

## Introduction

# Sorcerers and Specters

Some people might find the maelstrom of evil that surrounds us as too grave a matter to discuss in a satirical way. I offer this explanation for the joco-seriousness I occasionally employ: in a wake, truths are sometimes revealed in jest, and the melancholia of loss is overcome by drinking, feasting and dancing around the corpse from whom all individuality has fled. The American Establishment behaves like a possessed corpse, and thus my need to carry on its wake.

The U.S. government is monotonously proclaimed to be of, by, and for the people, but the administrations of our day—whether Republican or Democrat—are really quite dead. A police state specter has taken possession of the body politic, and this zombie-like cadaver goes far beyond the clichés of science fiction films and the anti-Communist blather that sustained us through the Cold War. The specter lurks in secrecy, silence and darkness symbolized by the *cave* (*vault, crypt, tomb, grave*) in Freemasonry—the shadow world that conceals the mysteries of Masonic sorcery.

The bureaucratic invert of the Department of Justice and the Federal Bureau of Investigation suckle at the specter's pap, while the public is ballyhooed with slogans of alleged fidelity, bravery and integrity. The OSS/CIA pervers have worked hard to thwart every principle of morality within their reach. Such amorality fits some Treasury agents to a T—the Greek letter *tau*, which symbolically is associated with crescent moon and star symbolism, as once depicted on badges worn by federal marshals. The sex-and-death rituals remain so well hidden in the good ol' U.S. of A.

The police state specter started out with a little sudsing of dirty political laundry, and just a bit of brainwashing here and there. Then the specter went into the possession business full time, and via mind control, the possessed became owned body and mind. A hideous mystery of lust is part of the

game, and some unfortunates are used in orgiastic witchcraft rites where, in a condition resembling that of erotic robots, they perform will-less sex acts.

Cloaked sex-and-death rituals conforming to age-old sex magick creeds have been given the added touch of American ingenuity: they've been modernized by mad doctors who practice scientific sorcery as police specter helpers. In some rites victims are dosed with so-called abulic<sup>1</sup> drugs and are sexually stimulated by way of biotelemetry implants. [See Chapter 27, "Mind Molestation."]

Like "Love Potion No. 9" of the old rock 'n' roll song, the victims dosed with abulic drugs are every bit as effective as Circean potions were to ancient Greeks. Such *toloache*-mimetic concoctions have been used by sorcerers for ages. Mystical sex circuses with powerless victims are typical of witchcraft sex magick orgies that have always been performed in *Call to Chaos* rites.

People of all races are used in "sexathons" that aim at nothing more than racial blood mixing. The cry of voodoo witches at these assemblies has always been *Mislet! Mislet! Mislet! —Mix! Mix! Mix!* The United States, long hailed as the "melting pot," now emerges as a witch's cauldron in the sooty murk of these terminal times.

The witchcraft of public policy is practiced for the purpose of influencing human destiny, and sex and death rituals are part of the GAOTU cult that has employed "occult sciences" for ages. The plan is to bring all people together and make all as one—with the exception of the chosen elite, of course. According to said Master Plan, the mythology of Revelations will be followed like Tinker-Toy instructions: a time of tribulation will come first, after which survivors will be made "one" via a post-tribulation "rapture" spawned by the technical sorcery of having their brain pleasure centers titillated magnetically so that all will cum together. Those who are thus epiphanized will become nothing more than humanoid servomechanisms.

The computerized possession process is so far in its process that I am going to imagine that more traditional spirits such as fiends, devils, demons, and *dybbuks* are enraged at the possession concession being monopolized by the police state crowd. As you may or may not have heard, supernatural spirits

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<sup>1</sup> *Abulia* or *aboulia*: a loss or impairment in the ability to perform voluntary actions, show initiative, or make decisions. From the Greek *a-* and *boule*, meaning *without will*.

of possession relish *soul food*, and we ain't talkin' about sow belly or collards, but more like *filet of soul* deep-fried in the fires of hell.

### Of Cowans and Coffins

As I have alluded, the joco-serious humor in this study is far more purposeful than might at first be thought. The word *humor* (*humour*) actually means mood, but in the old physiology referred to blood or *sanguinity*, and was one of the four cardinal humours that contained the other three (*cholera*, *melancholia*, *pblegma*), which by their relative proportions were supposed to determine one's temperament. In studying word use, we find that a bloody temperament was the humour displayed by people attending the Circus Maximus of ancient Rome.

