

Narrative

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I truly hate to have to write (and have spent the time) writing this because it seems self-indulgent to dwell on or take extra time going into crimes suffered and misfortunes of the past rather than leave them behind and get on with life. But if only (in my case) it were so simple! These problems and the people who brought them about continue to plague me and unless addressed and faced up to (i.e. with the help of others) I *cannot* get on with my life. At the same time, yet others need to know about these things that I will relate so that such extreme crimes and outrages can be prevented in future.

What is presented here is a narrative and account of what must certainly be one of the strangest and most horrifying ongoing series of events ever testified to. At the outset here, I must point to (three) obstacles I face in both telling and having this story received by others.

1. By commonly held beliefs the premise of my story involves spirit people, and (ultimately) if you don't accept the reality of spirit people, none of the rest of what I say can be properly accounted for.
2. There are some who accept that there are spirit people, but who assume that such spirits have a higher jurisdiction over manmade courts and legal systems, and therefore they need not given any heed to my claims against such persons.
3. The people responsible for the crimes I will enumerate are some of the most vicious people you could possibly *not* imagine, and who at the same time have holdings of such wealth, power, and influence to easily intimidate those who attempt to do good or rectify evil.

The response to these above claims or arguments I will leave aside for now, but will try to address and give answer to in the course of what follows.

I frankly don't know or expect that any one will listen to me. But if nothing else I at least need some sort of record of what happened for legal purposes such as creditors and financially related matters. When they ask me why will I do not pay back this credit card or student loan you owe,¹ I will say I have been outrageously cheated, been (somewhat) physically disabled, denied both my human and civil rights, including the right to receiving my communications (including phone, e-mail, and regular mail) and

¹ My being state of not paying two long term financial debts may understandably be off hand inferred by some as in some way reflecting badly on my character. While I think the inference is very understandable, I cannot, given the larger circumstances, fully agree. I forbear addressing the matter of these debts in this writing for the reason that doing so would only add unnecessary complication and material to an already complicated story.. This said, my basic position regarding my debts is this: because I was prevented from being able to work for many years now due to the regular and ongoing criminal machinations of others, and which included debilitating physical injury to me, I have been unable to work such that I could not work to pay them off without completely unreasonable and extreme hardship being required of me – thanks to the malfeasance of the perpetrators will I will get on to discuss.. In addition, I am still more than glad to pay back these, and all the mores so as some of those who owe me criminal damages be made to pay me for what they owe.

consequently am denied a fair and due opportunity and means to make a living. Now if someone says I wrote this narrative merely to avoid my student loan and credit card bill, I think those who will have taking the time to thoughtfully review this matter will see that such an allegation is completely absurd. The disgust and very real and deep dislike I have in having to write this in the first place should (I think) more than refute the charge.²

What is offered here is especially addressed to lawyers, doctors, clergy, educators, activists, government officials, and scientists. I would have like to make a more formal legal document of this, but then how to explain these spirit people in that wise, while at the same attempting describe the reality of things which are and were intended to be bizarre and unbelievable. In some instances I provide information that would not so much help a lawyer, but yet provide a lead for a detective or a more close scientific investigator. Similarly, I make reference to a fact or incident which on the surface might not seem significant, by itself, but which will, I believe, be seen as having greater meaning in the greater context of my story. This account is valuable I think because it is a very rare if not entirely unique instance where someone is able to record and report ongoing crime that spans a decade, and which involves spirit people. Many, many others have undoubtedly suffered similarly, which is to say in secret and unheard due to the problems faced in attempting to provide such a narrative, such as remembering what happened, describing spirit people, getting others to listen to and believe them.

I have decided then to tell this story simply as I know it, which is to say in manner that can be more readily understood by most or all. At the same time I am being candid about things many others refuse to discuss, having particularly in mind those who would claim what I discuss is outside the power of criminal or civil law. To restrict this exclusively to a more ordinary legal presentation would I think tend to trivialize the seriousness of what this is all about, of which the legal is only one – albeit an important – aspect.

My book, *A New Treatise on Hell*, gives an account and explanation of spirit people from a more general and scientifically oriented perspective, and I highly recommend, if I cannot require, you read that first in order to better understand this.

If some of what I get into talking about sounds crazy, I respectfully ask, as I did in *New Treatise*, that you suspend final judgment till you have fully and properly heard me. It is far too easy to take out of context what I am saying here and have it distorted or misunderstood otherwise.

This narrative has to a large extent been taken from letters I wrote years ago reporting what was going on then. In a number of instances (made more easy these days by the welcome wonder of word processing) I have slightly modified a given telling of what happened, for what seem to me purposes of better clarity, and a more properly described and or explained event. I admit I am foggy on many details but unfortunately I simply have been through so much. Do know then that in between two given events I describe there were or possibly was some other excited event or assault that also may have taken place, but which I have left out in order to keep this narrative manageable. For example in between the time of my returning to Seattle from Los Angeles (as I will relate) and my going to a north Seattle clinic I suffered repeatedly, and not without considerable pain, from biting my tongue (as if by accident.) This strange occurrence lasted about a week. Another sort of example might be the strange and irrational treatment and attitudes I encountered from specific individuals I might mention and describe when I tried to discuss my situation with them.

² As of 6 November 2008, my student loan debt that has up till this time been in the hands of at least a dozen different creditors at present stands at \$4,937.63 and is held by NCO Financial systems, Inc. of Trenton, N.J. & Horsham, PA.

So many things happened it would be not be possible to include them all, really thousands of assaults, tortures, and acts of maliciousness of various kinds. What is given here I would say, quantitatively (and roughly) reflects about one fifth of what happened.

Unavoidably, a number of people, and public institutions as well, will simply look bad in the course of what I relate, indeed, in a given instance, criminally so. Despite this I am not writing this to get back or retaliate on anyone, and would myself be the first to extend leniency and pardon to any and everyone I mention here – except possibly those culpable of the worser and more violent of what I relate and who possess great wealth, and or who give orders to others to commit crimes.

Where it would be best to start my story is not so easy to say, As I will consider much later, there is good reason to think these things go back much earlier than what I present. But to make this all easier to understand and digest I want to start at about early 1991 when a four part series I wrote on silent film actress Mabel Normand was published by “Classic Images” magazine (a nationally circulating film history and collectors monthly.) It was about this time that affliction in my life seem to begin taking on a darker cast than could be ascribed to ordinary setbacks and misfortune. At the time, I was living in the basement of my father’s home at 6322 Woodlawn Ave. North, which is a block away (to the east) from Greenlake in Seattle.

Now though I was an author at that time, writing (and given the circumstances) was not something I could reasonably expect to make money from. Consequently, I was working at the University of Washington, mostly as a helper in mail and supplies in the Department of Education there (located in Miller Hall.) Among other things, I was also occasionally involved in protests against animal experimentation, sometimes, for example, writing “letters to the editor” to the U.W. Daily (newspaper) when the topic came up in news stories.

Sometime in (I believe 1991) I had two very unusual things happen top me. One occasion I came down with a horrible skin disease which covered my torso, which resembled small pox or something similar. I was quite shocked and surprised, if not horrified, by this completely unexpected event, and to this day how and why I got the disease I don’t know. I did research and found what I had was pityriasis rosea, which self-diagnosis was afterward confirmed by a physician I went to see. Fortunately, the illness although it looked awful and felt uncomfortable, was not serious otherwise, and I was able to recover and my skin cleared up after a few weeks.

The second occurrence involved my Toyota Corona which was parked in front of my house, was rammed into by a pickup truck, which hit my own car from the rear.³ The person who did this fled on foot before he could be spotted, and it was later discovered (or else believed by the Seattle police to be the case) that the person was on drugs and had stolen the pickup. My damaged car was subsequently given away and my father purchased a black Mazda pickup truck to replace it.

In June 1992, I left Seattle for Los Angeles to do research for my book on Mabel Normand. Also, and to be brief, I felt the culture and quality of living had gone seriously downhill in Seattle and I had the idea of making the move to California a more or less permanent one.

I had made some contacts in Los Angeles in the course of my Mabel Normand and silent film research, and with their help ended up moving to 1377 Lucille Ave. which is a house on a hill overlooking a view into the Hollywood and Sunset area. My dwelling

³ I still have a photograph of the vehicle and the damage done.

there itself was located in the basement with my front door situated at the back of the house (and facing west.)

For a while things went smoothly (I rather liked Los Angeles), spending my time doing research for my book. Yet as time passed a few odd events began to occur. In one peculiar instance, at 12:30 in the morning, an LA Police helicopter hovered (that is essentially remained in place) over my backyard and shined a flood light over the yard and in my house (why? I haven't the foggiest). Awoken I came outside, and gestured to them with my arms as if to ask what was going on? They continued hovering and shining the search light on me. This continued for a prolonged series of minutes, till exasperated I went inside to get my camera. Only when I came back out and I pointed the camera at them did they speed away (towards Sunset Blvd. - a few blocks down from where I was living.)

One time while visiting the downtown public library to do research for my book, I went downstairs to go outside and take a smoke break. As I passed through the main corridor to go out, about 3 or 4 L.A. police officers were standing in the small passage way there, and when I passed by them, one of them sort of gestured toward me. The others nonchalantly glanced where he directed, as if to recognize or size me up.

Another even stranger incident occurred when I woke up one morning to find literally thousands of ants pouring in a stream through (and under) the front door of my home in an essentially compact body. It was just like something out of a horror movie. Apparently the ants came up out of the ground in my back yard (remember my "front" door was located at the back of the house I was staying in.) In order to get rid of them I used a wet towel to collect them, basically having to wring the towel outside, or flush them down the bathtub drain after collecting them.

About or shortly after these events, which is to say in the summer months of 1992, there were signs on at least two or three occasions that it looked as though my apartment at 1377 Lucille Ave. had been broken into.

Some of my things looked as if they had been gone through, and my three cats - which is very unusual for them, - were all hiding as if they had been frightened. I called to have a police officer, Lt. Vega, come and take a report of breaking and entry. To be brief, he said that because there was no clear evidence of a break in he could not file a report. Naturally, I was not all that pleased with this response, but what could I do? I did ask him however if he would at least write me a little note to say that he had been there to investigate. To this he agreed.

Despite all these incidents, my stay in Los Angeles was mostly pleasant, and I had no special reason to think I was being targeted by someone. For a few weeks I signed with a temporary employment agency (Kelly and or Manus services I think) and consequently did some part time office work in the Downtown area.

Then on a Sunday in early October 1992 (I believe this was October 4), I attended a musical concert at the Roxy on Sunset Blvd. Prior to this concert I ate at the Spaghetti Factory located (as I recall) on Santa Monica Blvd. My meal there consisted of spaghetti and a glass of wine. Afterwards at the concert itself, I had a diet coke. At first I enjoyed the concert very much, the group performing was an English pop-group Shakspear's Sister. However during the course of the show I suddenly began to feel very ill, and for no apparent reason started to sweat uncontrollably. While it is true the club atmosphere was rather stuffy, this no way seemed to explain why I was, in a gradual flash as it were, rendered inexplicably queasy and absolutely drenched with perspiration. Prior to the concert I was in the best of health and spirits and the onset of my discomfort came as a great surprise, as I was up to that moment in excellent health. There is no doubt in

my mind that the reason for my being ill on this occasion was because I had been poisoned. Though granted it may, taken by itself, have been unintentional poisoning, later events, as I will relate, would seem to suggest it had been otherwise.

In the following week I did not feel very well. I attributed this to simple fatigue. Then on one day in the week I ate at the Milano restaurant, on Alessandro Blvd I believe, and thought a proper meal would do me good. Instead I became dramatically worse. I began to experience very extreme constipation, a condition which I had never suffered in any way shape or form prior to this, such that it became impossible for me to go to the bathroom. As well, to my shock I discovered that my sexual organ felt as though frozen, would not function other than to urinate. My breathing became more difficult. Hoping that all this was simply some temporary malady brought on accidentally - I was not then suspicious of it being the result of someone's deliberate intent, I rested for a few days hoping it would go away. But it didn't, and by the end of the week it finally became obvious that I needed to go to a hospital or clinic. I hadn't been able to go to the bathroom, other than to urinate for almost an entire week! On Saturday morning, Oct. 10th, I called a friend and asked him if he knew a clinic or doctor he could recommend. This friend was Sydney Thompson, an elderly gentleman, who I understand is since deceased. His address was 100 W. Edgeware, Los Angeles, CA 90026. I became acquainted with him through a "Mabel Normand" contact, that is museum founder and Hollywood archivist Don Schneider, also an elderly gentleman) was very kind and a great help to me in my stay and getting set up in Los Angeles.

