, contain nano-technology, but there is larger stuff, too. Whenever you go to a hospital, you are in terrible danger. Otherwise, a cybernetic implant can be inserted by an insect-like drone, and I have had that done to me. It also can be inserted

in person by a CIA degenerate, which has also been done to me. The program depends on burglaries by sexual deviants. All of my friends, my family, and I have been taken from our beds and raped in the most horrific ways, while they put implants in various parts of our bodies. The agency uses hypnosis, drugs, and electro-shock to wipe people's memories—a process described by Cisco Wheeler and Fritz Springmeier in their books The Illuminati Formula To Create an Undetectable Total Mind Control Slave and Deeper Insights into the Illuminati Formula. They have done it to me many times, and these sick degenerates poisoned my daughter's dog so they could come into my house. When I tried to warn others, they thought I was crazy. That's what the enemy wants.

Get a big dog and bolt your door from the inside. And a gun doesn't hurt. A shotgun or revolver, with hollow-point bullets, is good for protection; but I also recommend a semi-automatic rifle, bought legally in an undocumented private sale, for when they really come for us. I sleep with a chair propped against my bedroom door and a hammer under the bed. It is my sincere desire that they break into my house again, so I can kill one of these craven degenerates face to face.

The Rhodesians had it easy. They could see their enemies. We do not have that luxury. Today I am constantly plagued by abusive scum that bother me with V2K and I2K, taunting me about the rape of my child and loved ones, pretending to use my voice to object to these obscenities, and inducing foul sensations in my anus, my scrotum, the

area between the two, and my urethra. They will induce erections while they torture me; and, if I masturbate, they sometimes make my penis flaccid, suggesting that I violate women with objects, as they get off on raping me with electronics. They are shit. They are cowards. And there is never any respite. The constant abuse drives me forward, so that I am always writing, teaching, and fighting against NWO.

Our enemies are actually that stupid. Whereas they could simply leave people like me alone, they weaponize us so that free time is impossible, and we have nothing to do but fight them. In this way, they motivate geniuses to be their implacable enemies, while they pit drug-addicted imbeciles against us. As my friend in the Resistance, Andrea Davison, who once worked for British Intelligence, said, "There are very few real agents left." It's always been bad, but nowadays it's just one violent and moronic lowlife after another, and their dependence on technology, which puts them in constant contact with us, only serves to undermine their own effectiveness. They don't even give their own hypnotic suggestions a chance to work, as each perpetrator destroys the work of another. Ultimately, the program will self-destruct.

But still it is important for us to understand the weapons they use against us.

SECOND APPENDIX

SELECT PATENTS AND DIAGRAMS

Nowadays, cybernetics are mostly nano-tech, but you'd be surprised how many people have the old-school stuff in their bodies. I thought for years that the bump on the top of my head came from blunt trauma or that crooked eyes were normal.