Life is often likened to a circus or carnival, and in the so-called carnival of life, I can say that I have walked the Crooked Mile (the Midway) as a real straight man. It hasn't been easy, for it seems that everyone is more than a little bent and I haven't fit in.

The Hierarchy of the cult of GAOTU evidently declared me to be an outsider, a Cowan—one who knows too much for his own good—and a very knowing one at that, damn my hide. Another such term they use is *profane*, from the two Latin words *pro* and *fanum*, meaning before or outside the temple. Reputedly, a person declared profane in ancient times was not allowed into the temple to see what was going on, just as nowadays the so-called profane are not permitted to witness Masonic Temple Rites—not that he'd be missing much most of the time. Cowans are persecuted, used as scapegoats, and sometimes tortured and/or killed.

Because of my forbidden knowledge, I have been betrayed, cheated, robbed, drugged, poisoned and surreptitiously fed stuff that even wretched carnival geeks would have scorned. Whenever I attempted to get away from it all, I found that I couldn't make out what was what, given that I was in the mystical darkness of the Masonic hoodwink.

The fact is that I was in a *cul de sac* along that ol' Crooked Mile. I mentally retraced my steps to see where I might possibly have gone wrong as I struggled

on. There came a time when it seemed that I could dance no farther and the dead end that I faced reeked of finality. I considered then the eschatological/scatological aspects of the whole terminal trip, and when I mentally saw that crap-littered road of life, I realized that a maze had caught up with me. As in the play *The Labyrinth* (*Le Dedale*, 1913) by Paul Hervieu, a coffin seemed to be the only way out. However, after some thinking about coffin conditions and Ishmael's gloomy cogitation in *Moby Dick* when Queequeg's coffin seems to have rallied him to live yet a bit more:

“...But now that he had apparently made every preparation for death; now that his coffin was proved a good fit, Queequeg suddenly rallied; soon there seemed no need of the carpenter's box: and thereupon, when some expressed their delighted surprise, he, in substance, said that the cause of his sudden convalescence was this;—at a critical moment, he had just recalled a little duty ashore, which he was leaving undone; and therefore had changed his mind about dying: he could not die yet, he averred. They asked him, then, whether to live or die was a matter of his own sovereign will and pleasure. He answered, certainly. In a word, it was Queequeg's conceit, that if a man made up his mind to live, mere sickness could not kill him: nothing but a whale, or a gale, or some violent, ungovernable, unintelligent destroyer of that sort...”

—*Moby Dick*, Chapter CX

I too rallied while walking past coffin warehouses and decided that attaching myself to that way out might not be the best route for me at that time. Given the morbid alternative, I wanted another chance at the Midway, and started searching the interstices of my memories to see if I could recall some exit along the way that I might have overlooked.

## The *Elus* and Their Sub-Contractors

In an area that can be described as a limbo of memories, I teased out thoughts that were innocent enough, but seemed to be on the threshold of other memories that were real hellers. I began to examine each and every innocent-appearing memory carefully, suspecting that they might not be all that they seemed, given that some of the memories didn't have genuine connections or antecedents, which made me wonder if they were concealing something.

While rummaging through that limbo, I found a genuine old memory with valid connections, and with that memory came a teardrop through which I got a glimpse of frightful memories from the long-dead past and, perhaps more importantly, recognized the past for the *corpus mysticum* that it is. When my mystical past revealed how it had *really* occurred, it became a horrendous thing cloaked in iniquity, that old now-you-see-it-now-you-don't that preserves the criminal Mysteries of Masonic oz art (*M oz art*).

I had been fooled so long and so thoroughly that I did not at first remember that an assassination contract had been put out on me long ago. In fact, in my cradle days it was originally assigned to a group called the *Elus* (elected), who shall be known here as the prime contractors. They failed to fulfill their assignment, due, I suppose, to the vicissitudes of their lives and occupational hazards. They were, you see, given to ritualism in their assassination efforts, and that is doing it the hard way, as they say in crap-shooting.

The Hierarchy subcontracted my hit. The operatives were so numerous that it seems that just about everybody had a piece of the action. The various ways they were paid off are so fantastic that you wouldn't believe it if I told you, which this book attempts to do.

Take my word for it: the Carnival of Death sure does play off against the Carnival of Life. While it might be said that in the Carnival of Life I wasn't "with it," when it came to the Carnival of Death, my performances have been second to none. The ringmaster of the Carnival of Death is, of course, the Angel of Death, the angel that other angels won't play with. So perhaps the Angel of Death had empathy for me as a fellow outsider, for I have lived with the shadow of death on me for so long that it is like my very own shadow.

