



**THE ART OF THE
WITCH**

THE ENDURING SPELL
OF THE WEIRD SISTERS

THE SUPER-CENTENARIANS MEET THE OLDEST PEOPLE ON THE PLANET
CUE THE WINGED SEA SERPENTS TALL TALES FROM THE HIGH SEAS
THE AMAZING SLENDERMAN ONLINE ORIGINS OF A MODERN MONSTER

THE WORLD'S WEIRDEST NEWS STORIES

MEXICAN CONEHEADS • SATANIC SACRIFICE • OUT-OF-PLACE OCTOPUS • UNQUIET GRAVES

THE WORLD OF STRANGE PHENOMENA WWW.FORTEANTIMES.COM ForteanTimes

FT305 SEPTEMBER 2013 £4.25

MIND WARS

ONE MAN'S STORY OF
STATE-SPONSORED
GANGSTALKING, SECRET
TECHNOLOGY AND
INVISIBLE ASSAILANTS...

PASSPORT TO PARANOIA

CROOK FRIGHTFULNESS:
REDISCOVERING THE
WORLD'S WEIRDEST BOOK

JOINED AT THE HIP

CHANG, ENG AND
OTHER FAMOUS
CONJOINED TWINS



STRANGE TALES OF HOMELAND SECURITY

Why would the US government mount a campaign of terror against one of its own citizens? **ROBERT GUFFEY** recounts a strange tale of state-sponsored gangstalking, top secret invisibility technology and stolen night vision goggles...

On 23 May 2013, British newspaper the *Guardian* published an article headlined "Obama to Bring US Drone Programme Out from 'Legal Shadows' of the CIA." The truth is that these drones were ushered out of the shadows long ago, at least as early as 2003. I know this is true because one of my best friends since high school has been stalked unmercifully by several of these prowling death-machines since 2003, and this blatant terrorism continues in the year 2013.

So sit back, my friend, and listen – because I've got a rather strange story to tell you...

TOP SECRET AND BEYOND

In the summer of 2003 my friend Dion Fuller was living in the Pacific Beach area of San Diego. His apartment soon became a notorious drug hangout in the neighbourhood. The cops drove by all the time, just to make sure nothing was getting too out of hand. One night, in the midst of another 24-hour party, some kid in his early 20s named Lee dropped by and asked if he could stay there awhile. Dion's reaction was "Sure, what the hell, why not?" The place was a party house. People were coming in and out all the time. What was one more person?

This kid, however, was different from all the drifters who had stayed at the apartment before. Lee had recently gone

ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS HAS BEEN STALKED BY THESE DEATH-MACHINES SINCE 2003

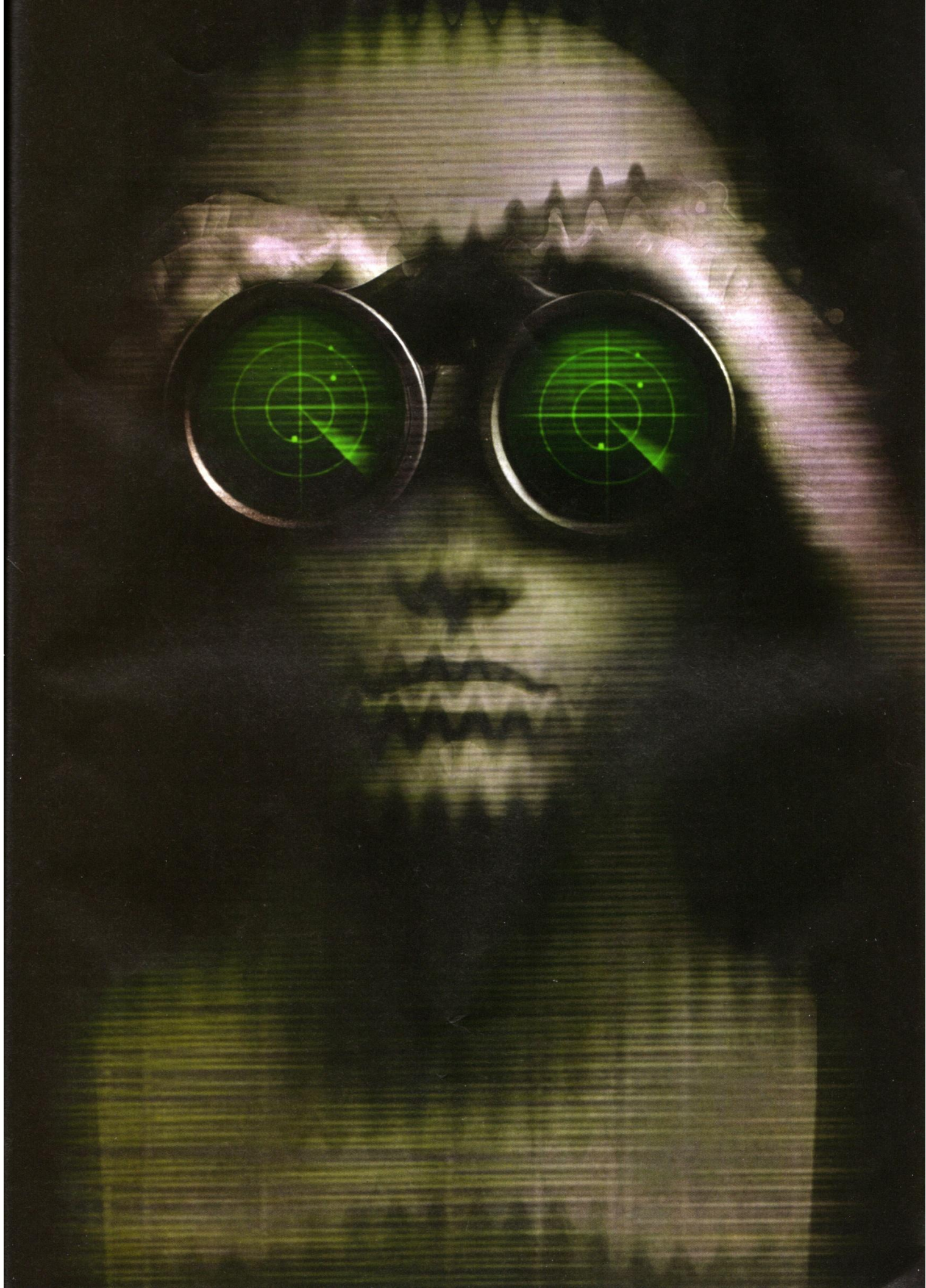
AWOL from Camp Pendleton, a nearby Marine base. He had taken with him: 1) 25 pairs of night vision goggles, 2) a 9mm pistol taken from the body of a dead Iraqi general, 3) a Department of Defense laptop, and 4) an entire truck. How such a feat was possible in our post-9/11 lockdown society is beyond me. The truck, of course, was not in Dion's apartment. The other three items, however, were.