Unfortunately, after a lengthy search, every local medical clinic we encountered on Sunset was closed! Why this was so I did not then nor now know why. In any case, Mr. Thompson at last suggested the Queen of Angels Hospital on Vermont Ave. To this I agreed.

We arrived at the emergency room of the Queen of Angels Hospital at around 10:00 a.m. I signed in and was told to wait. After sitting in the waiting area for five hours, during which time I felt fairly miserable, I was finally admitted about 3 p.m. to the Emergency room. There it was all a hub of noise and doctors, and cadets of some sort (police, medical, or police/medical I don't exactly remember, they were wearing Navy blue cover suits) were running about - the place gave the appearance of being busy. I was assigned a bed behind some portable curtains, give a smock and told to undress. There were at least two policemen present in the room who apparently were waiting while someone in their custody was being treated. No one could see in or out of the curtained area I was located in, except very slightly through breaks where the curtains formed into corners.

After a doctor, I forget which one, briefly heard what was ailing me, he left and different staff persons came and took my blood pressure. My blood pressure was registered clumsily at least three times by different persons while I waited for a doctor proper to return. At the time, I thought the repetition of having my blood pressure taken by different persons, including at least one "cadet," was done rather carelessly and incompetently.

Finally, Dr. Elmer Eley (note. Despite the fact that the person who ultimately signed my medical report, which I later obtained a copy of was a Dr. Phillip Fagan, I only later discovered that the physician who actually examined me was not Dr. Fagan, but rather Dr. Eley - Fagan reportedly having been at no time present), a rather muscular, middle aged, black male with a mustache, came into my spot to check my breathing with a stethoscope. Customarily, it has been my experience that when this procedure is done the patient is either standing or sitting up. Dr. Eley had me lie back on the bed/examination table and told me to breath as he applied his instrument. As he came to the area upward to the left of my heart, he made a pointed clenched fist and suddenly and

with thoughtful and quick deliberation PUNCHED me just below my left shoulder! I was so shocked by it I didn't know what to say or could think what could account for his doing it. Finishing up, he asked a few questions (as if nothing had happened) and left me. I waited a while longer very much perplexed. Then a middle-aged female staff member with short, light colored hair came in by herself into my spot. And telling me to roll over, she gave me an injection Simply assuming she knew what she was doing, desperate to be rid of the "chill" that suffused my groin, and without questioning I simply acquiesced and without informing me of what I was being given, she injected me. She then departed and I was again left to wait.

As I sat there I gradually began to feel what was apparently the "medication" taking effect I suddenly began to have great lapses in my train of thought and suddenly found it difficult to form words. It is all somewhat difficult to describe except to say that it felt as though I had been given a very, very strong narcotic of some kind. By this time, I became very fearful, after being punched and now this apparent drugging, and didn't quite know what to do. Each time I tried to get hold of a staff member for help I was very rudely told to wait. For the next three or four hours I lay on my bed waiting for one of the doctor's to return, during which lengthy time feeling utmost distress at my situation. I literally felt and thought I could very well die then and there, due to the effects of being punched in the heart, and the injection which had some sort of mind altering effect, causing my thoughts to be disoriented.

By eight o'clock p.m., a Dr. Eley gave me a bottle of liquid laxative and directions to buy antihistamine. Without ever telling me once what might be ailing me, or saying whether the problem with my groin was cured or not, he finally released me. Naturally, by this time I was dying to get out of there, so I didn't trouble to ask him about what my condition was. In any case, he made it so very clear that he was busy, that even if I had tried to get him to talk for more than one or two minutes he would have put me off or casually allowed himself to be distracted. He was not entirely unsympathetic when I spoke with him, only he would not stay to answer what seemed to me were very pertinent and straight forward questions. Given the actual amount of time spent seriously dealing with my case (in contrast to the time I time spent there) one would have thought I should have been there no more than ten or fifteen minutes, been on my way, while freeing the "doctors" to devote their time, and my bed, to other cases. Instead it took around four hours for me to simply wait around to get a bottle of laxative and directions to get antihistamine.

After I came back from the hospital, I found indications that someone had been in my home again. This time, the note I had Lt. Vega make (and sign), when he came to investigate, and the original copy of my birth certificate were missing.

The next day I returned to the hospital to complain and make inquiries. I asked to know what it was I had been injected with. After a lot of running around for an answer a staff person showed me a document of some kind with "Penheglian" written on it, that presumably being the medication. My current records mention "Phrenegan," but this was *not* what was originally written on the document. To add to this, the Queen of Angels staff, despite my inquiries, never explained what the Phrenegan, assuming that was what I was even injected with, was for, or exactly why it was administered to me. At that return visit the doctor's name then was given to me as "Herb" Fagan, as mention it was Dr. Eley who actually treated me, not Dr. Fagan. This was written on this same document. I then got a senior staff person of some kind and sat down with her and told her what happened. After hearing my story, she politely told me that this was a "good" hospital and that they didn't do things like that. I then requested my medical records and was sent to the records division. Once there, they told me that my records weren't ready and that I would have to come by on another occasion.

Disgusted and frankly now a little fearful, I shortly after all this, Columbus day I believe, I left Los Angeles and came back to Seattle. Not surprisingly, and after what I'd been through, I did not feel comfortable remaining in Los Angeles. Although the laxative seemed to cure my constipation (which was hitherto something unknown to me), I still had difficulty breathing and was feeling the effects of Dr. Eley's having punched me. At the time, it felt as though my heart had been injured, hence my feeling that I might die, which I mentioned before. When I'd returned to Seattle, however, I went to a clinic. My injury was diagnosed as damaged muscle within my left shoulder and they prescribed Advil, which had the desired effect of alleviating the pain.

I resumed staying at my father's house, in Seattle, where I had lived prior to going to Los Angeles. Though he took, he took me back in there was certain unaccountable hostility toward me. And after I got through telling him and my brothers what had happened to me, far from getting any sympathy, they summarily pronounced me crazy. At the same time, one of my brothers blamed me for some how putting them in danger by returning to Seattle. This unwelcome and rather inexplicably contentious reception very much surprised me. Instead of move into my old room in the basement of the Woodlawn house, which was then occupied by one of my brothers, I was put in the attic to stay.

Sometime in the last week of October, I suffered what I felt at the time and to this day believe was poisoning. I was watching the 1992 Presidential debates one evening and upon drinking some coke from a bottle, which had already been opened, at my father's house. I began to feel the extreme effects what seemed like a street drug of some kind, possibly speed. Why or how this could happen I have no explanation. The coke was a 16 liter plastic bottle with the top off and three fourths full resting by my father's couch which I matter-of-factly drank out of without having any reason to think there would be something wrong with it. Whatever the cause - whether the coke or something else - I was rendered suddenly and inexplicably ill in a manner which made me feel I had ingested a foreign substance resembling speed in its effects. At the time I was taking Sudafed, and later at the hospitals directions Benadryl, both antihistamines, for some difficulty I was having in breathing. However, the last time I had taken this was the night before, and didn't see any connection between how I was feeling at the time of watching the debates and this medication.

As the hours passed and I grew worse, it became clear for me as I felt to seek medical assistance and the first place I thought of was the University of Washington Medical Center.

The following are accounts of separate visits I made to the University of Washington Hospital Emergency room as a result of my being poisoned (or, if someone insists, my feelings of being poisoned.)

“1st visit: 10/27/92. Physician: Dr. Stephen Burns. Some hours after the incident with the coke bottle I had myself admitted to the Emergency Room there and to start out with was questioned, had my blood pressure and temperature taken. I was hooked up to an EKG machine, the tapes and wires attached to my chest area. Some time during the course of my time on the examination table I blacked out. Whether this blacking out was due to fatigue or what I do not know. In any case, I was rendered unconscious for a unknown duration, at the most an hour or two. After I left the ER I went home to go to bed. Because I was so tired, it was very early in the morning by this time, I did not bother to get undressed when I went to bed. When I awoke the next day to take a shower upon undressing I found an EKG tape attached to my scrotum. The only logical explanation for how it could have got there was that someone, apparently on the ER staff placed it there during the time I was unconscious. This at least seems to be the logical conclusion. Yet because I was unconscious when it happened I cannot say that I unequivocally know that

this in point of fact is what took place, let alone who the individual might have been. Nevertheless, given the staff's peculiar and ingenuous behavior and mistreatment of me in other ways and the fact that I could not have acquired such medical tape from another source, I personally am convinced that this is what happened.

“The record of this visit reports a tightness in my shoulder I was feeling as the cause of my complaint without any reference to my stating I felt I might have been poisoned. While the pain described regarding some strained muscle in my left shoulder, this pain was secondary to my being or my perceived being poisoned, and was not what I actually had myself admitted for.

“On an occasion following the coke bottle incident I again felt as though I had been poisoned after eating something from the refrigerator. (And no, it is not lost on me that it should normally seem very odd that I should suffer poisoning so close upon the first incident) Whether I was intentionally or inadvertently poisoned, I don't presume to say. It was around this time in the media that stories came out about the E coli bacteria and Sudafed tampering. All I can say is that my physical constitution was such that I felt as though I had been poisoned, nor did I have reason then or now to believe otherwise. This time, as with each such occasion, the effects of the poisoning were similar to the effects of a street drug, in this second instance psilocibic mushrooms. Back in high school I had on at least two occasions taken these so know how these effect a person. Be this as it may I returned again to the ER. Although I did, of course, have some misgivings after what happened on my first visit, I was willing to give the hospital the benefit of the doubt since there did not then seem any ostensible reason for why such people would violate the law, let alone human decency, in order to hurt me. I also thought as well at the time that even given that wrongdoing had been done to me, i.e. the tape found on my scrotum, there would be no reason to believe that such an gross outrage could possibly be repeated. Lastly, being puzzled by the tape, I suppose a part of me wanted to see how they would react when they faced me again. Having said this, however, my ailment was genuine and my curiosity and indignation with respect to the tape itself was not itself what caused me to return to the UW Medical Center for medical attention.

“2nd visit to the UW Medical Center, 10/30/92, - Physician: Dr. McMullen. This visit, as I recall, was uneventful as far as misconduct is concerned, except that I was not given a proper prescription for the medication I was given. The problem was that no where in writing was it indicated what the dosage the medication was to be taken. At the time, I retained a good deal of evidence on this point, including the medication itself which I decided that I would not (not knowing the dosage) take. I had the original "prescription" as well. Yet for reasons unknown to me, these, as well of my Queen of Angels records, vanished from a specific storage place of mine, and I cannot explain or account for what happened to them. Due to present lack of evidence then, I will keep things simple by not making anything of this particular charge about the prescription.

“3rd visit to UW Medical Center, 11/13/92, - Physician: Dr. Weaver. On a third occasion I again inexplicably felt the sudden effect of having been poisoned. As in the prior instances, I could not give an adequate explanation about why this was taking place only that it was. The nature of the third poisoning was unlike the previous 'poisonings' or anything I had ever experienced before and am consequently at a loss to what I can liken it except to say it seemed like a street drug resembling speed.

“At some point early on in this third visit, I was brought into a small examination room and was told to lay flat on the examination table, which I did. A male staff member with blonde hair and glasses, after doing some routine checking, including some extensive looking into my ear of all places, proceeded to feel out my entire body. Now not surprisingly the experience of involuntarily being made to feel the effects of a drug is an extremely traumatic thing, as I would hope would be self-evident, and this

made me malleable. At first, though I thought it strange, I assumed the doctor or staff person knew what he was doing so I did not protest. He never said he was giving me a massage and I presumed he was engaged in a legitimate examination. The only problem for me was the question of how slowly and deliberately feeling out my entire body is supposed to have been an appropriate method for diagnosing or dealing with a poisoning. I am no expert, so I could be wrong about this. I can say however that the experience made me feel extremely violated as much as if I had been physically molested.

