

“BIO – BOMB:”

DOUGLAS DIETRICH — HUMAN WEAPON OF MASS-INSTRUCTION

**(AN EXPLOSIVE E-TACHMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
ORDNANCE).**

I hail from the Nationalist Republic of China as reestablished on the island(s) of Taiwan, entering this world on the 20th of October, 1966. Both this time and point of origin have forced me to adopt a comprehensive historical and cross-cultural perspective. Christened “*Islas Formosa*” (Beautiful Island) by the invading Portuguese, the Taiwanese became the only Indigenous People(s) to successfully defeat and expel a fully fortified, as well as firearm-and-cannon equipped, European Colonial Occupation Force (with its supporting infrastructure of European settlers) and thereafter maintain independence, even from forced negotiations between competing Western Expansionist Powers; a fate to which even *Shōgunal* Japan was initially condemned (the Kingdom of Siam [Thailand] succeeded in positioning itself as a “buffer-state” between the British *Raj* and French Indochina *via* the employment of a professional Portuguese Mercenary Army to modernize its Indigenous Forces along European Lines, but avoided violent confrontation with Western militaries until World War II [in which they entered on the side of the Axis]). Nearly the size of Japan itself, Taiwan voluntarily incorporated into the Japanese Empire in 1895, becoming the Asian equivalent of something between what *Eire* (Ireland) once was to Greater Britain and what “*Anschluss*” Austria was to the Third Reich; historically claiming positive experience with Japanese Imperialism.

Occupied as “South Japan” by the Nationalist Chinese Government in 1945, Taiwan ultimately served as the Final Retreat-and-Redoubt for the Soong Family Dynasty’s **R.O.C. Generalissimo Z’Chiang G’Kai-S’Chek** (b.1887—d.1975; Emergency Dictatorial Powers of Chinese State: 1927—1949; R.O.C. [on Taiwan] Presidency: 1950—1975) amid the conclusion of proactive hostilities on the Mainland (**Chinese Civil War**: 1927—1949), becoming “Island China” in 1949 (lethal Armed Conflict was to continue under Cease-Fire between the Communist Chinese Mainland and Free China for some many years to come – indeed the Two Chinas are still legally at war today; albeit working diligently towards Peaceful Co-Existence [Taiwan’s objective] and even potential Unification [China’s objective]). 1949 was the same year that the Jewish State of Israel was recognized and admitted by the United Nations – a synchronistic event considering Taiwan’s eventual covert alliance of mutual nuclear proliferation and trilateral security with Israel and *Apartheid*-Regime *Süüdafrika* (South Africa). Z’Chiang G’Kai-S’Chek’s son – **Z’Chiang Z’Ching-G’Kuo** (b.1910—d.1988; R.O.C. [on Taiwan] Presidency: 1978—1987) – would later succeed him in Dynastic manner over a nominal Republic that inspired the Communist North Korean Kim Dynasty of the DPRK (Democratic People’s Republic of Korea) to crude emulation.

The functional equivalent of twenty assembled and unsinkable aircraft-carriers, Taiwan offered the former Soviet Union a “Formosa Option” to counter America’s

Mainland “China Card,” as played by **U.S. President Richard Milhous Nixon** (b.1913—d.1994; 37th U.S. Presidency: 1969—1974; Resigned) and **U.S. Secretary of State Henry Alfred Kissinger** (b.1923—; 56th U.S. Sec. State: 1973—1977; Assistant to U.S. President, National Security Affairs: 1969—1975; Chairman, Kissinger Associates International Consulting Firm: 1975—). Indeed, R.O.C. Presidential Heir-Apparent Z’Chiang Z’Ching-G’Kuo took a Russian Bride in Diplomatic Consummation (during his father’s Administration), guaranteeing the former U.S.S.R. (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) that he would open a South China Sea Front and initiate the National-Capitalist Restoration of the Mainland by coordinating in Combined Operations with the Soviets in event that the United States militarily intervened on behalf of the Communist People’s Republic of China amid the ongoing conduct of the **Sino-Soviet War** (1969—1979). This apparently inverted stance was the inevitable result of repeated insults, betrayals, and abandonments by the Americans, tracing back to **before** the **Sino-Japanese War** (1931—1945) on the Chinese Mainland that anticipated U.S. Withdrawal from Viet-Nam and South-East Asia (*via* the eventual collapse of SEATO [Southeast Asian Treaty Organization] – Asia’s NATO).

Still, I emerge from a Tradition of Service to the Constitutional Republic of the United States. I am a Naturalized American citizen, the son of a Caucasian-American U.S. Sailor (**Chief Petty Officer George Joseph Dietrich**: b.1919—d.2007; “Thanatized”) who was born into the Kodak Corporate culture of the Company-City of Rochester, New York. This industrial entity was so large and influential at the time of my father’s childhood that Mr. Kodak enforced his Staff to commit to “Kodak Company Time,” a calendar which he himself designed (and unsuccessfully marketed to the United Nations as a “Universal Standard” of International Chronometry intended to synchronize World Commerce “into the same Time Zone”). George Dietrich fled such Corporatocratic confinement for another form of the same: **enlisting** (as opposed to being drafted) **BEFORE Pearl Harbor** (December 7th, 1941) at a time when every major “respectable” community in the United States sported signs on their Public Greenswards that read: “Sailors and Dogs Keep Off the Grass.” My father retired from the United States Navy after over thirty years of painful Service: commencing with NAS (Naval Air Station) Garrison Duties (seaplane tow and launch) in Norfolk, VA (1935), transferring to Gunboat Patrol in the Twilight Years of **Warlord China** (*circa* 1936—1941) and surviving through **World War II** (1941—1945), the **Korean Conflict** (1951—1953), and into the opening rounds of the **Viet-Nam Insurgency** (1961—August, 1964: Gulf of Tonkin Incident; Activated Naval Reserve Status: 1964—1966; retiring the year of my birth, prior to my conception). He ultimately sported no less than a dozen medals on the uniform we buried him in.

George Dietrich returned to his country (with his new “immigrant” family in tow) in 1968: a fully-broken and semi-derelict man (his “fixed” military pension – *sans* Recognition of any Disability until I was old and educated enough to advocate for him – was frozen at a mere \$900/month [the future rent for our studio apartment in San Francisco’s “Tenderloin” Ghetto would consume fully two-thirds of that income monthly; leaving us \$300/month to eke out an existence on]). “Service Fatigue” (PTSD [Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder] had not yet been formulated as a diagnosis for such dis-

enculturation) rendered my father both alcoholic and utterly unemployable. Our initial stay in his native “Upstate” New York proved so traumatic an experience in terms of both familial abuse and community rejection of his Asian Spouse (my mother) that he “escaped from New York” – as he put it (long before popular cliché); and resettled us on the other side of North America. Catastrophically, his poverty and inability to adapt to the civilian work environment sank us into the cesspit of San Francisco’s “Tenderloin” – a ghetto so dangerous for the City’s Police to patrol that their additional “Hazard Pay” enabled them to indulge in “tenderloin steak” with every dinner. After having traveled and served – both publicly and privately – in war-zones across the globe; I can definitively conclude that I have never experienced a locale more filthy, dangerous, or disgusting than the “Loin” of San Francisco. Only the massive influx of Southeast Asian refugees would later “gentrify” this “salt & pepper” hellhole into “Little Saigon,” a “family ghetto” more along the lines of San Francisco’s Chinatown. Vietnamese Gangs enforce an order all their own, and one more efficient than that which can be imposed by “Outsiders” – SFPD (San Francisco Police Department) Officers are notorious for unanimously living outside of the very City which pays them the highest salaries of any Municipal Police Department in the United States (aside from Oakland – for reasons explicated further below).

Unfortunately I was to come of age during the pre-Vietnamese Mafia era of the African *Mau Mau*-inspired Black National-Separatist “**Zebra**” **Race War**/killing spree and the **SLA (Symbionese Liberation Army)** “Red Cell” Terrorist Insurgency that so impacted the Bay Area’s Hearst Dynasty. While the **Zodiac(s)**: there almost certainly was more than one Zodiac Killer; and the **Professor in Mathematics, Dr. Theodore John “Ted” Kaczynski, Ph.D., aka: the Unabomber** [b.1942—; FBI Case Handle: UNiversity and Airline **BOMber**; Incarcerated] is suspected of having orchestrated them all) roamed freely on missions of ritual murder, SFPD Squad Cars would slowly cruise the streets of the ‘Loin on a daily basis, loudspeakers blaring “Do Not Congregate” to spontaneous gatherings of African-Americans. This allocation of assets and man-hours, unbelievable by today’s standards, seems almost justified back in a time when the **Black Panther’s** African-American Militia Movement waged an ongoing *guerilla* war that demanded national attention even while the **Weather Underground’s** “War Against Capitalism On Its Own Home Territories” made headlines around the world. All that uprisings must converge, and by 1977 San Francisco OFFICIALLY reported one hundred and forty-six **openly ACKNOWLEDGED killings for that year alone** (*per* San Francisco Chronicle, 12/9/97, p.A18). There was easily twice that number that went unrecorded. All such American *Intifadas* have since been intentionally ignored by popular awareness (I refer to such phenomena of Media-encouraged mass amnesia as “Conspiracies of Ignorance”).

My family arrived in San Francisco at a time when it could only be defined as a War Zone: disembarking at the San Francisco International Airport (possibly the largest in the world, and certainly so at that time, literally maintaining its own Jurisdiction – and the Constabulary to Police it – probably to this day) early in the morning on November 20th, 1969. Simultaneous to our arrival, seventy-nine Native American Indians of the I.A.T. (Indians of All Tribes) broke and ran a U.S.C.G. (United States Coast Guard: it must be remembered that the U.S. Coast Guard is a MILITARY Branch of the U.S.

Armed Services, NOT a Police Agency – and was concurrently deployed during those years in Viet-Nam on Riverine and Estuary Combat/Patrol Duties) Blockade of Alcatraz Island, successfully invading and occupying “the Rock” under hostile “White American” fire. Alcatraz had been originally used by their indigenous forefathers as a place of isolation or ostracization for tribal members who had violated a law or taboo and, inevitably, as a hiding place for many Native American Indians attempting escape from the genocidal Spanish (later Mexican) California “Mission” System. Once Alcatraz Island became a U.S. Federal Prison, both military prisoners and civilians were incarcerated there (among these were many Native American Indians). The Rock forcibly became an “international” Native American “melting pot” (the largest single group of Indian prisoners sentenced to confinement on Alcatraz in one influx occurred in January, 1895, when the U.S. Government captured nineteen Moqui Hopi as POWs [Prisoners of War] and shipped them to the Rock. Native American Peoples continued to be confined as Prisoners of the United States in the Disciplinary Barracks “on the Rock” until into the early 1900s (shortly before “*World War I*” [the **Great War of 1914—1918**])! The IAT amphibious landing served as the Vanguard for THOUSANDS of Native American Indians (of many First People’s Nations) who followed to occupy the abandoned remains of Alcatraz on basis of The Treaty of Fort Laramie (1868) – signed between the United States and the Sioux a hundred years before – that returned all retired, abandoned, or out-of-use Federal Land(s) to the Native People(s) from whom it was “acquired.” Since Alcatraz Federal Penitentiary had been closed on March 21st, 1963, and the Rock had been declared Surplus Federal Property in 1964, the island qualified for reclamation – but, as always, the United States refused to honor her word; a reflexive historical pattern that the First Peoples refer to as “the Trail of Broken Treaties.”

The ensuing **U.S. Siege of Native American Indian Occupied Alcatraz** (1969—1971) was to spellbind me over its duration. Because of my Amerasian features, I was often mistaken for, and consequently assaulted (either verbally or physically) as a Native American Indian. I grew to admire the man who had both organized and personally led the initial IAT Task Force through USCG fire to take hold of the Rock, facing a far graver immediate challenge than George Washington ever did while crossing the Delaware. Former Iron Worker **Mohawk Richard Oakes** (b.1942—d.1972; Murdered) struck me as a natural leader: handsome, charismatic, talented, and educated (at SFSU [San Francisco State University], an establishment I would later attend myself in young adult emulation for two semesters of Political Science – a true exercise in futility, as by then that Department was simply an Indoctrination Mill in Communist Ideology); Oakes was immediately identified and maligned by the American Media as the instigator of a “‘foreign’ invasion on ‘American’ soil,” the “Chief” of the Island, and the “Mayor of Alcatraz.” But he had control of “Island Amerindia” from the very moment he literally “hit the beach,” with an Organizational Council put into effect immediately. Everyone arriving thereafter had a job: including security, sanitation, day care, schooling, cooking, and laundry. All decisions were made by the unanimous consent of the people. A.I.M. (American Indian Movement), another “Red Power” Activist organization that represented many Tribes, quickly sent a Delegation to “Indian Alcatraz” to establish their presence ashore in a show of Original People’s Solidarity (I was damned to discover in later years that this was a DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency)-infiltrated venture which

inserted the Military Agent who would “crack the Rock” [the U.S. Army was institutionally committed to “Indian Pacification” by over a century of Frontier warfare]). In my childhood naïveté, I aspired to someday escape the United States and resettle on the Rock, which came to represent an American version of my birthplace, the Chinese “splinter-culture” as relocated on Taiwan.

Almost impossible to believe by today’s standards, the United States Government was still OFFICIALLY committed to a **Policy of Termination of Indian Tribes**, and on January 3rd, 1970, the Oakes family was prompted to evacuate the island when Yvonne – Oakes’ thirteen-year old daughter, mysteriously fell three floors down a stairwell to her death – breaking Oakes’ iron heart and leaving his people openly vulnerable without his inspired leadership. By late May of 1970, the United States shut off all electrical power and all telephone service, and the Coast Guard intercepted and interdicted all water barge services which provided fresh water. Three days following the Federal military denial of water barge runs, a fire of disputed origin was set on the island, destroying several historic buildings. Against all odds, the Native American Indian Occupation continued to persevere, apparently paddling secret night-runs by canoe to keep minimal supplies of fresh water breaking through the blockade. On June 11th, 1971, President Richard “Tricky Dick” Nixon lost all patience and ordered a large airmobile/amphibious Combined Services Operational Invasion Force of **armed** Federal Marshals, F.B.I. (Federal Bureau of Investigation) Agents, and San Francisco Special Forces Police (SWAT: Special Weapons and Tactics) Teams into action. On R/R-Day (“Redskin Rock” Day) they swarmed the island and forcibly removed all of the Native American Indian men, women, and children ashore, all of whom proved to be **unarmed**. Some fifty of the Alcatraz Occupiers escaped captivity and made for the East Bay; where they commenced the **First People’s National Occupation** of a Secret Nike Missile Installation hidden in the hills behind the community of Kensington. This occupation was ended after three days by a Combined Services Force of Richmond Police and Regular U.S. Army Troops deployed from the Presidio Military Base of San Francisco. Our family held Base access privileges as Military Dependents of an Armed Services Retiree, so my father actually took me to the Presidio Parade Grounds to watch the mobilization for this deployment. He wanted me to personally witness the *rendez vous* for what he feared might become one of the Last Massacres of a vanishing race.

Richard Oakes himself barely survived an assassination attempt shortly thereafter, languishing in a coma for over thirty days. Only the sudden appearance of his mentor, the **Spiritual Leader Wallace Mad Bear Anderson of the Iroquois Confederacy**, was credited by friends and witnesses as bringing him back to life. But before I was to enter my own sixth year of mortal life in a world I never made, on September 20th, 1972, at thirty years of age, Oakes the Mohawk was shot and killed by a man named **Michaël Morgan**, a YMCA (Young Men’s Christian Association) Camp Manager with a history of child abuse directed against Native American Indian children (in this day and age, such a recidivist would be placed on a national and publicly accessible “watch-list,” as well as theoretically barred from employment in child-responsible vocations). All charges were ordered dropped against Michaël Morgan within six months, and Morgan returned to work. This was to prove my personal “Kennedy Assassination,” an unacknowledged

outrage ignored by America's Caucasian population amid a nationally-proclaimed Era of Civil Rights. A childhood of being attacked and beaten by strangers as a "Redskin" had robbed me of any innocence and generated a longing to escape to a refuge for "my own kind" that was to prove totally illusory. My father was a baptized Catholic of German/Irish descent and faithful to the Church (even as his inherent sense of tolerance, engendered by decades of exposure to other cultures overseas, motivated him to never had me baptized – preferring that I find my own path to spirituality). My mother told me that he had wept like a child lost in the wilderness when **John Fitzgerald Kennedy** (b.1917—d.1963; 35th U.S. Presidency; Assassinated [the first Irish-Catholic President of a then-predominantly White Anglo-Saxon Protestant and *Papaphobic* United States]) was taken out. In this sense, at least, I was never my father's son. I didn't cry. I took my grief to a cold and silent place within me where I kept it and polished it like a black and secret treasure. I keep this treasure still.