Lee had the goggles – three or four of them, at least – stored in a trunk. Dion, perpetually buzzed out of his mind, didn't think there was anything odd about any of this until he saw the Department of



RIGHT: Dion Fuller in March of this year. He tends to attract trouble...

PHOTO: DION FULLER



Defense logo appear on the kid's laptop one evening (18 July 2003, to be exact), which is when the seriousness of the situation dawned on him.

"Hey, you can't turn that on in here," Dion said. "They can track that shit with satellites! They'll be here within seconds."

Lee just waved him away. "That's bullshit. They can't do that." Dion and a bunch of other people watched as the kid scrolled through a whole series of files marked TOP SECRET and ABOVE TOP SECRET. The file names were so technical-sounding Dion had no idea what they meant, but they seemed to be a field journal written by a team of intelligence specialists stationed in the Gulf.

Lee opened some of these files and laughed while pointing at ABOVE TOP SECRET blueprints for machines Dion couldn't even recognise.

Finally, Dion said, "Fuck this, that's it! You've got to pick up your lowjack shit and get the fuck out of here!"

Lee refused to go.

At that point there was a knock at the door. Every drug user at the party froze while Dion opened the door. A middle-aged woman flashed an NCIS badge and identified herself as Special Agent Lita A Johnston of Naval Criminal Investigative Services. A horde of Men-In-Black-types stood behind her. The local police arrived soon afterwards, eager to take some of the credit for bringing down a nest of insidious terrorists.

To Dion's shock and awe, they arrested him and Lee under suspicion of selling military equipment to Al-Qaeda. The authorities didn't care at all about the horde of illicit substances in Dion's apartment. All they cared about were the night vision goggles. Over and over again, they demanded to know where the rest of the goggles could be found. Dion, of course, had no idea. After all, he'd only met Lee a few days before.

After an entire week of being interrogated, Dion refused to finger Lee for the crime or to testify against him in any way. This was a principle ingrained in him from having spent so much of his life in prison (he'd been in and out of jail since he was a teenager, mainly due to his unshakeable addiction to heroin). It was simply against his nature to cooperate with the authorities in any way, whether those authorities were cops on the beat, Homeland Security primates, or NCIS neo-Nazi storm troopers.

After a week of this Abu-Ghraib style treatment, the NCIS finally let Dion go. They seemed, at long last, to give up. Upon being released, Dion called me on his cell and told me everything he had undergone in the past week. Though I was disturbed, I assumed the NCIS had come to their senses and realised that Dion had nothing whatsoever to do with the theft of their precious Above Top Secret military equipment.

Public Safety Notice: Gang-stalking

Who will be the next target?

This neighborhood has an ongoing "gang-stalking" operation involving covert surveillance and harassment of targeted individuals.