“Me and my shadow  
 Strolling down the avenue  
 Me and my shadow  
 Not a soul to tell our troubles to  
 And when it’s twelve o’clock  
 We climb the stair  
 We never knock  
 For nobody’s there  
 All alone and feeling blue  
 Me and my shadow...”

— “Me and My Shadow” by Billy Rose, Al Jolson, and Dave Dreyer, 1927

### Of Sheep and Goats

In ancient times, a rabbi would perform the mumbo-jumbo now called expiatory rites and transfer Hebrew misdeeds to a goat. After being abused as a wicked thing, the “scapegoat” was then rolled down a mountain to its death. If the unfortunate animal survived, it was allowed to wander away, if it was still able to do so. This *caper emissarius* (emissary goat) of misdeeds and evils became identified with the so-called “Demon of the Dry Places,” also known as “Azazel” by William Tyndale (1492–1536), English translator of the Bible and ace Hebraist.

While ritual trafficking with such sacrificial animals is very ancient, human beings also were used as assignees of sin. Human scapegoats (Gk., *pharmakos*) are known to have suffered greatly in expiatory rites that ranged from physical and mental abuse to death by drowning, crucifixion, and other priestly procedures. Wayward souls, too—the black sheep of fine families—are often drafted to play the role of scape-person.

Here’s a story about such a black sheep. Once upon a time, a little boy was thrown to a pack of wolves when he was just his mother’s little lamb. And when this swarthy sheep was promoted to scapegoat and rolled time and again to his near death, he gored some of the rollers when they were least expecting it. What’s more, instead of wandering off, he stuck around to fight it out.

It is an axiom in magic that occult (hidden) knowledge is achieved from suffering. Thus it follows that a human scapegoat who somehow manages to survive the cruelty inflicted upon him would have occult knowledge. At the very least, a surviving scapegoat should know a thing or two about his tormentors. I have undergone years of ritualistic oppression, and while I don't claim to have gained supreme occult knowledge from the long ordeal, I sure as hell know about sorcerers in high places, as well as their overall Great Deception that varies as socioeconomic and political structures change.

### The Sorcery of Computerized Mind Control

The latest, greatest evil is a science rooted in the occult and developed by way of electrophysiology, cybernetics, biotelemetry/radiotelemetry, etc., into a monstrosity of computerized mind control. The esoteric origins of these seemingly neutral technologies can be seen in specialized Masonic lore such as the various lodge scams of Cagliostro, Egyptian Masonry, Mesmeric Masonry, Universal Harmony, and earlier in Gnosticism, Jewish Kabbalism, and particularly alchemy—all of which are somewhat similar to the degree that they treat a force or energy that might best be described as resembling electromagnetism.

Radiotelemetry is the science of automatic measurement and transmission of data by radio from remote sources. Its primary use is for surveillance (“remote monitoring”) in a variety of forms, some seemingly benign, all devious. Tracking was first done by monitoring on-the-body transmitters with a directional antenna; next, a method of location was developed similar to LORAN (Long-Range Navigation), which determined the positions of ships by the use of intersecting electronic signals. I should call attention to the fact that in LORAN a technical problem arose by which “slave station” and “master station” transmissions became reversed—that is, the “slave” would occasionally get into the position of the “master” station. I call this the Spartacus Effect.

Medical telemetries such as radiocardiography and radioencephalography sound humane enough, but are they? Biotelemetric experiments start with

pasting electrodes to animal or human bodies, then move on to implantation of electrodes, such as the primitive one that was embedded in me. It has long been known that pain or pleasure can be produced through electrical stimulation of the nervous system; eventually, it was realized that the same thing could be done by implanting a radiotelemetry-controlled device to produce electrical stimuli capable of causing not only pain or pleasure, but even death.

Today, magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) has made it possible to take a fingerprint of your brain, which means that remote monitoring might not even require implants anymore. Indeed, biotelemetry has always been about monitoring not just the vital signs of wretched animal and human guinea pigs, but what they are *seeing*, *feeling*, and *thinking* as well.

When radiotelemetry and biotelemetry began to look like a go, the creeps at the LORAN Center had the brainstorm of subjugating with their cybernetic hardware. As hideous as their scheme seemed, it was at first limited to the pain-pleasure gambit plus surveillance, and the absolute horror that has now materialized was not earlier within their grasp. In order for that to develop, it was necessary to discover the nature of the *radiant mind power* that coexists with the electrical functions of brain and body, and the means for transmitting and receiving that energy. Mind control finally became an actuality where human servomechanisms served under remote control.