One of the central challenges of my future-fated "Third Career" (which was to be forced upon me as I became burdened with the involuntary acquisition of a medical education *via* the necessity of continually compensating for the repeated malpractices, misdiagnoses, and misadministration of prescription medicines by both VA [Veteran's Administration] and "civilian" MDs that were destined to destroy my parents' lives come the closing year[s] of the 1990s) was originally the need to prove my father's disabilities as being combat-related in order to qualify him for Compensation. The U.S. Navy of his day was notorious for lack of ANY adequate medical care, staffing the "sick-bays" of its ships with "Pharmacist's Mates" (propaganda films like "*Run Silent, Run Deep*" glamorized such folly by portraying "good old American 'pluck'" at its rustic best when one such Pharmacist's Mate performs an undersea appendectomy [without any prior experience or even training] on a submariner under combat conditions – an all-too-common reality of the era). My father was mustered out of service upon retirement with a farcical "medical review" administered by a Filipino Steward who spoke only 'Pidgin English. My father's personnel records, so necessary to the task of reviewing and reassessing such a sham in both medical and military terms, were interned – along with those of **many millions of other veterans** (whose files covered every one of the U.S. Armed Services and all of their Armed Interventions from the **Spanish-American War** [1898] and its consequent **Filipino Insurrection** [the **Philippine-American War of Filipino Independence**: 1899—1902] through the **Fall of Saigon** [April 30th, 1975]) – into the documentary "wickerman" of the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri. This architectural firetrap was a combination in construction of a grain silo and a tinderbox. The local municipal Fire Department protested the fact that neither fire alarms or sprinkler systems were installed but, as the edifice was on Federal property, nothing could be done for it.

In the course of my "Primary Career" as a Civilian Military Librarian, I was able to review an "in-house" Federal Archives Agency training reel that exposed the fact of fifteen starting-points of inception instigating the conflagration that consumed this pyre of documents in July of 1975. The embers of this facility smoldered for a month – but the

Federal Archives had saved the U.S. Government **many billions of dollars** in Veteran's Compensation (not to mention obscuring any historical culpability in almost too many atrocities to count as cited by those files). As an aside, both **Lee Harvey Oswald's** (b.1939—d.1963; Terminated) and **James Earl Ray's** (b.1928—d.1998; Died in Detention) military service/medical dossiers were conveniently incinerated in that firestorm – just to name a few of the lost “celebrity” files. Any VA Bureaucrat will confirm that the VA is still dealing TO THIS DAY with the repercussions of that arson. It almost goes without saying that the Operations Manager of that particular Federal facility was soon found dead with a bullet in his brain – classified as a suicide. The inferno itself was attributed by the U.S. Media to “war protestors” – a physical impossibility obvious to anyone who has ever seen the fortified perimeters of the St. Louis-located facility as reconstructed today. My father had suffered at least one major injury in the midst of each major war or “Police Action” that the United States had been involved in since the time of the **Sinking of the USS Panay** (December 12th, 1937). I had to seek out three witnesses to the advent of each of his injuries sustained in action from each of “his” three wars: WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. Only when this was accomplished could his Disability be recognized. If I hadn't been so completely prepared for this endeavor by a decade's worth of records research – I could never have conceived of how to even begin such a task....

I myself survived both of the Kuwaiti Campaigns of **Desert Shield** (1990) and **Desert Storm** (1991) as a U.S. Marine after earning eight years of experience as a DOD (Department of Defense) “Re/Search and Document/Destruction” Librarian at the Presidio Military Base of San Francisco. The Presidio was indisputably the most important military site on the West Coast (historically, functionally, and politically). There, along with my duties of retrieving and collating all types of printed (and even hand-written) material(s) for on-site staff officers, I was responsible for the overwhelming majority of Documented Volume Incineration on-Base. I also acted as the Professional Interdepartmental Liaison between the Main Post Library and the Medical Records Library facilities at LAMC (Letterman Army Medical Center): the U.S. Army's first General Hospital (est. 1899: located on-Base and the source of much controversial medical experimentation on both man and animal – the men sourcing from America's ever-expanding penitentiary population [in exchange for sentence-reduction] as often as from the ranks of the Army itself, the Letterman Army Hospital Complex trained a full quarter of the U.S. Army's medical personnel).

For over two centuries, *El Presidio Real de San Francisco* comprised fifteen hundred acres of CAG (Coastal Artillery Garrison) laid over the Native American Indian Tribal Resting Grounds of the Ohlone First People's Nation. The “Guardian of the Golden Gate” was established by Spanish Conquistadors contemporaneous to the birth of the American Republic (Spanish Captaincy: 1776—1822). The Presidio Officers' Club is the oldest building in the City and County of San Francisco (Mexican Administration: 1822—1846). Taken forcibly by the self-proclaimed California Republic's “Bear Flag” Insurrectionists out from under the Mexican flag, it eventually became Headquarters of the United States Western Defense Command and the logistical centerpiece for every American Conflict involving Pacific access to Asia and Latin America (U.S. Occupation:

1846—1994). 1921 saw the foundation of the first military airfield on the West Coast – a pioneering airfield for early flight experiments at Crissy Field. Conducted behind the cover of the Presidio’s stone ramparts and with the entire Sixth United States Army permanently posted on-site to provide security; such activities made the San Francisco Bay Garrison the “Area 51” of her day. Construction of the Golden Gate Bridge was conducted entirely from within the Presidio walls to ensure military security-oversight of a vital national artery.

On November 1st, 1941 – over a month BEFORE Pearl Harbor – under the fully recognized official intent of attacking the nation of Japan; the U.S. Army established the Precursor to the world-reknowned Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California: the Military Intelligence School inside Presidio’s Crissy Field Building # 640 (the old U.S. Air Mail Hangar) and forcefully billeted fifty-eight fully-assimilated U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry in order to “compression-train” them into native-speaker fluency. This Top-Secret Priority Project proceeded under the supervision of **School Commander/Lieutenant Colonel John Weckerling** and a faculty of nine expert Japanese Linguists (almost the total number extant within the contemporary United States!). The Presidio influenced world history irreversibly when the United Nations was founded On-Site the Presidio Post at the height of WWII (on January 1st, 1942, just three weeks after Pearl Harbor) as an Organization of War (*per* Article 42 of the U.N. Charter) to orchestrate the operations of Armies of Resistance behind the borders of Axis-Occupied Nations.

Command of the Presidio was a highly prized career pinnacle in the U.S. Army because it meant automatic positioning in San Francisco’s High Society. From the close of Officially Recognized Proactive Hostilities in “**The War Between the States**” (*American Civil War*: 1861—1865) to the dawn of “**The War To End All Wars**” (“WWI”), San Francisco’s population was the largest on the West Coast, well over ten times that of Los Angeles. The Embarcadero of San Francisco truly served the United States as its one and only viable “Gateway to the Orient.” The Gold Rush to the “Barbary Coast” had established a predatory “upper crust” that was chronically courted by the ever-reassembling Administrations across the Rockies. In acknowledgement of the Golden Gate’s precarious security dependence on the far-away Atlantic Seaboard, it was officially mandatory to request the Presidio Commandant’s presence at every major civic event. More importantly, it was traditionally considered a social requisite to invite the current Commandant of the Presidio Military Post to any party of note. Any visiting dignitary, foreign or domestic, mingling with the “Swells” (San Francisco’s exclusive élite) would inevitably be introduced to the Presidio Commandant – thus extending further political connections for the ambitious officer (all “high officers” [officers of rank] are essentially politicians in uniform). With the 1980s “Silicon Valley”-driven global economic boom motivating nationwide investment into San Francisco infrastructure (the prestige of San Francisco-based offices being interpreted as integral to the information market’s mystique), as well as emphasizing the commercial significance of the numerous foreign consulates extant within the City, this Frontier-era social arrangement almost survived into the twenty-first century.

I embarked on my own intended career in Library Science as a “Librarian’s Aid” in 1983, during my seventeenth year of mortal existence. I was originally employed directly after opting for early GED-tested “graduation” from the John H. O’Connell Institute of Vocational Technology (long since closed due to rampant gang violence and notorious staff scandals [including Teacher-on-Student Assaults], only to be reestablished elsewhere within San Francisco County limits – after enough time had elapsed to dim its infamy as “San Quentin Prep”). Strangely enough, I was initially granted opportunity for interview regarding this particular employment opportunity by networking through the Secretarial Receptionist of John O’Connell Tech’s Administrative Offices. She herself had found employment at “the J.O’C” after having been sacked from her previous job as “Lap Secretary” to the Mayor’s Office(s) at San Francisco’s City Hall when former **San Francisco Supervisor Daniel James “Dean” White** (b.1946—d.1985; Member, SF Board of Supervisors: Jan.—Nov., 1978; Suicided [at home in his own residence – 7 years after murdering both his Mayor and his replacement]) forced his way past her with a loaded firearm on November 27th, 1978, to kill then-**San Francisco Mayor George Richard Moscone** (b.1929—d.1978; Majority Leader, CA State Senate: 1967—1978; 37th Mayor of San Francisco: 1976—1978; Assassinated) and the “Mayor of Castor Street,” **San Francisco Supervisor Harvey Milk** (b.1930—d.1978; Member, SF Board of Supervisors:1977—1978; Assassinated), the Gay Rights Activist who had recently assumed Dan White’s late responsibilities. The killings proved a Godsend to future **Senator Dianne Goldman Berman Feinstein** (b.1933—; President, SF Board of Supervisors: 1970—1978; 38th Mayor of San Francisco: 1978—1988; Senior U.S. Senator from California: 1992—), who succeeded to the Mayoralty on December 4th, 1978 and – apparently having no need for the services of a female secretary (at least not one noted for servicing her predecessor) – immediately dismissed the young woman who was destined to incidentally influence the course my life would take. Here’s hoping you heed your own mother when she warns you away from such company.

The O’Connell Receptionist was of *Illyrian* (ethnic Albanian) extraction but she was not of Albanian national origin, her parents having fled that enigmatic Balkan state prior to her conception. The actual *Illyrian* name for Albania is *Shipëria* (Land of Eagles), but while I was “doing time” at “the J.O’C” (1981—1983), *Shipëria* still chafed under the tyrannical régime of the Ultra-Stalinist **Enver Hoxha** (b.1908—d.1985; First Secretary of the Albanian Communist Party of Labour: 1921—1985; Dictator of *Shipëria*: 1945—1985), whose dictatorship was so ruthlessly entrenched that it would survive five years after his death into 1990! Although *Shipëria* might as well have been relocated to another planet by the Collectivist isolationism Hoxha imposed on his subjects, the J.O’C. secretary invited me to attend her “moonlight” broadcasts to the Albanian Anti-Communist Resistance *via* Radio Free Europe which pierced Hoxha’s Iron Curtain on an almost nightly basis. She had ingratiated herself into a “sideline” with the U.S. State Department as a fluent speaker in Albania’s obscure dialects, and through this line of contact(s) she learned of a “summer internship” opening at the DOD Library located INSIDE the Presidio of San Francisco. As a Military Dependent, I had possessed the requisite I.D. which enabled me to access many of the Presidio’s facilities at will since I was a child, including the Post’s Library. It is also important to remember that the DOD is a CIVILIAN agency – not military – and therefore this particular Receptionist’s

information about any Defense Departmental openings in-Base were actually quite innocuous.

However, my personal affair with a Communist *Latina* I had fallen in with – by way of my *alma mater's* Mission District location in the heart of San Francisco's Hispanic Barrio – was not. This was to prove a damning obstacle towards my potential for any serious level of Security Clearance that was to dog me throughout my DOD employment. Nevertheless this torrid involvement provided me with precedent **foreign** combat-zone exposure in 1984 when we visited her (very Catholic) family in Nicaragua at the height of the **Contra Counterinsurgency** (Nicaraguan Civil War: 1979—1993). I can state in all seriousness that this experience was a vacation as compared to coming of age in the **domestic** combat-zone of San Francisco. Thus it came to pass that my DOD dossier profiled me as a Political Unreliable prone to sleeping with the enemy. Don't let this happen to you....

By 1986 “Mission-creep” (ever-expanding [and improperly] delegated responsibilities) in my duties as a Postal Librarian eventually exposed me to bloodcurdling stories of abuse relayed by the children using the Post Library's Children's Room that the elder staff kept dismissing as childhood fantasies. The Child Development Center on-Post was managed by **Gary Willard Hambright** (b.1952—d.1990), an ordained Southern Baptist Minister without a pulpit who had been my Graphic Arts instructor at the John O'Connell Vocational Institute. By the time I succeeded in forcing the multiple authorities involved (the Presidio Provost Marshall's Office, the CID's [Criminal Investigations Division's] team of the Sixth Army stationed at the Presidio and headed by the JAG [Judge Advocate General], as well as the FBI, and the SFPD) in investigating the ongoing assaults against the base's underage population to act on my evidence against him (he openly maintained reams of his child pornography “in plain sight” by secreting it in the storage-area of John O'Connell's Commercial Illustration Studios as “art reference” – “Mr. Gary,” as he was known to the Presidio's prepubescent populace, had no home of his own and lived on the premises of a San Francisco Church at the sufferance of his local Religious Community, where such materials would have been impossible to conveniently sequester), it was January 5th, 1987.

Indeed, my exposure of the location of “Mr. Gary's” pedophilic pornography stash as located off-Base limits (in an SFUSD [San Francisco Unified School District] facility no less) placed his particular case within Municipal – as opposed to Federal – jurisdiction. This enabled the one woman whom I considered the only truly professional investigator to be involved in this interdepartmental circus – the tall, naturally blonde, and thoroughly righteous **Sergeant Sandi Gallant of the SFPD Intelligence Division, a nationally recognized Specialist in Satanic Crime(s)** – to place “the Right Reverend” Hambright in San Francisco County Detention (in San Francisco –which is BOTH a CITY and a COUNTY – the SF City Police run the Beats while the SF County Sheriff's Department runs the Jails). By then, several hundred children (the maximum attendance of the Presidio CDC [Child Development Center] was 250 children – dwindling down over time to 180 as many children became too traumatized to return) had already tested either HIV-positive or infected by an alternative STD (Sexually Transmitted Disease) –

virtually every child unfortunate enough to be raised behind the Presidio's Spanish-erected walls. Hambright himself was to die of AIDS (while still fighting charges after several trials) in the first week of 1990, prematurely frustrating general public awareness of his atrocity, much to the relief of the United States Army, which by that time cared for an estimated number of almost one hundred thousand children daily.

It almost goes without saying that the U.S. Army re-stationed all of the victimized families to different military posts throughout the world, eliminating coordinated efforts to *vie* for justice from the military. But before they were scattered worldwide, many of the Presidio-based parents of these impacted families gathered *en masse* and burned the original Presidio Day Care Center to the ground in a night of bitter anguish. This fire, leaving \$50, 000 of damages in its wake, was motivated by the Base-wide community's outrage and frustration over the Army Community Services Building adjacent to the (by now infamous) Child Development Center (and connected to the Daycare Center itself *via* subterranean "blast-tunnels" *per* Post Library-maintained documents that I was subsequently ordered to incinerate by my Library Operations Manager – seemingly on his own initiative) being conveniently destroyed by a \$500, 000 blaze three weeks before – on the night of the Autumnal Equinox: September 22nd, 1987. It almost goes without saying that the prior fire succeeded in destroying the very facility in which the Presidio CDC's records were maintained. Investigators from the BATF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms) determined "both fires, contrary to the U.S. Army's findings, had been arson." The charcoaled foundation stumps of these children's chambers of horror were left standing in mute testimony for the next twenty years beside the Presidio's Lombard Gate. Even this evidence was removed once Lucasfilms settled in on the property (leased to Industrial Light & Magic through the post-military managing agency: the Golden Gate National Recreation Area created by the than-deceased **United States Congressional Representative Phillip Burton** [b.1926—d.1983; U.S. House of Representatives from CA's 5th District: 1964—1983]). Now the victims of Presidio perfidy are denied any physical monument to their suffering; as, no doubt, was the intent....

