

Introduction	2
Statements from the author:	3
Chemical Warfare	5
A Gas That Drives You Nuts	5
Another Lethal Gas	6
Biological Warfare	7
Food Contamination	8
Sleep Deprivation	9
Sleeping gas	11
Taking Control	12
Social Deprivation	12
Psychological Warfare	13
Terrorism	16
Terrorism and The Media	19
Threats	21
Corrupt Officials and Threats	22
Conclusion	24

Introduction

In 1993 I wrote the manuscript (CIA30430,4 sections) 'IS THE CIA OUT OF CONTROL?', but it didn't come easy. It took more than half a year, not because of the volume of data, that had to be sorted out, the logs, journals, diaries, but because of the resistance I met. You're probably thinking 'resistance? that would suggest that somebody knew CIA30430 was being written' 'what kind of resistance was there? Who would be concerned about the subject matter?'. Not only was there resistance, but retaliation soon followed after I left my mark in the nations capitol, I was tortured, my dog was killed, I was fired from a lucrative job. You're probably thinking 'torture? did you tell the police? did you run for help?'. Unfortunately it wasn't that simple. How do you report something you can't prove, especially in a foreign country, let alone identify the perpetrators? how do you say you were being drugged, gassed, with some of the most lethal chemicals known to man, yet still lived to tell about it? You see, it's not your typical crime scene. It's the perfect crime, it's secretive, covert, and there's rarely a trail of tangible evidence.

Yet there I was in early 1993, trying to write CIA30430, while I was drugged, gassed, given illnesses, viruses, subjected to severe sleep deprivation, so severe that I couldn't even read a newspaper at times, I was given memory wipes, chemical injections to the brain, harassed, threatened, and survived staged near car accidents. You're probably wondering, 'well why didn't you just quit? why endanger yourself unnecessarily?', and the answer is simply self preservation, you see I was being used as a guinea pig, against my will.

You're probably thinking 'guinea pig? this sounds like science fiction now, were you strapped down on some operating table?', once again it wasn't that simple. I was dealing with a behemoth, covert, powerful, influential, secretive, so secretive that they went to any extreme to maintain secrecy. They were the secret warfare experts, psychological warfare, chemical warfare, communications sabotage, mobility sabotage, social quarantine, this was their secret arsenal, and they used me for practice, to refine their tactics, to train new recruits, to beat the monotony of sitting around waiting for the real thing to happen. I kept their machine oiled, greased, they learned from me, my reactions, my notes, my diaries. I was part of an army but received no pay for my services. Their operatives seemed to assume I was the real thing, and unleashed on me as if we were at war. I was the secret cog in a secret machine, as if using me to try out new psychological warfare tactics, measure the lethal potential of their gasses, their drugs, learn new techniques in mind control, controlling behavior, influencing behavior. That means I was a scientists dream, a live human subject for their scientists to play with.

You're probably thinking 'You seemed to be free to leave, after all you did go to Washington, you were still a United States citizen, it doesn't look like you were held prisoner anywhere, so why didn't you just return to the United States?'. It wasn't that simple. It didn't matter where I went, their operation was still alive and well, any country, any city. They had no geographical boundaries, their operation and their influence was world wide. In fact the whole thing started out in a U.S. city in 1986, and after being tortured, gassed, drugged, being subjected to the most mind wrenching episodes, for 2 years, after evidence started developing, after I was flooding city hall with distress letters, I was coerced into leaving the state, and eventually overseas. Now you're probably

thinking 'coerced? did somebody put a gun to your head and say, you're comin with us?'. It was more complicated than that, they simply wouldn't let me get a job in California. You see, as if for the sake of secrecy, it appeared I was under the full measure of a social quarantine, like in the military when they keep out prying eyes (where all communications, letters, phone calls, anything, are monitored, intercepted, redirected) (that's how they make you homeless). You can't talk to Joe Smoe without them knowing about it. My guess is they impersonated people, officials, employers, either by phone or in person. That means their operatives were my interface to social reality, a buffer zone, for the sake of secrecy. My guess is they controlled my environment, determined where I worked, lived, who my boss was, who my neighbors were. Only the government would have the money, power, influence, and the motive to do this. It looked like I was a free American, it looked like I got the jobs on my own, or lived where I wanted to live, but it was all them, they controlled everything.

So in 1993, my guess is they knew exposure, any kind of exposure could end all this, end their operation to perfect their secret warfare. The evidence shows they didn't want me writing CIA30430, and I was severely punished when I tried to escape, by going to Washington. Some of my letters (all hand delivered to senators and congressmen) got through, but received only one response, something like "very interesting", which means their social quarantine isn't foolproof. Before CIA30430, I couldn't fully define what they were doing me, I knew I was being psychologically used & abused, but I couldn't define it, I was usually drugged, mentally weakened by the sleep deprivation torture, I was rarely in any condition to write. I figured on the CIA since 1987, but even the mention of their name probably sounded nuts. Mental mayhem, psychological mutilation, social quarantine, are terms I made up. The original CIA30430 was written under conditions of torture, that's why it sounds so mechanical, like I simply threw together a conglomeration of facts and accusations, organized them into similarities, and simply listed them on the document. The document is repetitive, and might put you to sleep in some areas.

The evidence shows the perpetrators have no geographical boundary, have influence over the police, and security at top secret installations (like defense contractors), and influence officials, even in Washington D.C.. The evidence also suggests the perpetrators are the CIA or the Military, more than likely military intelligence.

Statements from the author:

CIA30430 describes an ordeal, a human tragedy, an adventure into hell, where I met the Devil himself, how I was forced into a death struggle, peered over the edge into a beckoning abyss of psychological doom, forced to reach into the depths of my own soul, my own spirit, to pull out what courage, strength, fortitude I had left, to survive, redefine Freudian psychology, redefine what I didn't find in the school books, a real life drama, to challenge the Beast, as I was met with one barrage after another, one assault after another, as I scaled peak after peak against impossible odds, insurmountable, outrageous, ridiculous, unheard of, unbelievable, against a giant, a beast of prey, insane, unrelenting, unmerciful, hard, cold, uncaring, unjust, committing one atrocity after another, inhumane acts, despicable, unheard of, forcing me to struggle, suffer, turning, twisting in agony, anguish, torment, on the floor of disaster, chaos, obliteration, and each time getting up,

with that same undying lust for freedom, for justice, for peace, for a way out, willing to trudge from one end of the earth to the other through deserts, canyons, jungles, looking above and beyond the devastation, the chaos, the confusion, the atrocities, holding fast to the call of freedom, the echoing passion that I heard once before.

Statement 2

CIA30430 describes the mental cruelty, the pain and suffering, the torture, the insanity, how they tried to psychologically mutilate me (drive me insane), tortured me with biological warfare, virus's, illnesses, drugs, lethal gasses, severe sleep deprivation, sending me to the floor many times, writhing, twisting in pain and agony; how they tortured and terrorized me in my own home, turning my home into a chemical and psychological torture chamber, forcing me to live out of a gas mask, forcing me to barricade myself in the rest room, forcing me to sleep in a truck, build a wood shelter to escape the torture; how they took over whole communities, corrupting them, forcing them to participate in felonies, crimes against god and man, participate in acts along the same lines as vigilantism, witch hunts, hangings; how they forced me to work for companies they could control (see Appendix 2), to use as the staging ground for their psychological and chemical warfare, controlling the work force, corrupting them, forcing them to participate in felonies, crimes against god and man; how they forced me out of the state of california to the deep south for trying to report them, and repeating the atrocity of forcing me to sleep in my truck, in freezing weather; how they lured me out of the country entirely, isolated away from civilization, where they tortured me with a vengeance, mercilessly, for 4 years, sending me reeling to the floor many times in pain and agony, prompting 3 trips to our nations capitol, all to no avail because of their influence; how there were hints of corruption in Washington, city hall, hints of a national conspiracy, institutional genocide; how They would stop at nothing, stalling traffic, staging accidents, controlling traffic lights, using the police to harass, intimidate, hand out citations; how they impersonated people, officials, anybody, took over nightclubs; how they used the media to terrorize the public; how they controlled communications, mobility, the phone lines, rigging up vehicles to stop by remote control; how they forced sleep deprivation by remote control, so I couldn't tell, report them; how they staged full fledged mock operations, using companies, proprietaries, workers, to stage and camouflage their psychological warfare, and their gasses, using operatives to contaminate cafeteria food with drugs, punish with virus's for reporting them.