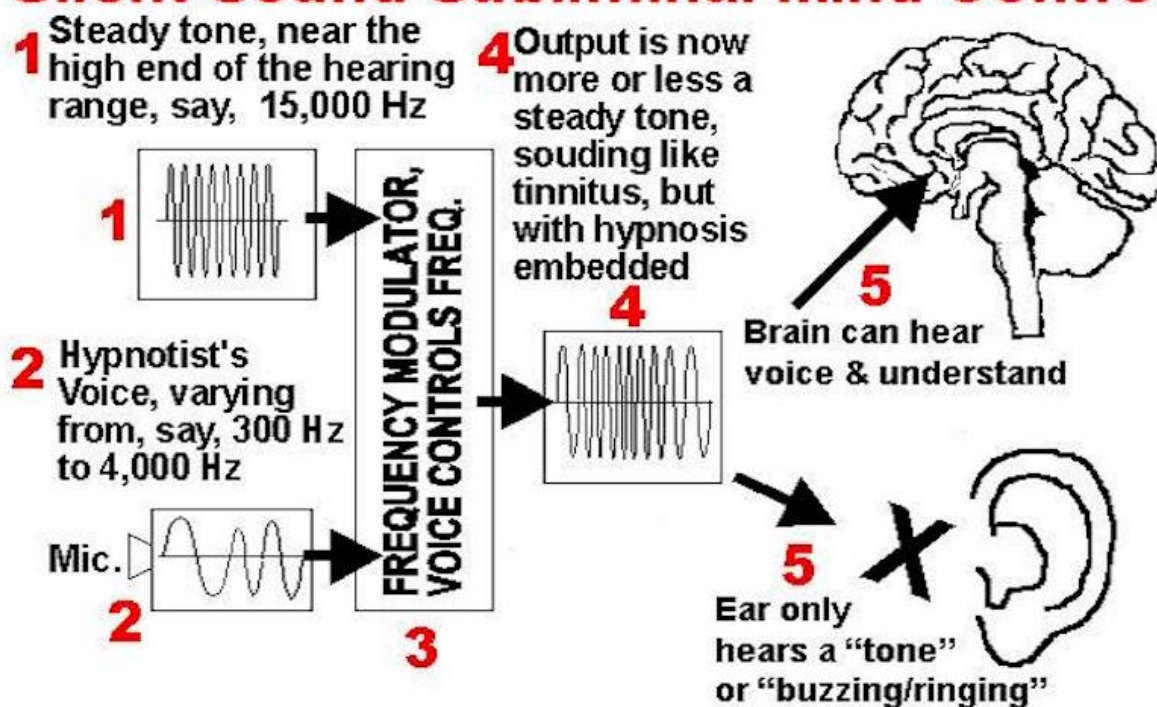
What follows is an abridged set of patents and diagrams for some of the mind control technology used against us. It's a good indicator that I'm not crazy. They didn't spend decades of research and billions of dollars inventing this stuff not to use it.

Some of the assignees or holders of the patents with possibly deep pockets, making attractive defendants for a products liability lawsuit, include the California Institute of Technology, Georgia Tech, IBM, Stanford University, Lockheed Martin, Motorola, Pioneer, Procter and Gamble, Raytheon, Rolls-Royce, the University of Michigan, and the United States Air Force.

You can learn more about CIA's cybernetics program through Aaron and Melissa Dykes' excellent documentary film, The Minds of Men, which describes the criminality of the Boston Violence Project, the Office of Naval Research, Dr. Robert Heath, and Dr. José Delgado.

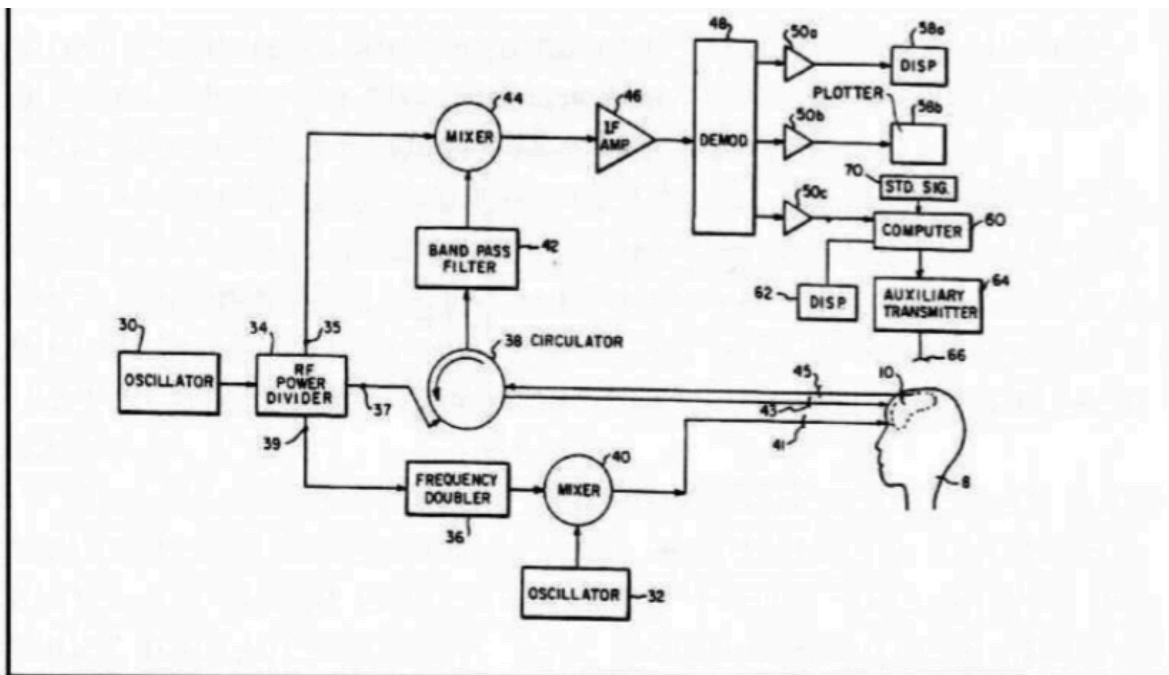
You can also find more on my website, Fighting Monarch: <https://fightingmonarch.com>.