Confusing the above travesty was the pervasive infestation of the Presidio (and, for that matter, of the entire U.S. Army) with Satanic Cultic activity. Former Circus Ringmaster and Avocational Gun-Runner (I have formally attested before the BATF during the 1986—1987 Presidio Child Abuse Proceedings to the fact that my Library Operations Manager regularly secured such in-transit shipments to Israel in his own domicile) **Anton Szandor La Væy** (b.1930—d.1997), the "Black Pope" of the Church of Satan (est. *Walpurgisnacht*, October 31st, 1966), lived right off-base from the Presidio's Arguello Gate and his cousin held Officers' rank in the U.S. Army Reserve(s) while stationed on-post. Schism within the Satanic Covenant led to **Lieutenant Colonel Michael A. Aquino** founding an Adversary Church in 1975: **the Temple of Set**¹. I worked with Lt. Col. Aquino (he was eventually to retire a "full bird" Colonel) professionally as he utilized Library resources to establish the Military Intelligence equivalent of "Remote Viewing," a DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency) program independent of the more publicly recognized CIA (Central Intelligence Agency) efforts. Aquino's methods involved the attempted invocation, binding, and deployment of

dæmonic entities, as well as the attempted “ensorcelment” of souls. His affectation of full-faced pancake makeup while on-duty and in full uniform (under the Constitutional protection of “Freedom of Religion,”) encouraged attention from children and accusations from adults. Ironically, I participated in clearing his infernal reputation (of my “Trade School” Teacher’s sins at least) while assigned to retrieve relevant documentation concerning the very occultic phenomena of which his basewide following was suspected of perpetrating in order to further ongoing investigations. There was clear evidence of Satanic Cultic activity on the grounds of the Presidio Base, including an abundance of Satanic graffiti and numerous artifacts of Satanic ritual(s). The Base’s Central Satanic Altar was publicly known to be inside a concrete bunker located behind the Military Intelligence Building where Lt. Col. Aquino directed Systems Analysis operations, used decades ago to house artillery guns – the reinforced batteries now converted to Ritual Chambers.

The Devil’s gratitude is not a phenomena to be taken cavalierly. I continued to uphold my professional responsibilities in dispensation of the duties Lt. Col. Aquino now obviously felt most comfortable in assigning me. Although I expressed my desire to remain neutral in the “Cosmic Cold War” in which he engaged as an “Infernal Agent,” I know that he always considered me a potential convert to “Satan’s Crusade.” The Inter-Library Loan Program was exploited to its fullest extent. Lt. Col. Aquino often cited National Security matters at hand as justification to at least temporarily appropriate various mouldering tomes out of refrigerated storage in universities and museums across the country. Such volumes were consequently consulted to accommodate the esoteric objectives of his Diabolical Flock. Certainly his very ability to openly serve as the Presidio’s “Satanic Chaplain” exposes the saturation of Dæmonolatry within the upper echelons of America’s military. I never once saw a participant in Lt. Col. Aquino’s Rituals of “Konvolution” (often performed inside the Presidio Library itself [to Invoke the Powers from the *Grimoires* secured therein] during the Night Shift while I was tending the incinerator) that ranked below the level of Major. **The “Konvolution”** (as opposed to “Revolution” or, more precisely, “Evolution”) was defined as the ongoing struggle of the “Rebel Angels” against “the Hosts of Heaven” on the Terrestrial Plane through the active subversion of the various “Kults.” It is through such chronic exposure to the “Kultic” milieu that I gained a radically comprehensive understanding of much of the phenomena deemed as “paranormal” by the general public.

When I was still naïve enough to believe that it was possible, I was told by the Library Staff that I would finally be awarded with a higher level of Security Clearance if I agreed to attend Sonoma State University for a few semesters and infiltrate “Project: Censored,” a still-ongoing Journalism program that is sponsored by major names in mass-media (**Edward James “Ted” Koppel** [b.1940—] and **John McGlaughlin** [b.1927—] of “*the McGlaughlin Group*” are among them) to annually investigate the major “underreported” stories each successive current school-year. I was assigned to find out exactly what it was that determined students of Investigative Journalism could uncover regarding Confidential Matters of “Interest to National Security.” I found out more about the so-called HAARP (accurately designated **HA³R²P²**: *High-frequency Activated Auroral Atmospheric Resonance Research Projection Program* [the numbers in

such acronyms are not vocalized]) Ionospheric Conductor Array Project Site constructed in Gakona, Alaska, (and its monumental, but underexposed, impact on both worldly and environmental affairs) in those two semesters of 1987 than most HA³R²P² employees (lost as they are amid compartmentalized security-niches) will ever know.

Most concisely, one of the more devastating applications of HA³R²P² Technology was its perpetual deployment against the DPRK on the Korean Peninsula (wave-concentrated and deflection-directed by a satellite-chain of stratospheric super-dirigibles in permanent semi-orbit beyond perception of the naked eye – and even most marketed binoculars) in a continuous (and all-too-successful) Genocidal Campaign to generate perennial famine conditions *via* the electromagnetic depletion of mineral content from the soil [and electrolyte content from the vegetation] of what is historically one of the most fertile and productive regional granaries of Northeast Asia – an endeavor that had turned this natural breadbasket into Far East Asia’s “Dust-Bowl” and murdered millions of North Korean citizens by 1987 (and has murdered a million more by today: it cannot be overemphasized that the Korean War has never ended, and that the United States is still [i]legally at war with Communist Korea). To this day the North Koreans futilely launch SCUD missiles directed at the Alaskan City of Gakona in a hopeless attempt to destroy the hated machinery of HA³R²P². Alaskan crabbers will attest to sporadically netting the fragments of such projectiles, apparently self-scrambled and auto-destroyed even while in descending trajectory by the massive electromagnetic interference constantly projected by the infernal Gakona Array in a radio-activated blanket that peripherally serves as the facility’s defense screen. The collateral damage on the Greater Yukon’s population (to include all of western Canada) caused by such chronic and pervasive EMP (Electro-Magnetic Pulsation) was being only incidentally investigated as part of a long-term mass-medical assessment never intended for public consumption. Upon debriefing of the surprising mass of information I was able to accumulate in subversive collusion with this educational enterprise, it almost goes without saying that I was not only never awarded any promotion of Security Clearance, but that I was also shafted with the enormous educational expenses for the SSU Dormitory Residence Fees, *et cetera*.

Obviously, I began seeking employment further afield, an objective that veered me towards the opportunities offered by armed Mercenary employment. I was heavily influenced in this regard by the perpetual circulation in and out of the Presidio’s On-Base Hostels of semi-retired veterans taking advantage of their “free-flight” benefits that allowed them to fly the world over for “pennies-on-the-dollar,” utilizing the U.S. Army’s MAC (Military Airlift Command) to pursue their post-military criminal careers (it is illegal to practice the Mercenary profession by International Law). Privatized professional soldiery was not yet dominated by major Federally-affiliated Corporations (*id est*, “Blackwater”) in the later 1980s, and I realized that my own private fortune could be earned while I was still young and physically resilient enough to realistically pursue such an endeavor. I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps with specific intent to accumulate both the necessary training and experience required to survive the environment(s) of such a dangerous career choice. I entered the San Diego Marine Corps Recruit Training Depot on my twenty-third birthday: October 20th, 1989.

One of the keys to my personal survival of “Operation: Desert Storm” was the fact that I had actually lived for almost half of 1988 in *Ba’athist* Iraq as a civilian during **Gulf War I** (*the Iran-Iraq War*: 1980—1988). I had majored in Commercial Illustration at John O’Connell Technical School. My professional graphic pursuits (specifically my profitable sideline of pornographic comic-book and novel illustration for San Francisco’s than-burgeoning “underground” publishing industry) attracted the attention of the Editor of the “*Star Presidian*,” the Presidio Base Newspaper, who presented my portfolio to the Iraqi Consulate of San Francisco. Thus was expedited an all-expenses-paid trip to Iraq under the auspices of **Saddam Hussein’s** (b.1937—d.2006; Iraqi Presidency: 1979—2003; U.S. POW: 2004; Show-Tried: 2004—2006; Executed) Propaganda Ministry as part of an Iraqi campaign to produce poster-works promoting Anti-Iranian sympathies in the Western World *via* exposition of their wartime atrocities.

Once “In-Country,” I was taken on Tour of the Front-Lines to evaluate the Morale Situation “as it stood” with intention of presenting the Iranian Threat abroad in a non-Arab(ian) cultural context. This extraordinary opportunity enabled me to witness aspects of the First Gulf War (and the complexities of pan-Islamic Conflict) of which the American public is entirely unawares – to this day. I was also to observe the largest naval battle (and American victory) in modern history which you’ve never heard of (“**Operation: Preying Mantis**” – the U.S.A. *versus* Iran; mid-April, 1988). This major, yet muted, engagement led directly to my awareness (shared throughout the Arabic-speaking World, but silenced in English-speaking Media the world over) of the reality behind the first deployment of a civilian 747 Jumbo Jetliner as a weapon of war – in this case targeting an American guided-missile cruiser, the *USS Vincennes*, and intentionally launched against her on the 4th of July. I feel that one of the most important accomplishments of my life was realized with my participation in the Cessation of Hostilities between Iran and Iraq in the months of July—August, 1988.

I was reinstated to my former Technical Reference Post for another two years after mustering out of the United States Marine Corps. Most immediately this was due to exposure to cyclo-sarin nerve gas blown downwind from Chemical Weapons Storage Bunkers explosively demolished at Kamisaya to destroy evidence of American involvement in Genocidal actions against the Kurdish population of *Ba’athist* Iraq (by supplying the industrial constituents incorporated into manufacturing the toxic nerve agent[s] deployed under Saddam Hussein’s orders in Iraqi-Occupied Kurdistan). Since that day my lungs have collapsed seven times, ultimately necessitating radical surgery that stapled them to my ribcage permanently – with a 20% chance of future “spontaneous pneumo-thoraxes.”

Another factor cutting short the normal five-year Marine Corps “hitch” for me was a major diplomatic incident involving my “Desert Shield” Tour in *Saudi Arabia* (we spent almost half of 1990 “In-Country” assembling the ad-hoc Marine “Task Force: Taro”). On August 7th of that year, at the Saudi port city of *Æl Jubayl* (south of our Port-of-Deployment), I personally attempted to prevent a *Mutawh’wha’in* (*Saudi Religious Police*) Unit from machine-gunning schoolgirls who were escaping from a burning schoolhouse. They were being shot because they were daring to expose themselves in

public without veils (289 young women ultimately burned alive in this incident). Only the impending state-of-war prevented my lifetime incarceration in military prison (it must be noted that the U.S. Marines are responsible for U.S. Embassy Guard Duty, and are thereby considered “diplomatic representatives-in-uniform of the U.S. Constitutional Republic abroad”).

Returning to the United States and determined to pursue my Mercenary work domestically once recuperated, I resettled into the Presidio Postal Library System as a Military Reference Technician. Doubtless, my “*pre-Gulf War II*” involvement with both *Ba’athist* Iraq and Civil-War Nicaragua (tainted by my romantic liaison with a U.S. State Department identified *Sandinista*), as well as my direct connection to exposing the massive on-site Presidio child-molestation fiasco – even my exotic etho-national background – presented me as a prime candidate for recruitment into the role of “patsy” by the self-proclaimed CIA (Central Intelligence Agency)/Mossad (Israeli Intelligence)/ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence) triumvirate who contacted me personally on-Base in the summer of 1992 as they conspired the abortive assassination of then-Presidential Candidate, the **Governor of Arkansas: William Jefferson “Billy-Jeff” Clinton** (b.1946—; 42nd U.S. Presidency: 1993—2001; Impeached) during a campaign stayover at the world-renowned San Francisco Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Even prior to official Base-Closure, the former General Secretary of the Communist *Partii* of the Soviet Union and the last Premier of the late State of the U.S.S.R. – **Mikhail Sergeevich Gorbachev** (b.1931—; Final *C.C.C.P.* Administration: 1985—1991; Defected to United States) himself – leased Presidio property from the Federal Government of the United States to establish his Neo-Socialist Think-Tank: *the Gorbachev Foundation of North America* (far from finding this questionable, if not treasonous, the U.S. Electorate assumed it a laudable development). By that time I was already transitioning into my Second Career as a Private Security Enforcement Agent starting near the “Bodyguard bottom” of the Armed Security Industry, providing Security Escort in the Adult Entertainment Industry. It was here that I was familiarized with San Francisco's Underworld and Police Connections, as the SFPD (and the SFFD [San Francisco Fire Department], as well as the San Francisco Emergency Medical Services personnel – at that time a separate department) provided their own form of “security” by chronic loitering in such facilities. There were times when such blue-collar bureaucrats outnumbered “civilian” clientele.

I was able to “break into” the local Live/Exotic Entertainment Security provision business thanks to the professional recommendation of **Ginotenelli Neilli**, a mulatto (Italian/Liberian) Corporal in the U.S. Army Reserves stationed at the Presidio Post (until his permanent expulsion from Base Premises – resulting from a Tarot Card Reading Scam he was running amongst the on-Site officer’s wives) and a Licensed(?) Private Investigator with whom I had satisfactorily completed Contracts for in the past in what served as an additional revenue source – running his errands in *sub poena* delivery (as well as rotationally relieving him on extended private surveillance operations, *et cetera*). The particular San Francisco Adult Entertainment Partnership that he ingratiated me with was a two-Family duopoly that had utilized his *sub rosa* services to their own ends

before, and they were willing to take on one of his accomplices. One of the Families eventually assigned me the responsibility of guarding the Co-Owner's son, who was a former member of the *Sannyasin* Cult of the self-proclaimed OSHO; the Asian Indian "Super-Guru," **Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh** (b.1931—d.1990; Prophet of *Rajneeshpuram* City, est. in the U.S.: 1981—1986; Deported) who was ultimately to be forbidden Entry into every major continent except Antarctica. This was the Oregon "Love" Cult that had established an independent "Global Enlightenment Colony" in the Central Oregon Desert and proceeded to plot and perpetrate the massive and well-orchestrated "**9/9**" **Bio-Terrorist Attack** that killed many Americans – and sickened hundreds more – almost a decade before on Sunday, September 9th, in the truly "Orwellian" Year of 1984. It was while assigned to protect him from his former victims or their relations who were hell-bent on tracking him down for pay-back that I learned the details of how this major act of "foreign" terrorism on American soil was almost completely "Blacked-Out" by the U.S. Government. Being of half-Arabic extraction himself (of Palestinian origin, but Iraqi Nationality; on his father's side), this man appreciated my low-level command of the Arabic language and my familiarity with the culture and geopolitics of South-West Asia, and conveyed the full story from the Cultic perspective.

The successful completion of my primary contract-assignment of note encouraged the Family that I had served to recommend me for enrollment into the San Francisco Police Academy (a very difficult proposition without inside connections, as the SFPD is one the highest-paid Constabularies in the United States, and can literally pick and choose their officer-candidates from across the nation – preferring "Lateral Transfers" - experienced veterans from other Police Departments), which I successfully completed in course. Unfortunately, permanent deafness from nerve-damage afflicting my right ear was sustained by primary exposure – as an adult – to the Chicken Pox; carried into the Academy by a Cadet infected by his own infant son. The SFPD Academy Certificate of Graduation in POST (Peace Officer's Standard Training), however, helped to place me on a professional path that culminated with my standing guard to the Prince and Princess of *J'Yugoslāvija* at the height of **the Balkan Secession Wars** (1991—1995), as well as participating in several *Boznin* (Bosnian) and *Hrvatski Vojna Krajina* (Croatian Military Frontier) field actions ancillary to the security requirements of the **House of KarajDgeorjdgevič's** (the Royal Dynasty of Serbia: est. 1903—) Court-in-Exile (est. [London] 1941—). It was in this context that the forces I was integrated into were confronted by the first (Neo) Nat-Zi Armored Detachments to advance on the European Field of Battle since 1945!