Statement 3

-CIA30430 describes the savagery, using biological warfare, viruses, illnesses as a punishment for reporting their operatives, or to stop me in my tracks, from reporting them, from writing about them; head injections to saturate the brain with chemicals, to destroy brain cells, memories of their atrocities, and all other memories, to induce mental diseases, mental complications, to act as a catalyst to the ultimate insanity objective, to essentially sabotage my command center, my source of all intelligence, thoughts, desires, my emotional network, to destroy what I was inside; electroshocks, 'brain frying', to

destroy brain cells; injections into the hippocampus to reduce short term memory abilities, where you become forgetful, absent minded, losing your trend of thought, forgetting what you were going to do, say; literally brutalizing me mentally with severe sleep deprivation torture, turning me into a partial imbecile with half a brain, brain dead, unable to read, write, engage in normal conversation; gassing me with lethal chemicals that force temporary insanity, chemicals that make you gag, cough, choke, gasp for air, cry, wheeze, sneeze away; paralysis injections to prevent physical exercise, that make you look like a penguin out for a stroll, severely restricting all physical activity, where you cant even walk the stairs, get in a car, or struggle just to get out of bed, or walk to the kitchen; food contamination to force internal complications, urinary problems, kidney problems, heart problems; drugging with drugs that take away your personality, speech, verbal abilities, drugs that make you look like a nervous wreck, drugs that induce paranoia, that give you a hypnotic stare; or diarrhea causing bacteria to trim you down, degrade your health, punish you, like a madman; molestations to prevent physical exercise, like dislocated knee and ankle joints, tendons, even staging accidents resulting in injury, like ankle sprains.

Chemical Warfare

Chemical and Biological warfare was used both overseas and here in the United States, lethal enough to cause serious harm, both mentally and physically, the chemicals came in the form of gasses, drugs, the biological warfare came in the form of viruses, bacteria, leeches, parasites, mosquito's, roach's, pests. They used this covert weaponry to complement and maximize their psychological warfare, to punish, irritate, instill a sense of misery, discomfort, repeated reminders that they were there, watching, waiting. The chemical torture, the severe sleep deprivation, the head injections, and the brain frying, turned me into a partial imbecile repeatedly, with a damaged brain, damaged memory, damaged intellect. I use to have a photographic memory, with the ability to remember three license numbers within minutes of each other, even on my worst days, and over the years, with the repeated attacks to the brain, this ability has diminished considerably. While overseas they seemed to admit their guilt when they had an operative joke 'killed too many brain cells, Tony he's the one'. In 1992 after I started writing CIA0327 another operative says 'your memory's going too huh?'. They turned my home into a chemical torture chamber, gassing me, forcing me to live out of a gas mask. They kept me drugged, used head injections, brain frying, tortured me severely with sleep deprivation, just to maximize the effect of their psychological warfare. In other situations, they would give me diarrhea, then sabotage the toilet bowl, forcing me to defecate into a plastic bag. They would gas me with choking gas, while eating, to try to get me to choke on my food. They infested my home with pests, bugs, roaches, ants, repeatedly dumped urine, defecation all over, making the home practically unlivable, to maximize the effects of their psychological warfare.

A Gas That Drive's You Nuts

They have this one chemical that could literally cause temporary insanity, maybe it's a nerve gas, I don't know, it's a powerful substance that screws up your mental functions, maybe even your central nervous system, maybe it's a drug, maybe it's a gas. They

literally tortured me with this chemical, off and on, sometimes for extended periods, to complement their psychological warfare. They tortured me with this chemical back in 1986, 1987, 1988, in my home in Canoga park, California, where I lived alone. It was there where they brought me to my knees many times, writhing and rolling on the floor in agony, as I struggled to free myself from the effects of this lethal chemical. It was the worst experience of my life, in fact I suspect that it was this chemical alone that sent me reeling in 1986, forcing me to seek refuge and quit my job in Pico Rivera, California. It was this chemical alone that sent me reeling in 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, while overseas's, where I struggled, and endured the effects of this lethal chemical, forcing me to discover things about myself that I never knew were possible, experiencing things that perhaps people experience when they're near death. They even threatened me with insanity with 'pictures are necessary to preserve your sanity' or one operative telling me about 'a contractor gone crazy who thought that he was trying to kill him' 'once he makes it to the airport he should be ok' 'little by little we'll get him.. one at a time' 'gary's been taken out in a straight jacket'. They would hit me with this chemical during my trips to Washington D.C., while on the plane, and while already under torture with severe sleep deprivation (they would keep me awake beyond my limits, and the brain would become dis functional). Apparently they wanted to send me into the city of DC, as a lunatic, a babbling idiot, as if to destroy the credibility of everything I wrote, my diaries, my reports, my manuscript (in one case in 1988, I was on a plane to the deep south for an interview, and while struggling against severe sleep deprivation, they hit me with this lethal gas. The effects would be so overwhelming that I'd grasp the seat like I was in an electric chair). They also influenced any air carrier I'd fly with. Every time I'd hop on a plane, they would control the seating, as if to force me into the midst of their operatives, allowing me to speculate (that's a perfect way to gas somebody on the run, with portable gas canisters). They had a device that kept me awake and put me to sleep at will. During one flight overseas, they controlled a section of the plane, and had a busboy block off the aisle near me. They then put me to sleep, took off my jacket, rolled up my sleeve, and slapped a security sticker on my arm, as if to show off, to show they could get to me anywhere, anytime. They also used attribution theory, where they were trying to get me to associate the effects of this lethal chemical with their psychological warfare, like Pavlov's dog. They wanted me to blame the way I felt on their psychological warfare. Since the outset, it was a guessing game, on my part, like 'how they do that? Hmmm. It was part of their psychological warfare, getting me to associate punishing stimuli (like nerve gas) with simple behaviors. Then as part of the conditioning process, they would re introduce the simple behaviors without the punishing stimuli. Thus you have conditioned behaviors, which were added to their psychological warfare arsenal (attackin a target in broad daylight, without being noticed).

Another Lethal Gas

They had this lethal gas that literally had me gagging, choking, wheezing, coughing, sometimes it felt like I was wheezing out blood, but it turned out to be the gas. It had this funny taste, like the taste of blood, as I would wheeze or cough it would mix with the saliva, and I would be able to taste it. This gas alone was the most obvious, and the most punishing. Literally all activity would stop as I would be forced into sometimes violent and uncontrollable coughing, as my lungs would be filled with this itchy substance, that

would irritate the lungs with this itch, and it would actually feel good to cough. The only remedy seemed to be a gas mask, and soon I was living out of a gas mask. I would go to bed with the gas mask on. I had to learn how to breath with the mask, inhaling and exhaling with a tempo. Sometimes I'd forget the mask, like I was use to wearing it, like other clothing. Other times they would get in, molest the heart either through chemical injection, beating the chest, or whacking it, then gas me. I'd wake up coughing violently with each cough irritating the heart, like they wanted to make it look like the coughing itself was giving me heart problems, I'd watch TV with the mask on, and the visual port would constantly fog up. Sometimes I would try to force a pair of eye glasses on the perimeter, just to see more clearly, I'd have to eat with the mask on. I would have to slightly lift the mask, take in a bit of food, and quickly shut the mask. I'd have to use the toilet with the mask on. I'd have to read with the mask on. This form of torture became prevalent in late 1993, after I attempted to distribute the original version of CIA30430 to congress, as if the they were retaliating. Even back in 1986 through 1988, when they had me reeling on the floor, in my home in Canoga Park, California, they mercilessly used this gas on me, forcing me out of my home repeatedly, and then would barrage me with their psychological warfare, anytime I would step outside or go somewhere. I ended up sleeping in the truck to escape this gas. As if to destroy the evidence, they later had a tenant replace the carpeting, free of charge, after I found out that the carpeting could retain chemical trace elements. In later years they would gas me with this chemical, as if to taunt me into reporting them, sort of like reverse psychology, where they probably really didn't want me saying anything. Over the years we developed this secret dialogue, where communication was possible, through symbolism. The symbolism was developed via classical and associative conditioning.