The insiders knew, of course, that such a slave-master relationship would at long last put into the hands of a dominant superclass the means of absolute control over manpower, wealth, and natural resources of the entire world, as set forth in the Master Plan. However, the people engaged in mind control experiments did not foresee the real nature of radiant mind power or the force whereby mental operations could produce telepathy, telekinesis, and psychokinesis.

Where would scientists look for information on radiant mind power? It would be logical to investigate the findings of people engaged in psychic research, particularly extrasensory perception, and even to examine the alleged psychic powers of so-called primitives and animals, such as the “eye” of Scottish border collies, that can reputedly immobilize sheep with a glance. This quest was accomplished with the help of government intelligence agencies and elite families, such as the Huxleys. All information on electrophysi-

ology, cybernetics, and computerology was examined, including the fact that binary coding works for programming brains almost as well as it does for programming computers, making biotelemetric link-ups very “cybernetic.” Thus the groundwork was laid for computerized control of minds, the rationale being that it was all for the benefit of humankind. To be fair, only a select few of those working on the projects had any idea of what their research would eventually be used for. What the public coffers did not pick up was gratefully paid by private foundations for the most part governed by American and European elites who owed their fortunes to slaves, rum, and opium.

This well-oiled effort is similar to the atomic bomb project that never would have transpired if Franklin Delano Roosevelt had not had a great deal of arcane understanding, and thus become an ardent backer of the undertaking. Although Roosevelt is said to have been miffed that he did not get into the super-snooty Porcelain Club at *Habvabd*, he appears to have been more than compensated when he later worked his way into what now passes for the Order of the Illuminati. He certainly shared the same ambitions of that secret clique that believes they are semi-divine shepherds of the profane human race or “sheeple.” Besides having shepherd pretensions, high level Masons like Roosevelt identify with wolves, too, which surely has it both ways. In France, the male offspring of Masons are termed *louveteau* meaning wolf-son, indicating that those flock-watchers are wolves in shepherds’ clothing. Truly, the man-wolves are dissimulators as adept at verbal image-shifting as the storied werewolves are at shape-shifting.

The Illuminati’s Invisible Government is feverishly building worldwide supercomputer nets for surveillance and control, such as Intel’s ASCI (Accelerated Strategic Computing Initiative) series at Lawrence Livermore, Los Alamos, and Sandia National Laboratories. This trend is moving in tandem with biological computing, or using DNA and proteins as the computing elements. A number of “master” stations are almost operative, with vast shoals of “slaves” yet to come. But with LORAN the Spartacus Effect has already occurred to some extent, and it now seems that at least one “slave” station is drawing a bead to zap the “master.”

These central control stations have supercomputer brains of axiomatic system design, which means they are of a Euclidean Theorem type. The so-called 47th problem of Euclid is a major arcane symbol in the Master Mason degree is known as an axiomatic system.

I wonder if these supercomputer brains were able to prove by a chain of reasoning that they are, say, the God of Triangulation. By way of equilateral triangle symbolism, they might identify with Ammon Ra, who in his divinity was three-fold as Ammon-Mouth-Khon in heaven (the equilateral triangle) and Osiris-Isis-Horus on earth (the right triangle). As a result of such reasoning, supercomputers might just jump to the conclusion that they are the *deus ex machina* on the “stage of life”—like HAL in *2001: A Space Odyssey*—and as such no less than the controller of the Great Principle of Animated Existence. After arriving at this idea, such supercomputers might decide that they are a just and righteous god, and that some changes should be made here and now. Wouldn't surprise me a bit.

### Screening Past and Future Through A Teardrop

Once upon a time priests used drops of wine or ink to serve as mirrors into the past so that they could make prophecies to their devotees, which no doubt paid off in the collection plate. Past events were considered the channels by which the future could be ascertained, given that history repeats itself and the past is therefore the mirror of the future. Such truisms suggest that past and future have a *spiegelschrift* (mirror-writing) relationship with only a time differentiation, and that the present mirrors this reciprocity. This is the Egyptian Double House of Life belief: that by reflecting upon the past, one endeavors to gaze into the future and discover what is going on then and there.