Silent Sound Subliminal Mind Control



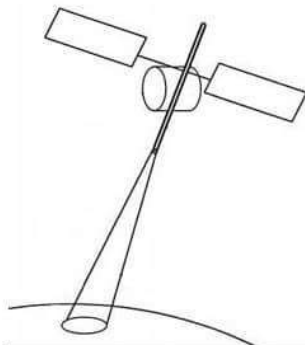
Output can be via open air broadcast or piggybacked on TV/radio signals

U.S. Patent 5159703 issued Oct 27, 1992



United States Patent 3,951,134 shows how one can remotely monitor and alter brain waves from a distance. There is much evidence that medical devices like this one are also used as covert biological process control weapons by manipulating the human organism. (Dr. Richard Sauder)

YOU THINK YOUR THOUGHTS ARE PRIVATE?



US006011991A

United States Patent [19]
Mardirossian

[11] **Patent Number:** **6,011,991**
[45] **Date of Patent:** **Jan. 4, 2000**

[54] **COMMUNICATION SYSTEM AND METHOD
INCLUDING BRAIN WAVE ANALYSIS AND/
OR USE OF BRAIN ACTIVITY**

[57]

ABSTRACT

A system and method for enabling human beings to communicate by way of their monitored brain activity. The brain activity of an individual is monitored and transmitted to a remote location (e.g. by satellite). At the remote location, the monitored brain activity is compared with pre-recorded normalized brain activity curves, waveforms, or patterns to determine if a match or substantial match is found. If such a match is found, then the computer at the remote location determines that the individual was attempting to communicate the word, phrase, or thought corresponding to the matched stored normalized signal.

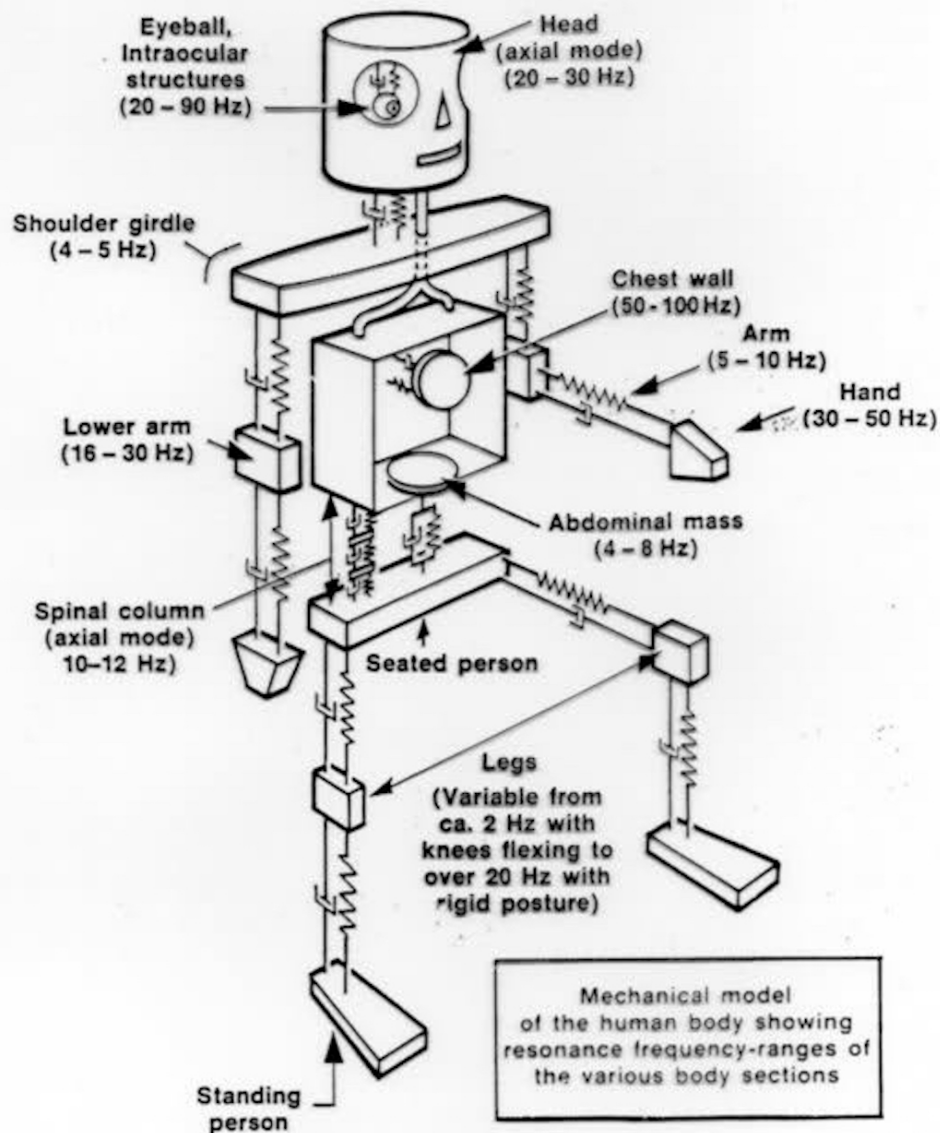
5,640,493	6/1997	Skeirik .	
5,715,821	2/1998	Faupel .	
5,719,561	2/1998	Gonzales .	
5,722,418	3/1998	Bro .	128/905
5,730,146	3/1998	Itil et al. .	600/544
5,736,543	4/1998	Rogers et al. .	
5,737,485	4/1998	Flanagan et al. .	
5,747,492	5/1998	Lynch et al. .	
5,791,342	8/1998	Woodard .	600/544
5,816,247	10/1998	Maynard .	