Biological Warfare

Biological warfare, viruses, bacteria, infestations, leeches, you name it, were all used under controlled settings. It was used to complement everything else. The virus's were used for punishment, retaliation, to stop me from reporting them, to instill that sense of misery when they would think I was deluged and overwhelmed by their psychological warfare, or their chemical warfare. In one case, while overseas they had me gagging, vomiting, throwing up, at work. I was keeled over the toilet bowl for almost an hour, my head was spinning with a powerful headache, I was nauseated. I was being punished for trying to report them. In another case they had me bedridden off and on for a full week with one form of illness after another. I was feverish, sweaty, in misery, for reporting one of their operatives. One of their people wouldn't let me get my foot in the door. While doing the background research for CIA30430, they slowed me down by repeatedly getting me sick, week after week. By then I had a habit of protecting my food like an animal would do in the wild. They had a habit of switching my food at the checkout counter, at supermarkets, (see Appendix 9), They had this tactic where they would distract me, usually with a stare down, then have an operative, impersonating a bag boy, make the switch. They were good at it, masters in sleight of hand, like a magician. They would harass me with food poisoning, or diarrhea, to instill that sense of misery. I didn't fare too well at restaurants, where the food was served to me. They would contaminate my food with drugs, diarrhea causing bacteria, food poisoning. After a while I didn't eat

out much, where I was at their mercy. In one case in 1992, when I was disabled with an ankle sprain, they contaminated my food with a cement like substance, which forced severe constipation. I didn't know what to do. Hospitalization seemed to be my only alternative, but I knew that I would be under their care. That's like a rival gang member being your attending physician. At work they consistently contaminated cafeteria food with drugs. Like at the restaurants, I was at their mercy. In 1990 while working in Hawthorne, California, they consistently drugged me in this manner. Sometimes they punished me with sleep deprivation whenever I would try to escape the drugs, by skipping lunch. While overseas I was usually drugged at work. They used sophisticated drugs, with side effects that were not that obvious, yet served their purpose, their psychological warfare. The drugs took away my personality, my speech, my verbal abilities, my intelligence. I don't know how I ever managed to do my work, or perform at a professional level. In other cases they would try to maintain that sense of misery with a gas that induces allergy symptoms, where you're forced to sneeze away and spew out mucus all over the place, with runny noses, and sinus drainage, and then would intentionally get me sick with a cold virus just to justify the effects of their gasses. This form of torture was prevalent in the late 80,s when I was practically under 'house arrest' in my home in Canoga Park, California, and while overseas in the early 90's. The biological infestations were also used to instill that sense of misery in my home. While overseas they literally went berserk with roach infestations, beyond what one would consider normal. I had roaches crawling out of my appliances, in the refrigerator, out of my pillows. There were thousands of eggs all over the place, in my clothes, all over the carpet, the couch, the drapes, in storage boxes, in books, research papers. By the time I had to move, it took days to tediously clean out the infestation. To complement this they repeatedly smelled up my home with the smell of urine and defecation. My clothes were smelled with this horrendous odor that one would associate with transients, or people that never took a bath, like decayed matter. This was prevalent during the early months of 1995, right before they had me fired from my job overseas (back then they played the nut's card, where they tried to make it look like I was wacko, and they also wouldn't let me do my job, by putting my brain to sleep). Just like my food, I had to protect my clothes (this was when they were fabricating excuses to fire me). I would wash the clothes and immediately the next day they would have the same horrendous smell. I ended up washing my clothes right before going to work. Then they started sabotaging the dryer, forcing me to work wearing wet clothes. On the days where I wore the smelly clothes, they would have senior people and bosses stand next to me to get a whiff, as if to continue building that negative image. They seemed to house roach colonies, ant colonies, mosquito colonies, and unleash these insects on me, for punishment, to instill that sense of misery. They would molest me physically with leeches, bacteria, viruses, forcing eye problems, dental problems, warts on the eyelid, hearing problems. I would wake up scratching away, on my head, my genitals, the underarms, the ankles and lower legs, the eye's It seemed that leech infestations on the head and the subsequent scratching was to cover up the head injection wounds, the needle marks.

Food Contamination

Then there was the food contamination that induced internal complications. The contamination induced what seemed like internal injuries. Many times I could feel sharp objects going down my throat, my intestines, my stomach. I would experience sharp kidney pains. I would have trouble urinating, taking longer than usual, as if the tract was clogged with a substance. This was prevalent while I was doing the research for CIA30430 in 1993. The experience was so painful, that I had to change my diet to the foods that I could protect, to the foods that were least likely to be contaminated. It almost seemed that They were trying to force hospitalization or serious injury. At the time the contents of CIA30430 were taking form, and they had a pretty good idea what was going to be in the manuscript. This form of torture coincided with the viruses, the severe sleep deprivation, the drugging, the gassing, the near car accidents. (see Appendix 9)

Sleep Deprivation

Then there was the sleep deprivation torture, where they took away my sleep, hours upon hours of precious sleep, many times severely limiting me to maybe 2 to 3 hours sleep a night, repeatedly day after day, week after week, month after month, where it felt like they were slowly killing my brain, depriving it of the necessary rest that everybody needs, to rejuvenate itself. Many times I would be walking around feeling like I was 50 percent alive, like I didn't have a brain. I couldn't think, write, listen, engage in conversation, and I certainly couldn't do my job. It was a living hell. I was there, I showed up for work, I looked like I could work, but literally I was brain dead. They exploited this tremendous weakness for all it was worth. I was barraged with their whole slew of psychological warfare, repeatedly, mercilessly. It was a psychological mayhem. This form of torture was insane, but they didn't seem to know it, or feel the tremendous pain they were inflicting, since they mercilessly repeated the torture, day after day. It was like the Milgram experiment, and even after the torture became obvious, where I couldn't function like a normal human being, and was forced to seek rest anywhere I could, they still did it, continue to deprive me of sleep. At first I thought they were gassing me, in fact I was sure they were. However after I would escape to my truck, and sleep outside, they seemed to resort to other tactics, to deprive me of sleep. It also seemed like they were saturating my brain with a chemicals. Ultimately I couldn't fend off this form of attack, they seemed to be able to deprive me of sleep at will, and give me back my sleep at will, as if by remote control. I knew remote control was a common thing with these guyz, for secret warfare purposes, but sleep deprivation by remote control? it didn't make any sense, this was like science fiction, (see Appendix 7). There were times where the need for sleep was too overwhelming, where, despite the chemical attacks, or whatever they were doin to keep me awake, my brain would seem to try to shut itself down. My eyes would force shut, I would doze off, yet I wasn't drowsy, I wasn't sleepy. Many times I would be sitting on the couch, wide awake, not sleepy at all, and I would suddenly doze off and I would wake up with my neck jerking backward or forward, or I would wake up with my head hitting the wall behind me. When I would try to seek rest anywhere, when the need for rest was obvious, when I was literally bumping into things, forgetting things, getting lost, going over the same work, over and over and over, they

would continue with the sleep deprivation beyond my limits. They were so obsessed with getting to me at night, that they would have hotels give me the most isolated rooms, for easy and discreet accessibility. Who has that kind a influence?