“Prior to going into the ER, I had called the Seattle Police Department to make what was now clearly an overdue report about having been poisoned. Not long after the ‘examination’ described above, a police officer arrived at the hospital. This Officer's name was Underwood, badge no.#682. After staying to listen to me for at most two or three minutes in which I described how and why I had felt I was poisoned,⁴ he told me in effect that "he didn't have time for this" and ran out without allowing me to state what had happened as far as the poisoning was concerned, let alone file a report. Months later I filed a complaint against the officer with the Police Department Internal Investigations. My Contact Log File number is CL#93-227. After some letter writing I spoke with the officer's supervisor. He, in sum, stated that while the officer acted improperly in running out on my complaint it was not bad enough to require disciplinary action. The reason for this in turn was because the ER staff had discredited me with the officer without my knowledge, thus putting themselves in a position to deny me my civil rights. I only found out about this after I made my report to Internal Investigations. If the ER staff, for whatever reason, didn't want to treat me as my case required there was no reason whatsoever for them to have interfered with my simply making a report to the police, while at the same time not informing me of the fact.

“Later I spent a lot of time (in hospital examining room where I was placed) talking with Dr. Weaver who insisted I was a lunatic while at the same time refusing (except until the last minute) to give me a blood or urine test to determine if I was enduring the effect of a noxious, foreign substance. At the same time as he insults me, he effectively denies me the very means by which I could verify the nature of my complaint. It says on the hospital file for this visit that I was given a toxicological test. This I assume refers to a last minute urinalysis that was hastily done. It is true my urine was taken, but only as a last gesture on their part to show that some test had been taken. Even if the test was legitimate why hadn't it been done on the two prior visits, and why only on the third visit only after repeated requesting and finally insistence on my part that it be done? It would seem clear to me from this that having initially diagnosed my case as psychological in origin it was in their vested interest to deny the possibility of my having actually ingested a foreign substance, and in this way cover for their mistake on my first two visits. For even if I been poisoned in actuality only once, let alone three times, this would not have reflected well on the ER staff's conduct refusing me a chemical test.

“Dr. Weaver, at the time of my visit, while refusing me a urine or blood test, described me as suffering from ‘paranoid delusion.’ Well, there are at least two things wrong with his assessment. My statements with respect to my speculation then as to what might have been the origin of my poisoning have been distorted to make it sound as though I left no room for doubt. In point of fact, I never at any time said I was certain as to the cause of why I had ostensibly been poisoned and merely offered when asked what I felt was a possible interpretation of what had occurred. The doctor's report on the other hand would seem to suggest that I had some definite and conclusive notion as to the reason for my apparently having been poisoned when in fact I had no such definite or conclusive notion. Finally, as stated before, never once could the doctor explain why I had all along been denied a urinalysis.

⁴ My complaint to him did not concern the ER's treatment of me, only the poisoning itself, and basically as I have already described it here.

“A word in conclusion about the ‘poisonings.’ Now four separate and distinct poisonings in the course of less than two weeks would seem to stretch the credulity of some, and I am well aware of this. If someone prior to my experiencing it would have asked me what I thought was the probability of such a thing taking place, I would have said I thought it highly unlikely. Indeed to this day I cannot claim to be able to explain or understand it all. Yet just because something sounds improbable does not make it impossible. The palpable and physical sensations of separate poisonings did take place, and I don't have the least doubt in my mind about this fact. To put this another way, I am absolutely certain that my ailments were not in any way the product of delusion or hallucination, or psychological indisposition and am outraged then and now that they were treated as such without proper chemical tests having been made. If we grant, just for the sake of argument, that I had indeed been poisoned as I claim, how could I possibly have presented or handled my case differently than I did? Imagine what it would feel like if one had actually been poisoned, yet upon seeking a physician was told one was ‘crazy.’ Well, this is precisely what happened, and I don't know what is worse, the actual poisonings or being treated as I was by the hospital under those circumstances.⁵

“Within the subsequent months, I reported what happened to the University Hospital Administration, and my complaint was directed to Leah Kliger. My purpose in contacting her was not to cast blame upon the hospital itself but that part of the staff I did encounter. I called her in June, and after she requested it I sent her a letter providing the essential details of what took place. I waited a week or two for a response, then called her office and was told she went on vacation. I waited a few more weeks I was not able to reach her, and it soon became obvious that the reason for this is that she refused to speak with me. On a second or third call to her office I was told a letter had been sent me. This letter was brief and advised me to seek psychiatric help. Naturally, one could not presume that she would necessarily take for granted the truth of my story, yet there was no reason that she should treat my after all serious complaint in this peremptory, insulting, and frivolous manner. Simple answers to a few questions hardly seems like much to ask, again, even if I was crazy. I find it disconcertingly ironic that at least four major Washington or Seattle area medical organizations whom I inquired with prior to writing this had hardly a clue as to whom one would report a complaint of staff misconduct at a hospital. I cite this example, in some detail, as typical of the cavalier and condescending attitude I met with when trying to bring my problem to attention of those who might be in a position to help remedy my situation.

“A close examination of the medical records drawn up by Dr. Burns and Dr. Weaver reveals that a deliberate and conscious effort is made in them (if one can read the handwriting) to discredit me and not in the least is there any consideration of the possibility that my supposition of being poisoned had any merit whatsoever. In each case, without there having been any chemical or urine test done to ascertain whether there was a foreign substance in my system as I claimed, it is assumed that what I was suffering was merely a disillusion of some kind.

“I had no reason to think prior to my visits that I would receive anything but professional, intelligent and ethical care and treatment from the University Medical Center ER, but unfortunately in this I turned out to be much mistaken. It did not occur to me that it would be possible that something similar to what had happened at the Queen of Angeles could be repeated all the way back up here in Seattle.”

⁵ The passage here was written not long after the events described and is not something I have added later in composing this narrative, so that yes in retrospect I could say now I have a better idea now of what happened, that is that I was deliberately poisoned.

In what follows I go on to describe (separately) what I experienced shortly after the U.W. Hospital visits. In retrospect it needs to be supplemented with and seen in the light of what I have stated in my *New Treatise*. I leave what I wrote here, essentially not counting minor corrections and very slight re-wordings for the sake of better clarity, as I wrote it back then to give you some of idea of the perspective I had at the time, and the very awkward position I was placed in trying to survive the regular and varied sorts of violence and injury being done to me while attempting to figure out what was going on. This said while the explanation I give may leave something to desire, the description of “the apparatus” (as I called it then) or “KGB” brain radio is an accurate one. Also, it goes without saying that in the course of what was going on I was suffering from no little amount of trauma, though I think I behaved myself as rationally and conscientiously as one could under the circumstances.

“It is at this juncture of my account that I come to what, to many, is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the events and strange occurrences of which I speak. Because it concerns something which is outside the experiential purview or expectation of the vast majority of people, it is very difficult to discuss. On top of which, if what I say is taken the wrong way, it will very likely, as has happened in the past, it could be used to discredit *anything else* I might say. Therefore, I particularly beg your patience and open-mindedness then in considering what I realize to many will sound outlandish in the extreme, yet which, nevertheless, is very real.

“Following shortly upon the aforementioned events at the University of Washington Medical Center, I found myself being made the ‘guinea pig’ or in otherwise victim of some sort of mind control/torture technology.

“Before scoffing as some immediately will at such a claim, let the thoughtful, objective, and honest ask two simple questions:

“1) Would it be technologically possible to come up with a device that would inflict pain, and indeed even read a person's thoughts, in our age of unprecedented technical marvels? Certainly, as has been amply documented, both the former Soviet Union and the United States have been engaged for decades in related research of this sort. With what we have seen technologically in the past decades the question has often become not ‘what is possible?’ but rather ‘what isn't possible?’

“2) Do there exist people in this world, devoid of all real moral conscience, for whom no crime is so bad they will not think twice about perpetrating it, if they thought they could reap gain and or wreak their wrath, and did not (at least as they believed) risk getting caught doing it?

“If the answer is yes to both these questions, then one can be no question as to whether such a thing as mind control/torture technology is possible. When I first found myself a victim of it, I did not know that mine was not merely an isolated case. However, in Feb. 1996, I discovered there WERE more victims of this, and similar technologies, and that there are mounds of evidence to establish its existence to anyone willing to look at it. In Appendix [XYZ]⁶ of this document you will find what are only mere fragments of what is available in the way of evidence, history, and testimony concerning the inhuman application of technology to experiment of, torment and, in effect "imprison" people. For suggesting such a thing, there are obviously many who will instantly denounce me as some sort of crack pot - this is to be expected. Yet I would respond by saying, after the reader has completely read my narrative, look over all this material, and judge honestly

⁶ Not included here. Someone interested in finding out about technological mind control, such as in the work of Dr. Jose Delgado, can easily find the sort of things I am referring to on the internet.

and intelligently whether there is not after all something to what I claim. Who, for example, would otherwise have believed the non-consensual testing of tens of thousands of citizens in the fifties with radiation; the MKULTRA mind control experiments in the 50s and 60s; the non-consensual testing of LSD on U.S. service personnel during the Vietnam war, or the Tuskegee syphilis treatment which lately got into the news - could ever have taken place? Yet all of these, albeit many years later, are indisputably now part of the public record. Since those experiences, research and technology has only become more sophisticated, and certainly there has been no dramatic increase in public and private ethics and morals - to say the least.

“Essentially, the technology is used on me as follows:

“1) As best as I can tell it involves some sort of implant in my brain. Someone later told me that mind control/torture technology can be used without an implant as such being necessary. Be this as it may, as best as I have been able to tell these past five years of enduring it, what I have is an implant of some kind.⁷

“2) In some way I can't claim to completely fathom, this technology can be used (as preposterous as I know this sounds) to read my thoughts. By thoughts I mean not my 'mind' as such, but rather my thought perceptions, i.e. images or worded memories.

“3) Initially it was used to send 'signals,' usually in response to my thoughts. Later this expanded into what is in effect a two-way radio.

“Signals refers to a kind of transmitted communication into my brain. One might liken it to a radio communication in which my brain, or something implanted in it, serves as a transmitter and receiver. These signals usually take the form of one or two word communications; or snippets from popular songs. They are not audible forces as such, but thoughts distinct from my own to the extent that I it has been possible for me to carry on a dialogue with them. These are not 'voices,' but more like thoughts - only thoughts that are not my own. What happens sometimes is that I can have a memory of these 'alien' thoughts and can usually tell the difference between these memories and the signals themselves.

“In late November and December of 1992, the intensity of the 'auditory/thought' signals was at their highest pitch, and musical snippets were very frequently resorted to respond to my thoughts. Since about January of 92, however, the intensity has been toned down and the musical snippets made much more infrequent. At the present time (Feb. 1998), the occasional song snippets have long since ceased, most of the signals take the form of one and two word communications. As time has gone on this technology has been used as a full bore radio, and it is common for me to carry out extended conversations with people using it (who, incidentally, claim to be from Microsoft.)

“4) Aside from thought reading, perhaps the most unusual feature of this mind manipulation technology is the ability to have my sleeping dreams invaded, in which I am forced to sit through what (for lack of a better term) I will call a 'dream production.' As best as I can tell this aspect of the technology works in either or both of two ways:

“a) Images are somehow 'suggested' to me while I am asleep, which images are then interspersed then in a given dream which is otherwise my own.

“b) Images are 'broadcast' by means of the device via some sort of electromagnetic wavelength into my brain (while asleep).

⁷ This was written in 1998.

“One can tell they're not ordinary dreams because, unlike ordinary dreams, they are so frequent, and carefully orchestrated. They usually take the form of propaganda, sometimes trying to shame me about drugs,⁸ or something I did wrong in the past. In other instances the dreams are used to attempt to degrade me, to shock me, mock me and my values, intimidate, or even attempt to flatter or be friendly to me. True, all of us have had nightmares, yet these ‘nightmares’ have the unusual distinction of resembling some of the distasteful and obnoxious rubbish that often comes out of Hollywood movie studios and television of recent memory. Prior to being subject to this ‘torture,’ I rarely could ever recall even one out of ten of the dreams I have had while sleeping. Yet after the introduction of this device into my life, I can recall (whether I want to or not) the vast majorities of these. And these dreams, which I endure DAILY, are so pronounced and often of considerable duration that if I did actually want to, I could probably recall the contents of even more of them. Contrast this with before 1992 when I would perhaps, on average, remember a dream I had once every one or two months.