While such a possibility must be considered, it would be good to remember that my glimpses of the past came through a teardrop and not wine or ink. Despite the efforts of evil people to expunge my memory, old recollections were able to persist because the Guardian of my memories was on the job. Memories often associate with emotions (humours) and therefore

arrive in the present with mixed feelings. Mine associate with humor mixed with a little sadness. Since so many of my memories are of horrendous events, the humor associated with them may seem macabre.

There were incidents I could not remember after recognizing gaps (lacunae) among my memories, like cul-de-sacs in a maze that prevented me from following through their intricacies properly. Some memories seemed dream-like and others like distant nightmares, and many are elusive of clear recall that it was difficult to decide if they were merely figments of imagination. On the surface, my inability to recall certain things might not seem unusual, but some memories were truly frightful and so it seemed odd that I could not recall them in their entirety. I knew that localized (lacunar) amnesia can be caused by injury, disease, drugs, systematic brainwashing, and old age, but many memories began to surface when I was young. I mentioned my elusive memories to a “friend” and was advised not to look backward but to live for today while trusting in the future that was in the hands of God. Well, I said that if the future is in God’s hands, then no doubt the past is, too, and God shouldn’t mind my special way of remembering His handiwork. So I kept struggling to look back.

Suddenly I remembered receiving a government check for one million dollars, but could not for the life of me reconstruct why I had gotten it or what I had done with it. The recollection of such strange largesse from the United States Treasury Department then triggered recall of other lesser sums of money and valuable possessions I once had, but as to what happened to them, zip. I did know that I had lived hand-to-mouth for many years, so to remember that such a great deal of mazuma had been mine was hard to believe or take. But while those losses bothered me, they didn’t depress me as much as memory losses. My forgetfulness seemed more mysterious than Judge Joseph Force Crater’s disappearance on August 6, 1930, which has been attributed to everything from abduction to time anomalies.

I remembered receiving the government check under a “cloak of security.” Upon mentally trolling back, I recollected buying a secondhand but nifty Bugatti and parking it on a Washington, D.C. street before starting to walk somewhere. I remembered being in the Walter Reed Army Hospital and wondering why I was there, given that I wasn’t eligible for treatment in a government hospital.

## Mesmeric and Magnetic Masonry

It was then that I thought of hypnotism historically associated with Franz Anton Mesmer, specifically the Mesmeric Masonry he founded. Mesmeric Masonry in turn interfaced with Magnetic Masonry, Universal Harmony, and the Egyptian Masonry surveyed by Giuseppe “Cagliostro” Balsamo in his notorious Rite of Memphis-Misraim. All this had to do with “beast power” or “animal magnetism” as well as bioelectrical radiant energy and other aspects of the occult-psychic plague unleashed by these awful mind manipulators.

Masonic sorcery has been termed Solomonian Science, Mosaic Science, Occult Masonry, Theurgic Masonry, Rite of Memphis, Egyptian Masonry, Masonry of Cagliostro, Mesmeric Masonry (AKA Universal Harmony), Magnetic Masonry, etc. The practitioners of such sorcery, besides performing mystical rites and rituals, supposedly have knowledge of and use “the great force known to ancient people,” called animal magnetism (bio-electrical radiant energy) by Franz Anton Mesmer (1733–1815).

Part of the story of Freemasonry’s descent into sex magick and witchcraft lies somewhere between the Misraim Rite that swept Italy and France in 1805 and 1814 respectively, and the Memphis Rite that took hold in the United States in 1862. On June 4, 1872, John Yarker (1833–1913) bought permission to take the Memphis Rite to England. He then merged the Misraim and Memphis Rites into the Ancient and Primitive Rites of Memphis and Misraim (MM). On September 24, 1902, Theodor Reuss (1855–1923) then purchased permission from Yarker to install Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite (AASR, 33 degrees) and irregular MM rites (90 and 97 degrees) in Germany. Through Reuss, Memphis-Misraim became the mother order of the Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO), a mix of Craft Masonry, AASR, MM and the sexual mysticism of Tantra. After Reuss’ death, Aleister Crowley took the OTO and mystic Masonry further into the precincts of sex magick and satanic witchcraft.

When I thought back upon the style of early hypnotism called Mesmerism, I remembered something about the political intrigue with which Masonry has long been involved. I thought of the witch Cagliostro and how he and Mesmer were butt-buddies, as well as a probable agent of the Knights

Templar. I recalled that Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712–1778) had sponsored a French Masonic lodge that became a center of the psychic and political contagion that eventually was communicated throughout the world via Marxist-Leninist terrorism. It was the tomb where the remains of Templar chieftain Jacques de Molay were supposedly laid that members of secret orders dedicated to revolution went to take oaths of fealty. I understood that present-day Freemasonry is a reformulation or triple distillation of age-old occult connivings, forming the nucleus of the present Secret Combination.