During the late 80's when I suspected I was being gassed, I had to escape to the park, and try to sleep in the truck during the day, while families picnicked, while children laughed and played, while kids played basketball nearby, there I was struggling under torture, to get even an ounce of precious sleep, and they would still deprive me of sleep. It was like a battle for my sleep (see Appendix 8) they wanted to take it away, I needed it to survive. The battle waged on into 1988 when I was in the deep south. They seemed to gas me repeatedly while in the truck, then one day in the parking lot, surrounded by apartments, I decided to draw attention by slamming the trucks interior with a piece of wood making a loud disturbing noise. That did the trick, I wasn't gassed anymore that night. Apparently they decided it looked too suspicious with people standing next to my truck late at night. At one point in 1989, in Garden Grove, California, I was so determined to escape this form of torture, that I ended up sleeping in my truck at a nearby park at night. They quickly ended this by having the police force me out. I would barricade myself in my room, just to escape the drugs, the physical molestation, and I would barricade myself in the truck. I was so determined that I even built a wood shelter in my garage, specially designed just to sleep in, with only one way in. At one point in late 1993, while overseas, when they deluged me with lethal gasses, drugs, brain frying, head injections (apparently retaliating for CIA30430 after I passed it out a few months earlier) I ended up barricading myself in the rest room at night. So they would force me out with lung gas, even force me out of my home with this substance. It was about this same time that I started using the gas mask, living out of a gas mask. There were times in 1989, in Garden Grove, California, at work, where I'd have to catnap during lunch, but I couldn't lay down and risk the chance of being drugged, so I slept sitting down, with my head in a forward position, so I could wake up periodically with my neck jerking forward (I couldn't help thinking of the ducks at the pond, near my Canoga Park home, where they would sleep with one eye open, in fear of predators). I thought so this's what it's like in the jungle. Invariably, during the worst times, I would still have to go out, run errands, and they would deluge me with psychological warfare, as if assuming that the sleep deprivation alone was enough to drive me to the edge of psychological oblivion (see Appendix 3). In fact there were times that they seemed to deprive me of sleep, just to see if this alone would drive me nuts, or they would use sleep deprivation during my worst times, when they assumed I was overwhelmed with their psychological warfare, or on the edge from their other chemicals. This form of torture seemed to be their 'catch all' plan, like when in doubt, hit with sleep deprivation, when their psychological warfare didn't seem to be having an effect. Essentially this form of torture was mental sabotage. They would sabotage my mental abilities in this manner, to prevent me from writing about them, reporting them, doing my job, enjoying myself, straying too far at airports, to complement their psychological warfare, as if to expedite their insanity objective. The mental sabotage would stop me from going to nightclubs, family gatherings, events, meetings, classes, even work. At times I would be restrained to the immediate vicinity, not able to stray too far or wander off, like I was under neighborhood arrest. Many times I was forced to skip work because of this, as I convalesced in a vegetable state. In one case during the Christmas season in 1994, Tucson, Arizona, they literally prevented me

from re-establishing a relationship with a close relative, by sabotaging my brain with sleep deprivation. I was bedridden for most of my stay there. In another case in 1992, they immobilized me with sleep deprivation, during my first visit to the entertainment capitol of the world, Las Vegas, as if they didn't have the manpower to track my movements. They did the same thing when I went to Egypt for a tour in 1994, they shut me down with serious sleep deprivation. I was like a mummy on tour. I shelled out a fortune for a trip of a life time, and they shut my brain down. They used this form of mental sabotage repeatedly, preventing me from attending social functions, family get togethers. In 1992, 1993, 1995, before each trip to Washington D.C., they shut me down, sabotaged my writing abilities with sleep deprivation. In one case, while travelling to D.C., they held me at bay with sleep deprivation, so I wouldn't go wandering off at the airports. I considered it covert military violence, a covert violence that they used on me, many many times. I thought they was insane for doing this, essentially taking away part of my life, over and over. Days, weeks, months, of my life were taken away in this manner, where somebody else wanted to play God, depriving me of the God given right, a biological necessity for rest, mental rest, recuperation, recovery from the insane psychological warfare attacks. I was like a taking away of something I rightly owned, a part of myself, a necessity for life, for functioning like a normal human being. It was like covert violence where I knew I was being tortured but nobody had the slightest clue, while I just sat there suffering with memory lapses, small attention spans, low comprehension, completely worthless, unable to work, to carry on an intelligent conversation, unable to join the others in daily routines.

They would provoke me in this state too, harass me, irritate me, overburden me with work. At times I would be in a vegetable state, a zombie, and they would still overburden me with work, as if to force me to reach my mental limits, testing my endurance, my ability to struggle & stick it out. At times all I could do was vegetate, sit & do nothing. Over the years they became so bent on sleep deprivation that they would go out of their way to fabricate excuses for sleep deprivation. It was like a 'catch 22', if I would skip lunch to avoid their drugs, they would retaliate with sleep deprivation. Sometimes they would commit a despicable act, to incite or worry or terrorize, and if I detailed the events in my diary, they would use that as an excuse for sleep deprivation. It was a lose lose situation.

Sleeping Gas

They have this other chemical, that literally puts your brain to sleep, not necessarily putting you to sleep, but tremendously hindering all mental activity, like reading, writing, contemplation. The chemical, maybe a gas, maybe a drug, makes you feel lazy. You could feel it's effects on the temples, where you have this lazy sensation and you suddenly don't feel like doing a thing, like you'd rather take a nap. They used this chemical to stop me from doing my job, slow me down, and then later have my boss use this as an excuse to harass me, as part of their psychological warfare. They used this chemical to stop me from writing notations in my diary, from writing reports about their activities, from doing research. In one case in 1987, while researching and redefining Freudian psychology, I would frequent the C.S.U.N. library, and they would repeatedly slow my research efforts down with sleeping gas. I would notice students nearby also

sleeping, even during Final's week. They would use this chemical to stop me from enjoying myself, like watching TV, reading the bible. It was another form of mental sabotage. Over the years they came to learn of my ability to contemplate and formulate notations in my head without writing them down, especially after I successfully slipped through a report in February 1989, catching their team off guard (before then they would use my diary and written notations to sense when I would try to report them next). So they would use this chemical to stop me from thinking, whenever their paranoia got the best of them.

Taking Control

Essentially They invaded my privacy, with illegal entries into my home, rigging up my home and turning it into a chemical torture chamber, forcing me to live out of a gas mask, contaminating my food, illegal entries at night, drugging me via head injection, frying my brain to force memory loss, paralysis injections, physical molestations. They rigged up the phone to control all communications, so they could literally monitor or intercept each and every call, redirect calls, impersonate destination parties, to turn you down for employment, influence destination parties, to ignore your request for service, like contractors, electricians, landscapers. The suspicion is they also advised potential employers to turn you down, and controlled all your interfaces, realtors, bankers, lending institutions, escrow companies just to get you the worst deal, and would use the same for their psychological warfare. For example to have you berated, harassed, irritated, make you worry, sweat. They rigged up my cars so the ignition could be sabotaged by remote control, to limit mobility, at a moments notice. (see Appendix 4, 'The Right To Feel Secure In Your Own Home')

Social Deprivation

Then there was the social deprivation, as part of a social quarantine, to maintain secrecy, to minimize witnesses, so there was no one to tell, of the horror, the atrocity. The evidence suggests they used slander & defamation, bringing me down on the social scale, slackening my image, as an outcast, a recluse, a person to shy away from, avoid, ignore, treat rudely, damaging my character, my image, my abilities, building me as a notorious character. Beating up my brain with chemical and psychological warfare, and electroshocks and concussions, made me look guilty on the spot, inducing a demeanor consistent with their lies. My guess is they lied to people at night clubs, making things up, telling stories, anything to keep people away, to keep me from communicating details of their atrocities, to keep me from communicating their atrocities against me (see Appendix 11). The evidence suggests they even lied to my own family, with propaganda half truths, exaggerations, turning them against me, lying to employers, workers, anybody who might lend an ear and learn of some of the worst atrocities in history. Sometimes the social deprivation would be so bad that I'd have to go to night clubs just to talk, to be heard, to listen, engage in regular social interchange. When they finally killed my dog before having me fired in 1995, they must have decided that my dog was my last emotional attachment. I couldn't believe it, even back in 1992, overseas, I couldn't even go to the rest room without these guys trying to promote a social conflict, a rift, a tension

(maintaining a hostile environment is part of their psychological warfare). When they would think I was on the edge, overwhelmed, weakened by their chemical and psychological warfare, I'd be met with funny attitudes, people with hostile personalities, argumentative, like raring for a verbal confrontation, obnoxious people, always with something derogatory or demeaning to say. I'd be met with inconsistent personalities, like friendly one day and unfriendly the next, like hot and cold, jekyll-hyde personalities, unpredictable, unapproachable, like I was living in a funny farm. This social deprivation was simply more psychological warfare, with that insanity objective looming in the distance. In one case, in 1994, they forced me into a compound for more psychological warfare (later they had my dog killed and had me fired). Whenever they would think, or I gave any indication that I was psychologically weakened, the whole compound, as if in unison, would shy away, take on a dual personality, treat me rudely, provoke me. People I knew would do the same, ignore me, as if they were all under one command, taking direction, like in one of those Sci Fi movies.