“Other aspects which have, on various occasions, marked these dreams as being of artificial origin are presence of luminous phosphorescent colors; distorted and warped facial images (e.g. a very long nose, or bulging forehead - I later saw a computer program that is able to do this with photographic images); 3- D images which make objects look like they are ‘coming at me.’ None of these things has ever occurred to me in a dream prior to 1992.

“Another very telling aspect of these ‘productions’ is that they have often included appearances by celebrities (or at least images which give the appearances of being such, for example computer generated images:)

“Some of those persons who have ‘appeared’ in these ‘dream productions’ are:

Ted Kennedy
Tom Hanks
Tom Brokaw
Clint Eastwood
Dan Rather
Warren Beatty
Woody Allen
Katie Couric (twice)
John F. Kennedy
Lyndon B. Johnson
Paul Newman
Bill Cosby
George Hamilton
Kathie Lee Gifford (three times)
Justin Heyward
John Lodge (twice)
Ray Manzarek
Elizabeth Taylor
O. J. Simpson (prior to famous crime incident)
David Letterman (three or four times)
Bill Clinton
Hilary Clinton
Jerry Seinfeld
Al Yankovic
Alec Guinness
Mike Meyers

⁸ Marijuana, though I have never been much of a drinker.

John Candy (prior to his death)
Daryl Hannah
Gene Siskel
Robert Duvall
Alan Dershowitz
Martin Landau
Luke Perry
Tom Hanks
Geena Davis
Demi Moore
Jim Morrison lookalike
Bob Dylan lookalike
William F. Buckley, Jr. lookalike

“There have been more well known people and celebrities than even this extended list, yet I hope this catalog will suffice for the purpose at hand.

“Now it would simply be far too incredible for someone to have naturally occurring dreams in which such a list of celebrities appeared - even if they WERE mentally ill!

“Lastly, another feature of this technology is to inflict physical pain on any and every part of my head above the level of the ears, which I could best liken to having one's head stuck in a microwave oven..

“Assuming that I am not lying, I submit therefore this example of celebrity ‘appearances’ as convincing proof of the reality this technology. If on the other hand, somebody thinks I am lying, then let them give me a lie detector test. I am more than happy to oblige them, indeed pay for such a test myself

“Keep in mind that there are such methods known as ‘psychological warfare,’ and the obsession among certain segments of our society (particularly here locally) with Hi-tech and ‘futuristic’ gizmos. There is no reason to assume that some of the more very well to do among us would use such an their opposition particularly if that opposition happens to be poor people like myself. In other words, for some of society's despots an approach of this kind works well because it is so hard to believe, so difficult to prove that in many ways it is the ideal criminal method. ‘Psychological warfare’ using technology if being used on a poor person is not something that poor person is going to be able to prove - hence its obvious effectiveness as a criminal method.

“At present I am still hostage to this technology and various sadistic, often disgusting and perverted, assaults. I have had CAT Scans done to locate the brain technology, but either because the doctor's are crooked, or the technology is of such a nature it is impossible to detect unless under the naked eye (as someone once told me), there has been no way as yet for me to establish its existence with others.”

At the present time it is my sense that, with respect to “brain radio” (such as described above) in the course of what I have been through both technology and spirit people were used. But it is not always easy to say which was which in a given instance. Some of what I wrote in retrospect seems rather (though justifiably and understandably) naïve. Yet despite what has developed since (in the way of spirit people being made manifest) there have been and are technologies, including radios of some kind, which are used on a person’s brain. This sounds both utterly horrible and ridiculous. Nevertheless I maintain this with conviction as much as I could maintain anything else, having gone through so many experiences, which I could describe in close detail, having had ample opportunity and evidence (admittedly in subjective circumstances) to test my findings

and conclusions. The circumstances of such an investigation are admittedly subjective. Yet I believe I have made an earnest effort to be both impartial and reasonably scientific (if not methodologically thorough) in my investigation and analysis of the phenomena – that is an effect – of or in the brain, which I am certain (as mortal can empirically be) is brought about by technology.

I returned to the dept of Education (Miller Hall) where I worked with Jack Thiem in the supply and mail room, and just tried to get on with my life normally. Yet with each passing day of abuse and indifference from others I was afraid I might be killed. For this reason, and in fearing for their safety, I took two of my cats, Timmy (or Timmina, a small gray striped tabby) and Hindman (a large size mostly gray with white Persian) to the Animal Shelter on 15th N.W. and had them put to sleep (October 14, 1992.)

. Basically at that time I felt I was being set up for bad or perhaps for good, and I thought that somehow others who knew of my predicament would take care of and shelter the cats for me. Or if this was not the case these (at the time) unknown people were trying to kill me, and therefore it was just as well the cats be spared the situation I found myself in.

Jebo or Jeebo the third cat (a golden and light brown-striped tabby) I was not with me at that time, as she had run away when I was packing to leave Los Angeles, and in my (very foolish) haste and anger at her running away, I decided to leave her (a choice I later deeply regretted.) Later I was going to return to LA myself to get her, but my father flew down instead, was able to find her in the house (I had left the door open) and he brought her back up. Afterwards, as I will relate, I lost Jebo too, and I must say that these cats were in a sense the only close family I really had, and losing them, and losing them the way I did, was and is among my greatest personal griefs to me in all this, despite the countless painful and truly agonizing things I have and still continue to go through.⁹

Although I was still suffering at that time (and since), I tried as much as possible to live my life normally as I could. Some people from the E! Entertainment (cable tv) network contacted me to do an interview \for their “Mysteries and Scandals,” regarding the William Desmond murder case, which I had covered in my *Mabel Normand Source Book*. I agreed, and they came up from Los Angeles and did an interview with me. There was, of course, nothing wrong or untoward about this interview, but I mention it as one of the things of significance which took place in late 1992 or early 1993.

Among the other events which took place at that time, and of which my general recollection of these is somewhat vague. But basically I went to have Cat Scans done of my brain for Dr. John Chapman. To make a long story short he did not find anything in the Cat Scans to show there was anything of a foreign nature detectable in my brain, and I believe that was the upshot of my visits with him.

Sometime in 1992 or early 1993 I left living at 6322 Woodlawn Ave. N. and moved to 3014 NW 75th, which my father had bought. Sometime after moving in I went to work for Gray Top Cab (then independently owned and located in Magnolia area of Seattle) various bizarre assaults and occurrences continued to afflict me.

At some point, I don't exactly recall when but probably shortly after I moved to 3014 NW 75th St. I seriously contemplated suicide after Jebo became frightened so as to in one instance run up the chimney. She was now all alone from her sisters and there was something frightening her. I adopted a kitten, who I called Joseph Skatey (a tabby also) hoping to give her some companion, I myself feeling very much the loss of Timmy and

⁹ My sense here is that the suffering of the helpless and the innocent is worse than anything we ourselves suffer.

Hindman. But she continued to be sad and frightened. They one morning I awoke and found Jebo had vanished and I haven't seen or heard of her since. It was at this juncture that I seriously contemplated suicide. As ridiculous as this sounds, I drove out far off into the country one time (on the route from 99 to Darrington) only to find that despite miles upon miles of forest I could not find a tree with a branch both low enough and strong enough to support me hanging myself on!

I spoke of wanting to commit suicide confidentially to someone I knew from high school, Stuart Greene (as last I know of Medina and Seattle.) He told my parents about this, and they or somebody called the King County Crisis Clinic. To make a very painful to write story short, they had me committed, and while at Harborview Hospital (at which I stayed a day or two) I was handcuffed to a bed – this formally justified on the grounds on this simple basis that I had verbally remonstrated with and objected to the proceedings as entirely unnecessary (which they were, as seen by me then and now.) Simply put, if there were people there to make a fuss or prevent me from committing suicide than I did not feel the circumstances were right to do it in the first place. This was my thinking.

At my father's or the court's behest or insistence (I don't recall exactly which) I saw Jenny Becker, at Case Management Services, located at Capitol Hill in Seattle. I forgot exactly what the purpose of these visits was, except that I do remember the subject of obtaining social disability payments for my "illness," though at the time I was dead set against the idea.

Again my situation at that time I perhaps found more trying than at any other because one of the things which most baffled me was how and why these things were still going on. As a result much of my general memory of this period is particularly sketchy so that in describing what follows I may easily be mistaken as to sequence of which took place. Otherwise the following is a list of *some* (and only some) of what I went through or continued to go through as best as at present I can recall.

* Two toxic injections (administered to me by someone when I was asleep at home) one of which caused my eyes to turn blood shot red, my tongue stark yellow, and induced a feeling as though my liver were being eaten away. Basically, I woke up from a nap with the feeling of a pin prick in my arm when the first of these took place, followed then shortly after by the above described symptoms. I went to the Ballard Swedish Hospital, and despite the fact that the place was all but deserted of patients, they were very cavalier, told me they were taking care of someone with "a broken leg" and had me waiting so long that there was no purpose of my remaining.

With regard to the second 'injection,' similarly I woke up with a pain like that of a needle inside my thigh, near my groin. This was similar to the chill in my groin I had felt in Los Angeles. This time I went to Virginia Mason Hospital ER on Capitol Hill. There the "physician" (I only dealt with one person there) sat me down and talk down to me like I was crazy, and, as at the UW Medical Center, refuse to give me a blood or urine test to detect whether I had taken in some unhealthy, foreign substance. These two events occurred roughly 3 to 4 years ago, and unfortunately I do not have the exact dates of each, however both took place while I was staying at 3014 NW 75th (which was a basement apartment, while the house above was being rented to others.)

* Food poisonings of, what as best as I could discern, of street drugs, such as speed, also laxatives. Most of these occurred between 1992 and 1994.

* Given diseases of various kinds, from large number of out breaks of miniature moles, relentless ear-ache, appearance of acne on strange places such as the middle center of my eye-lid, to an unbelievably severe cold (which last 2 to 3 months) unlike any I had

ever experienced. Again, these occurred during this 1992 to 1994 period also. It might be thought by some that these might simply have been brought about naturally. While I cannot categorically deny such a possibility, specific circumstances and the frequency of these things leaves me little doubt as to most (if not strictly all) of the actual origin of these.

* The appearance of tiny, bloodless, streaks of scars on my abdomen and inner thigh - which I still have, and which were later shown to Dr. Robert Aigner when I was examined by him. As well I discovered various tiny moles appearing at various parts of my body including my arm pits, back and eye lids.

About (as best as I now recall) early 1996. My father decided to rent the house at 3014 NW 75th completely (including the basement where I was staying) and bought a very small house for me to live in at 1604 NW 70th.

At the time of my moving the number of brain torture dream productions, radio seemed to increase, and I remember at the time feeling the depths of loneliness and despondency. I now had two cats with me, Joseph Skatey and his sister Neffy. The latter I adopted after I lost Jebo (naturally from the same person from whom I got Joseph Skatey, and who was someone I knew personally.)

In addition, I was daily (and nightly) put through literally thousands of hours of dream productions made all the more painful by my being alone as I was.

To be frank, I really was fed up with all that was going on and others indifference (including my family), and would have abandoned everything become homeless, gone to live in the woods, die, rather than put up with the abuse I was being put through. The simple reason I didn't was there was no one who I could give my cats to take care of them for me, and I felt (and still feel) an obligation to them, such that if the truth is told I would not still be in Seattle (or perhaps even alive) but for them. This may sound ridiculous to some - that is that I would endure such as I described for the sake of some cats - but it's the honest to God truth.

The following are some incidents or occurrences that took place after moving to NW 70th and are taken from notes or letters I had written about that time.