One of the pivotal links to my involvement with the *Srbvn* (Serbian) struggle for survival against American-sponsored Islamic Insurgency in the Balkans was an (initially domestic) affair with a *Srv* (Serb) *Čhetnik* (Nationalist Partizan), a sniper in Sarajevo who had originally been *en route* to Waco, Texas when life as she had come to know it was destroyed by the 1993 BATF/FBI Massacre of her "Branch Davidian" Co-Religionists. The "Davidians" were a "Branch," or schism, of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. The largest concentration of Seventh Day Adventists in the world is in the *Vojvodina* (Military Principality) Autonomous Province of *Srbvija* (Serbia). A large percentage of the people martyred in the name of their religion at Waco held *J'Yugoslāv* citizenship.

Yet again, I was imparted by circumstances (this time personal, as opposed to professional) the full story behind a milestone “international” incident from the perspective of a former Cultist. I was much taken with her ecstatic manifestations of faith while we were consummating her emotional rebound from the violent loss of her former lover and Messiah, **David Koresh** (originally *Vernon Howell*: b.1959—d.1993; Apocalyptic Christian Sect Leader: 1986—1993; Murdered *en masse*), whom she had fallen in with while he was still incarnate as an aspiring Rock Guitarist afflicted by *Yaru ‘Shaelayem* (Jerusalem Syndrome).

My Mercenary career essentially climaxed in working the highest-paid (and highest-risk) Uniformed Security Contract in the United States: two tours with two different corporations (one Contract completed prior to Private Royal Guard Duty in *Bozna-i-Hercegovin* [Bosnia/Hercegovina] and one after) in the ten square city-block, seven hundred and sixty-three Unit ACORN Project-Site of West Oakland, after the HUD (Housing and Urban Development) Police had been ousted as violently corrupt, and the gang-massacre of the entire Samoan Security Enforcement detachment hired to replace them demanded extreme response (Note: the purging of armed HUD personnel on-site after the death of HUD Administrator, **Ron Harmon Brown** (b.1941—d.1996; Assassinated), in the former *J’Yugoslāvijya* – life surpasses fiction in synchronicity).

The ACORN Projects were (and probably still are) the largest Project-Site in the United States in terms of land-area. At the time of my serving under Contract(s) on-Site, they were not yet “Gated” (*id est*, enclosed within a fenced security and containment perimeter – a “population concentration complex”). “The ‘CORN” presented all the challenges of a frontier settlement: it had its own jail and its own mortuary. The school was patrolled with guard-dogs. The wing where the Samoans had been massacred was left abandoned for at least a decade. The office our original Security Detachment was operating out of was literally lined in lead to withstand determined Gang assault and/or siege – including its floors (we were situated on the third story to avoid overhead sniper-fire; no structures in ACORN went above three stories). Since the entire area was Government Property, the OPD (Oakland Police Department) refused to enter the premises (they had enough challenges of their own to contend with throughout the Greater Oakland Area – serving in the OPD is equivalent to touring with the Israeli Army). Prior to the installation of walls to section off our Detention Cell, we simply had to mark-off a “Holding Area” with “Dead-Lines,” an improvisation derived from Civil War Andersonville, the Confederate States POW Camp where, in lieu of walls, the Confederates simply declared “Cross This Line and Die.” But the most disturbing aspect of this environment was the fact that, as Federal Property, the FBI (and other Agencies) exploited the ‘CORN as a Training Ground in Urban Combat. We would often be assigned to provide security escort to the FBI’s SOG (Special Operations Group) as they “gamed” out various combat-scenarios on ACORN premises. I often had to stand watch for potential ambush while their snipers played “coon-hunt” to see how many “niglets” they could bag before tallying comparative scores (they were, of course, not literally shooting “the children of the ‘CORN,” but playing their LASER-sights over such “targets” in a form of “beam-tag”).

Unfortunately, all of the profits earned throughout my Second Career of high-skilled/high-paid/high-risk Security Enforcement Contracts were to be expended in covering the astronomical medical expenses of my elderly parents – up to my father's passing (and beyond) – which, due to a variety of mitigating circumstances (the closure of all base-facilities in the Greater San Francisco Bay Area, *et cetera*) were not covered under the U.S. Military Retirement programs for either himself or his dependent (his wife and my mother). I subsequently attended (and am certified in completion of) many years of lectures in Medical Journalism at UCSF (University of California, San Francisco) Medical School in order to better comprehend, and more effectively navigate, the monstrous federal, state, and municipal bureaucratic morass that threatened the very survival of the only two people that ever truly mattered to me. These socially pervasive circumstances alone are a subject deserving in-depth national discussion – as are the machinations of the American Medical-Industrial Complex with which I had to contend with in context of my involuntary third career: acting both as a parental Care-Provider and a Patient Advocate through the terminal decade of my father's life unto today....

Although all of my experiences in context of contending with these universal medical/financial concerns that the general public is beginning to confront under the “Age Wave” are significant; one of the more recognizable events that I had to deal with on a personal level in my “Third Career” was that of the immediate post-9/11 “Anthrax Letter” campaign. One of the seemingly countless veterans that I had to professionally contend with as part of the Postal Library's clientele was a retired U.S. Army Ranger Sniper, a former Master Sergeant of the “Black Berets” (as opposed to the U.S. Army's Special Forces' “Green Berets”): in those years the Green Berets were “Force Multipliers,” an armed “Peace Corps” whose primary mission was to train Allied Indigenous Populations in Armed Counter/Insurgency; deemed too valuable as assets to risk in combat, their Standing Orders were to avoid Direct Engagement At All Costs). The U.S. Army's Rangers were “battle-field assassins,” regularly deployed Behind Enemy Lines as “Reconnaissance In Force”: specifically assigned to take out designated enemy personnel deemed as vital to the opposition's war-effort(s). He had served multiple successive Tours of Duty in **the Vietnam War** (1964—1975) at the height of its intensity. Although “In-Country: Vietnam” throughout the majority of its decade-and-a-half of duration (1961—1975), including participation in the pivotal **Tet Offensive of 1968**, he had been redeployed to the CONUS (CONtinental United States) from 1969—1972. He had sustained permanent and degenerative debilitations suffered, not in actual combat, but in the midst of post-Vietnam “combat simulations” (war-gaming) maneuvers that sourced from an “accidental” (more likely experimental) chemical weapons deployment (the parallels between his injuries and my own are uncanny). His conviction (probably accurate) was that he was an uncompensated “guinea pig” – and he was consumed with an auto-destructive desire for vengeance. His primary source of viable income (aside from either his military pension or veteran's disability) was Mercenary employment. Certainly, he is to be credited with pioneering social demands for “Concurrent Receipt” of Disability alongside Pension; a Veteran's Rights Issue that remains a central challenge in the life of my mother (as my father's widow). Indeed, he was one of my primary sources of **professional (NOT personal)** inspiration to pursue such work as my “Second Career.” It is no exaggeration to state that I never would have

survived the rigors of either military or mercenary service without the benefit of his advice, dispensed enthusiastically throughout the years as he utilized the Presidio's Postal Library's services in researches pertinent to his skill-set; as well as exploiting the Library itself – as a “happy hunting ground” in which to waylay patrons *en route* to the Library's Children's Room by luring them into other isolated Departments of the Library. I sincerely hope he's dead and burning down below by now. No such luck yet with my former Operations Manager (who aided and abetted such activity for his own voyeuristic gratification).

Born in 1939, of miscegenated Native American Indian descent, he grew evermore determined to “die in action” while taking down the “White Settler Regime” which had displaced the First People's Nations of North America. He had honored post-retirement Mercenary Contracts on BOTH sides of **the Arab-Israeli Wars** (1945—Present) during the 1970s—1980s, and had eventually established and maintained deep and abiding ties to Arab Terrorist Networks overseas. Indeed his physical features enabled him to pass quite readily as an individual of either Arabic or Hebrew-speaking Semitic extraction, depending on his affected comportment. He conceived a logical inversion of the method that had been used to eradicate the sustainability of the Plains Indians during the Caucasian Expansion into the Western Frontier (the annihilation of the Buffalo on which their very existence depended). He articulated a plan of attack to decimate the American Cattle Industry and destroy Beef as the primary food-source of what he considered the “Usurper Population.”

Anthrax is primarily a CATTLE disease, and this one angry veteran found plenty of help in weaponizing the samples he obtained from both VA and veterinary Hospitals – moral, financial, and technical – sourcing his way from the Middle East. “Paper Companies” (Frontal “Dummy” Corporations) had been easily set up to specifically order such samples in the pre-9/11 environment. As the individual I am describing was a former participant in AIM (American Indian Movement) activities, it needs to be emphasized that both the Republic of Israel and the former *Apartheid*-Regime of the Republic of South Africa were viewed by AIM as “White Settler Regimes” in collusion with the United States. AIM ideologically perceived the Arab and Black-African populations as fellow “Displaced Majorities” (the spiritual cosmology of AIM defined them as a “majority” by numerically incorporating their deceased ancestors since before Ages Before the European Invasion – a legacy of the “Ghost Dancer” phenomena). Naturally motivated by my desperate need for a massive influx of cash to contend with my parents catastrophic medical conditions, I approached the FBI with the facts. The “Bureau” was extremely hostile to the reality of what I revealed to them due to the incalculably explosive nature of this controversial situation. This threatened the very social fabric of America at a time of near-hysteria by exposing the long ongoing **War of Original American Resistance** (1492—Present) within the Newly Emergent State of permanent **War On Terror** (2001—Present). They made no motions to hide the fact that they were seeking a “politically correct patsy;” specifically a “milk-white ‘Loner’ of Christian background” to pin this situation on and be done with it.

Nevertheless, my in-depth knowledge of this unprecedented threat was hungrily

devoured by successive batteries of Bureau Investigators, specialists, technicians, and analysts. My DOD background, however insignificant in terms of Security Clearance, was recognized as critical to the viability of my claims. This entire terrorist undertaking had been, and was being, encrypted by the exploitation of an artificial language. The now late pioneer **Professor in Sociology, Dr. James Cooke Brown** (b.1921—d.2000 *Anno Domini*), formerly of the University of San Diego, had developed a composite of the eight most-spoken “living” languages on earth; a synthetic linguistic composite that he dubbed as “LOG-LAN” (Logical Language). Originally funded by a grant from the Dept. of Defense, Dr. J.C. Brown supposedly strived to create the perfect “military language” that would be able to convey the most information with the least vocalization between America and her foreign Allied Military Forces; one that would eliminate any misinterpretation and dispense with any cultural “baggage” that normally “clouds” communications during combined international operations. Although the DOD was almost certainly aware of the fact that James Brown, Phd., had designed the Parker Brothers’ perennially popular board game: “*Careers*” (pub. 1955—2009); one wonders if the DOD was conscious of the fact that he was also author of the Utopian-Socialist science-fiction novel, “*The Troika Incident*” (pub. 1970; Doubleday: Dr. Brown’s temporal-displacement conceit prognosticated a worldwide free knowledge base anticipating the internet). Nonetheless, as I can personally attest to after having spoken with “Encyclopedia” Brown (telephonically) several times – long before his passing – he was far more of a victim in this conspiracy than a conscious collaborator: naïvely aspiring to convert the DOD’s cross-cultural communications sword of expediency into the primary plowshare of mutual understanding. The degenerate U.S. Army Ranger so central to this tragedy had initially been assigned to aid Dr. Brown in the official capacity of field-testing the utility of LOG-LAN under covert-combat conditions. After the Army abandoned the Project as too esoteric (opting instead to invest in Lt. Col. Aquino’s “First Earth Battalion” of Warlocks; collaterally the origin-point of acceptance for WICCAN [and Pagan] Chaplains in today’s U.S. Armed Services), this same Ranger – now gone rogue – stayed on voluntarily with J.C. Brown and proved himself indispensable in LOG-LAN’s practical application as an incipient international language *via* its active dissemination among his pragmatic Mercenary co-Operatives. This seemingly constructive arrangement lasted until the former Black Beret was found *in coitus* with one of the Professor’s children. (The AIM organization itself should also be understood in this compromised perspective: brilliantly seduced and monumentally screwed.) “Encyclopedia” Brown privately coped with this ultimate violation of his trust by personally designing and building a trimaran (triple-hulled) concept sailboat, which he subsequently utilized to sail the world in vainglorious attempt to disperse his artificial language in cause of peace; eventually dying in this forlorn quest at a port hospital in Argentina – mercifully before it would have been inevitably forced onto his awareness that his lifetime pursuit had been exploited towards the one of the most violent of objectives imaginable.

(It is important to note that both the influential World Powers and their formerly subject populations have altered positions dramatically since the decade[s] of Dr. Cook’s development of the LOG-LAN Lexicon. In his century [the Twentieth] the residue of European Colonialism still resonated with the impact of Linguistic Imperialism. The

eight dominant “global tongues” of that period were: Mandarin-Chinese, Hindi, Spanish, English, French, Russian, Japanese, and German [the first two languages listed above – though regionally concentrated in Dr. Brown’s lifetime – attained their contemporary importance by sheer number of speakers; and the last two languages – as listed above – attained their worldwide preeminence *via* contemporary economic leverage; as opposed to prior Colonial imposition as enforced by the cultures promulgating the four languages cited in the middle of the above list]. Significantly, Arabic was – at that time – among the next three international languages “down the line;” in league of contemporary impact on global affairs with Portuguese and Italian. Consequently, Arabic remained unincorporated into the LOG-LAN synthesis. This gave the Anthrax Conspiracy unparalleled security – as the multiple international and domestic intelligence agencies that were mobilized into a reactive frenzy of immediate post-9/11 activity were feverishly trawling the data-matrices of the world for Arabic-derived analogues. I was the only individual on earth who, by environmentally specific circumstances, stood between the American Livestock Market and their impending total collapse.)

When the letter campaign rattled as a forewarning of the approaching snakebite, the LOG-LAN Codex which I turned over to the FBI broke the case for them and preempted the Economic Collapse of the United States. True to the patterned behavior of American Government, it almost goes without saying that I was not only never awarded the **internationally** publicized remuneration for information leading to apprehension of the party(s) responsible for telegraphing the expected anthrax punch (the amount was up to about two and a half million U.S. dollars by the time my information was thoroughly confirmed and acted upon), but that I was also subjected to a grueling session of dire threats against my life (and, of course, the lives of anybody I was suspected of caring about – including “children I didn’t even know I had”) inside the FBI Offices on the thirteenth floor of the Old San Francisco Federal Building in a brutal attempt to intimidate me from ever relating the truth to the American people. Meanwhile the FBI finalized the Media scapegoating process against a suitably “safe” – Christian, Caucasian, and conveniently accessible – “perpetrator”: a lonely and depressant staff-member at the Fort Detrick Biological Warfare Laboratories in the state of Maryland (doesn’t it ever strike anyone as strange that they’re playing with bio-toxins and contaminants virulent enough to theoretically wipe out the human race so close to the nation’s capital?).

I have been asked: “If you had but one hour left to live, and you wanted to shout out to the world about the most important thing you could think of pertaining to your life, what would that subject be?”

I can only relate to the Wanderer portrayed by Denzel Washington in the post-Apocalyptic film: “*The Book of Eli*,” in which, mortally wounded, the character forces himself to live on (by sheer willpower alone or by the Hand of Grace is left to the Viewer to interpret) until he can vocally regurgitate the contents of a fully-memorized “*King James’ BIBLE*” verbatim and *in toto* for transcription and posterity. If confronted with the same challenge of imminent mortality, I simply would not be able to allow my own passing until my all too many lessons learned from the lifetime of horrors abided above could be permanently recorded for the benefit of future generations....