For general information about gang-stalking tactics:

Gangstalkingworld.com
Multistalkervictims.org
Organizedmobbing.com
Mobbing-usa.com
Freedomfchs.com
Torturedinamerica.org
Harassment101.com
Nowpublic.com

For information about the particular gang-stalking operation in this neighborhood (such as how the operation might affect your personal safety, privacy, or property values) – or if you have questions about whether the operation is sanctioned by the Long Beach Police Department, please contact the operation's coordinator, _____

Toyota Motor Sales, USA
Torrance, California

LEFT: Upon resuming communication with Dion Fuller, the author found these flyers about 'gangstalking' littering the sidewalk directly outside his apartment building.

those license plates, or just write down the numbers, whatever you can manage, and read off the numbers to me over the phone, okay?"

He did exactly as I requested. Within 24 hours, I received from him a very long list of license plate numbers. I was determined to get to the bottom of this jabberwocky, one way or another.

A FOOD FIGHT WITH THE FEDS

I have a friend in Washington State who works for the DMV. After I read the license plate numbers to my friend over the phone, he offered to run the plates through the computer system at work. The verdict? None of the plates officially existed, which is an impossibility – unless, of course, they were government vehicles.

At this point I began to believe Dion's story.

The situation grew crazier and crazier. Dion began putting to the test the question of whether or not these perps were tailing him. At one point, this military-looking dude followed

him into an AM/PM convenience store, where Dion purchased a 32-ounce Slushee. Halfway across the street, Dion spun around and yelled, "Hey, you faggot son of a bitch!" and tossed the Slushee in the man's face. Now, most American males would instantly freak out and grow furious at a) a 32-ounce Slushee being tossed into their face and b) having their sexuality questioned in such a verbal manner. This gentlemen did absolutely nothing at all. He just acted like a robot whose power source had been shut off.

Frustrated by all this nonsense, Dion called Lita Johnston (the NCIS agent who'd arrested him in the first place) and asked her point blank: "Excuse me, ma'am, am I being followed by the NCIS?"

She replied, "I can assure you that you are not being followed by my agency. By the way, Mr Fuller, I've been meaning to ask you: Is there anything you would like to get off your chest? Anything you neglected to tell us while you were in jail?" He could hear her smile through the phone. The message was clear.

Someone was following him, but whether or not it was the NCIS was a different question.

On another occasion, two of these jarhead spies were positioned on the other side of a wooden fence just outside Dion's kitchen window. They wouldn't leave. They just stood there for hours, staring at him. So, on a whim, Dion mixed up this concoction of Teriyaki sauce and rice and flour and salt and taffy and honey and a bunch of other crap. He stirred it up in a bowl until the stuff congealed into this weird black gruel, dashed outside, and tossed the contents of the bowl over the fence. Now completely covered in viscous slime, the two perps went running

PERHAPS DION HAD BEEN DRIVEN INTO MADNESS BY THE CONSTANT HARASSMENT

But after a few days had passed, Dion called back with an even stranger story. He was convinced that there were people – not just cops, not just military jarheads, but people of varying races, creeds and colours – following him all over town, 24/7. Some of them certainly looked military, but some of them looked like normal, everyday citizens. An example: earlier that day he had walked into a 7-11 on Garnet Avenue. At least seven dudes followed him in, then followed him right back out without buying anything. They stayed on his ass, not saying anything to him, not touching him in any way, just *intimidating* him with their constant presence. This sort of thing kept happening to him over and over again, all over town.

Naturally, I thought Dion was suffering from some sort of meth-induced paranoia.

But then the situation escalated. He claimed groups of people were parked outside his apartment, watching him. This surveillance involved at least a dozen different vehicles.

I told him, "Listen – snap photos of all

away, screaming, towards the Ralph's supermarket located across the street, but neither of them did anything to Dion in retaliation. It was as if they had been ordered not to engage with their "target" – no matter what.

FROM STREET THEATRE TO GANGSTALKING

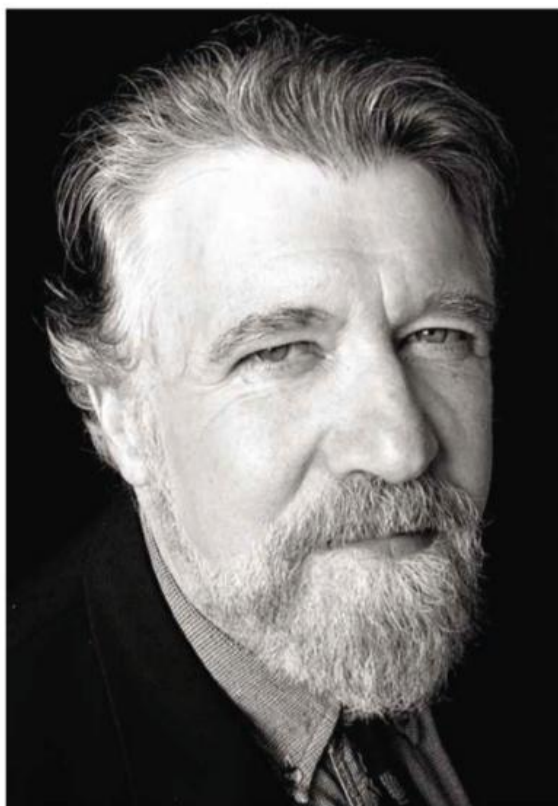
So the perps started amping up the intimidation tactics even more. They used hologram technology to project surreal images into Dion's apartment to confuse and disorientate him. They used electromagnetic nonlethal weapons to turn his brain into a migraine-addled mush. Even more disturbing, Dion began to insist that there were people in his home *he couldn't see*... invisible people who were pushing him to the ground, laughing at him, and moving furniture around his house just to screw with his head.