"On about Nov. 8, 1996(?), I found in my office an envelope of photographs of two young men carousing - drinking, smoking pot, and acting up. I never saw these two before in my life. With these photographs was a note which read "Hey Dickweed, you better keep your door locked or some Mexican might come in and steal your stuff." I call the Seattle Police. An officer, one P. Fox came and took a report, and the photographs. He gave me a case number, namely 96-499535, and I have not heard back from SPD since...

"My pickup truck suffered three flat tires with a nail driven into the center of the tire within a three month period. Again, just a coincidence someone might argue, only in prior to these events I might get a flat tire every few YEARS or so. Also on at least one if not more occasions I have had a tire on my taxi cab slashed by a knife (also about this same time.)

"By means of some technology I do not claim to comprehend, these people have been able to inflict physical pain by some remote means. Aside from what I have mentioned previously with respect to head pains, I refer here to what I will call 'zapping.' On one occasion I was inexplicably struck with an atrocious pain in my spine that literally paralyzed me for 45 minutes, so that I could do little more than lie still in agony

for that period. A more frequent occurrence however is throat ‘zapping,’ by which they cause a pronounced harshness in my larynx (or thereabouts).”

“In the past few months [i.e. early 2000] I have had my home broken into, keys and wallet stolen. One instance will give an illustration. My wallet was stolen from my coat pocket where I always keep it. A few days later my house keys were missing, and when I went to the location where I keep my back-up keys, there was my missing wallet there, with the back-up keys missing! This is just one instance and is typical of the kind of monkey-shines I have had to put up with.

“Needless to say, my life is made extremely painful, and I live day after day with this ongoing torture and agony, and I consider it nothing short of a sheer miracle that I have survived as long as I have. I please then beg your help in this, both to rescue me, and at the same time put these criminals, who have acted across state borders, behind bars where they belong. Local officials and medical people are apparently easily manipulated by these people so that despite my efforts on a number of occasions, I have been able to get no help whatsoever. I have in effect been sold into a kind of slavery, albeit at the cost of apparently a great deal of money to these criminals -- though money does not seem to be at all any big hardship for them.”

On one occasion I came home and found one of my two cats, Joseph Skatey, severely traumatized, despite the fact that he had been locked inside - as if someone had been thrashing him, such that when I tried to pet him he at first snarled back at me as if in fear and distrust. Joe was a very sociable sort of cat and I remember he would without hesitation friendlily approach dogs, cats, squirrels, possums, raccoons and people (as they might on a given occasion visit or otherwise show up around my home, so that I suspect when his attackers came in he was probably at first friendly toward them, not expecting or, based on previous experience, any reason to suspect any harm.

Some different odd things happened while I was at 3014 NW 75th, among them a silver Timex watch my mother gave me, and rosary I had since my first Holy Communion at St. Agnes in Rockville Centre NY were stolen or went missing. It was also while at the same address that I had my first experience of being held down physically by a demon (while lying in bed.), so that for a few moments I could not get up. At the time, however, I did not quite know that that is what it was, and did not spend much time thinking about it.

As mentioned I was driving a cab for Gray top. At the time one of the dispatchers, Bob Crouch, had started taking care of a stray tabby who came around the lot. To make a long story short, Gray Top was sold to Yellow cab, and the lot was abandoned. I quit the company and agreed to my father’s proposal to live on disability (this was in September 1996.) I just couldn’t both regularly work and stand the strain and regular harassment of what these people were putting me through – though prior to this the idea of living on disability was utterly repugnant to me. Some time before the company left the lot the cat (who Bob Crouch called “Ducket”) had kitten and I returned to the empty lot, every other day to feed them.

I came back to the lot to feed them, and again to make a long story short, I ended up taking some of them home and adopted them. These were:

Daniel Snugby¹⁰

¹⁰ These were actually Ducket’s grandchildren, and their mother was another cat, Kitty Kates, who I recall ultimately had about fourteen children. I tried to get them spayed and neutered by a charitable group which does that sort of thing but they required I catch them all and bring them in which was simply too much for me what with all else going on. I have photographs of all the ones I adopted.

Peanut Berry
Pete Jubilee
Huggin Coat
Spivey or as I also called him Jenkish Jenkington.
Covey Cub

I want to speak about these cats a little bit. It might seem that I needed pets, but this really wasn't true. The fact is I felt sorry for their helpless situation, and that was why I adopt any and all of the cats I did in the first place. Not that they didn't benefit me and give me company, it's just that for practical purposes they would have been too much a burden and inconvenience for me to have taken care of otherwise than out of pity and compassion for them.

This said they really were all great kids. Each had a distinctive personality, that quite simply, made them lovable. And despite all the excruciating, agonizing, and unspeakable pain I went through it was their suffering – that is they who were completely innocent – that has and does outrage me most about what has happened, and for me personally is the saddest part of all my story, though I fully understand that for others they would might think me silly to think so. But more on these cats later.

During much of this period (1998-2000) I completed my Mabel Normand Book, and took up making wooden ship models from kits including Corel's Half Moon, Mamoli's Golden Hind, and Blue Jacket's U.S.S. Constitution – all of which I completed. I also spent a lot of time playing Red Baron 3-D on the computer, and for a while headed my own online combat squadron and we participated in a few campaigns with other squadrons. As well, I spent much time reading various books, but my focus was especially on philosophy, as I was at that time making plans to write *Peithology*.

Up to this time I had two spirit people experiences but which left me mystified as to what they were. One [that is of seeing a floating angel] I won't discuss here as it is rather involved, but which I can mention occurred New Years Eve of 1992-1993. But the other I will give a brief description. In 1999 I think (though that's about as exact at the moment as I can give you). I was sitting in my chair one night and it was violently windy outside I felt a very pronounced iciness in a part of my chair arm to my left, and not just in the chair arm but to the area of my left, and then suddenly smelled fruit that smelled like flowers or flowers that smelled like fruit. Now I had read books such as Peter Underwood's about "real" ghost before so that my initial reaction was scientific and I wanted to check to discern if what was caused was not being brought about by some technical or technological trick. Without going into the specifics I attempted to see what might be the source of the cold spot or the smell by checking a nearby vent and whether the wind from outside was not carrying something in, but didn't discover anything in either instance.

Otherwise my first most vivid and palpable manifestation of a spirit person or a "spirit world" (outside a sleeping dream) was in April 2000.¹¹ Basically what happened was this, I was sitting at home one late morning and this ghost came to me looking like Jesus, that is as Jesus is commonly known to have looked in surface physical appearance, while at the same time he presumed an air of authority with me, yet authority accompanied by kindness and understanding. Some of the details of the basis of his coming to converse with me I'd rather not get into because they concern some personal

¹¹ I had court records which contained the specific date of this incident, but all the records I had regarding this event, formal and otherwise, have been stolen or else have disappeared. The following notes I took at the time are as much as any original record I have left:
"Judge Brady Johnson, hearing on 8/7 [2000]
B. Lamendola
Next hearing 9/11 at 1:30"

feelings I had for someone. But essentially this ghost told me that my wish toward this woman would be fulfilled only I had to show my faith, and in order to do this he told me to follow certain steps. His speaking was calm,¹² yet his manner was such that, looking at the experience in retrospect, he wanted to hurry or shake me up, while again appearing friendly and clam. The steps he ended up telling me were things like “go to your car” (in my case my truck). Then I would go to the car, and then he said go back and get your Bible. Essentially giving me instructions or suggestions to do this odd little thing or other.

Once more, to make a longer story short, he told me to drive my car from 1604 NW 70th St. east up 70th.¹³ I was to follow what he was to tell me else if I did not I would not be showing my faith. He did not speak of Jesus or things Christian, but it was implied by his manner and appearance (or so I at the time thought.) As I began up east on 70th he told me to speed up till I was driving something 50 or more, in a 20 to 25 zone. Strangely and of course very fortunately there did not seem to be any cars along the route so I otherwise made it to the entrance to southbound Aurora Ave. N. at about N. 65th.

Here, again in what I described I followed his instructions, I slowly drove out onto Aurora, the while chatting with him about personal things in my life, he told me he wanted me now to drive down Aurora to the Aurora bridge and drive off. To not do so would suggest my faith was less than it should be, or words to this effect. Though I naturally didn't like the idea if he was going to insist on it seemed something I had better do, and was to some extent prepared to do, but when he saw I would do it, he had me just stop the car on Aurora about a couple blocks south of the south bound exit about N. 65 and had me park the car in the middle of the road (and as I recall giving me specific instructions as to the angle of my tires, or something like this.).

After lingering there a few minutes talking with him, I don't remember exactly about what other that I was glad I didn't have to (drive down to) and drive off the bridge. He had me drive back up 65th, telling me to (in effect) to floor it. I did what he said but naturally expressed my discomfort at doing so. He told me it was all right, and that if I had faith there was nothing to worry about. As I sped in the truck, going I guess about 70-90 mph (which was after all a ridiculous speed under any circumstances along that mostly residential road.) Although I did pass a moving car or two, that is moving in front of and crosswise to me, mostly the way was – again very fortunately – free from traffic, and pedestrians though I had one or two close calls of hitting something stationary.

After we got back in the neighborhood of my house, he had me drive down from 70th to NW 65th from 17th NW and from NW 65th NW, going west to 19th, he told me to drive down 19th, and basically crash my truck into a tree (located along 19th at about the 6400 block and on the west side of the road.) The tree was a small one, and I plowed right over it, while at the same time doing major damage to the front of my truck.

After the truck had come to a halt in this fashion, he told me to get out of the truck, and run back and forth up and down the block, like a running coach would, that in future I would remember this day as something of importance, indeed biblical like importance. I did as he instructed, after which he told me bring foam or spit to my mouth. He then instructed me to go to a specific house (I don't now recall the exact address but it was on the east side of 19th) and ask for a towel to wipe myself, as well as had me say something silly to the person there (who did give me a towel as asked.) Again I did as the ghost said, but by this time, I was just beginning to realize what trouble I had just got myself into. As well, by this time people were coming out to inspect what happened, and

¹² He sort of half appeared over my shoulder and could be seen in my mind's eye, though he may at first appeared in full length so to speak, I can't now exactly recall.

¹³ This first part of the drive may have been down 65th rather than 70th, I frankly don't now recall which, though I am fairly certain on the drive back towards Ballard we took 65th.

before long police and ambulance arrived. Some of the details that happened are a bit foggy to me now, but basically they took me down to Swedish hospital (in Ballard), and a police officer talked to me there., but I didn't mention anything to him about the ghost or pseudo-Jesus. I do remember that the police and ambulance people seemed to act somewhat strangely as if they knew in advance of what was going on, and it occurred to me about then that I had been set up. This said, for some strange reason, I did not really think to condemn the ghost out of hand, as I still wasn't quite sure who he was, or if he was or represented who he appeared to be and or represent (i.e. Jesus.) Not surprisingly, I felt very stupid As I recall I think I said to the officer I just went crazy or something like this as my explanation for what happened, but that I had no previous history of such a thing (which I didn't.)¹⁴

Again some of my memory is obscure on some (though not all) of what happened. But as I recollect, I was uninjured and was released from the hospital not long afterward. The ghost had left me about the same time the police arrived. The thing was so outrageous and hurtful to me that at first I didn't think I would actually be prosecuted, since I had been criminally set up (as I maintain) and I thought for them to do more to me was unnecessary aggravation. But sure enough I did in the following weeks receive notice to go to a hearing, where a date was set for trial.

I will just observe in passing that it is typical of Hell people to make light of their own wrong doing to insist on the letter of the law with their enemies, and this is what I now found myself dealing with.

Without going into any great detail here (at least at present), after some preliminary hearings I had a trial a few months later.