“BIO – BOMB:”

DOUGLAS DIETRICH — HUMAN WEAPON OF MASS-INSTRUCTION

**(AN EXPLOSIVE E-TACHMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
ORDNANCE).**

I hail from the Nationalist Republic of China as reestablished on the island(s) of Taiwan, entering this world on the 20th of October, 1966. Both this time and point of origin have forced me to adopt a comprehensive historical and cross-cultural perspective. Christened “*Islas Formosa*” (Beautiful Island) by the invading Portuguese, the Taiwanese became the only Indigenous People(s) to successfully defeat and expel a fully fortified, as well as firearm-and-cannon equipped, European Colonial Occupation Force (with its supporting infrastructure of European settlers) and thereafter maintain independence, even from forced negotiations between competing Western Expansionist Powers; a fate to which even *Shōgunal* Japan was initially condemned (the Kingdom of Siam [Thailand] succeeded in positioning itself as a “buffer-state” between the British *Raj* and French Indochina *via* the employment of a professional Portuguese Mercenary Army to modernize its Indigenous Forces along European Lines, but avoided violent confrontation with Western militaries until World War II [in which they entered on the side of the Axis]). Nearly the size of Japan itself, Taiwan voluntarily incorporated into the Japanese Empire in 1895, becoming the Asian equivalent of something between what *Eire* (Ireland) once was to Greater Britain and what “*Anschluss*” Austria was to the Third Reich; historically claiming positive experience with Japanese Imperialism.

Occupied as “South Japan” by the Nationalist Chinese Government in 1945, Taiwan ultimately served as the Final Retreat-and-Redoubt for the Soong Family Dynasty’s **R.O.C. Generalissimo Z’Chiang G’Kai-S’Chek** (b.1887—d.1975; Emergency Dictatorial Powers of Chinese State: 1927—1949; R.O.C. [on Taiwan] Presidency: 1950—1975) amid the conclusion of proactive hostilities on the Mainland (**Chinese Civil War: 1927—1949**), becoming “Island China” in 1949 (lethal Armed Conflict was to continue under Cease-Fire between the Communist Chinese Mainland and Free China for some many years to come – indeed the Two Chinas are still legally at

war today; albeit working diligently towards Peaceful Co-Existence [Taiwan's objective] and even potential Unification [China's objective]). 1949 was the same year that the Jewish State of Israel was recognized and admitted by the United Nations – a synchronistic event considering Taiwan's eventual covert alliance of mutual nuclear proliferation and trilateral security with Israel and *Apartheid-Regime Südafrika* (South Africa). Z'Chiang G'Kai-S'Chek's son – **Z'Chiang Z'Ching-G'Kuo** (b.1910—d.1988; R.O.C. [on Taiwan] Presidency: 1978—1987) – would later succeed him in Dynastic manner over a nominal Republic that inspired the Communist North Korean Kim Dynasty of the DPRK (Democratic People's Republic of North Korea) to crude emulation.

The functional equivalent of twenty assembled and unsinkable aircraft-carriers, Taiwan offered the former Soviet Union a “Formosa Option” to counter America's Mainland “China Card,” as played by **U.S. President Richard Milhous Nixon** (b.1913—d.1994; 37th U.S. Presidency: 1969—1974; Resigned) and **U.S. Secretary of State Henry Alfred Kissinger** (b.1923—; 56th U.S. Sec. State: 1973—1977; Assistant to U.S. President, National Security Affairs: 1969—1975; Chairman, Kissinger Associates International Consulting Firm: 1975—). Indeed, R.O.C. Presidential Heir-Apparent Z'Chiang Z'Ching-G'Kuo took a Russian Bride in Diplomatic Consummation (during his father's Administration), guaranteeing the former U.S.S.R. (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) that he would open a South China Sea Front and initiate the National-Capitalist Restoration of the Mainland by coordinating in Combined Operations with the Soviets in event that the United States militarily intervened on behalf of the Communist People's Republic of China amid the ongoing conduct of the **Sino-Soviet War** (1969—1979). This apparently inverted stance was the inevitable result of repeated insults, betrayals, and abandonments by the Americans, tracing back to **before the Sino-Japanese War** (1931—1945) on the Chinese Mainland that anticipated U.S. Withdrawal from Viet-Nam and South-East Asia (*via* the eventual collapse of SEATO [Southeast Asian Treaty Organization] – Asia's NATO).

Still, I emerge from a Tradition of Service to the Constitutional Republic of the United States. I am a Naturalized American citizen, the son of a Caucasian-American Sailor (**Chief Petty Officer George Joseph Dietrich**: b.1919—d.2007; “Thanatized”) who was born into the Kodak Corporate culture of the Company-City of Rochester, New York. This industrial entity was so large and influential at the time of my father's childhood that Mr. Kodak enforced his Staff to commit to “Kodak Company Time,” a calendar which he himself designed (and unsuccessfully marketed to the United Nations as a “Universal Standard” of International Chronometry intended to synchronize World Commerce “into the same Time Zone”). George Dietrich fled such Corporatocratic confinement for another form of the same: **enlisting** (as opposed to being drafted) **BEFORE Pearl Harbor** (December 7th, 1941) at a time when every major “respectable” community in the United States sported signs on their Public Greenswards that read: “Sailors and Dogs Keep Off the Grass.” My father retired from the United States Navy after over thirty years of painful Service: commencing with NAS (Naval Air Station) Garrison Duties (seaplane tow and launch) in Norfolk, VA (1935), transferring to Gunboat Patrol in the Twilight Years of **Warlord China** (*circa* 1936—1941) and

surviving through **World War II** (1941—1945), the **Korean Conflict** (1951—1953), and into the opening rounds of the **Viet-Nam Insurgency** (1961—August, 1964: Gulf of Tonkin Incident; Activated Naval Reserve Status: 1964—1966; retiring the year of my birth, prior to my conception). He ultimately sported no less than a dozen medals on the uniform we buried him in.

George Dietrich returned to his country (with his new “immigrant” family in tow) in 1968: a fully-broken and semi-derelict man (his “fixed” military pension – *sans* Recognition of any Disability until I was old and educated enough to advocate for him – was frozen at a mere \$900/month [the future rent for our studio apartment in San Francisco’s “Tenderloin” Ghetto would consume fully two-thirds of that income monthly; leaving us \$300/month to eke out an existence on]). “Service Fatigue” (PTSD [Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder] had not yet been formulated as a diagnosis for such disencluteration) rendered my father both alcoholic and utterly unemployable. Our initial stay in his native “Upstate” New York proved so traumatic an experience in terms of both familial abuse and community rejection of his Asian Spouse (my mother) that he “escaped from New York” – as he put it (long before popular cliché); and resettled us on the other side of North America. Catastrophically, his poverty and inability to adapt to the civilian work environment sank us into the cesspit of San Francisco’s “Tenderloin” – a ghetto so dangerous for the City’s Police to patrol that their additional “Hazard Pay” enabled them to indulge in “tenderloin steak” with every dinner. After having traveled and served – both publicly and privately – in war-zones across the globe; I can definitively conclude that I have never experienced a locale more filthy, dangerous, or disgusting than the “Loin” of San Francisco. Only the massive influx of Southeast Asian refugees would later “gentrify” this “salt & pepper” hellhole into “Little Saigon,” a “family ghetto” more along the lines of San Francisco’s Chinatown. Vietnamese Gangs enforce an order all their own, and one more efficient than that which can be imposed by “Outsiders” – SFPD (San Francisco Police Department) Officers are notorious for unanimously living outside of the very City which pays them the highest salaries of any Municipal Police Department in the United States (aside from Oakland – for reasons exposted further below).

Unfortunately I was to come of age during the pre-Vietnamese Mafia era of the African *Mau Mau*-inspired Black National-Seperatist “**Zebra**” **Race War**/killing spree and the **SLA (Symbionese Liberation Army)** “Red Cell” Terrorist Insurgency that so impacted the Bay Area’s Hearst Dynasty. While the **Zodiac(s)**: there almost certainly was more than one Zodiac Killer; and the **Professor in Mathematics, Dr. Theodore John “Ted” Kaczynski, aka: the Unabomber** [b.1942—; FBI Case Handle: UNiversity and Airline **BOM**ber; Incarcerated] is suspected of having orchestrated them all) roamed freely on missions of ritual murder, SFPD Squad Cars would slowly cruise the streets of the ‘Loin on a daily basis, loudspeakers blaring “Do Not Congregate” to spontaneous gatherings of African-Americans. This allocation of assets and man-hours, unbelievable by today’s standards, seems almost justified back in a time when the **Black Panther’s** African-American Militia Movement waged an ongoing *guerilla* war that demanded national attention even while the **Weather Underground’s** “War Against Capitalism On Its Own Home Territories” made headlines around the world. All that uprisings must

converge, and by 1977 San Francisco OFFICIALLY reported one hundred and forty-six **openly** ACKNOWLEDGED killings **for that year alone** (*per* San Francisco Chronicle, 12/9/97, p.A18). There was easily twice that number that went unrecorded. All such American *Intifadas* have since been intentionally ignored by popular awareness (I refer to such phenomena of Media-encouraged mass amnesia as “Conspiracies of Ignorance”).

My family arrived in San Francisco at a time when it could only be defined as a War Zone: disembarking at the San Francisco International Airport (possibly the largest in the world, and certainly so at that time, literally maintaining its own Jurisdiction – and the Constabulary to Police it – probably to this day) early in the morning on November 20th, 1969. Simultaneous to our arrival, seventy-nine Native American Indians of the I.A.T. (Indians of All Tribes) broke and ran a U.S.C.G. (United States Coast Guard: it must be remembered that the U.S. Coast Guard is a MILITARY Branch of the U.S. Armed Services, NOT a Police Agency – and was concurrently deployed during those years in Viet-Nam on Riverine and Estuary Combat/Patrol Duties) Blockade of Alcatraz Island, successfully invading and occupying “the Rock” under hostile “White American” fire. Alcatraz had been originally used by their indigenous forefathers as a place of isolation or ostracization for tribal members who had violated a law or taboo and, inevitably, as a hiding place for many Native American Indians attempting escape from the genocidal Spanish (later Mexican) California “Mission” System. Once Alcatraz Island became a U.S. Federal Prison, both military prisoners and civilians were incarcerated there (among these were many Native American Indians). The Rock forcibly became an “international” Native American “melting pot” (the largest single group of Indian prisoners sentenced to confinement on Alcatraz in one influx occurred in January, 1895, when the U.S. Government captured nineteen Moqui Hopi as POWs [Prisoners of War] and shipped them to the Rock. Native American Peoples continued to be confined as Prisoners of the United States in the Disciplinary Barracks “on the Rock” until into the early 1900s (shortly before “*World War I*” [the **Great War of 1914—1918**])! The IAT amphibious landing served as the Vanguard for THOUSANDS of Native American Indians (of many First People’s Nations) who followed to occupy the abandoned remains of Alcatraz on basis of The Treaty of Fort Laramie (1868) – signed between the United States and the Sioux a hundred years before, that returned all retired, abandoned, or out-of-use Federal Land(s) to the Native People(s) from whom it was “acquired.” Since Alcatraz Federal Penitentiary had been closed on March 21st, 1963, and the Rock had been declared Surplus Federal Property in 1964, the island qualified for reclamation – but, as always, the United States refused to honor her word; a reflexive historical pattern that the First Peoples refer to as “the Trail of Broken Treaties.”

The ensuing **U.S. Siege of Native American Indian Occupied Alcatraz** (1969—1971) was to spellbind me over its duration. Because of my Amerasian features, I was often mistaken for, and consequently assaulted (either verbally or physically) as a Native American Indian. I grew to admire the man who had both organized and personally led the initial IAT Task Force through USCG fire to take hold of the Rock, facing a far graver immediate challenge than George Washington ever did while crossing the Delaware. Former Iron Worker **Mohawk Richard Oakes** (b.1942—d.1972; Murdered) struck me as a natural leader: handsome, charismatic, talented, and educated (at SFSU

[San Francisco State University], an establishment I would later attend myself in young adult emulation for two semesters of Political Science – a true exercise in futility, as by then that Department was simply an Indoctrination Mill in Communist Ideology); Oakes was immediately identified and maligned by the American Media as the instigator of a “‘foreign’ invasion on ‘American’ soil,” the “Chief” of the Island, and the “Mayor of Alcatraz.” But he had control of “Island Amerindia” from the very moment he literally “hit the beach,” with an Organizational Council put into effect immediately. Everyone arriving thereafter had a job: including security, sanitation, day care, schooling, cooking, and laundry. All decisions were made by the unanimous consent of the people. A.I.M. (American Indian Movement), another “Red Power” Activist organization that represented many Tribes, quickly sent a Delegation to “Indian Alcatraz” to establish their presence ashore in a show of Original People’s Solidarity (I was damned to discover in later years that this was a DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency)-infiltrated venture which inserted the Military Agent who would “crack the Rock” [the U.S. Army was institutionally committed to “Indian Pacification” by over a century of Frontier warfare]). In my childhood naïveté, I aspired to someday escape the United States and resettle on the Rock, which came to represent an American version of my birthplace, the Chinese “splinter-culture” as relocated on Taiwan.

Almost impossible to believe by today’s standards, the United States Government was still OFFICIALLY committed to a **Policy of Termination of Indian Tribes**, and on January 3rd, 1970, the Oakes family was prompted to evacuate the island when Yvonne – Oakes’ thirteen-year old daughter, mysteriously fell three floors down a stairwell to her death – breaking Oakes’ iron heart and leaving his people openly vulnerable without his inspired leadership. By late May of 1970, the United States shut off all electrical power and all telephone service, and the Coast Guard intercepted and interdicted all water barge services which provided fresh water. Three days following the Federal military denial of water barge runs, a fire of disputed origin was set on the island, destroying several historic buildings. Against all odds, the Native American Indian Occupation continued to persevere, apparently paddling secret night-runs by canoe to keep minimal supplies of fresh water breaking through the blockade. On June 11th, 1971, President Richard “Tricky Dick” Nixon lost all patience and ordered a large airmobile/amphibious Combined Services Operational Invasion Force of **armed** Federal Marshals, F.B.I. (Federal Bureau of Investigation) Agents, and San Francisco Special Forces Police (SWAT: Special Weapons and Tactics) Teams into action. On R/R-Day (“Redskin Rock” Day) they swarmed the island and forcibly removed all of the Native American Indian men, women, and children ashore, all of whom proved to be **unarmed**. Some fifty of the Alcatraz Occupiers escaped captivity and made for the East Bay; where they commenced the **First People’s National Occupation** of a Secret Nike Missile Installation hidden in the hills behind the community of Kensington. This occupation was ended after three days by a Combined Services Force of Richmond Police and Regular U.S. Army Troops deployed from the Presidio Military Base of San Francisco. Our family held Base access privileges as Military Dependents of an Armed Services Retiree, so my father actually took me to the Presidio Parade Grounds to watch the mobilization for this deployment. He wanted me to personally witness the *rendez vous* for what he feared might become one of the Last Massacres of a vanishing race.

Richard Oakes himself barely survived an assassination attempt shortly thereafter, languishing in a coma for over thirty days. Only the sudden appearance of his mentor, the **Spiritual Leader Wallace Mad Bear Anderson of the Iroquois Confederacy**, was credited by friends and witnesses as bringing him back to life. But before I was to enter my own sixth year of mortal life in a world I never made, on September 20th, 1972, at thirty years of age, Oakes the Mohawk was shot and killed by a man named **Michæl Morgan**, a YMCA (Young Men’s Christian Association) Camp Manager with a history of child abuse directed against Native American Indian children (in this day and age, such a recidivist would be placed on a national and publicly accessible “watch-list,” as well as theoretically barred from employment in child-responsible vocations). All charges were ordered dropped against Michæl Morgan within six months, and Morgan returned to work. This was to prove my personal “Kennedy Assassination,” an unacknowledged outrage ignored by America’s Caucasian population amid a nationally-proclaimed Era of Civil Rights. A childhood of being attacked and beaten by strangers as a “Redskin” had robbed me of any innocence and generated a longing to escape to a refuge for “my own kind” that was to prove totally illusory. My father was a baptized Catholic of German/Irish descent and faithful to the Church (even as his inherent sense of tolerance, engendered by decades of exposure to other cultures overseas, motivated him to never had me baptized – preferring that I find my own path to spirituality). My mother told me that he had wept like a child lost in the wilderness when **John Fitzgerald Kennedy** (b.1917—d.1963; 35th U.S. Presidency; Assassinated [the first Irish-Catholic President of a then-predominantly White Anglo-Saxon Protestant and *Papaphobic* United States]) was taken out. In this sense, at least, I was never my father’s son. I didn’t cry. I took my grief to a cold and silent place within me where I kept it and polished it like a black and secret treasure. I keep this treasure still.