Psychological Warfare

The provocations, worries, concerns, intimidations, harassments, irritations, yelling, humiliations, embarrassments were timed to occur at moments of great weakness, or tremendous suffering, like 'kicking a man while he's down', for example while I was a partial imbecile due to brain assaults (severe sleep deprivation, head injections, brain frying, drugging), it was despicable. They would have people try to provoke me, treat me rudely, people would intentionally bump into me and never apologize, step on me, block me, slow me down, rudely glare at me like I was a side show attraction, insult me, call me names, insult my heritage, yell at me, harass me, rudely interrupt me in the middle of a job, startle me by banging the wall, slamming a desk drawer, refuse to work with me, implicate me, lie about me, make things up, accuse me of wrong doing, all as part of their psychological warfare. It was no holds barred.

They would gas me with sleeping gas to stop me from doing my job and then have the boss yell at me for being too slow, berate me, harass me. They would even attack me with lethal gasses, at work, while on the job, while busily trying to do my work, forcing me to gag, choke, wheeze, cough violently, experience neural complications, mental complications, disfunctioning, like my brain was out in left field. While in this state they would have operatives check my coherency, ask me simple questions, like a paramedic would ask a person regaining consciousness from a head injury. They would even have the boss show up, as if to witness firsthand any unusual behavior, as if seeking an excuse to fire me on the spot. After a while, when they would assume that I was peering over the edge into a beckoning abyss, they would foster an environment that would seem to expedite this, using social deprivation, suggestive psychology, and terrorism, having people refuse to socialize with me, refuse to talk, shy away, keep their distance, take on a Jekyll-Hyde personality, suddenly friendly people would turn on me, treat me rudely, ignore me, fight, bicker, stay away. All this while they would move in their own people, uttering phrase's associated with mental illness, 'losing it', going nuts. They would even engage in confusing conversation, discussing situations and things that could never be, unreal situations, as if to force me to comprehend something that wasn't, as if testing my vision of reality, as if trying to strike with that final and fatal blow. It would be at this

point when they were sure my mind was in limbo between reality and 'never never land', that their people would start lying to me, making things up, just to worry me, barrage me with a slew of concerns, as if to overload whatever sensibility remained, once again, as if to strike with that final and fatal blow. There seemed to be no limit to their cruelty and inhumanity, sometimes forcing conflicts, having people argue, fight, bicker, on a regular basis, having the boss berate and harass, seemingly for no reason, consistently, everyday, as if they were trying to condition me on yet more negativity, over and over, with that insanity objective still looming in the distance.

While a partial imbecile due to brain assaults (severe sleep deprivation, head injections, brain frying, drugging), they would have my employer give me work I couldn't do, give me trick work having no solution, give me impossible deadlines, schedules, sabotage the computer system and force me to fix the problem, 'under the gun', with production people anxiously waiting for a solution. I would be forced onto impossible projects with impossible odds. They would have employers hold back information, documentation, books, literature, just to force me to struggle through the system in a 'brain dead' state. I would be given projects requiring extensive research, reading, and study, just to force me to struggle in a 'brain dead' state. They would screw up the system, force it to blow, and leave behind a symbolic trail of evidence, that only I would be able to detect, just to show they were responsible, like a terrorist organization claiming responsibility for their acts. They would have my boss yell at me, harass me, treat me like a kid in front of my peers, workmates, demand an apology, denigrate me, embarrass me, humiliate me, as part of their psychological warfare. They would have the boss hold meetings, just to involve the whole group in a gang stare down, a symbolic slugfest. They would even bring in their own people, just to work with me, screw up my work, accuse me of things, irritate me, act obnoxious and rude, provoke me, stir things up, make trouble, turn people against each other, stage drama. They would even influence the management to force me to work under their own people, who would violate all the rules, foster and promote a careless, inefficient, and unproductive environment, just to increase the chance of a screw up, of the system blowing up, just to foster tension, conflict, argument. These were elements of a chaotic environment, just to make me sweat, worry, while in a 'brain dead' state.

This was their psychological warfare, with the insanity objective always looming in the distance. Many times I had to try to escape this insanity, this mental cruelty, this cruel and unusual punishment, by seeking rest and refuge in a toilet stall. They would have the boss, senior people, supervisors, follow, just to witness the frequency of trips to the restroom, so as to deter me, encourage me to stay at my desk and endure the mental torture and anguish. Sometimes during lunch I would run off to an isolated area to read the Bible, or during work I had to listen to music to lessen the barrage of psychological warfare. The suggestive psychology, the verbal symbolism, the mental torture would be so bad that, after work, I would find myself praying, on my knees. Sometimes it would be too painful to write these experiences, and I would have to escape again, run off to the beach, read, listen to music, pray, anything that would stop this insanity. It was too overwhelming. I couldn't stand the memory, the negativity, it was like I had reached my peak, my emotional limits, like I could take only so much. Even then, even when it was obvious that I was in pain, in agony, in torment, they tried to take these moments of rest away. I would be gassed while praying, forcing me to gag, cough, choke, wheeze. They would have security kick me out of the isolated areas. They would have people follow me

into the library, just to maintain a level of psychological warfare. I would try to escape their verbal barrage by listening to music through headphones. They would sometimes time what they considered their most effective attacks right before the weekend, just to torment me further, and force me to spend the next two days rolling this torment in my head, as if to take away the possibility of resting or recuperating over the weekend, as if they wanted to keep the torment going, day after day, with no letup, with that insanity objective still looming in the distance.

They would even study any written complaints, notes, logs, about their cruelty, their viciousness, and use this information to improve their tactics, making them more precise. Then they would viciously repeat those situations that I seemed to loath and fear. It was like I was face to face with a giant killing machine, and it was only a matter of time before this machine would come up with the right combination. They had a tremendous memory of every event, every illegal act they ever committed, every reaction, every moment of pain and suffering (like mad scientists), and used this to their advantage. They would repeat those situations that seemed to cause the most damage, whittling down, concentrating their activity, on the situations that seemed to work the most. Consequently they were always threatening my career, screwing up my work, having my boss harass me, yell at me, humiliate me, embarrass me in front of my peers, denigrating my work and my performance, forcing me into risky situations that had 'failure' written all over it, for 11 years now.

They decided who I worked for (see Appendix 2), and controlled everything about the employment situation, the work I'd get, who I worked with, my boss, where my office was, and used this as a platform for their psychological warfare. They would force situations that would cause the most damage, with that insanity objective always looming in the distance.

While overseas they brought in their own people, operatives, just to share my psychological space. They became my neighbors. It seemed that their only function was to irritate me, harass me, provoke me at my worst moments. When they assumed I was overwhelmed by the chemical torture, the psychological warfare, when they knew they had me reeling in agony when I would go home, when they assumed I was upset, troubled, worried, working under stress, physically or emotionally drained, when they thought I was on the edge, couldn't take it no more, they'd provoke me in front of the boss as if to work on my image. They'd stick to me like glue in an obnoxious manner, follow me everywhere. They'd startle me, screw up my work, give me bad advice, tempt me, argue with me, make scenes, treat me like a kid in front of my peers, check my coherency with simple questions, act like they were my friends. They were the field operators and something tells me they were calling the shots. They were the psychological warfare experts, many times acting on their own, as if directing the situations on the floor, so it's not surprising that over these 11 years, I've worked for 5 defense contractors, government contractors, and a military installation overseas, with my last job with yet another defense contractor, in Torrance California.

They seemed to create a scenario straight out of my diaries, concentrating on those situations that seemed to work the most overseas, and it was this last job where they broke some of their own rules, sometimes risking their secrecy, their cover, their plausible deniability, apparently sure they had me this time. It almost seemed that the job, the project, the coworkers, the boss, the setting, were designed just for me, a setting to

match the worst scenario I ever described in my diaries. The implication here seems farfetched, but you have to understand the motivation. By then I knew too much, I saw too much. They were sure they had my number, basing their assessment on my diaries and on what they saw, how they easily brought me to my knees many times. So taking a risk probably seemed worth it. The implication that put together a full fledged operation, using a defense contractor, exposing one of their proprietaries in Arizona, populating the operation with their own people, willing to spend all that money, just to fund a mock project for almost a year, all to get one guy, me, doesn't seem farfetched at all, given the background, and their willingness to stop at nothing, to achieve an objective.