Each time they held a hearing and finally and including the trial, my own case was reviewed last before all the other cases present, so that by the time it came up the court room was empty of all but only the most necessary people. To make a long story short, my trial was a literal farce and a pre-arranged stage show. I remember the lawyer's and judge saying silly things back and forth which seemed like legal-ease, but which was really a lot of nonsense intended to make me look foolish, and as if my hearing or trial (in the given instance) was joke -- which it was. My court appointed lawyer, Benny LaMandola, I felt then and believe now, and I am inclined to believe as well the Judge Holyfield (off hand I believe that was his name though I will have to check) had some idea of my being (at least in some way) set up, and were participating in a charade. When at one hearing I said I wanted to get my own attorney I was told by Judge Holyfield I had to stick with LaMandola. At my actual trial I protested this, and accused LaMandola of being crooked, saying I didn't trust him for my attorney.¹⁵ I tried to get the names of the court reports and prosecution attorneys, for reference to them as witness of what was going on, but the prosecution attorneys were never the same (though they did give me their names), and at the actual trial only one of the court reporters or "stenographers" (of the three or four there), named Yvonne, would give me his/her name.¹⁶

I suppose one way I would describe the attitude of LaMandola and the judge was that they wanted to get me out of there but on the formal condition I see psychiatric people who could say I was not a threat to anyone. Some people from King Country

¹⁴ It was claimed by someone that I hit them along 19th, on the basis of which they filed a claim with Geico and received damages. This claim is a complete fraud, I hit no moving vehicle, and I expect the recipients of this insurance money were the same people (or connected to the same people) who set me up.

¹⁵ On a couple of occasions Mr. LaMandola conferred with my father, against my own wishes, as if I were incompetent to address my case, really in such a way that I thought was needlessly insulting and condescending, though ostensibly well meaning in his motive.

¹⁶ I think I have her last name written down some where in my mound of papers on these things.

Crisis Management eventually saw me, said I was ok, and that was essentially the end of the matter.¹⁷

A week just before my final trial I slept for four whole days (or at least given to think I had.) In other words I went to sleep on Thursday and woke up on Sunday, something that has never happened to me before or since.

Meanwhile, the ghost had started making regular visits to me. Among the kind of things he was telling me was that I was to be the new Jesus (as if to replace “him,” i.e. the ghost.) It didn’t take much resistance to attempted mind control, even under such circumstances, for me to realize this was ridiculous, and I told him so, but still he persisted.

It was about this time that all kinds of different spirit people came to visit me, but mostly this ghost who turned out to be “Simon the magician” or one of the “Simon the Magicians” referred to in my “New Treatise on Hell.” The events of this period are so bizarre I will forbear attempting to describe them at present, other than to mention that Magus, Gyro and some other spirit people were regularly engaged in mocking, making fun of and harassing me, while at the same time appearing to be friendly.

There are still possibly some reading this who might think that these spirit people were somehow divinely sent. Let me be emphatic then, yet without addressing too closely the question, that I think these spirit people, generally speaking, and those I have dealt with are basically hoodlums who want attention and who mooch or leech on people, emotionally, psychologically and socially. Though sometimes they will pretend (to me rather unconvincingly) to possess some higher wisdom and understanding of things really they are just con-artists who use people for their own selfish purposes, and no spirit person is deserving more respect than anyone else unless it is clear they are conducting themselves honestly and morally. At the same time, it is wrong to assume that those employed by Hell all look like devils, when in truth certain of them can make themselves look or appear as if they were Heavenly. Another thing that makes them persuasive to people is their persistence. If Hell people could be said to possess excellence it might be said to be in this category. However, I myself attribute this to their arrogance, desperation, and hopelessness. Though such persistence is bound to make a strong impression on a person, one must never see it as justification or excuse for how they act.

As I stated the many of the things I went through during this period of meeting spirit people and conversing with them was extremely weird, and I don’t know that it is especially worth anyone’s while at this juncture to go into, though perhaps later I will think differently or some will be curious. I will mention though a few occurrences that happened. I continued to be plagued by various kinds of assaults, including (in so special order):¹⁸

- * Making a mess of my house, particularly with witchcraft dirt
- * Shrinking clothes so that clothes became un-wearable.
- * Soiled my chair by (apparently) placing a drunk transient in it with bad hygiene.
- * Did things physiologically to prevent me from going to bathroom.
- * My computer was regularly and incessantly assaulted with hacking, viruses, and both obscene and gibberish e-mail. I have logs from my firewall program listening some of the

¹⁷ This was Steve Woolley, and Saskia Von Michalofski. I also spoke at some point to Mekka Robinson a probation officer, and to Bob Powers of Western State Hospital a psychiatric examiner, both of whom I did mention the ghost to. At my trial itself I didn’t mention him, however, but without lying or distorting the truth otherwise.

¹⁸ Some might object to a given one of these that it occurred in isolation, and had no special relation to what else I recount. My response is perhaps, but that it won’t hurt to have listed it along with the others as *possibly* connected to my main story.

ISP phone number location my computer has been attacked from. I have had prank e-mails sent out using my e-mail address, and have had e-mails bounced back to my mail box (i.e. as undeliverable) which I hadn't even sent, but which had my e-mail address as the sender.

- * Removed Amnesty International sticker from my vehicle.¹⁹
- * A full bag of groceries was stolen out of my kitchen
- * Dirty coat covered over with witchcraft dirt left in my house
- * My communications continued to deteriorate, receiving even less e-mail, phone calls and regular mail.
- * House plumbing interfered with
- * Wallet and keys stolen a number of times, had to get my credit card replaced 3 or 4 times in a six month period.
- * Cat brought in a large bug, such as you might find in a Central American rain forest or remote southern desert. It was an inch to two inches long, and looked very strange. Being so out of place as it was, I remember I felt sorry for it.
- * Forks – all but one -- stolen. This has happened twice.
- * I would find the lace in my sneaker given over to one side too much, so that one end of the lace was much longer than the end opposite to it. But more than this a knot was made at a point in the lace just outside the upper lace hole. In other words the problem could not be fixed unless you unlaced the knot someone had tied there
- * Locks broken on my pickup.
- * “transmogrifier” (as I called it at the time), or a feeling like a tight rope around my heart, and later other similar internal contractions and stranglings of various kinds carried out by sprites.
- * Papers, records stolen

Now one story involving spirit people I will tell here in order to provide information on a certain phenomena or experience which some people might have done to them and be taken surprise by.

My present home is on a little hillock above the street so that the garage is below the house. On sunny days I will sometimes lie down and taken in the sun on the roof of this garage. At the time of which I am speaking, Gyro and Magus were telling me I had to make a deal and work with “Microsoft.” On that same occasion, I was waiting to face an inquiry (really as it turned out inquisition) by people from the House of Israel. As these matters were being variously discussed between these people in myself, I think I refused something at one point, and while lying on the garage roof sunning myself, and after talking casually with some of these people, some “demons” shouted in my headed for about 5 to 10 minutes, berating me, Their voices sounded like Arthur Brown and really were incredibly belligerent and hostile. Because at that time I was still somewhat (though not entirely) believing of these people, it made the experience more painful to me because I wasn't sure if *I* wasn't doing something wrong.

Now being without a car, the truck basically being given up on as too damaged, I could not go to feed the homeless cats at the Grey Top lot in Magnolia as I had for the prior 3-4 years. I tried one very early morning riding a bike up to Magnolia, but found this too onerous. I then tried the bus, but even this was too much for me, especially since the Hell attacks involving spirit people were reaching their height. Thereafter I could go to feed them no more, and what became of Mother Kitty Kates²⁰ and all her kids (plus some other cats) I don't know, but naturally I felt very sad about it.

¹⁹ On a similar note, I might mention that not long before this juncture I had had a bumper sticker made which quoted John 16:11: “The ruler of this world has been condemned.” This was before becoming directly acquainted with spirit people.

²⁰ She was a tough cat and a survivor. A more furry than usual brown tabby who she would sometimes run (up to) four whole blocks at a time to meet me when I drove down to the lot, which was funny.

Yet, as mentioned I managed to adopt six cats from the lot by that time, and they were:

Daniel Snugby²¹
Peanut Berry
Pete Jubilee
Huggin Coat
Spivey or as I also called him Jenkish Jenkington.
Covey Cub

These were in addition to Joseph Skatey (who had been with me most of the while since moving to Ballard in the early nineties) and his sister Neffy McKee. It is easier for me to tell what happened to the cats (who I call “the kids”) each one at a time, and therefore I will do so, though what I give here is for practical purposes very brief, and a much longer story could be told about all of them. They are given in the order I lost them.

* Daniel Snugby (kidnapped or disappeared)

Daniel was the first I took home, and lost him before adopting any of the others. I was in real tears after that happened. He was like a gray and white cuddly doll.

* Peanut Berry (orange brown striped tabby)

was a fragile runt sort of cat, who was violently poisoned, and had to be put to sleep after a prolonged seizure too great for his tiny frame. Emerald City Emergency clinic, on Stone Way in Fremont, did a test when I brought him in and found he had a high toxicity level, confirming that he had in fact suffered from poisoning of some kind. I remember I used to pick burrs out of his fur, as he was rather a helpless sort, and couldn't or didn't do so himself. I buried him out near Sultan in the woods.²²

* Pete Jubilee (furry, Black, brown mix, with white in his mouth and feet)

A heroic and extremely cute little cat²³ who tried to protect some kittens he had. I say he had because these Hell people made him pregnant by means of a sort of sex change operation. I checked his sex when he was very small, so I know he was male. He ultimately had to be put to sleep because the goon sprites kept attacking him, and the kittens also, who were finally taken down to the Seattle Animal Shelter. At first Pete took the kittens by the neck from outside the house to under a neighbor's shed next door. One time I went to check them and the poor kittens had sprites in them making them look snake like, and possessed, like something out of Stephen King. Of course, it was not the poor kittens fault, and they were made to suffer in various ways, including not being able to go to the bathroom. (Ballard Animal Hospital on Leary Way)

* Spivey (gray striped tabby)

He was cripple in one leg and had to hobble around. Because he had difficulty moving he seemed like a cat that thought, and there was a certain intelligence, if goofiness somewhat

²¹ These were actually Duckett's grandchildren, and their mother was another cat, Kitty Kates, who I recall ultimately had about fourteen children in separate litters. I tried to get them spayed and neutered by a charitable group which does that sort of thing but they required I catch them all and bring them in which was simply too much for me what with all else was going on.

²² The remains of the others who were put to sleep or passed away were disposed of by the facility where they were put to sleep, whether it was the Seattle Animal Shelter or a veterinarian., except for Covey Cub who I buried in a garden bed on my property. I would have preferred to have buried them all out in some far off, quiet place in the woods rather than have their remains disposed of institutionally but after Peanut Berry was put to sleep I didn't have my truck and the grounds of my property are very small, as well as my living circumstances very distressed and violent.

²³ He used to sort of chirp rather than meow, and was a pure innocent.

in his eyes and look, and behavior, and would sort of yowl somewhat expressively rather than meow as such.

For years he had survived out on the lot like the others, but his case he had difficulty walking, and there were a number of times he would come out for his food even if there was searing north winter wind blowing in, and I would see him fall on the rocks or in some icy puddle because his legs couldn't properly carry him. He had lived outside for so long that when I finally captured and brought him into my home, he seemed beside himself to be able now to live on a carpet, and have regular feeding. Because he was odd the other cats did not always take to him, though he was always friendly to them, if sometimes somewhat obstreperous, and sometimes I would see them play wrestling together.

Like Joseph Skatey he too could not go to the bathroom and his stomach accordingly bulged. In his pain from the sprites he sometimes seemed to specially appeal to me for attention and I would try to pet him and console him, but really they were so wearing him down that I had to have him put to sleep. The Hell people did a particularly vicious prank on Spivey, which for convenience I will refrain from telling it or else save for another occasion.²⁴ (Crown Hill Veterinary Hospital)

²⁴ The following is my summer 2008 account written for my website at gunjones.com of the malicious prank relating to Spivey alluded to here. This occurred in about July 2000:

"There was this one cat of mine, "Spivey" (a nickname I gave him), who was a former feral cat crippled in one leg whom these witchcraft people delighted in tormenting, and when he came to me, brushing up against me for help, but there was nothing I could do -- all those great police, lawyers, professors, priests, government people, activists out there could or would not help me after many years trying to get someone to come forward and do so. As a result, I was left fighting literal Hell alone -- while being subject to brain torture radios, and ongoing harassments of various kinds, including vandalism, robbery, poisoning and being given diseases to name just some.

"Now in Spivey's case (and this was true of some of the other cats as well), they did things like have it be struck or crawled over by sprites and prevented him from going to the bathroom (so that his stomach swelled -- as happened also when the other cats were subject to this treatment.)