One of the central challenges of my future-fated “Third Career” (which was to be forced upon me as I became burdened with the involuntary acquisition of a medical education *via* the necessity of continually compensating for the repeated malpractices, misdiagnoses, and misadministration of prescription medicines by both VA [Veteran’s Administration] and “civilian” MDs that were destined to destroy my parents’ lives come the closing year[s] of the 1990s) was originally the need to prove my father’s disabilities as being combat-related in order to qualify him for Compensation. The U.S. Navy of his day was notorious for lack of ANY adequate medical care, staffing the “sick-bays” of its ships with “Pharmacist’s Mates” (propaganda films like “*Run Silent, Run Deep*” glamorized such folly by portraying “good old American ‘pluck’” at its rustic best when one such Pharmacist’s Mate performs an undersea appendectomy [without any prior experience or even training] on a submariner under combat conditions – an all-too-common reality of the era). My father was mustered out of service upon retirement with a farcical “medical review” administered by a Filipino Steward who spoke only ‘Pidgin English. My father’s personnel records, so necessary to the task of reviewing and reassessing such a sham in both medical and military terms, were interned – along with those of **many millions of other veterans** (whose files covered every one of the U.S.

Armed Services and all of their Armed Interventions from the **Spanish-American War** [1898] and its consequent **Filipino Insurrection [the Philippine-American War of Filipino Independence: 1899—1902]** through the **Fall of Saigon** [April 30th, 1975]) – into the documentary “wickerman” of the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri. This architectural firetrap was a combination in construction of a grain silo and a tinderbox. The local municipal Fire Department protested the fact that neither fire alarms or sprinkler systems were installed but, as the edifice was on Federal property, nothing could be done for it.

In the course of my “Primary Career” as a Civilian Military Librarian, I was able to review an “in-house” Federal Archives Agency training reel that exposed the fact of fifteen starting-points of inception instigating the conflagration that consumed this pyre of documents in July of 1975. The embers of this facility smoldered for a month – but the Federal Archives had saved the U.S. Government **many billions of dollars** in Veteran’s Compensation (not to mention obscuring any historical culpability in almost too many atrocities to count as cited by such files). As an aside, both **Lee Harvey Oswald’s** (b.1939—d.1963; Terminated) and **James Earl Ray’s** (b.1928—d.1998; Died in Detention) military service/medical dossiers were conveniently incinerated in that firestorm – just to name a few of the lost “celebrity” files. Any VA Bureaucrat will confirm that the VA is still dealing TO THIS DAY with the repercussions of that arson. It almost goes without saying that the Operations Manager of that particular Federal facility was soon found dead with a bullet in his brain – classified as a suicide. The inferno itself was attributed by the U.S. Media to “war protestors” – a physical impossibility obvious to anyone who has ever seen the fortified perimeters of the St. Louis-located facility as reconstructed today. My father had suffered at least one major injury in the midst of each major war or “Police Action” that the United States had been involved in since the time of the **Sinking of the USS Panay** (December 12th, 1937). I had to seek out three witnesses to the advent of each of his injuries sustained in action from each of “his” three wars: WWII, Korea, and Vietnam. Only when this was accomplished could his Disability be recognized. If I hadn’t been so completely prepared for this endeavor by a decade’s worth of records research – I could never have conceived of how to even begin such a task....

I myself was destined to survive both of the Kuwaiti Campaigns of **Desert Shield** (1990) and **Desert Storm** (1991) as a U.S. Marine after earning eight years of experience as a DOD (Department of Defense) “Re/Search and Document/Destruction” Librarian at the Presidio Military Base of San Francisco. The Presidio was indisputably the most important military site on the West Coast (historically, functionally, and politically). There, along with my duties of retrieving and collating all types of printed (and even hand-written) material(s) for on-site staff officers, I was responsible for the overwhelming majority of Documented Volume Incineration on-Base. I also acted as the Professional Interdepartmental Liaison between the Main Post Library and the Medical Records Library facilities at LAMC (Letterman Army Medical Center): the U.S. Army’s first General Hospital (est. 1899: located on-Base and the source of much controversial medical experimentation on both man and animal – the men sourcing from America’s ever-expanding penitentiary population [in exchange for sentence-reduction] as often as

from the ranks of the Army itself, the Letterman Army Hospital Complex trained a full quarter of the U.S. Army's medical personnel).

For over two centuries, *El Presidio Real de San Francisco* comprised fifteen hundred acres of CAG (Coastal Artillery Garrison) laid over the Native American Indian Tribal Resting Grounds of the Ohlone First People's Nation. The "Guardian of the Golden Gate" was established by Spanish Conquistadors contemporaneous to the birth of the American Republic (Spanish Captaincy: 1776—1822). The Presidio Officers' Club is the oldest building in the City and County of San Francisco (Mexican Administration: 1822—1846). Taken forcibly by the self-proclaimed California Republic's "Bear Flag" Insurrectionists out from under the Mexican flag, it eventually became Headquarters of the United States Western Defense Command and the logistical centerpiece for every American Conflict involving Pacific access to Asia and Latin America (U.S. Occupation: 1846—1994). 1921 saw the foundation of the first military airfield on the West Coast – a pioneering airfield for early flight experiments at Crissy Field. Conducted behind the cover of the Presidio's stone ramparts and with the entire Sixth United States Army permanently posted on-site to provide security; such activities made the San Francisco Bay Garrison the "Area 51" of her day. Construction of the Golden Gate Bridge was conducted entirely from within the Presidio walls to ensure military security-oversight of a vital national artery.

On November 1st, 1941 – over a month BEFORE Pearl Harbor – under the fully recognized official intent of attacking the nation of Japan; the U.S. Army established the Precursor to the world-reknowned Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California: the Military Intelligence School inside Presidio's Crissy Field Building # 640 (the old U.S. Air Mail Hangar) and forcefully billeted fifty-eight fully-assimilated U.S. citizens of Japanese ancestry in order to "compression-train" them into native-speaker fluency. This Top-Secret Priority Project proceeded under the supervision of **School Commander/Lieutenant Colonel John Weckerling** and a faculty of nine expert Japanese Linguists (almost the total number extant within the contemporary United States!). The Presidio influenced world history irreversibly when the United Nations was founded On-Site the Presidio Post at the height of WWII (on January 1st, 1942, just three weeks after Pearl Harbor) as an Organization of War (*per* Article 42 of the U.N. Charter) to orchestrate the operations of Armies of Resistance behind the borders of Axis-Occupied Nations.

Command of the Presidio was a highly prized career pinnacle in the U.S. Army because it meant automatic positioning in San Francisco's High Society. From the close of Officially Recognized Proactive Hostilities in "**The War Between the States**" (*American Civil War*: 1861—1865) to the dawn of "**The War To End All Wars**" ("WWI"), San Francisco's population was the largest on the West Coast, well over ten times that of Los Angeles. The Embarcadero of San Francisco truly served the United States as its one and only viable "Gateway to the Orient." The Gold Rush to the "Barbary Coast" had established a predatory "upper crust" that was chronically courted by the ever-reassembling Administrations across the Rockies. In acknowledgement of the Golden Gate's precarious security dependence on the far-away Atlantic Seaboard, it was

officially mandatory to request the Presidio Commandant's presence at every major civic event. More importantly, it was traditionally considered a social requisite to invite the current Commandant of the Presidio Military Post to any party of note. Any visiting dignitary, foreign or domestic, mingling with the "Swells" (San Francisco's exclusive elite) would inevitably be introduced to the Presidio Commandant – thus extending further political connections for the ambitious officer (all "high officers" [officers of rank] are essentially politicians in uniform). With the 1980s "Silicon Valley"-driven global economic boom motivating nationwide investment into San Francisco infrastructure (the prestige of San Francisco-based offices being interpreted as integral to the information market's mystique), as well as emphasizing the commercial significance of the numerous foreign consulates extant within the City, this Frontier-era social arrangement almost survived into the twenty-first century.

I embarked on my own intended career in Library Science as a "Librarian's Aid" in 1983, during my seventeenth year of mortal existence. I was originally employed directly after opting for early GED-tested "graduation" from the John H. O'Connell Institute of Vocational Technology (long since closed due to rampant gang violence and notorious staff scandals [including Teacher-on-Student Assaults], only to be reestablished elsewhere within San Francisco County limits – after enough time had elapsed to dim its infamy as "San Quentin Prep"). Strangely enough, I was initially granted opportunity for interview regarding this particular employment opportunity by networking through the Secretarial Receptionist of John O'Connell Tech's Administrative Offices. She herself had found employment at "the J.O'C" after having been sacked from her previous job as "Lap Secretary" to the Mayor's Office(s) at San Francisco's City Hall when former **San Francisco Supervisor Daniel James "Dean" White** (b.1946—d.1985; Member, SF Board of Supervisors: Jan.—Nov., 1978; Suicided [at home in his own residence – 7 years after murdering both his Mayor and his replacement]) forced his way past her with a loaded firearm on November 27th, 1978, to kill then-**San Francisco Mayor George Richard Moscone** (b.1929—d.1978; Majority Leader, CA State Senate Senate: 1967—1978; 37th Mayor of San Francisco: 1976—1978; Assassinated) and the "Mayor of Castor Street," **San Francisco Supervisor Harvey Milk** (b.1930—d.1978; Member, SF Board of Supervisors:1977—1978; Assassinated), the Gay Rights Activist who had recently assumed Dan White's late responsibilities. The killings proved a Godsend to future **Senator Dianne Goldman Berman Feinstein** (b.1933—; President, SF Board of Supervisors: 1970—1978; 38th Mayor of San Francisco: 1978—1988; Senior U.S. Senator from California: 1992—), who succeeded to the Mayoralty on December 4th, 1978 and – apparently having no need for the services of a female secretary (at least not one noted for servicing her predecessor) – immediately dismissed the young woman who was destined to incidentally influence the course my life would take. Here's hoping you heed your own mother when she warns you away from such company.

The O'Connell Receptionist was of *Illyrian* (ethnic Albanian) extraction but she was not of Albanian national origin, her parents having fled that enigmatic Balkan state prior to her conception. The actual *Illyrian* name for Albania is *Shipëria* (Land of Eagles), but while I was "doing time" at "the J.O'C" (1981—1983), *Shipëria* still chafed under the tyrannical régime of the Ultra-Stalinist **Enver Hoxha** (b.1908—d.1985; First

Secretary of the Albanian Communist Party of Labour: 1921—1985; Dictator of *Shipëria*: 1945—1985), whose dictatorship was so ruthlessly entrenched that it would survive five years after his death into 1990! Although *Shipëria* might as well have been relocated to another planet by the Collectivist isolationism Hoxha imposed on his subjects, the J.O’C. secretary invited me to attend her “moonlight” broadcasts to the Albanian Anti-Communist Resistance *via* Radio Free Europe which pierced Hoxha’s Iron Curtain on an almost nightly basis. She had ingratiated herself into a “sideline” with the U.S. State Department as a fluent speaker in Albania’s obscure dialects, and through this line of contact(s) she learned of a “summer internship” opening at the DOD Library located INSIDE the Presidio of San Francisco. As a Military Dependent, I had possessed the requisite I.D. which enabled me to access many of the Presidio’s facilities at will since I was a child, including the Post’s Library. It is also important to remember that the DOD is a CIVILIAN agency – not military – and therefore this particular Receptionist’s information about Defense Departmental openings in-Base were actually quite innocuous.

However, my personal affair with a Communist *Latina* I had fallen in with – by way of my *alma mater*’s Mission District location in the heart of San Francisco’s Hispanic Barrio – was not. This was to prove a damning obstacle towards my potential for any serious level of Security Clearance that was to dog me throughout my DOD employment. Nevertheless this torrid involvement provided me with precedent **foreign** combat-zone exposure in 1984 when we visited her (very Catholic) family in Nicaragua at the height of the **Contra Counterinsurgency** (Nicaraguan Civil War: 1979—1993). I can state in all seriousness that this experience was a vacation as compared to coming of age in the **domestic** combat-zone of San Francisco. Thus it came to pass that my DOD dossier profiled me as a Political Unreliable prone to sleeping with the enemy. Don’t let this happen to you....

By 1986 “Mission-creep” (ever-expanding [and improperly] delegated responsibilities) in my duties as a Postal Librarian eventually exposed me to bloodcurdling stories of abuse relayed by the children using the Post Library’s Children’s Room that the elder staff kept dismissing as childhood fantasies. The Child Development Center on-Post was managed by **Gary Willard Hambright** (b.1952—d.1990), an ordained Southern Baptist Minister without a pulpit who had been my Graphic Arts instructor at the John O’Connell Vocational Institute. By the time I succeeded in forcing the multiple authorities involved (the Presidio Provost Marshall’s Office, the CID’s [Criminal Investigations Division’s] team of the Sixth Army stationed at the Presidio and headed by the JAG [Judge Advocate General], as well as the FBI, and the SFPD) in investigating the ongoing assaults against the base’s underage population to act on my evidence against him (he openly maintained reams of his child pornography “in plain sight” by secreting it in the storage-area of John O’Connell’s Commercial Illustration Studios as “art reference” – “Mr. Gary,” as he was known to the Presidio’s prepubescent populace, had no home of his own and lived on the premises of a San Francisco Church at the sufferance of his local Religious Community, where such materials would have been impossible to conveniently sequester), it was January 5th, 1987.

Indeed, my exposure of the location of “Mr. Gary’s” pedophilic pornography stash as located off-Base limits (in an SFUSD [San Francisco Unified School District] facility no less) placed his particular case within Municipal – as opposed to Federal – jurisdiction. This enabled the one woman whom I considered the only truly professional investigator to be involved in this interdepartmental circus – the tall, naturally blonde, and thoroughly righteous **Sergeant Sandi Gallant of the SFPD Intelligence Division, a nationally recognized Specialist in Satanic Crime(s)** – to place “the Right Reverend” Hambright in San Francisco County Detention (in San Francisco – which is BOTH a CITY and a COUNTY – the SF City Police run the Beats while the SF County Sheriff’s Department runs the Jails). By then several hundred children (the maximum attendance of the Presidio CDC [Child Development Center] was 250 children – dwindling down over time to 180 as many children became too traumatized to return) had already tested either HIV-positive or infected by an alternative STD (Sexually Transmitted Disease) – virtually every child unfortunate enough to be raised behind the Presidio’s Spanish-erected walls. Hambright himself was to die of AIDS (while still fighting charges after several trials) in the first week of 1990, prematurely frustrating general public awareness of his atrocity, much to the relief of the United States Army, which by that time cared for an estimated number of almost one hundred thousand children daily.

It almost goes without saying that the U.S. Army re-stationed all of the victimized families to different military posts throughout the world, eliminating coordinated efforts *vis* for justice from the military. But before they were scattered worldwide, many of the Presidio-based parents of these impacted families gathered *en masse* and burned the original Presidio Day Care Center to the ground in a night of bitter anguish. This fire, leaving \$50, 000 of damages in its wake, was motivated by the Base-wide community’s outrage and frustration over the Army Community Services Building adjacent to the (by now infamous) Child Development Center (and connected to the Daycare Center itself *via* subterranean “blast-tunnels” *per* Post Library-maintained documents that I was subsequently ordered to incinerate by my Library Operations Manager – seemingly on his own initiative) being conveniently destroyed by a \$500, 000 blaze three weeks before – on the night of the Autumnal Equinox: September 22nd, 1987. It almost goes without saying that the prior fire succeeded in destroying the very facility in which the Presidio CDC’s records were maintained. Investigators from the BATF (Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms) determined “both fires, contrary to the U.S. Army’s findings, had been arson.” The charcoaled foundation stumps of these children’s chambers of horror were left standing in mute testimony for the next twenty years beside the Presidio’s Lombard Gate. Even this evidence was removed once Lucasfilms settled in on the property (leased to Industrial Light & Magic through the post-military managing agency: the Golden Gate National Recreation Area created by the then-deceased **United States Congressional Representative Phillip Burton** [b.1926—d.1983; U.S. House of Representatives from CA’s 5th District: 1964—1983]). Now the victims of Presidio perfidy are denied any physical monument to their suffering; as, no doubt, was the intent....