Terrorism

Sometimes their threats turned to violence, in one case in 1989, after returning to California from the deep South, they welcomed me back by having me beat up at a night club after being repeatedly threatened, I suffered a concussion, and a broken nose (the precision of the blow, and the fact they influenced the workers, suggests it was military). Consequently I walked into my interview (for a HI pay job) as the elephant man (I was also drugged, and couldn't speak correctly). Of course they said no, probably thinkin I belonged in a freak show. This was after I was already promised the position by phone, and after I relocated (pulled a trailer with my stuff) from Tulsa Oklahoma. So these people were also scum. They used this attack as a starting block for their psychological warfare, as if this were an overt stimulus and now they could condition me with associative stimuli, for months after this attack, using surveillance and timing. They would frequent look a likes, people bearing similar features to the assailant who attacked me, as if to repeatedly remind me of a traumatic event, conditioning me on an act of terror. Sometimes they would provoke a negative response and then use that as an excuse to retaliate. In one case in 1992, in the U.S., at a bank, they had me verbally and physically assaulted by an operative, blocking me in, preventing my escape in a military manner, grabbing at me through the car window, while a security guard simply watched nearby, as I suffered from severe sleep deprivation torture, as if they were trying to provoke me in my tortured state. Recently they had me terrorized on the freeway. I was tailgated in a provoking manner, followed to a convenience store, and accused of doing the same. I was blocked in again in a military manner, preventing my escape, as if they were testing my disposition, maybe provoke a violent reaction. Over the years with their chemical and psychological warfare, forcing me into various emotional states, they would always seem to test my disposition, many times by trying to provoke me. In one case during the torture years of 1986 through 1988, in my home in Canoga Park, California, while they had me reeling on the floor in pain and agony, they came at me with noise terror "slam! Bam! Crash! Bam!" overhead, day in and day out, off and on, for weeks, months, like F18's running sorties. They used surveillance and timing to startle me at the worst times. Eventually I developed a form of PTSD, and had to use ear plugs. They had taken over the condo directly above me, suggesting their influence and power to be able to do that. They literally smashed, bammed, crashed, slammed the floor above me, repeatedly, in a timely fashion, at my worst moments, using surveillance and timing, as if to provoke me in my darkest hour, when I needed their remorse, their sympathy. Over time I was literally shell shocked by the expectation, the anticipation, of this form of

noise terror. I'd be watching TV and be jolted in my seat by a sudden smash or a crash. I couldn't do anything about it, the management wouldn't do a thing. This was all new to me. I was under attack, I was hurting, in a way I was helpless, completely vulnerable, at their mercy. I ended up getting earplugs, noise proof headsets. I'd have to watch TV or listen to the radio with earphones, and they would sabotage these. Before long I was wearing earplugs under the headphones. Soon I was wearing earplugs everywhere I went. They seemed to do me good. I actually found a way to escape their psychological dialogue. I'd go to the store fearing that they'd be out of earplugs. Earplugs became a necessary commodity. I'd even save the old ones in case I ran out, I'd have tin cans full of old earplugs. To coincide with the noise terror, I was literally deluged with their chemicals, gasses, drugs, head injections, brain frying, so I had no choice but to escape to the truck. I saved up for an upscale condo in a paradise, and couldn't live in it. My condo was a chemical torture chamber, the noise terror took away the serenity, and they would beat up my brain as I slept. I had to buy a truck to escape. By 1988 my best nights in years were spent in the truck, barricaded inside, even in the freezing cold, in the deep south, where I'd wake up with the exterior of the truck completely frozen, windows frosted, snow ankle deep. I'd wear layers of thermal underwear, several sweat shirts, sweat pants, several socks, a ski mask. Even then, even in this unforgettable, atrocious, dehumanizing living arrangement, they seemed to steal the truck with me inside, just to carry out their intrusions at a more secure location, with unprying eyes. They were determined, out to get the job done no matter what. Nightly intrusions meant allot to these people. I ended up chaining the doors shut, it was insanity. They were insane and trying to take me there. While overseas in 1992, 1993, they retaliated for reporting them by forcing physical disabilities (ankle sprains). Shortly before the first incident they even threatened me with 'you're going all the way down!'. Two weeks before the incident they staged a near fatal accident where my car was almost demolished by a large truck driving on the wrong side of the street. The next day they seemed to verbalize their intent with 'he had to leave, they were going to kill him'. Two months later while recovering from the ankle sprain, they threatened me again by having an operative give me a news report about some guy being executed for saying the wrong thing. In 1992 I had reported CIA0327 and a few months later they forced an accident, an ankle sprain, a 4 month disability. In 1993 I had reported CIA30430, and a few months later they staged another accident, forcing another ankle sprain (booby trapped my typical route), and 4 more months of disability. In both cases, the brutal assault wasn't enough. They had to get in at night to maintain the injury (inducing excruciating pain) for 4 months. I thought that was sadistic. I was there in a cast, and they attacked me in that state. It was like with the food, I had to protect my ankle like an animal in the wild. I ended up barricading myself in the bedroom, hopping around on one foot, like an injured animal, waking myself up periodically with alarm clocks, in a desperate attempt to protect my injury. Even in my sleep I could feel the slamming, the whacking. They'd twist it, beat on it, I'd wake up in pain like I had just sprained it, or like I had kicked a brick wall. The throbbing pain was excruciating, unbearable, unbelievable, all this just to keep me from exercising off their drugs, to maximize the effects of their psychological warfare. A few months after the first disability, they tried to maintain their death threats by pinning me against one of their operatives, who in his own words 'hunted his boss down in the states', and had access to weapons. They tried to make it look like I reported the guy, by staging a mock

investigation. The timing was right before my second trip to the United States, as if they were sensing I wouldn't be coming back, and relentlessly wanted an excuse to continue their terrorism in the U.S.. They did this before in 1985 when I was intimidated out of an overseas job, and continued the intimidation in the U.S. Allot of their threats had to do with sabotage, like stopping me from reporting them. In 1993 while writing CIA30430 they threatened me with 'he thinks he's leaving it ain't going to happen' 'the trap has sprung' 'don't let him send it off'. In 1992 after I started writing CIA0327 they threatened me with 'your memory's going too huh?' 'soon you'll be back in california on the streets' (I went homeless 13 years later) 'snooze or lose'. The sleep deprivation threats were simply mental sabotage threats, the homeless threats were in a sense, financial sabotage threats. Another common threat was car sabotage. They used various forms of associative conditioning to communicate this threat, countless near car accidents, staged accidents, a disabled vehicle on the road, a vehicle stalling rush hour traffic. They didn't seem to have any limits in anything they did. It didn't matter if thousands of rush hour commuters were anxious to get from work to their families. They would intentionally stall traffic, congest lanes. They had their own army of traffickers whose sole objective was to stage accidents, clog lanes, harass me by tailgating and forcing me into compromising situations, distract me with their symbolism, while the working commuter had to pay the price. In one case in 1990, after I had been released from a job in Garden Grove California, they went haywire staging one accident after another right in front of my home in Venice, as I busily worked away on a report. Shortly after that they staged an accident damaging my truck. They soon extended this form of threat to mean mobility sabotage, where I would have to use the bus or a bicycle to get around. I couldn't help wondering how many people were forced to travel in this manner, after they had their cars or driving privileges taken away, due to too many accidents, tickets, citations, or simply immobilized severely with sleep deprivation. It wasn't hard to speculate in this manner. They got their experience from some where, They seemed to be able to control street lights at will, like suddenly turn red on you forcing you to run a red light, or turn red and stay red, holding you at bay. In one case I was near city hall, in downtown Los Angeles, held up at a an intersection because of a dysfunctional red light for a very long time, while I had copies of CIA30430, ready for distribution. They would threaten you and then try to make that threat a reality. It didn't matter how long it took, time wasn't important. Terrorism was part of their psychological warfare, to keep you thinking, to occupy your mind, and thereby lessen the brainpower you needed to fend of their other psychological warfare, the harassment, the verbal abuse, the provocations, the chemical warfare, the sleep deprivation, the drugs, the head injections, the brain frying, certainly lessened your mental defenses even more. The idea of psychological mayhem was certainly a possibility here, (see appendix 6, Threats Overseas). In many ways their threats were terrorism, striking fear, worry, concern, and many times they followed through on their threats. Sometimes they would give sleep deprivation threats and that very night I'd be tortured with sleep deprivation. Many times they would try to provoke me by having me stared down. In fact only recently, while working for a defense contractor in Torrance, they had me stared down in the cafeteria so many times, while drugged, while under sleep deprivation torture, while being ripped apart emotionally by harassment from my boss, that I ended up eating somewhere else. I couldn't escape their drugs at that cafeteria. Virtually everyday they would contaminate my food with