"On a number of occasions I have had my cats abducted from me during what was going on then (and two of them never saw again as a result), and it so happened that one day I found Spivey missing even though I had left him locked in the house. He was gone for a few days and then suddenly turned up. It disturbed me, but because this kind of thing had up till that time been going on a long while I was forced to take it in stride. About the same time or a little time before my younger brother (who without getting into it here would assist these people) for no apparent reason gave me a hand fire extinguisher. Although I already had one, I took it but did not understand his meaning or purpose in giving it to me (though suspected something fishy.)

"To return to Spivey, he on the surface and under the circumstances seemed all right; when suddenly one early morning something very strange occurred. He went under the bed in my bedroom, and after a while I heard him make his short yowls (as he sometimes did.) I could not get him to come out from under the bed and in order then to reach him I had to move the bed and pull it from over him. When I did, I found him lying there with three new born kittens, a day or two old, with their afterbirth -- and the atmosphere of the room, incidentally, suffocated and acrid with sprites and some dirty spirit people. Now I knew him to be a male so of course what I was seeing didn't make any natural sense. And yet he was treating them as if they were his own.

"I don't exactly what my very first reactions were, but before long I decided I would have to do away with the kittens since Spivey nor any of the other cats could possibly nurse them. Again they were about a day or two old and I concluded that if I didn't do it they would starve to death anyway. I took them outside and one at a time bashed in each one of their heads. Interestingly, as I did this, and for what reason you can speculate yourself, I had a male angel standing behind me while I was so engaged -- perhaps as if to give me moral support -- though whether his intentions were sincere or feigned I could not tell. In any case they did nothing to console me. Following all this, I buried the kittens in one of the small garden beds of my house.

"I was then left with cleaning up the blood with some rags. But then the question arose, what was I going to do with the bloody rags? What but burn them, since if they should be found it would only possibly create complications. This I did. However, I could not put out the flames with water and found that I needed to use the fire extinguisher.

"The next day I was sitting in my chair on my lap top as I usually am, when I heard a small, sharp cry emanating from the front outside of my house. I arose, and going outside to look tracked the sound to a narrow cleft where the house overhangs the foundation. Upon examining more closely, I found there yet another day old kitten; this one yelping, helplessly alone, and which (with no other choice) I was forced to kill and then bury in the same manner as I had the others.

"In conclusion then, you (including the City of Seattle who lent them their court room) who have facilitated or made easier the activities of this gang of spirit and moneyed people I write of, perhaps have even knowingly aided and abetted them, get a good idea of who you are getting mixed up with before you get so mixed up."

* Joseph Skatey. (gray striped tabby) and * Huggin Coat (a dark brown yet almost blonde very furry tabby)

Was regularly vomiting, could not go to the bathroom, had sprites in him, so to spare further unnecessary suffering I had him put to sleep. Because he had been with me so long, Joe was just about my best friend in the world. The same with Huggin Coat, he too was put to sleep to spare him further Hell people attacks (after about 2 or 3 months worth that is) Both of whom were extremely loving and friendly, Joe being a sort of the chief cat of the whole house, and Huggin Coat being most serene and affectionate. (Seattle Animal Shelter in the case of Joseph Skatey, and Ballard-Greenwood Veterinary Clinic on 15th NW with Huggin Coat)

This left me finally with

* Covey Cub

(a mostly black tabby with white mouth and feet) and Neffy (small brown tabby.) Joseph Skatey's sister. Part of the reason they survived is that they kept to themselves, and went out for long stretches, whereas the others were either homebodies or just babies.

I still to this day have Neffy. Covey Cub was assaulted for weeks by the sprites till he couldn't eat, and finally they violently choked him to death. Like Pete Jubilee, he was sort of a hero. In his case, he actually fought the sprites back to some extent, on one occasion trying to pull them with his teeth from Jenkish Jenkington's (Spivey) back (of his neck.) Before Covey was specifically targeted these people had stolen some photographs I had of him, and afterward I was repeatedly told "Covey Cub is not someone you want to know," which basically is an ominous declaration that whoever is referred to (in this case Covey Cub) doesn't have long to live.

For most of 2000, I attended weekly mass (which I sometimes attended on a week day rather than a Sunday) at St. Alphonsus Ligouri, Ballard's Catholic church. Earlier on I went to Blessed Sacrament in the University District in the early and mid nineties, where at one point I spoke about my problems with Father Michael Sweeney there. But the commute was too costly going to Blessed Sacrament from Ballard so I naturally went to St. Alphonsus which was more local.²⁵

Father James Gandrau, then pastor of St. Alphonsus' at that time, refused to come to visit me and speak with me for over eight months despite regular monthly entreaties. He simply acted like he didn't care and when I tried to ask why, gave some casual and not very convincing, or very well disguised excuses. I had some other strange experiences relating to going to St. Alphonsus' but which I won't go into here, except to mention that a number of times while going to receive communion I have been handed Eucharist that in one instance was heavily perfumed, and in another part of it was obviously bitten off of (though this wafer wasn't something that came from the priest's altar bread.) At another time, when sipping the communion wine I was the last in line to receive it and when I did I tasted an illness, like a very bad cold, in pronounced,

²⁵ For the last few years now I have been trying to contact Father Sweeney, but for reasons not completely clear he has not contacted me back. I know him to be an intelligent and conscientious person and would not think he would himself deliberately avoid contacting or seeing me. Yet there is evidently an effort on the part of someone to interfere with my reaching him (or his reaching me.) Someone who would like to know the truth behind this can contact Father Sweeney (last I heard he was at Blessed Sacrament, though often away on travel), and see if he will not come to visit me, or if not why not. If he just tries calling me by phone, it is very likely he will not get through as my phone line for a long time has been tampered with -- or so from circumstances one could reasonably infer. In the course of seeking assistance, I have tried calling certain people a few times, and the person who answered on the phone claimed to be them, but I have good reason to suspect, based on their strange attitude and way of speaking, was actually an imposter, who presumably was able to interfere with the phone line -- or again so it would seem.. [Later note, 6 Nov. 2008. While it was subsequently possible to talk with Father Sweeney, and to make a long story short, he showed a pronounced disposition to avoid conversation with me.]

concentrated form. Of course one might infer the cold or disease might or would have come accidentally from another parishioner. But at the time I was not inclined to think so, because of what seemed the circumstances of the service, and because the taste of the disease was so obvious and concentrated that again (at the time) I felt I was deliberately poisoned. If I was mistaken in the conclusion this was only after I sipped, and prior to that I had no thought whatsoever of being poisoned, nor would such have occurred to me as possible in church.

I have also attempted to reach Archbishop Alexander Brunett of the Archdiocese of Seattle a number of times however I believe my mail to him was deliberately intercepted and treated as something he would *not* find of interest, such that I received an indifferent response from his office, for which I still have copies of “his” letters.

In late October 2000 in an effort to find someone who would help me and to also satisfy my conscience that I did something to try and tell people what was going on I went to the corners of 2nd and Union and 2nd and University in Downtown Seattle, stood on corners there and (after three separate occasions) handed out at least 200 or more of the following leaflets. I received no response on this other than a couple sarcastic e-mails which at the time and in retrospect came from some people working or allied to “the gang” that was harassing, torturing and tormenting me. To this day it baffles me why after all I have written and sent out about my situation that no one has come to my home to see me as I have repeatedly requested.

Below is the leaflet I handed out on the streets of Seattle in late October 2000. I’ll grant you it sounds rather brash and sensationalistic but for its purpose, and given the time it was written, this was I think pardonable. ‘Gomez’ followed me on these occasions, as if to offer advice or support, and I recall my attitude toward him at that time was becoming more and more skeptical of all of these spirit people (with the understanding that the underling sort of people could in no way compare in culpability to the chiefs.)

“Saving Seattle: Truth is the Solution

“Why am I wearing this badge -- a yellow star made of cloth -- the symbol of betrayal, brutality and deception? While we think of such problems pertain to people of others countries and other eras, the truth of the matter is in the past decade or so, Seattle has fallen under a strain of the same moral and spiritual illness which helped bring about the tragedy and suffering which this yellow star represents.

“If it sounds strange to say, it is only because much of what has been going on is carried out in the darkness, unknown to most of the general public. While our problems cannot be literally compared with those happenings of over 50 years ago, our troubles are in their way very malignant.

“Bribery, blackmail, extortion, propaganda, thefts, techno-lunacy, interference with communications, put-on jobs, and hocus pocus have become the primary weapons used to make a mockery of our police and judicial system and rob us of our God given rights and liberties. Our persons, let alone our property, cannot even be protected from violence, thanks to the machinations of corporately sponsored organized crime acting in concert with the both willing and unwilling cooperation of city, county and state government. Using tactics of secrecy and deception, corporate hoodlums have ruined people's lives, and families, and brought about a generally degradation of Seattle's quality of life in general. These people, reportedly connected with Microsoft and Dreamworks, among some others, have rendered well-meaning civic leaders and citizens helpless to cure these problems that plague the city, and people are left at the mercy of a ruinous despotism, that without mincing words, is completely mad and out of its mind.. Mind control, druggings, deliberately giving diseases, intrusive high technology are some of the tactics used, their very outrageousness is what helps to keep them secret from people.

People who would tell the truth about these things are discredited, threatened, framed, and blackmailed thus leaving the rest of us at the mercy of corporate gangsters who want to live the good life off the backs of hardworking decent people.

“I myself am a victim of very vicious violence and torture carried out secretly for the past 7 years. Druggings, burglaries, poisonings, deliberately giving diseases, psychological warfare techniques of various kinds have been used on me. My pets have been murdered. I have tried before contacting numerous authorities and others to tell them about what is going on, but have been effectively ignored and denied any assistance. The purpose of this campaign of harassment and bullying I have been subject to has been designed to discredit and debilitate me. Although a scholar and a published author and historian, I am poor and have been systematically isolated by these people, and thus have been hard put to get any help.

“Recently I was railroaded for a crime of which I was really the victim. It is admittedly a strange story to tell,, but suffice to say I was set up to look crazy, with the obvious intention of discrediting me should I attempt to report or bring a law suit relating to what has been going on. The legal proceedings have been such a mockery and farce that they can more likened to theater than to anything remotely legitimate. It is so bad, that the persons behind this savaging of the law have absolutely no morals or scruples, and don't hardly even bother making their lies sound believable. The case has been dismissed, as far as I know, but it does not change the fact that our legal system is and has been used to perpetrate crimes in order to assist corporate thieves and murders.

“Those people who have sold out our city, and cowardly given in, are a complete shame and a disgrace, and are all the more foolish because the money and seeming security they obtain really only debases themselves. There is said to be some internal effort to solve these problems, but if so it is done secretly and what is really needed is an open and candid community addressing of the problem. It is unlikely that we can expect dramatic change anytime soon, it is a very, very difficult kind of quandary. Yet in the meanwhile it is well that people speak frankly about what they know, become stronger in their virtue and keep a resolute and honest faith in God.

“Please, if possible, keep in touch with me if you can. I have been made isolated, am not wealthy, and it is not impossible that something could "happen to me" by my speaking out like this.”

[This was accompanied with my name, address, phone number and e-mail.]

In composing and going over what I have here I have thus far largely refrained from speaking about the spirit people yet at the time their incessant harassment of me was very much a part of what else I've recounted or described. In fact they could really and justly be consider the cause of any of these things, whether in inflicting pain on me themselves or having someone else do it. For this reason, I have normally in recent years taken or have tried to take an attitude of greater leniency towards others wrong doing in all this because I realize and appreciate how difficult it would be for most people to fend off and overcome the (often) sophisticated manipulation and bullying of ruthless and high powered spirit people, such as (the so-called) “Simon the Magician.”

As yet I have not describe much of what they did and how they acted. Part of the reason for this is that I still have to deal with these people, and as a result try as much as possible to forget them. Not because I find it impossible to think about or recollect them, but there is such a thing as *too much*, and some of these people (thinking particularly of Magus”) are notorious for seeking attention and wanting you to think about them and or what they are doing (as in say their gossip or scheming.) Consequently I don't plan on writing about the spirit people at this time unless necessary. But, as I said previously, I may change or modify my position on this in future and decide to tell more.