At this point, Dion assumed he was going nuts... until one day when he opened the medicine cabinet in the bathroom and saw the perps reflected in the cabinet's mirrored door. The perps were very small people, almost the size of jockeys (which led him to begin referring to them, half-humorously, as "invisible midgets"), but when Dion turned around, these intruders could no longer be seen. The perps were only visible for that one second when the mirror remained in motion.

If Dion didn't start out crazy, I thought, perhaps he had been driven into madness by the constant harassment. A close friend and I began performing intensive research. I discovered that everything Dion had been describing was also being reported by other people. Apparently, this game goes way back. The investigative journalist Walter Bowart describes these harassment techniques at least as far back as 1978 in his groundbreaking book *Operation Mind Control*. I managed to get in contact with Bowart, and it was he who directed me to a website called "raven1.net" where I found a brief article entitled "All About Street Theatre" (www.raven1.net/abtstth.htm) by Eleanor White. The article described, in exact detail, almost everything Dion had undergone during the past few months.

Back in 2003, people were calling this kind of harassment "Street Theatre" (i.e., strategic acts of constant sabotage to make an average person go crazy), but that term didn't stick. It's now generally referred to as "Gangstalking", though I don't think that's a perfect label for it either. I'm not sure what to call this brand of harassment, but I know what it is.

It's terrorism, pure and simple.



ABOVE: Journalist Walter Bowart, who described harassment techniques such as those used against Dion Fuller in his book *Operation Mind Control*.

TERRORISM, AMERICAN-STYLE

This terrorism went on from July 2003 to about February 2004. During that time, Dion contacted Lita and said, "Can I meet with you?" She said, "Of course! In fact, my superior and I will buy you breakfast." Why they would do this for a drug-addicted "madman" was beyond me.

This was Dion's brilliant plan: he'd heard, on the Pacific Beach grapevine, that it was possible the night vision goggles had been sold to the Hell's Angels so the bikers could use them in smuggling drugs over the border. Dion thought he could offer his services to the

NCIS to retrieve the goggles from the Hell's Angels (as long as the NCIS gave him a nominal fee, of course). When Dion told me this, I said, "Dion, they're just going to think you've had the damn things all along, and now you want *money* for them. They're going to think it's a shakedown!"

"No, no... this will *work*!" he insisted.

The perps bombarded him with electromagnetic nonlethal weaponry the night before the scheduled meeting. I was on the phone with him when objects began shattering around Dion's head. Through the phone, I could hear plates and glasses

and knick-knacks crashing and exploding. He was scared, and I had never heard Dion scared before. But then again, military-controlled poltergeists were attacking him. How would

that make *you* feel? (Later, I learned from Walter Bowart that these sorts of weapons are referred to as "acoustic bullets").

Dion didn't get any sleep that night, and yet managed to keep his brunch appointment the next morning. Lita and her superior looked like they'd had even *less* sleep than him (because they were up all night leading the attack against him?). Despite what had occurred the previous evening, Dion went ahead with his "brilliant" plan. He said, "Listen, I want to make you an offer, I don't want to have food fights with the Feds anymore." Lita grinned and replied, "Oh, yeah, we all got a good laugh out of that incident." This was the *only* time Lita ever admitted that any of this was actually happening to him.

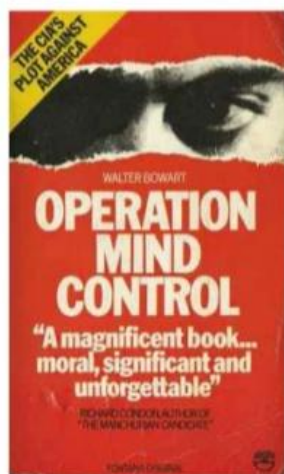
So Dion went ahead and made his proposal. The response was immediate. Lita's superior slammed his fist down on the linoleum tabletop and said, "Listen, you little shit, we don't negotiate with *terrorists*. We want those goggles back!"