Confusing the above travesty was the pervasive infestation of the Presidio (and, for that matter, of the entire U.S. Army) with Satanic Cultic activity. Former Circus

Ringmaster and Avocational Gun-Runner (I have formally attested before the BATF during the 1986—1987 Presidio Child Abuse Proceedings to the fact that my Library Operations Manager regularly secured such in-transit shipments to Israel in his own domicile) **Anton Szandor La Væy** (b.1930—d.1997), the “Black Pope” of the Church of Satan (est. *Walpurgisnacht*, October 31st, 1966), lived right off-base from the Presidio’s Arguello Gate and his cousin held Officers’ rank in the U.S. Army Reserve(s) while stationed on-post. Schism within the Satanic Covenant led to **Lieutenant Colonel Michael A. Aquino** founding an Adversary Church in 1975: **the Temple of Set’**. I worked with Lt. Col. Aquino (he was eventually to retire a “full bird” Colonel) professionally as he utilized Library resources to establish the Military Intelligence equivalent of “Remote Viewing,” a DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency) program independent of the more publicly recognized CIA (Central Intelligence Agency) efforts. Aquino’s methods involved the attempted invocation, binding, and deployment of dæmonic entities, as well as the attempted “ensorcelment” of souls. His affectation of full-faced pancake makeup while on-duty and in full uniform (under the Constitutional protection of “Freedom of Religion,”) encouraged attention from children and accusations from adults. Ironically, I participated in clearing his infernal reputation (of my “Trade School” Teacher’s sins at least) while assigned to retrieve relevant documentation concerning the very occultic phenomena of which his basewide following was suspected of perpetrating in order to further ongoing investigations. There was clear evidence of Satanic Cultic activity on the grounds of the Presidio Base, including an abundance of Satanic graffiti and numerous artifacts of Satanic ritual(s). The Base’s Central Satanic Altar was publicly known to be inside a concrete bunker located behind the Military Intelligence Building where Lt. Col. Aquino directed Systems Analysis operations, used decades ago to house artillery guns – the reinforced batteries now converted to Ritual Chambers.

The Devil’s gratitude is not a phenomena to be taken cavalierly. I continued to uphold my professional responsibilities in dispensation of the duties Lt. Col. Aquino now obviously felt most comfortable in assigning me. Although I expressed my desire to remain neutral in the “Cosmic Cold War” in which he engaged as an “Infernal Agent, ” I know that he always considered me a potential convert to “Satan’s Crusade.” The Inter-Library Loan Program was exploited to its fullest extent. Lt. Col. Aquino often cited National Security matters at hand as justification to at least temporarily appropriate various mouldering tomes out of refrigerated storage in universities and museums across the country. Such volumes were consequently consulted to accommodate the esoteric objectives of his Diabolical Flock. Certainly his very ability to openly serve as the Presidio’s “Satanic Chaplain” exposes the saturation of Dæmonolatry within the upper echelons of America’s military. I never once saw a participant in Lt. Col. Aquino’s Rituals of “Konvolution” (often performed inside the Presidio Library itself [to Invoke the Powers from the *Grimoires* secured therein] during the Night Shift while I was tending the incinerator) that ranked below the level of Major. **The “Konvolution”** (as opposed to “Revolution” or, more precisely, “Evolution”) was defined as the ongoing struggle of the “Rebel Angels” against “the Hosts of Heaven” on the Terrestrial Plane through the active subversion of the various “Kults.” It is through such chronic exposure to the “Kultic” milieu that I gained a radically comprehensive understanding of much of

the phenomena deemed as “paranormal” by the general public.

When I was still naïve enough to believe that it was possible, I was told by the Library Staff that I would finally be awarded with a higher level of Security Clearance if I agreed to attend Sonoma State University for a few semesters and infiltrate “Project: Censored,” a still-ongoing Journalism program that is sponsored by major names in mass-media (**Edward James “Ted” Koppel** [b.1940—] and **John McGlaughlin** [b.1927—] of “*the McGlaughlin Group*” are among them) to annually investigate the major “underreported” stories each successive current school-year. I was assigned to find out exactly what it was that determined students of Investigative Journalism could uncover regarding Confidential Matters of “Interest to National Security.” I found out more about the so-called HAARP (accurately designated **HA³R²P²**: *High-frequency Activated Auroral Atmospheric Resonance Research Projection Program* [the numbers in such acronyms are not vocalized]) Ionospheric Conductor Array Project Site constructed in Gakona, Alaska, (and its monumental, but underexposed, impact on both worldly and environmental affairs) in those two semesters of 1987 than most HA³R²P² employees (lost as they are amid compartmentalized security-niches) will ever know.

Most concisely, one of the more devastating applications of HA³R²P² Technology was its perpetual deployment against the DPRK on the Korean Peninsula (wave-concentrated and deflection-directed by a satellite-chain of stratospheric-level super-dirigibles in permanent semi-orbit beyond perception of the naked eye – and even most marketed binoculars) in a continuous (and all-too-successful) Genocidal Campaign to generate perennial famine conditions *via* the electromagnetic depletion of mineral content from the soil [and electrolyte content from the vegetation] of what is historically one of the most fertile and productive regional granaries of Northeast Asia – an endeavor that had turned this natural breadbasket into Far East Asia’s “Dust-Bowl” and murdered millions of North Korean citizens by 1987 (and has murdered a million more by today: it cannot be overemphasized that the Korean War has never ended, and that the United States is still [i]legally at war with Communist Korea). To this day the North Koreans futilely launch SCUD missiles directed at the Alaskan City of Gakona in a hopeless attempt to destroy the hated machinery of HA³R²P². Alaskan crabbers will attest to sporadically netting the fragments of such projectiles, apparently self-scrambled and auto-destroyed even while in descending trajectory by the massive electromagnetic interference constantly projected by the infernal Gakona Array in a radio-activated blanket that peripherally serves as the facility’s defense screen. The collateral damage on the Greater Yukon’s population (to include all of western Canada) caused by such chronic and pervasive EMP (Electro-Magnetic Pulsation) was being only incidentally investigated as part of a long-term mass-medical assessment never intended for public consumption. Upon debriefing of the surprising mass of information I was able to accumulate in subversive collusion with this educational enterprise, it almost goes without saying that I was not only never awarded any promotion of Security Clearance, but that I was also shafted with the enormous educational expenses for the SSU Dormitory Residence Fees, *et cetera*.

Obviously, I began seeking employment further afield, an objective that veered

me towards the opportunities offered by armed Mercenary employment. I was heavily influenced in this regard by the perpetual circulation in and out of the Presidio's On-Base Hostels of semi-retired veterans taking advantage of their "free-flight" benefits that allowed them to fly the world over for "pennies-on-the-dollar," utilizing the U.S. Army's MAC (Military Airlift Command) to pursue their post-military criminal careers (it is illegal to practice the Mercenary profession by International Law). Privatized professional soldiery was not yet dominated by major Federally-affiliated Corporations (*id est*, "Blackwater") in the later 1980s, and I realized that my own private fortune could be earned while I was still young and physically resilient enough to realistically pursue such an endeavor. I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps with specific intent to accumulate both the necessary training and experience required to survive the environment(s) of such a dangerous career choice. I entered the San Diego Marine Corps Recruit Training Depot on my twenty-third birthday: October 20th, 1989.

One of the keys to my personal survival of "Operation: Desert Storm" was the fact that I had actually lived for almost half of 1988 in *Ba'athist* Iraq as a civilian during **Gulf War I** (*the Iran-Iraq War*: 1980—1988). I had majored in Commercial Illustration at John O'Connell Technical School. My professional graphic pursuits (specifically my profitable sideline of pornographic comic-book and novel illustration for San Francisco's than-burgeoning "underground" publishing industry) attracted the attention of the Editor of the "*Star Presidian*," the Presidio Base Newspaper, who presented my portfolio to the Iraqi Consulate of San Francisco. Thus was expedited an all-expenses-paid trip to Iraq under the auspices of **Saddam Hussein's** (b.1937—d.2006; Iraqi Presidency: 1979—2003; U.S. POW: 2004; Show-Tried: 2004—2006; Executed) Propaganda Ministry as part of an Iraqi campaign to produce poster-works promoting Anti-Iranian sympathies in the Western World *via* exposition of their wartime atrocities.

Once "In-Country," I was taken on Tour of the Front-Lines to evaluate the Morale Situation "as it stood" with intention of presenting the Iranian Threat abroad in a non-Arab(ian) cultural context. This extraordinary opportunity enabled me to witness aspects of the First Gulf War (and the complexities of pan-Islamic Conflict) of which the American public is entirely unawares – to this day. I was also to observe the largest naval battle (and American victory) in modern history which you've never heard of ("**Operation: Preying Mantis**" – the U.S.A. *versus* Iran; mid-April, 1988). This major, yet muted, engagement led directly to my awareness (shared throughout the Arabic-speaking World, but silenced in English-speaking Media the world over) of the reality behind the first deployment of a civilian 747 Jumbo Jetliner as a weapon of war – in this case targeting an American guided-missile cruiser, the *USS Vincennes*, and intentionally launched against her on the 4th of July. I feel that one of the most important accomplishments of my life was realized with my participation in the Cessation of Hostilities between Iran and Iraq in the months of July—August, 1988.

I was reinstated to my former Technical Reference Post for another two years after mustering out of the United States Marine Corps. Most immediately this was due to exposure to cyclo-sarin nerve gas blown downwind from Chemical Weapons Storage Bunkers explosively demolished at Kamisaya to destroy evidence of American

involvement in Genocidal actions against the Kurdish population of *Ba'athist* Iraq (by supplying the industrial constituents incorporated into manufacturing the toxic nerve agent[s] deployed under Saddam Hussein's orders in Iraqi-Occupied Kurdistan). Since that day my lungs have collapsed seven times, ultimately necessitating radical surgery that stapled them to my ribcage permanently – with a 20% chance of future “spontaneous pneumo-thoraxes.”

Another factor cutting short the normal five-year Marine Corps “hitch” for me was a major diplomatic incident involving my “Desert Shield” Tour in *Saudi Arabia* (we spent almost half of 1990 “In-Country” assembling the ad-hoc Marine “Task Force: Taro”). On August 7th of that year, at the Saudi port city of *Æl Jubayl* (south of our Port-of-Deployment), I personally attempted to prevent a *Mutawh'wha'in* (*Saudi Religious Police*) Unit from machine-gunning schoolgirls who were escaping from a burning schoolhouse. They were being shot because they were daring to expose themselves in public without veils (289 young women ultimately burned alive in this incident). Only the impending state-of-war prevented my lifetime incarceration in military prison (it must be noted that the U.S. Marines are responsible for U.S. Embassy Guard Duty, and are thereby considered “diplomatic representatives-in-uniform of the U.S. Constitutional Republic abroad”).

Returning to the United States and determined to pursue my Mercenary work domestically once recuperated, I resettled into the Presidio Postal Library System as a Military Reference Technician. Doubtless, my “*pre-Gulf War II*” involvement with both *Ba'athist* Iraq and Civil-War Nicaragua (tainted by my romantic liaison with a U.S. State Department identified *Sandinista*), as well as my direct connection to exposing the massive on-site Presidio child-molestation fiasco – even my exotic etho-national background – presented me as a prime candidate for recruitment into the role of “patsy” by the self-proclaimed CIA (Central Intelligence Agency)/Mossad (Israeli Intelligence)/ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence) triumvirate who contacted me personally on-Base in the summer of 1992 as they conspired the abortive assassination of then-Presidential Candidate, the **Governor of Arkansas: William Jefferson “Billy-Jeff” Clinton** (b.1946—; 42nd U.S. Presidency: 1993—2001; Impeached) during a campaign stayover at the world-renowned San Francisco Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Even prior to official Base-Closure, the former General Secretary of the Communist *Partii* of the Soviet Union and the last Premier of the late State of the U.S.S.R. – **Mikhail Sergeevich Gorbachev** (b.1931—; Final *C.C.C.P.* Administration: 1985—1991; Defected to United States) himself – leased Presidio property from the Federal Government of the United States to establish his Neo-Socialist Think-Tank: ***the Gorbachev Foundation of North America*** (far from finding this questionable, if not treasonous, the U.S. Electorate assumed it a laudable development). By that time I was already transitioning into my Second Career as a Private Security Enforcement Agent starting near the “Bodyguard bottom” of the Armed Security Industry, providing Security Escort in the Adult Entertainment Industry. It was here that I was familiarized with San Francisco's Underworld and Police Connections, as the SFPD (and the SFFD [San Francisco Fire Department]), as well as the San Francisco Emergency Medical Services

personnel – at that time a separate department) provided their own form of “security” by chronic loitering in such facilities. There were times when such blue-collar bureaucrats outnumbered “civilian” clientele.

I was able to “break into” the local Live/Exotic Entertainment Security provision business thanks to the professional recommendation of **Ginotenelli Neilli**, a mulatto (Italian/Liberian) Corporal in the U.S. Army Reserves stationed at the Presidio Post (until his permanent expulsion from Base Premises – resulting from a Tarot Card Reading Scam he was running amongst the on-Site officer’s wives) and a Licensed(?) Private Investigator with whom I had satisfactorily completed Contracts for in the past in what served as an additional revenue source – running his errands in *sub poena* delivery (as well as rotationally relieving him on extended private surveillance operations, *et cetera*). The particular San Francisco Adult Entertainment Partnership that he ingratiated me with was a two-Family duopoly that had utilized his *sub rosa* services to their own ends before, and they were willing to take on one of his accomplices. One of the Families eventually assigned me the responsibility of guarding the Co-Owner's son, who was a former member of the **Sannyasin** Cult of the self-proclaimed OSHO; the Asian Indian “Super-Guru,” **Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh** (b.1931—d.1990; Prophet of *Rajneeshpuram* City, est. in the U.S.: 1981—1986; Deported) who was ultimately to be forbidden Entry into every major continent except Antarctica. This was the Oregon “Love” Cult that had established an independent “Global Enlightenment Colony” in the Central Oregon Desert and proceeded to plot and perpetrate the massive and well-orchestrated “9/9” **Bio-Terrorist Attack** that killed many Americans – and sickened hundreds more – almost a decade before on Sunday, September 9th, in the truly “Orwellian” Year of 1984. It was while assigned to protect him from his former victims or their relations who were hell-bent on tracking him down for pay-back that I learned the details of how this major act of “foreign” terrorism on American soil was almost completely “Blacked-Out” by the U.S. Government. Being of half-Arabic extraction himself (of Palestinian origin, but Iraqi Nationality; on his father’s side), this man appreciated my low-level command of the Arabic language and my familiarity with the culture and geopolitics of South-West Asia, and conveyed the full story from the Cultic perspective.

The successful completion of my primary contract-assignment of note encouraged the Family that I had served to recommend me for enrollment into the San Francisco Police Academy (a very difficult proposition without inside connections, as the SFPD is one the highest-paid Constabularies in the United States, and can literally pick and choose their officer-candidates from across the nation – preferring “Lateral Transfers” - experienced veterans from other Police Departments), which I successfully completed in course. Unfortunately, permanent deafness from nerve-damage afflicting my right ear was sustained by primary exposure – as an adult – to the Chicken Pox; carried into the Academy by a Cadet infected by his own infant son. The SFPD Academy Certificate of Graduation in POST (Peace Officer’s Standard Training), however, helped to place me on a professional path that culminated with my standing guard to the Prince and Princess of *J’Yugoslāvija* at the height of **the Balkan Secession Wars** (1991—1995), as well as participating in several *Boznin* (Bosnian) and *Hrvatski Vojna Krajina* (Croatian Military Frontier) field actions ancillary to the security requirements of the **House of**

KarajĐgeorjđgevič's (the Royal Dynasty of Serbia: est. 1903—) Court-in-Exile (est. [London] 1941—). It was in this context that the forces I was integrated into were confronted by the first (Neo) Nat-Zi Armored Detachments to advance on the European Field of Battle since 1945!