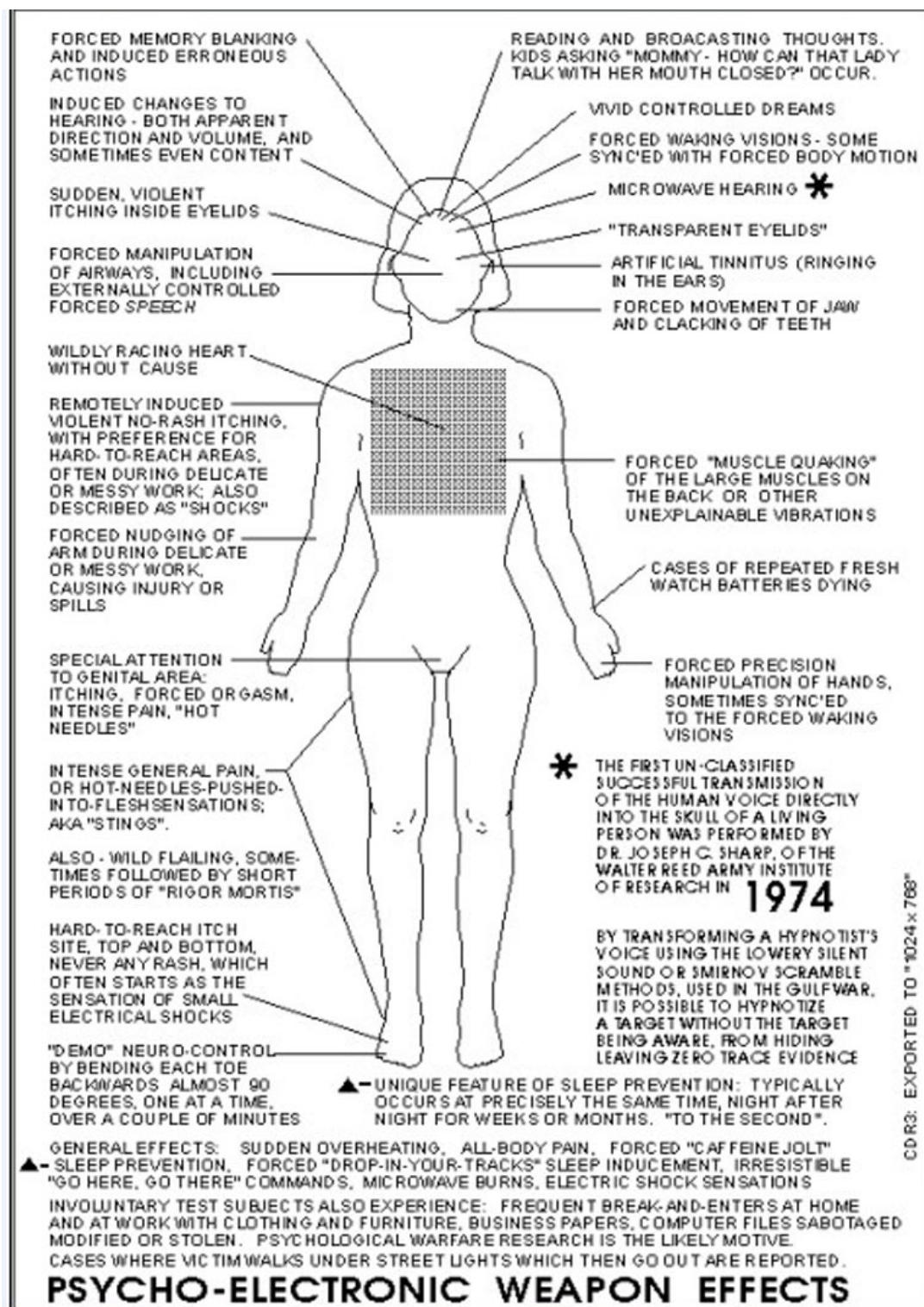
Primary Examiner—Cary O'Connor
Assistant Examiner—Michael Astorino
Attorney, Agent, or Firm—Joseph A. Rhoa