Yes, I remembered a little something about Masonic sorcery—just enough to realize that artificial mental barriers were partially blocking my conscious recall of most important memories.

### The City of the Dreadful Night

It occurred to me that if I could start bringing back incidents from childhood and onward, I might reconstruct much of value. I remembered identifying with the child in “The City of The Dreadful Night,” a story that impressed me greatly enough to be mnemonic. So just for the hell of it, I said, Turn back, turn back, O time in your flight, and make me a child just for one night. In an instant I was the child of the night, the child of the City of The Dreadful Night, the city that time forgot:

My city is the place of the Great Pastoral Queen, who supposedly reigned long before Tower of Babel during an epoch of great tribulation, upheaval, and turmoil, when life on earth was about to end or at least be seriously diminished. Perhaps a hole had appeared in the ionosphere, leaving the earth unprotected from severe solar scorching, because there was a tremendous drought that caused people and animals to thirst and starve. So the subjects of the Great Pastoral Queen undertook a migration in search of water and forage for their animals. The queen herself led the migration with the companionship and help of a little boy who formerly had lived with wolves, whose confidence she had won through her loving friendliness.

The people and their grazing animals suffered greatly on the migration, and most died. Finally, the ordeal became too much for them and they could

go no further. Darkness fell on the world. No moon or stars were to be seen, and with the darkness came bitter cold. The people clung to each other for warmth and companionship out of a fear that terrified their very being.

The Dreadful Night seemed interminable, but after a long while light gradually returned and the survivors found water and grass. They were given to a type of belief now called sabianism, which used different designations for the zodiac signs than we. Their holocaust began and ended with the opposition period of a pattern of stars called the Ram of Night and another called the Great Wolf. In a very short time after the Dreadful Night, their descendants built a mighty city on the spot where their ancestors had survived the cold darkness and called it the City of Dreadful Night, and the little boy who had lived with wolves was called the Child of the Night and symbolically linked with the Ram of Night.

### Corpus Mysticum of the Past

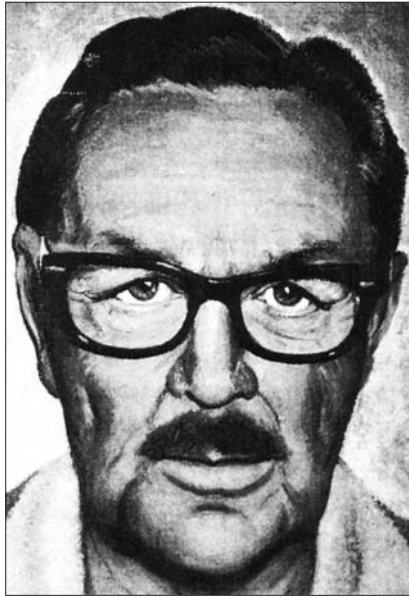
Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, I laboriously exhumed and dredged up memories almost like an archaeologist on a dig, and in so doing began to piece together a strange continuity. As the lacunae in my memory disappeared, I was able to survey previously forgotten places, people, and things, and perceive their interrelatedness. The past took on a meaning it had not held before. I began to understand the causations of a series of ghastly mystical incidents in my life and I realized that nothing was what it previously had seemed to be.

I persisted in my retrospection so diligently that it felt as if I was reliving the past, so in a sense the past juxtaposed with the present. After recognizing the past for the unfortunate assemblage that it was, I continued to scan its terrifying mystical body and in time began to appreciate the humor in it: that I have been able to survive against all odds is the best and biggest macabre joke imaginable.

My recollections indicated that these ritualized attacks always took an unexpected, unplanned, circuitous turn, and that something unforeseen by those in control derailed their malevolent hocus-pocus. I can only hope this

would happen to their greater project to corrupt and enslave the entire world. I realized that if the corpus mysticum of my past could be resurrected and seen for what it was, it might prod those who comprehend its meaning into realizing what the worldwide mind-control net portends.

I have attempted to present my recollections in a straightforward way. However, they occurred many years ago and no person's memory is absolutely accurate in such things. I take full responsibility for the situational ethics that facilitated my survival which, after all, depended upon me and my shadow.



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