something, allot of times with a drug that wrecks havoc on your nervous system, and you appear like a bumbling idiot. Apparently a stare down seemed to be the appropriate provocation in this case. They would try to intimidate me out of night clubs, health clubs, by having tough looking guys try to provoke me, stare at me, intentionally get in my way, kick me, bump into me. Judging by their lean mean muscular look, they could have easily passed for military boys. There were times overseas when they would try to provoke me with the same lean mean looking guys, and I knew they were military. In fact it was probably the military that knocked me unconscious in 1989, at a nightclub, in Van Nuys, California. In 1992 they had me imprisoned against my will (bouncer blocked me) in a Paris night club, trying to get me to pay double. This was all terrorism. Being coerced into quitting my job in Pico Rivera, California, in 1986, because of lethal gasses, trying to coerce me into quitting my job in the same manner, overseas, using the same lethal gasses, in 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, was terrorism. Verbalizing their intent several times with 'when are you going back to california?' 'how much longer before you go home?' 'that's not what I heard' 'we don't want you leaving just like that' 'soon you'll be back in california on the streets' 'we're trying to get rid of him' 'they haven't started the fire yet' 'if they want to get rid of you this is the way they'll do it' 'tony's here but not for long' 'you don't have much longer' 'see you later' '6 more weeks huh?' 'ran out of money', was all terrorism. Being coerced into quitting an overseas job in 1985, because of intimidation, forced to live out of gas mask, in 1987, 1988, in the United States, in Canoga Park, California, and overseas in 1993, eating, sleeping, using the toilet, with the mask on, was terrorism. Being forced out of my home and into a truck, because of the torture, into freezing temperatures, was terrorism. When they would come at me in the truck, anywhere, at the park, in broad daylight, gassing me, in a battle for my sleep, was terrorism. Torturing me with biological warfare was terrorism. Punishing me with virus's for reporting their operatives, contaminating my food with drugs, diarrhea, harmful substances, was terrorism. Forcing me to protect my food like an animal in the wild, to steer clear of restaurants, giving me diarrhea and then sabotaging the toilet, forcing me to defecate into a plastic bag was terrorism. Trying to force me out of my truck by having the media air reports about a rapist on the loose in my area, matching my description, was terrorism. Trying to force me out of the truck late at night, by giving me diarrhea, was terrorism (in one case, not having time to reach my home, I had to defecate into a plastic bag, in the truck). Forcing me to barricade myself in the restroom, the truck, my home, was terrorism. Being harassed on the freeways, promoting acts along the lines of vigilantism, witch hunts, being followed every where I went, was terrorism.

Terrorism and The Media

They seemed to use the media, make up stories, spread false reports, to terrorize, They didn't seem concerned that the public was also being terrorized. In one case in 1989, while in the deep south, after they forced me outside, into a truck at night, into the freezing cold, they had the media issue a report about a rapist on the loose, in my area, matching my description, as if they were trying to coerce me back into my home for more drugging, more gassing, more torture. In 1993, while in the middle of writing CIA30430, I started hearing news reports about security breaches at the white house, a plane crash on the white house lawn, some guy shooting up the exterior of the white house. At the time I suspected these were all fabrications, an excuse, to beef up security at the white house,

perhaps for an excuse to have their own personnel in the area. They knew I suspected they were intercepting my letters, and how I developed a habit of leaving anonymous packages, in manilla envelopes, anywhere, anyplace, to anybody, and they knew I had been to Washington before, trying to report them, and had scheduled a second trip to D.C. for August. Judging by their reaction to the contents of CIA30430, how they tried to stop me (see Appendix 1), they must have been very concerned about CIA30430 getting into the wrong hands. About the same time the FBI was reporting the Uni-bomber, about a guy leaving anonymous packages in manilla envelopes, containing bombs, to Yale professors. Once again I suspected this was a fabrication, as if to terrorize professors, schools, student bodies, across the nation, making them paranoid about anonymous packages in manilla envelopes. In 1989, and 1990 I had dropped off anonymous packages, in manilla envelopes, to USC and UCLA psychology professors, containing my reports. They also seemed to terrorize the people at night clubs, as if making up stories, lies, as if setting me apart as some notorious character, just to keep people away from me. In 1995, after returning from overseas for good, I started the night club scene again. Of course this was a violation of their social quarantine, trying to meet people at a night club, so they worked behind the scenes, to thwart any possibility of a breach or a social connection, which would have meant the end of their operation. They couldn't use me as a guinea pig anymore. By this time they were learning from me, from my logs, my diary, my reports, my in-depth analysis of their psychological warfare. This helped them improve their operation, refine it, make it better. They probably considered me an asset. They did this before (see Appendix 9). If you look at it from their perspective, keeping their finger in the dike, preventing an information catastrophe, on the use of guinea pigs to perfect their secret warfare, on their wargames, using fake targets as the real thing, and unleashing hell, chemical warfare, psychological warfare, biological warfare, perfecting an operation that drives targets nuts, shutting targets off, then working on them, like in national geographic, willing to stop at nothing to achieve an objective, using defense contractors to stage their mock operations, killing my dog, then it starts making sense. Making up stories, telling lies, that's what they do. It's their job. They do it all the time. A false report over the air waves is nothing to them. They seemed to use the media consistently, TV, radio, news broadcasts, as an extension of their psychological warfare, probably unwitting participants, without the media's consent. I'm sure they were told they were involved in an official operation, but were not told they were participants in a felony, a crime against somebody, like an attempt at psychological mayhem 'diving somebody nuts'. It was the Milgram experiment all over again, that allegiance to authority, and how far participants are willing to go as long as they don't know about the suffering that they're partially responsible for. They seemed to be able to influence whole communities, anywhere, any city, any state, any country, any night club, any convenience store, any church, any person. The media certainly seemed to have a lot of experience doing this, cooperating, participating, like it was some government service, a duty to God and country, community involvement. They would have radio stations air music or songs that happened to have words phrases or themes bearing their symbolic dialog, designed as a conditioned psychological attack. Like everything else, they used surveillance and timing, to involve the media. So who has this kind of influence? The government? Or maybe a conspiracy inside the government. So this was terrorism.

Threats

They were full of warnings, threats, symbolically communicating their intent, their fears, their hesitation. It was like they would try to head me off before I actually took action, like running off reports, or telling on them. Their threats were to get me thinking, worried, concerned, about the future, of things to come. For example the homeless threats, where they used surveillance and timing to condition me on seeing a homeless person everywhere I went, as a sort of look into the future, like 'this will soon happen to you'. With their tremendous influence, determining where I work, how long my work was for, their ability to force major expenses by sabotaging everything in the home, the car, by having contractors jack the price up on me, or have just about anybody give me the worst deal I could possibly get, they certainly had the potential for making people homeless. Just recently they forced a \$6000 rental income loss on the same condo I called home years ago, the same home they had turned into a chemical torture chamber in 1988, suddenly wouldn't rent in 1995. This was after it continuously rented for 6 straight years, and immediately after I encumbered a major expense, buying a \$180,000 home. This was the second time they forced a major rental loss. After I was forced out of California in 1988, they forced a \$10,000 rental income loss on the same condo, so that's \$16,000 altogether. Also I didn't work during the early torture years (1986 to 1988), since I was too busy attempting to fend off the attacks of an unknown assailant. By this time I was so broke, that my \$25,000 bank account dwindled to \$3000, so I had to hawk a \$10,000 corvette for \$6000. I didn't even have time to auction it off or put out an AD, since I was scrambling for any job I can get. So you can see why they repeatedly threatened me with homelessness.