[57] **ABSTRACT**

A system and method for enabling human beings to communicate by way of their monitored brain activity. The brain activity of an individual is monitored and transmitted to a remote location (e.g. by satellite). At the remote location, the monitored brain activity is compared with pre-recorded normalized brain activity curves, waveforms, or patterns to determine if a match or substantial match is found. If such a match is found, then the computer at the remote location determines that the individual was attempting to communicate the word, phrase, or thought corresponding to the matched stored normalized signal.

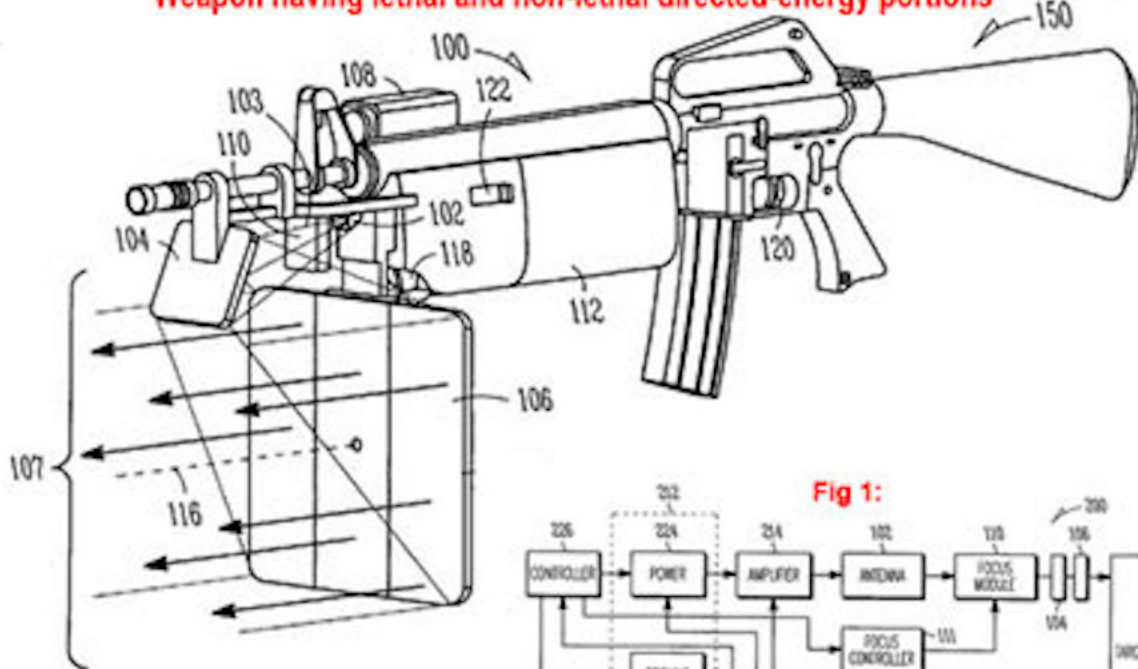
Human body resonance frequencies





CDR3: EXPORTED TO "1024 x 768"