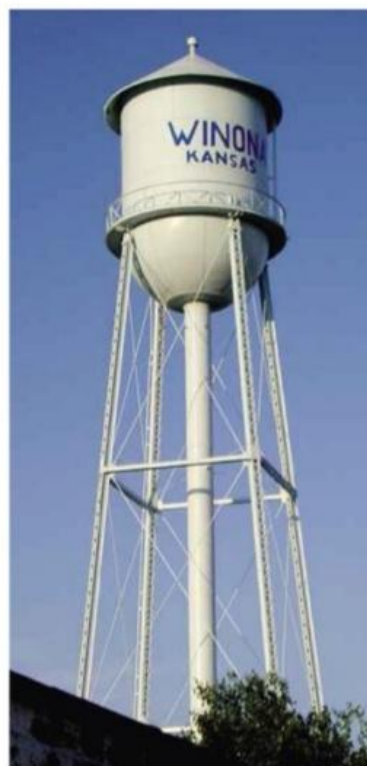
Dion replied, "Oh, you don't negotiate with terrorists? I guess you don't negotiate with *yourselves*, because you're the only ones acting like terrorists around here! You're the ones shitting all over the Constitution, pal, not me." Well, that just flipped out this living, breathing bureaucratic necktie. He screamed, "You're gonna regret this, you little son of a bitch!" and stormed out of the bagel shop, Lita in tow.

Clearly, the meeting hadn't gone as planned – for either side. They stepped up the attacks that night. Everything grew worse and worse. They started using holograms to make it seem as if there was a shadowy hand pointing a gun at Dion's skull while he lay in bed at night, trying to sleep. His leather jacket slithered across the floor for a few moments, then collapsed, inanimate again. His neighbours moved out, one by one, and were replaced with new ones who were not at all friendly and acted like Pod People from a 1950s science fiction film. Optical camouflage technology was used to make the inside of the apartment appear to be larger than the outside, like Doctor Who's TARDIS. Dion's friends came over one afternoon and actually noticed this themselves. "Say, Dion, is your apartment *growing*?" This wasn't just a product of Dion's imagination. Before this, Dion had been a fairly down-to-earth person, sceptical of outlandish conspiracy theories.

Now, he began to experience missing time, like an alien abductee. He had this odd, waking "dream" of three people breaking into his apartment, holding him down, and injecting something into his right arm. He lost weight and hair, and began pissing blood.

At this point, around February 2004, I lent him about \$500.00 to buy a used van and get





ABOVE LEFT: This photo, taken in Seattle during the summer of 2004, shows Dion Fuller standing beside the van he drove from San Diego all the way to Winona, Kansas – followed by robot drones, UFOs, and gangstalkers every step of the way. **ABOVE RIGHT:** Winona, Kansas. Population: 162.

the hell out of San Diego. Lita told Dion not to leave the city, even though she claimed he was not under arrest and was free to do whatever he wanted. After all, this was a free country, wasn't it?

ESCAPE FROM SAN DIEGO

Dion took off in the van, leaving all his possessions behind, and headed for Texas. They (whoever "they" were) sent out drones, little flying saucers that followed him everywhere he went. His adventures travelling across country were so *epic* in nature, I couldn't possibly relate them all here. But here's an example.

One day he walked randomly into a bathroom in Minnesota. A man came in behind him. As Dion was washing his hands, this man said to him, "Just give them their stuff back and this will *all* end." Dion was shocked, of course. This was the first time any of these perps had ever interacted with him in a straightforward manner like this. What was even more shocking was that the guy seemed to have genuine fear in his eyes. In other words, this wasn't exactly a warning. It was more of a *plea*.

A third guy burst in at that moment. The second guy seemed to get scared of the third guy, and they both left the bathroom together.

Eventually, Dion drove all the way to Winona, Kansas (one of the smallest cities in the state) where he met two country boys whom I spoke to extensively on the phone and who were both freaking out about the "flying saucers" that were following Dion around. According to Dion, these two good

THEY SAW THE DRONES FOLLOW HIM TO THEIR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE USA

old boys had picked him up off the side of the road after his van broke down and saw the drones follow him all the way to their ramshackle house located in the Middle of Nowhere, USA.

Dion decided to settle down in Winona, which is when the surveillance finally stopped. It's possible that this town was so damn small they couldn't pull off the gangstalking activity without being noticed. (According to the official census records, there were only 162 people living in Winona as of 2010.) And, on top of that, almost everyone there owned a freakin' *gun*. So if you're being gangstalked, people, be sure to move to Winona, Kansas.

Dion stayed there for about three peaceful months, got bored out of his mind, then decided to hop in the van and move to Washington State.

I lost touch with him for about a year after that.

MEET THE INVISIBLE MAN

In 2005 Dion phoned me out of the blue and told me that he had stumbled across this website describing a form of invisibility technology like the optical camouflage technology he had experienced in San Diego. The man who invented this technology is named Richard Schowengerdt. I studied his website and noticed that Schowengerdt claimed to be a 32nd degree Freemason and a member of the Scottish Rite in Long Beach, California.