And there were the disability threats, where they used surveillance and timing to condition me on seeing cripples, paraplegics, mentally retarded people, people in wheelchairs, everywhere I went. With their chemical and biological warfare, the paralysis injections, the physical molestation, the head injections, the brain frying, the near accidents, the disability threats were no laughing matter. It seemed like they had their own rules, like they couldn't just suddenly stop the wheels from turning, or have you thrown out in the streets, or suddenly turn you into a cripple, it wouldn't look too good. They always needed an excuse to do something, plausible deniability, so They fabricated things, made things up. If they needed an excuse to fire you from your job, then they would work on your image, drug you, provoke you into arguments, bickering, fighting, screw up your work, sabotage it, set you up and make you fail, give you work you couldn't do, gas you to slow you down. If they needed an excuse for having a company turn you down for employment, then they would arm that company with verbal ammunition, like tell them your weaknesses, what you couldn't do, what skills you had. They seemed to adjust their threats to those that seemed to do the most damage psychologically, like the sleep deprivation threats. Yes, they would commit this one atrocity and then threaten me with it, as if to further their psychological warfare. They saw what effect the sleep deprivation had on me, how debilitating it was, how it literally immobilized me, stopped me from writing about them, and so they would stage situations everywhere I went where people would yawn at me, not just yawn, but mimic a yawn, exaggerate it. It was simply more conditioning on negativity. Conditioning was a big thing with these people, that's how they defined their symbolic dialog, used to

communicate threats fears warnings etc.. They condition targets by staging the same thing over and over and over, until they get the picture. If you're smart you see right away, especially when they use surveillance and timing, and you quickly realize, this is no coincidence. These guyz are talkin to me. The initial dialog always takes awhile, days, weeks, even months, but after contact is made, then other dialog is quickly deciphered by the target. Oh, ok, oh I see, you're gonna make me homeless, oh, and crippled too. Why you pickin on me? uh huh, and you don't like my looks. So why can't you just tell me to my face? Oh it's secret warfare. So you guys must be the government, if you always need an excuse, and you can't contact your targets directly. (see Appendices 3,5,6).

Corrupt Officials and Threats

In one case I was near city hall, in downtown Los Angeles, held up at a an intersection because of a dysfunctional red light for a very long time, while I had copies of CIA30430, ready for distribution. I figgered they probably needed time to setup, to wield their influence over city officials, using impersonators, or scare tactics, saying they have a notorious character under surveillance and they're taking over the building. I never had any luck when I would try to bring my case to public officials. Sure my letters, reports, were probably being intercepted, but even if this didn't happen, the theme of my communique was probably too farfetched. They probably decided the taxpayers just couldn't afford a case like this, with no real hard evidence. It didn't matter if an investigation might expose a criminal conspiracy, genocide, corruption at the highest levels, the taxpayers just couldn't afford something like this. They probably get letters like this all the time, about UFO's, Government overthrows, the CIA. It was a hardluck case for me, I wasn't really surprised when I was kicked out of the Department of Justice building in Washington D.C., in 1992, or when security personnel at the nations capitol would mock the situation with laughter as I would walk by carrying a load of reports, copies of CIA0327. So who had the authority to influence these people? I wasn't surprised when they had U.S. customs harass me when returning to the U.S., interrogate me, make me feel guilty, or that time in 1995 when U.S. Customs gave me poverty symbolism on my final return to the U.S.. For some reason, the government gave me a green passport (military?) in 1993. Green passport? The other one was blue. Over the years in communicating with them, these people, through our secret dialogue, I had my own brand of psychological dialogue, I had likened myself to a military person, on a mission, to clean up the corruption and filth that I was exposed to. So the apparent military passport was like a facetious response to all of this. With the green passport I wasn't harassed anymore. In fact I would be ushered ahead of everybody else like a dignitary, and customs would treat me like the military, one time asking if I were stationed overseas. Even in Los Angeles, California, there were times where I would take reports to the U.S. Attorneys office, and they would have clerks from this office, issue their psychological dialogue. Several times in Orange county, California, while under severe sleep deprivation torture, I'd be at city hall, giving out reports, and they would have workers issue sleep deprivation threats using symbolism, as if they were saying my efforts were futile, that I was wasting my time. Even during my last trip to Washington D.C. in 1995, after it was clear that my copies of CIA30430 didn't evoke a single response, they started following me around issuing insanity threats using symbolism. Threatening me like this, in front of our nations capitol, was like a constitutional

blaspheme, a disrespect for the laws and ideals that made this nation great. It didn't matter that a citizen of the United States was willing to spend a small fortune, travel across the country, to the center of civilization, where the epitome of democracy, freedom, justice, is reflected by the remnants of our nations history, the statues, the figures, the symbols, the institutions themselves, to seek justice from the highest court in the land. No, this didn't seem to mean a thing to these people. In 1992 they understandably didn't want me going to our nations capitol. In Paris I was misdirected at the airport with repeated false information. Even while in D.C. they had operatives repeatedly misdirect me. In other situations they seemed to use the police, probably more so to communicate an association using symbolism, like saying 'the police are on our side' so don't try nothin'. They did this overseas alot, since after all, gassing, drugging, torturing somebody are serious offenses overseas. There was one incident in 1995, not too long after I returned from overseas where the police cited me simply to harass me. The citation had no bearing or no legitimacy. In another case they had this one cop spit at me 'welcome home'. There were staged scenarios, where they would try to get me to run a red light, by having it suddenly turn red, while a traffic cop would be waiting in the wings, as if ready to cite. It almost seemed that they were the police, like the 'head honchos' of the police force. Despite this discouragement, I made appearances to police departments, in Orange county, Venice, Canoga Park, Van nuys, with claims (in the form of letters) that my life was in danger. The police never responded. If city officials didn't seem to bother, why would the police? I never expected a response. I just made the reports for the record. This was a farfetched situation anyway, who knows how deep the corruption went. The Rodney King trial, the Los Angeles riots, and the O.J. Simpson trial certainly lowered the publics confidence in the police force, and I never had high expectations either.

Conclusion

Thirty, forty years ago, the 'Cold War' was insane too, literally this whole nation was at the brink of extinction because of the nuclear threat. We had to develop insane methods to fight an insane enemy. We were like a cornered animal left with no other choice, and now, decades later, this insanity still seems to exist, this paranoia, this hatred, this pent up aggression, ready and able for the next 'cold war'. In the mean time, this killing machine needs to be oiled, greased, maintained, used, practiced, day in and day out. The nuclear threat of the 60's was too powerful, too traumatic. The flower children of the 60's certainly told us this, the hippies, free love, peace. That's why our heart wasn't in Vietnam, we were still recovering from the Cuban missile crisis, the Kennedy Assassination, the Bay of Pigs, the nuclear threat. It was a trauma that this country certainly doesn't want to experience again. So maybe that's why this killing machine remains intact. But it needs food, it needs people, guinea pigs, it's like 'it's a dirty job but somebody has to do it'. America didn't understand the 60's, the hippies, the anti-war activists, the drug culture, the communes, the religious movements, the hard rock, I think these were all outcrops of the nuclear conflagration threat, a social reaction, a getting away, a trend toward the more friendlier side of human nature. But this killing machine probably saw all these movements as a proliferation of the communist threat, and something tells me that this same machine was the reason for the tragedies, the drug overdoses, the suicides, the turmoil that plagued all these social movements. I think forces were mobilized to counteract all these social movements, secretly, covertly, without America's permission, and to this day, the same forces remain, poised, ready to counteract any other threat (see Appendix 10, 'Other Illegal Activities'). I'm just one of many, being used against their will, imprisoned to serve and knead this killing machine, to satisfy it's every demand, as it grows stronger with experience, day after day, as it grows prouder, more arrogant, impenetrable, unstoppable. So one day, just one day, it may show itself to America, in public, and demand it's servitude. Not that this isn't the case now, but I don't think they're ready to go public, not now anyway. They might cause another stock market crash.