"Weapon having lethal and non-lethal directed-energy portions"



**Directed Energy Weapon
mounted on an M16**



THIRD APPENDIX

WHY WE DON'T REMEMBER

In 1977, the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Intelligence held hearings about CIA's illegal activities in the United States, describing "the abuses of the drug testing program and reports of other previously unknown drug programs and projects for behavioral control."

That was over forty years ago, when I was a child, and things have worsened since. Today CIA has at its disposal not only over one hundred new cybernetic patents but also the same old drugs.

Among the drugs illegally used by CIA against American citizens are (a) hypnotic sedatives such as amobarbital, aprobarbital, butabarbital sodium, chloral hydrate, methotrimeprazine hydrochloride, midazolam hydrochloride, paraldehyde, pentobarbital, pentobarbital sodium, quazepam, secobarbital sodium, sodium pentobarbital, temazepam, triazolam, and zolpidem tartrate, (b) hypnotics like demerol, desoxyn (combined with sodium pentothal), methyprylon, and pentothal acid, and (c) memory blockers such as acetylcholine, BZ, and scopolamine.

Scopolamine, otherwise known as hyoscine, burundanga, or devil's breath, concerns me here, since it makes rohypnol, a common date rape drug, look like nothing. When it is combined with trauma, which creates amnesic walls, hypnosis, and electro-shock, victims have little chance of remembering their abuse.

In the 1920s, Robert House pioneered the use of scopolamine as a truth serum. House found the drug would "depress the cerebrum to such a degree as to destroy the power of reasoning." In other words, the drug turns people into zombies. It also blocks memories from forming, so a subject will not remember what happened under the influence. You can see why this would interest CIA; so, using Nazi scientists imported in OPERATION PAPERCLIP, they began their own use of drugs and hypnosis, beginning with PROJECT BLUEBIRD and culminating in MK-ULTRA.

Because scopolamine blocks the acetylcholine receptor in the brain, it stops memories, normally encoded in the hippocampus, from forming. Victims cannot recall what happened to them, and they cannot identify their attackers.

But don't listen to me. Here are the words of the United States government. In 2012, the State Department published a travel advisory:

One common and particularly dangerous method that criminals use in order to rob a victim is through the use of drugs. The most common has been hyoscine [scopolamine]. Unofficial estimates put the number of annual hyoscine incidents in Colombia at approximately 50,000. Hyoscine can render a victim unconscious for 24 hours or more. In large doses, it can cause respiratory failure and death. It is most often administered in liquid or powder form in foods and beverages. The majority of these incidents occur in night

clubs and bars, and usually men, perceived to be wealthy, are targeted by young, attractive women. To avoid becoming a victim of hyoscine [scopolamine], one should never accept food or beverages offered by strangers or new acquaintances or leave food or beverages unattended....

Typically, victims become disoriented or unconscious, and are thus vulnerable to robbery, sexual assault, and other crimes.

In its powdered form, scopolamine has neither taste nor smell, so it can easily be slipped into someone's drink. Also, it can be smoked in cigarettes, blown in someone's face, or administered in a transdermal patch. The drug acts fast, so it takes effect in less than twenty minutes.

CIA has everything at its disposal, but this drug is so easily obtainable that it can be used by common criminals, which, in the unlikely event of detection, can form a smokescreen concealing agency involvement. Scopolamine is used to treat motion sickness, Parkinson's Disease, muscle spasms, irritable bowel syndrome, asthma, and depression. It is even used off-label to help stop smoking. Despite the obvious criminal uses of scopolamine, the World Health Organization lists it as one of the safest and most effective medicines. You can find it in almost any grocery store.

Are we really to believe that criminals use this drug only in Colombia? or that CIA ever stopped using it?

SUPERMAN

{ first half }



Timothy Shelley