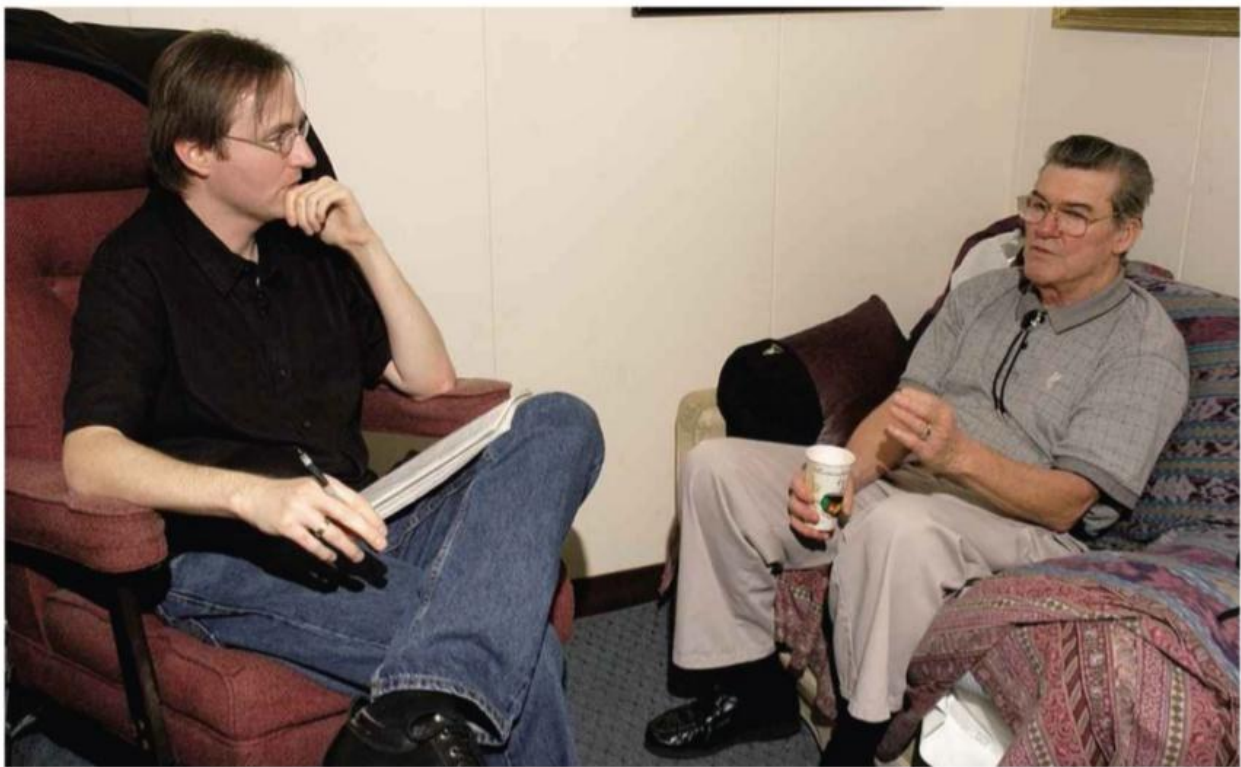
It's important to know that I'm a 32nd degree Freemason and a member of the very same Scottish Rite Lodge in Long Beach. Which meant that I must have *met* this gentleman at some point, though I didn't recall this off the top of my head.

I decided to email Schowengerdt. I explained that I was a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason, and asked, "Do you mind if I interview you about your invisibility technology?" He said that, since I was a fellow brother, that would be fine.

We arranged to meet after one of the Scottish Rite rituals on a Sunday morning. I asked him via email if it would be OK to bring my friend Dion to the interview. He replied: "If he's a friend of yours, certainly!"

I met up with Schowengerdt just before the ritual, and realised that, yes, I *had* met him before. I'd seen him perform the rituals many, many times, but never knew his name.

Dion, Schowengerdt, and I went out for lunch at a local restaurant, then drove to my office at California State University, Long Beach, to conduct the interview.



BOTH PHOTOS: MELISSA GUFFEY

ABOVE LEFT: Robert Guffey interviewing Richard Schowengerdt in March 2006. Schowengerdt is an American scientist who alleges his invisibility technology was stolen by Science Applications International Corporation (SAIC) and Naval Criminal Investigative Services (NCIS).
BELOW: Dr Lev Berger, Schowengerdt's partner in developing Project Chameleon, seen here in his laboratory in Hemet, California.

Schowengerdt was a very charming fellow and obviously very intelligent. He also had a Top Secret clearance at Northrup-Grumman for various military defence projects. During the course of the interview, everything he said tallied with Dion's tale (even though we had not yet told Schowengerdt Dion's story). Schowengerdt told us how, 10 years earlier, the Navy and a corporation based in San Diego called SAIC (Science Applications International Corporation) had come all the way down to his laboratory in Hemet, California, to investigate his fully-functional invisibility technology, then left and never called him back. He even told us that he suspected the military had stolen his invisibility technology, christened by Schowengerdt "Project Chameleon," which had been developed in collaboration with a well-respected physicist named Dr Lev Berger (known worldwide for his contributions to semiconductor technology and electro-optical camouflage).