One of the pivotal links to my involvement with the *Srbvn* (Serbian) struggle for survival against American-sponsored Islamic Insurgency in the Balkans was an (initially domestic) affair with a *Srv* (Serb) *Četnik* (Nationalist Partizan), a sniper in Sarajevo who had originally been *en route* to Waco, Texas when life as she had come to know it was destroyed by the 1993 BATF/FBI Massacre of her “Branch Davidian” Co-Religionists. The “Davidians” were a “Branch,” or schism, of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. The largest concentration of Seventh Day Adventists in the world is in the *Vojvodina* (Military Principality) Region of *Srbvija* (Serbia). A large percentage of the people martyred in the name of their religion at Waco held *J'Yugoslāv* citizenship. Yet again, I was imparted by circumstances (this time personal, as opposed to professional) the full story behind a milestone “international” incident from the perspective of a former Cultist. I was much taken with her ecstatic manifestations of faith while we were consummating her emotional rebound from the violent loss of her former lover and Messiah, **David Koresh** (originally **Vernon Howell**: b.1959—d.1993; Apocalyptic Christian Sect Leader: 1986—1993; Murdered *en masse*), whom she had fallen in with while he was still incarnate as an aspiring Rock Guitarist afflicted by *Yaru 'Shaelayem* (Jerusalem Syndrome).

My Mercenary career essentially climaxed in working the highest-paid (and highest-risk) Uniformed Security Contract in the United States: two tours with two different corporations (one Contract completed prior to Private Royal Guard Duty in *Bozna-i-Hercegovin* [Bosnia/Hercegovina] and one after) in the ten square city-block, seven hundred and sixty-three Unit ACORN Project-Site of West Oakland, after the HUD (Housing and Urban Development) Police had been ousted as violently corrupt, and the gang-massacre of the entire Samoan Security Enforcement detachment hired to replace them demanded extreme response (Note: the purging of armed HUD personnel on-site after the death of HUD Administrator, **Ron Harmon Brown** (b.1941—d.1996; Assassinated), in the former *J'Yugoslāvijya* – life surpasses fiction in synchronicity).

The ACORN Projects were (and probably still are) the largest Project-Site in the United States in terms of land-area. At the time of my serving under Contract(s) on-Site, they were not yet “Gated” (*id est*, enclosed within a fenced security and containment perimeter – a “population concentration complex”). “The ‘CORN’ presented all the challenges of a frontier settlement: it had its own jail and its own mortuary. The school was patrolled with guard-dogs. The wing where the Samoans had been massacred was left abandoned for at least a decade. The office our original Security Detachment was operating out of was literally lined in lead to withstand determined Gang assault and/or siege – including its floors (we were situated on the third story to avoid overhead sniper-fire; no structures in ACORN went above three stories). Since the entire area was Government Property, the OPD (Oakland Police Department) refused to enter the premises (they had enough challenges of their own to contend with throughout the

Greater Oakland Area – serving in the OPD is equivalent to touring with the Israeli Army). Prior to the installation of walls to section off our Detention Cell, we simply had to mark-off a “Holding Area” with “Dead-Lines,” an improvisation derived from Civil War Andersonville, the Confederate States POW Camp where, in lieu of walls, the Confederates simply declared “Cross This Line and Die.” But the most disturbing aspect of this environment was the fact that, as Federal Property, the FBI (and other Agencies) exploited the ‘CORN as a Training Ground in Urban Combat. We would often be assigned to provide security escort to the FBI’s SOG (Special Operations Group) as they “gamed” out various combat-scenarios on ACORN premises. I often had to stand watch for potential ambush while their snipers played “coon-hunt” to see how many “niglets” they could bag before tallying comparative scores (they were, of course, not literally shooting “the children of the ‘CORN,” but playing their LASER-sights over such “targets” in a form of “beam-tag”).

Unfortunately, all of the profits earned throughout my Second Career of high-skilled/high-paid/high-risk Security Enforcement Contracts were to be expended in covering the astronomical medical expenses of my elderly parents – up to my father's passing (and beyond) – which, due to a variety of mitigating circumstances (the closure of all base-facilities in the Greater San Francisco Bay Area, *et cetera*) were not covered under the U.S. Military Retirement programs for either himself or his dependent (his wife and my mother). I subsequently attended (and am certified in completion of) many years of lectures in Medical Journalism at UCSF (University of California, San Francisco) Medical School in order to better comprehend, and more effectively navigate, the monstrous federal, state, and municipal bureaucratic morass that threatened the very survival of the only two people that ever truly mattered to me. These socially pervasive circumstances alone are a subject deserving in-depth national discussion – as are the machinations of the American Medical-Industrial Complex with which I had to contend with in context of my involuntary third career: acting both as a parental Care-Provider and a Patient Advocate through the terminal decade of my father’s life unto today....

Although all of my experiences in context of contending with these universal medical/financial concerns that the general public is beginning to confront under the “Age Wave” are significant; one of the more recognizable events that I had to deal with on a personal level in my “Third Career” was that of the immediate post-9/11 “Anthrax Letter” campaign. One of the seemingly countless veterans that I had to professionally contend with as part of the Postal Library’s clientele was a retired U.S. Army Ranger Sniper, a former Master Sergeant of the “Black Berets” (as opposed to the U.S. Army’s Special Forces’ “Green Berets”: in those years the Green Berets were “Force Multipliers,” an armed “Peace Corps” whose primary mission was to train Allied Indigenous Populations in Armed Counter/Insurgency; deemed too valuable as assets to risk in combat, their Standing Orders were to avoid Direct Engagement At All Costs). The U.S. Army’s Rangers were “battle-field assassins,” regularly deployed Behind Enemy Lines as “Reconnaissance In Force”: specifically assigned to take out designated enemy personnel deemed as vital to the opposition’s war-effort(s). He had served multiple successive Tours of Duty in **the Vietnam War** (1964—1975) at the height of its intensity. Although “In-Country: Vietnam” throughout the majority of its decade-and-a-

half of duration (1961—1975), including participation in the pivotal **Tet Offensive of 1968**, he had been redeployed to the CONUS (CONTinental United States) from 1969—1972. He had sustained permanent and degenerative debilitations suffered, not in actual combat, but in the midst of post-Vietnam “combat simulations” (war-gaming) maneuvers that sourced from an “accidental” (more likely experimental) chemical weapons deployment (the parallels between his injuries and my own are uncanny). His conviction (probably accurate) was that he was an uncompensated “guinea pig” – and he was consumed with an auto-destructive desire for vengeance. His primary source of viable income (aside from either his military pension or veteran’s disability) was Mercenary employment. Certainly, he is to be credited with pioneering social demands for “Concurrent Receipt” of Disability alongside Pension; a Veteran’s Rights Issue that remains a central challenge in the life of my mother (as my father’s widow). Indeed, he was one of my primary sources of **professional (NOT personal)** inspiration to pursue such work as my “Second Career.” It is no exaggeration to state that I never would have survived the rigors of either military or mercenary service without the benefit of his advice, dispensed enthusiastically throughout the years as he utilized the Presidio’s Postal Library’s services in researches pertinent to his skill-set; as well as exploiting the Library itself – as a “happy hunting ground” in which to waylay patrons *en route* to the Library’s Children’s Room by luring them into other isolated Departments of the Library. I sincerely hope he’s dead and burning down below by now. No such luck yet with my former Operations Manager (who aided and abetted such activity for his own voyeuristic gratification).

Born in 1939, of miscegenated Native American Indian descent, he grew evermore determined to “die in action” while taking down the “White Settler Regime” which had displaced the First People’s Nations of North America. He had honored post-retirement Mercenary Contracts on BOTH sides of **the Arab-Israeli Wars** (1945—Present) during the 1970s—1980s, and had eventually established and maintained deep and abiding ties to Arab Terrorist Networks overseas. Indeed his physical features enabled him to pass quite readily as an individual of either Arabic or Hebrew-speaking Semitic extraction, depending on his affected comportment. He conceived a logical inversion of the method that had been used to eradicate the sustainability of the Plains Indians during the Caucasian Expansion into the Western Frontier (the annihilation of the Buffalo on which their very existence depended). He articulated a plan of attack to decimate the American Cattle Industry and destroy Beef as the primary food-source of what he considered the “Usurper Population.”

Anthrax is primarily a CATTLE disease, and this one angry veteran found plenty of help in weaponizing the samples he obtained from both VA and veterinary Hospitals – moral, financial, and technical – sourcing his way from the Middle East. “Paper Companies” (Frontal “Dummy” Corporations) had been easily set up to specifically order such samples in the pre-9/11 environment. As the individual I am describing was a former participant in AIM (American Indian Movement) activities, it needs to be emphasized that both the Republic of Israel and the former *Apartheid*-Regime of the Republic of South Africa were viewed by AIM as “White Settler Regimes” in collusion with the United States. AIM ideologically perceived the Arab and Black-African

populations as fellow “Displaced Majorities” (the spiritual cosmology of AIM defined them as a “majority” by numerically incorporating their deceased ancestors since the Ages Before the European Invasion – a legacy of the “Ghost Dancer” phenomena). Naturally motivated by my desperate need for a massive influx of cash to contend with my parents catastrophic medical conditions, I approached the FBI with the facts. The “Bureau” was extremely hostile to the reality of what I revealed to them due to the incalculably explosive nature of this controversial situation. This threatened the very social fabric of America at a time of near-hysteria by exposing the long ongoing **War of Original American Resistance** (1492—Present) within the Newly Emergent State of permanent **War On Terror** (2001—Present). They made no motions to hide the fact that they were seeking a “politically correct patsy;” specifically a “milk-white ‘Loner’ of Christian background” to pin this situation on and be done with it.

Nevertheless, my in-depth knowledge of this unprecedented threat was hungrily devoured by successive batteries of Bureau Investigators, specialists, technicians, and analysts. My DOD background, however insignificant in terms of Security Clearance, was recognized as critical to the viability of my claims. This entire terrorist undertaking had been, and was being, encrypted by the exploitation of an artificial language. The now late pioneer **Professor in Sociology, Dr. James Cooke Brown** (b.1921—d.2000 *Anno Domini*), formerly of the University of San Diego, had developed a composite of the eight most-spoken “living” languages on earth; a synthetic linguistic composite that he dubbed as “LOG-LAN” (Logical Language). Originally funded by a grant from the Dept. of Defense, Dr. J.C. Brown supposedly strived to create the perfect “military language” that would be able to convey the most information with the least vocalization between America and her foreign Allied Military Forces; one that would eliminate any misinterpretation and dispense with any cultural “baggage” that normally “clouds” communications during combined international operations. Although the DOD was almost certainly aware of the fact that James Brown, Phd., had designed the Parker Brothers’ perennially popular board game: “*Careers*” (pub. 1955—2009); one wonders if the DOD was conscious of the fact that he was also author of the Utopian-Socialist science-fiction novel, “*The Troika Incident*” (pub. 1970; Doubleday: Dr. Brown’s temporal-displacement conceit prognosticated a worldwide free knowledge base anticipating the internet). Nonetheless, as I can personally attest to after having spoken with “Encyclopedia” Brown (telephonically) several times – long before his passing – he was far more of a victim in this conspiracy than a conscious collaborator: naïvely aspiring to convert the DOD’s cross-cultural communications sword of expediency into the primary plowshare of mutual understanding. The degenerate U.S. Army Ranger so central to this tragedy had initially been assigned to aid Dr. Brown in the official capacity of field-testing the utility of LOG-LAN under covert-combat conditions. After the Army abandoned the Project as too esoteric (opting instead to invest in Lt. Col. Aquino’s “First Earth Battalion” of Warlocks; collaterally the origin-point of acceptance for WICCAN [and Pagan] Chaplains in today’s U.S. Armed Services), this same Ranger – now gone rogue – stayed on voluntarily with J.C. Brown and proved himself indispensable in LOG-LAN’s practical application as an incipient international language *via* its active dissemination among his pragmatic Mercenary co-Operatives. This seemingly constructive arrangement lasted until the former Black Beret was found *in coitus* with

one of the Professor's children. (The AIM organization itself should also be understood in this compromised perspective: brilliantly seduced and screwed by a demented renegade.) "Encyclopedia" Brown privately coped with this ultimate violation of his trust by personally designing and building a trimaran (triple-hulled) concept sailboat, which he subsequently utilized to sail the world in vainglorious attempt to disperse his artificial language in cause of peace; eventually dying in this forlorn quest at a port hospital in Argentina – mercifully before it would have been inevitably forced onto his awareness that his lifetime pursuit had been exploited towards the one of the most violent of objectives imaginable.

(It is important to note that both the influential World Powers and their formerly subject populations have altered positions dramatically since the decade[s] of Dr. Cook's development of the LOG-LAN Lexicon. In his century [the Twentieth] the residue of European Colonialism still resonated with the impact of Linguistic Imperialism. The eight dominant "global tongues" of that period were: Mandarin-Chinese, Hindi, Spanish, English, French, Russian, Japanese, and German [the first two languages listed above – though regionally concentrated in Dr. Brown's lifetime – attained their contemporary importance by sheer number of speakers; and the last two languages – as listed above – attained their worldwide preeminence *via* contemporary economic leverage; as opposed to prior Colonial imposition as enforced by the cultures promulgating the four languages cited in the middle of the above list]. Significantly, Arabic was – at that time – among the next three international languages "down the line;" in league of contemporary impact on global affairs with Portuguese and Italian. Consequently, Arabic remained unincorporated into the LOG-LAN synthesis. This gave the Anthrax Conspiracy unparalleled security – as the multiple international and domestic intelligence agencies that were mobilized into a reactive frenzy of immediate post-9/11 activity were feverishly trawling the data-matrices of the world for Arabic-derived analogues. I was the only individual on earth who, by environmentally specific circumstances, stood between the American Livestock Market and their impending total collapse.)

When the letter campaign rattled as a forewarning of the approaching snakebite, the Log-Lan Codex which I turned over to the FBI broke the case for them and preempted the Economic Collapse of the United States. True to the patterned behavior of American Government, it almost goes without saying that I was not only never awarded the **internationally** publicized remuneration for information leading to apprehension of the party(s) responsible for telegraphing the expected anthrax punch (the amount was up to about two and a half million U.S. dollars by the time my information was thoroughly confirmed and acted upon), but that I was also subjected to a grueling session of dire threats against my life (and, of course, the lives of anybody I was suspected of caring about – including "children I didn't even know I had") inside the FBI Offices on the thirteenth floor of the Old San Francisco Federal Building in a brutal attempt to intimidate me from ever relating the truth to the American people. Meanwhile the FBI finalized the Media scapegoating process against a suitably "safe" – Christian, Caucasian, and conveniently accessible – "perpetrator": a lonely and depressant staff-member at the Fort Detrick Biological Warfare Laboratories in the state of Maryland (doesn't it ever strike anyone as strange that they're playing with bio-toxins and contaminants virulent

enough to theoretically wipe out the human race so close to the nation's capital?).

I have been asked: "If you had but one hour left to live, and you wanted to shout out to the world about the most important thing you could think of pertaining to your life, what would that subject be?"

I can only relate to the Wanderer portrayed by Denzel Washington in the post-Apocalyptic film: "*The Book of Eli*," in which, mortally wounded, the character forces himself to live on (by sheer willpower alone or by the Hand of Grace is left to the Viewer to interpret) until he can vocally regurgitate the contents of a fully-memorized "*King James' BIBLE*" verbatim and *in toto* for transcription and posterity. If confronted with the same challenge of imminent mortality, I simply would not be able to allow my own passing until my all too many lessons learned from the lifetime horrors abided above could be permanently recorded for the benefit of future generations....