At this point, I asked Dion to tell Schowengerdt his story. At first Schowengerdt seemed very sceptical, until Dion mentioned the bit about the mirror – and the fact that sometimes the invisibility technology wouldn't work quite as it was supposed to and the perps would appear as these flashing auras, little points of light, sort of like what some people experience when suffering from a serious migraine. Schowengerdt leaned forward in his seat and said, "That's *exactly* what it looks like when it's not done properly!" The mirror

effect, he explained, happens because of the optics involved: They're putting a screen over the people wearing the camouflage suit, but not the mirror itself. Schowengerdt concluded that the whole reason they were doing this to Dion was to perform real-time experiments in controlled conditions, to see what aspects of the technology did not yet work correctly.

Dion's neighbourhood in Pacific Beach was the perfect laboratory for such



experimentation – it was populated by homeless people, drug addicts, and ex-cons, who all tend not to have too many ties to the outside world. But in this *particular* case, the subject just so happened to have a friend who wrote about conspiracies on a regular basis, was a college professor, and a 32nd degree Freemason; even *they* couldn't predict that plot twist!

A brief excerpt of the lengthy interview we conducted with Schowengerdt eventually appeared in the March 2007 issue of *UFO Magazine* (Vol 22, No 3) and can be seen on Schowengerdt's personal website: www.chameleon.net/ToSeeTheInvisibleMan.pdf.

UFOS OVER THE LOST COAST

For a few years after that, Dion didn't experience much harassment until he ended up in San Francisco. Whenever there was a big war protest, the perps would start the surveillance all over again, but would cease activities when the protest was over.

A couple of years ago, Dion moved to his mother's house in Humboldt County in the middle of an isolated area called the Lost Coast, at which point the harassment started all over again, big time. We're talking classic, 1950s-style UFOs hovering over the trees, mysterious neighbours, drones whizzing around all over the place.

This area of Humboldt is filled with marijuana farmers who are protective of their crops, suspicious of outsiders, and trigger-happy to boot. As these drones began appearing in waves over the Mattole Valley,

TARGETED INDIVIDUALS

DAVID HAMBLING asks whether technological gangstalking is already a scientific possibility



BOTH PHOTOS: AP / GETTY IMAGES

LEFT: The Active Denial system mounted on a US Marine Corps truck. RIGHT: A TV reporter reacts as he is targeted by the system.

While the phenomenon of gangstalking is not new, accounts by 'targeted individuals' (TIs) take on a new plausibility when the exotic technology oppressing them really exists. However, a more detailed look at their claims about actual technology is needed to make a proper assessment.

Many TIs report experiencing a microwave auditory effect: voices being beamed into the victim's head. This effect was discovered by World War II radar engineers, who found that the powerful electromagnetic pulses from their equipment produced an audible clicking sound. This appears to be the result of microscopic thermal expansion of parts of the inner ear. Thousands of pulses in quick succession create a continuous buzzing, which can be modulated into a low-fidelity means of sending signals, including the human voice. In a laboratory demonstration, the spoken numbers one to 10 were transmitted soundlessly.

A 1998 US Army report suggested the effect had potential as a non-lethal weapon, vividly described by one headline-writer as a 'Telepathic Ray Gun'.¹ By 2008, the technology was sufficiently mature for the design of a system called MEDUSA (Mob Excess Deterrent Using Silent Audio) to disperse crowds by beaming intolerable noise into their heads.²

However, the technology of direct-to-skull transmission has never been commercialised, and for the same reason efforts to develop non-lethal weapons using the effect were eventually shelved. The power levels for a really loud sound inside your head – loud enough to act as a deterrent, or replicate the effect of headphones turned up to maximum – turn out to be quite dangerous. One researcher told me that although it might be technically feasible, such a device would cause a cavitation resulting in brain haemorrhages. This might be a good untraceable weapon for stealthy assassinations, but it wouldn't be much use for harassment.

The Pentagon does have methods for projecting focused sounds over long distances. Hypersonic Sound is a technology developed by Woody Norris in the 1990s, using the tendency of air to shift the frequency of sound waves to produce audible sound from a beam of ultrasound.³ The effect is inaudible outside the beam; in theory you could direct a spoken message to an individual in a crowd without being overheard by those around them. The technology is being developed by ATC who produce the LRAD (Long Range Acoustic Device) range of crowd-dispersal speakers for the US military and police.

Hypersonic sound requires line-of-sight operation and does not work through walls. So stepping inside would make the voices stop – but victims of gangstalking seem to suffer from voices whether they are indoors or out. Victims also believe they are being attacked by a variety of non-lethal electromagnetic weaponry with effects that including insomnia, bruising, "tiny little marks in my skin," paralysis, numbness and assorted pains in different parts of the body.

Again, the Pentagon has researched exotic electromagnetic beam weapons for nonlethal use. One 1990s concept was a microwave weapon which would produce an artificial fever by heating up the brain. However, this would require high levels of power and the effects would be too variable for it to be useful. Again, the idea does not seem to have been pursued. (Of course, we cannot say for sure; it's possible that research continued on a classified project after the known one was cancelled).

The weapon that has most captured the public imagination is the Active Denial System, an actual working non-lethal beam weapon that causes pain from a distance of hundreds of metres.⁴ Intended mainly for crowd control, it looks like a large satellite dish mounted on a truck. The dish projects a beam of millimetre waves (short wavelength microwaves) that quickly heat up the target's skin. This creates

a burning sensation so painful that no test subject has ever been able to withstand it for more than a few seconds. A 'repel effect', similar to the one that makes you reflexively pull your hand out of a fire, forces you to leap or scramble out of the two-metre beam. The pain ceases immediately.

The first Active Denial system was unveiled by the Pentagon in 2001; since then, it has gone through a number of versions, but the technology remains large, cumbersome and very expensive. The Gyrotron, the device that produces the beam, is based on superconducting magnets and relies on a cryogenic cooling system that takes several hours to reach operating temperature.

Political and public relations issues stopped Active Denial from being used in Iraq or Afghanistan. It looks a little too close to torture, and the use of ray guns on unarmed civilians could be a PR disaster. However, the Pentagon's Joint Nonlethal Weapons Directorate continues to fund development of smaller, cheaper systems which do not require supercooling, in the belief that it will one day be an effective nonlethal weapon capable of dispersing from a safe distance crowds throwing rocks or petrol bombs. The victims of gangstalking do not seem to report effects that match Active Denial. Again, they are often targeted indoors, but Active Denial radiation cannot penetrate walls.

There is every reason to be concerned about new types of weapon that can easily be abused. But the technology reported by many gangstalking victims does not exist, as far as we can tell. Yet.

NOTES

- 1 www.newscientist.com/article/dn13513-us-army-toyed-with-telepathic-ray-gun.html#.Uej3SxVwa1I
- 2 www.newscientist.com/article/dn14250-microwave-ray-gun-controls-crowds-with-noise.html
- 3 www.atcsd.com/pdf/HSSdatasheet.pdf
- 4 <http://jnlwp.defense.gov/pressroom/adts.html>



ABOVE: Mattole Valley, on northern California's Lost Coast. It was always full of marijuana farmers, now there were 1950s-style UFOs and strange government agents. **RIGHT:** This photo, taken by Dion Fuller in July 2012, allegedly reveals a UFO-like drone streaking off into the skies above Humboldt County.

the local rednecks whipped out their rifles and began firing at the ominous craft. A rumour spread through the area that the farms would soon be raided by the FBI or some other government agency. One day, a local resident spotted two "agents" camped out on a nearby hillside; the "agents" appeared to be spying on the farmlands below with a pair of binoculars. (The sunlight glinting off the binoculars gave them away.) *En masse*, the local farmers ran up into the hills with their firearms, intent on blowing the intruders into bloody shards. The "agents," or whoever they were, scurried away like panicked vermin.

Later that night, the drone sightings in the valley grew even more intense. They were now so frequent that even Dion's mother (who had always been sceptical of his San Diego experiences) admitted she couldn't explain their presence in the skies above her modest little home.

As of today, these weird sightings are still occurring. The old pattern has started up again. Dion often wakes in the middle of the night feeling nauseous, a metallic taste in his mouth, hearing the sounds of invisible intruders lurking around outside – sometimes even *inside* – his trailer, located just behind his mother's house. His loyal dog Bruce often hears the sounds as well and skitters away in terror.

Perhaps the appearance of these drones in the area is merely coincidental. After all, the US government would naturally have an



interest in keeping that part of the country under close scrutiny due to the amount of illegal substances grown there on a daily basis. But the reaction of the locals suggests otherwise. According to them, such bizarre activity has never occurred in the valley before. That is, not until Dion arrived.

It could be that whenever a "flagged" individual enters a zone of possible interest (like an anti-war rally or the marijuana capital of the world), the robot spies and the invisible dwarves are wound up like toy soldiers and frogmarched in for the purpose of monitoring said individual up-close and personal, just to see what the target's up to. But if the surveillance techniques of the US government are this omnipotent, how does *any* terrorist ever get away with committing a crime, no matter how large or small? How is it possible that thousands upon thousands

of taxpayer dollars are being spent monitoring a harmless, 40-year-old freak who's living in his mother's back yard while *real* terrorists and miscreants are allowed to roam freely in and out of the United States at will?

It's crucial to point out that it's *not just Dion* experiencing this terrorism. It's happening to a lot of people – guinea pigs by government decree – all over the country. I've just completed an entire book about these bizarre experiments entitled *Chameleon*. If I can somehow find a publisher courageous enough to release this story, perhaps all the facts will soon be known about this perverse form of terrorism sweeping across the United States of America and beyond. **FT**

Some of the names in this article have been changed in order to protect the innocent from the guilty. Of course, the names of Richard Schowengerdt and Dr Lev Berger have not been altered.

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY



ROBERT GUFFEY lectures in English at California State University, Long Beach. He is the award-winning author of articles for a wide range of publications, including *FT*, and the book *Cryptoscatology: Conspiracy Theory as Art Form* (Trine Day, 2012).