Yet speaking generally they were led by some main warlock ghost or other, who is typically referred to as “Simon the Magician” but in truth it is not always clear who the given ringleader of the moment is. Typically, they have and do subject me to brain radios

while regularly sending over demons or sprites to annoy or defile me in some way (say by just their presence in or next to me.) For odd “seasons” these people will be extremely cruel and do the most sadistic things. At other seasons, they will be cruel but in a routine way without malice. Other times they are annoying. At yet other times they are very cruel and annoying (both.) But above all, and in all, I find the group I have been dealing with tiresome and a glorified nuisance (aside from a number of them being heinous criminals.)

Some spirits that have worked for “The Monster Maker” (my name for their greatest leader) and “Simon” are not so bad and in many ways likable. And while I will often curse the head ghosts, I’m usually indulgent of their slaves and dupes (even though they did some awful thing or things themselves) because they are exactly that slaves, are often quite wretched, and obviously do not have much say in much of anything, and are often themselves “possessed” or infested by other spirits and demons.

The “Baby Jane” Hudson character of the film with that name in the title, is a very good example of a pronouncedly “Hell” influenced person (whether spirit or a regular person), and could actually be studied as such (though obviously a fictional character.) She is a good illustration of someone who had spent years listening and following directions or advice from a Simon the Magician who followed her around who explained to her how things “really were” and she believing him, and he sending various demons in her to better take charge of her thoughts, feelings, and reactions. She meanwhile would keep to herself any knowledge of the Simon in question or spirit people generally claiming ignorance. It is not difficult on this basis I think to construct a useful character sketch of the sort of spirit person who would do what he did to her and why he did it, bearing in mind that someone down the road did something similar to him. He could inform her of any number of secret or difficult to find out things and she (as hideous as she might appear to people) might be able to obtain great power over others by this information. Not necessarily because she by herself desired great power, but possibly because the ghost did, or some combination.

One thing that is also important to emphasize is that these high powered spirit people need money to conduct their schemes, operations, and organizations just as regular people do, and they ultimately get this money and ability to interact with regular people through and by means of regular people.²⁶ People have to be paid when it comes to spirit people just as with regular people. Also understand that if, for example, a philanthropic group has an organization to aid homeless youth, the Hell people might just as likely actually have one to ruin them, and with the same corresponding staff and bureaucracy, or at least for practical purposes one is justified thinking so. Further worth mentioning, these people can take the side of any argument, and pose as any party – often times convincingly, depending upon their audience.

Despite all I have written (both here and elsewhere) there are still people who would rather believe these spirit people than my own explanation of these things. For example, some people I have dealt with no matter how appalling or atrocious the things I describe are will bush them aside as “no big deal.” One of the reasons such people take this attitude (at least for some of them) is that some people can’t help but see spirit people as superior and naturally more wise than regular people, and (in a given instance) possibly have been told that I don’t understand how things really are. For example I might come to someone relating what I have been through, say poisoning, and they will react either to make a joke of it or else take an attitude that I am somehow to blame for what happened. They might not express these attitudes explicitly, and instead on the surface show concern, while just below the surface expressing this indifference or else disdain. Now some people will react this way normally. But I know in point of fact that

²⁶ Naturally and in the same vein diseases need a regular food source, and it can be that by locating this and depriving the disease of it, that a disease can be reduced or eliminated.

for more than a few I have dealt with, it is because they listen to one of these ghosts or “Simon the Magicians” (or perhaps someone else acting on his behalf.) Typically these people, if not entirely irrational, are capable of reasoning of only the most superficial and limited sort. They don’t reason they just “know.” And as far as the kind of people I am describing and have dealt with are, they “know” better (than me) because they listen to these spirit people – perhaps have been listening to one of them for many years.²⁷

Were it possible to actually reason with such people (which with most of them it frankly isn’t, including some highly educated people I have spoken with) I would respond to what I see or understand to be their arguments this way.

1. “Although you have been put through a painful ordeal, you are more honored (than have suffered) by such attention from such important people (i.e. the spirit people.)”

For all I have written on this subject I frankly wish I rather had not met any of these people (though granted, as I have stated, some of them aren’t so bad, so for them taken *by themselves* this remark does not apply.) As a matter of fact I feel cheated having had to spend so much time with them, while at the same time having had to miss seeing and dealing with other (regular) people who, by far, I would rather have seen instead. These spirit people when they obviously manipulate and or force themselves on others are in truth, and at best, parasites who, as they see it, have nothing better to do with their time than leech on, use, and rob others. Yet they might do this while pretending to be divinely authorized to do so, and support this claim with amazing heavenly visions and or displays of extraordinary powers (such as predictions that come true after many years, *deja vu* or causing or seeming to cause an earthquake or the weather to change.)

As far as I am concerned these visions and displays of which I have seen many are phony copies, con-artists tricks, or the results of “technology” as yet unknown to us. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” And this is what I go by -- not these visions, shows or manifestations of say cherubic faces, glowing angels and heavenly lights, golden clouds of heaven, and more. Not only ages-old spirit people and sorcerers, but regular magicians and Hollywood special effect artists can achieve many of these same effects, through technology and other sorts of perceptual manipulation. Power, by itself, says nothing. It is character or moral character that says everything. Unfortunately, and in my experience, such a view is apparently in the minority. Ordinarily I take the view that organized Hell is made up of phenomenally wealthy spirit people, who obtained such wealth from assorted crime, murder, terror, and deception, and who use such wealth and power to persuade people as to their legitimacy as divinity, or else legitimacy as supreme power.

2. “You will receive a great reward for your suffering, and therefore it (the suffering and injustice) is of no great consequence.” This by the way is a great “Simon the Magician” kind of argument.

While as a Christian one would of course see a certain truth to this, coming from devils or devil influenced people it is not at all the same thing. For one thing I don’t need to suffer and pay for what is already mine. Yet these spirit people think nothing of charging others for what is already theirs (in this case mine.)

My attitude toward these spirit people is quite simply “who needs them?” The reality is I didn’t need them (at least those that afflicted me) for anything, and the fact is I was basically sold out to feed some powerful or influential spirit person who others see as

²⁷ It seems more than probable that a large part of the problem with idols and graven images, as referred to in the Bible, related to spirit people speaking “through” those idols to people, and the person then listening to the idol (actually the spirit person.)

someone of great importance, but who in reality is really nothing more than a monster or vampire, or a spirit person “Montgomery Burns,” yet one who can dress in himself (in the eyes of some) as if he were divine, or if not divine, as such, he is seen as representing a higher order or power.

Someone might say I only have seen the bad spirit people and not the good ones (the assumption being that the person making this argument *has* seen the good spirit people), and therefore my view is distorted. The fact is I have seen all kinds of “heavenly” visions and beings, some of them actually somewhat convincing. But glowing ethereal figures, large winged angels, saints, bearded prophets, “divine” lights, rapturous religious feelings – these don’t prove anything, and I know better than full well that the devil can re-produce any of them. What he has a harder time with is justice, honest rationality, and long term, consistent moral character and integrity. Understand that Hell employed spirit people can be made to seem kind, friendly, understanding, benevolent, wise, generous and supportive, and only a thinking person is going to see past the charade. For others, they simply do not think, and take such shows or impostures as the real thing, though in fairness it should be kept in mind that mind control of some sort might be being used on them.

These spirit people are supposed by some to be so great and unchallengeable, yet:

a.) they operate in secret and have others do so as well. Why the need for secrecy, indeed outright fraud and willful deception? To teach some higher lesson? In all my years dealing with them, I have taken no especially great lesson from these people other than to discover that people can be a lot more rotten than one would otherwise have imagined possible.

b) all this past decade I have been combating them and their hench-people (or “Renfields”) they have been the ones with money all this time, and people to assist them – not me. I had no money (worth speaking of), and had no one to talk to let alone assist me. Yet I have managed to survive “survivor island” now for over a decade despite innumerable and incessant attacks of various kinds.

I have received good advice or a useful tip from a spirit person (including “Simon the Magician”), but such as was no better as any I could have received from a regular person, and in any case the benefit of it, all in all, was relatively negligible. No, if I possessed any wisdom in all these years it came from books and my upbringing (which included the church.) Someone who gets most or a large part their understanding of things from conversant spirit people I would say is someone who is, or is not much better than, a lunatic.²⁸

Yet observe, many corners and quarters of society are run or managed by such people, that is “regular” people who listen to spirit people, hence many of the problems, often times appalling and atrocious, we have.

Not least is the point in all this that others have and are victimized by such people and such experiences, both people and animals. They in many instances could not possibly have the say or understanding I have in relating these things so that in telling these things about my own experience I hope it is very clear that many others could say

²⁸ Worth noting is the fact that the more clever Hell people can take and represent any interest or any side in any argument, sometimes convincingly so. Thus, for instance, if we all came together and agreed to fight “Hell,” it probably wouldn’t be long before a Hell person infiltrated the ranks and used the cause to further his own ulterior interests, perhaps even becoming a respected and recognized leader in the process. This in one reason why elsewhere in my writings I strongly urge and recommend that proficiency in logic needs to be made an integral part of *basic* education, along with reading, writing and arithmetic.

similar or perhaps relate even worse done to them or those they've known. But how on earth will they explain and then get people to listen to them about such people and such things? It can be so bad that at times it seems one needs a certificate signed by the criminal himself and publicly notarized before law enforcement or others will take evidence from you on the crimes involving these criminals, spirit or otherwise.

Assaults of various kinds continued on me and or my home of which the following are some that I had recorded at the time and taken from a letter I sent out in March 2001:

“For the past year I have been subject to quite a number of instances of ongoing harassment, burglary, and on a few occasions food tampering. It is not possible to get into the why and what this is all about here just now. But suffice to say the purpose of the persons harassing me is essentially political, with the aim of intimidating and discrediting me, lest I bring law suits and get started criminal investigations against them. These persons are very wealthy and powerful, and are extremely ruthless and amoral. They are so ‘far gone,’ that for them doing the ‘wrong thing’ is doing the ‘right thing.’ That there are aspects of my story which, are quite bizarre and incredible there's no denying. Yet at the same time, these are not so beyond evidence or explanations as my opponents like to casually and lazily claim. More, however, on the overall scenario later.

“In the meantime, what follows are, essentially, the most recent events relating to this ongoing nightmare.

“Somehow or other the perpetrators found ways of getting into my house, 1604 NW 70th St., and got hold of or made copies of my house keys. This was not all that impossible for on a few earlier occasions I had left the back window open when I had gone out, and it would have been a relatively easy matter of their climbing through there to get in, and thus get hold of a spare key from a drawer. At one point I did get new locks installed (a number of years ago), nevertheless their ability to get to my keys was somehow repeated again (probably from my absent mindedness leaving that back bathroom window open on a subsequent occasion).

“In about the middle of last summer, I discovered that my wallet was missing. I called the Seattle Police. They came, took a report, and gave me a case number. This case number incidentally was later deleted from my computer files, and when I made inquiry with the police about it some months afterwards, I was told there was no report of any such case. A short time following this incident, I found that my house keys were missing. When I looked at a place behind some books on a bookshelf where I hid my spare keys, I found the missing wallet! The main set of keys themselves turned up -- open to view -- on a table (or couch) a number of days later. Needless to say, I did not somehow negligently put my wallet in that location. Invariably I keep my wallet in my coat pocket or on a specific spot on a book shelf where I know I will find it.

“Oct. 20 or 21, 2000, on the lawn of the east side of my house, I found a mutilated squirrel. What was especially unusual about this was that he was surgically mutilated and deliberately skinned with his bowels turned inside out. I called the police to report this. Officer D. W. Umpleby, badge #4852, came in response. At first he surmised a dog might have done such a thing, but upon inspection concurred with me that it some person had deliberately done it, given the way the squirrel was sliced up. Even so, he said he would not take a report as he did not consider it as a crime as such. He did say however he would enter it in his regular log book.

“Oct. 27, 2000, Upon using some food items, bottles of ketchup and mustard, I found them poisoned with a disease, like a concentrated "cold," (like something from the Center for Disease Control.) You could unmistakably taste, even smell it in the ketchup

and mustard. This had actually happened before, though I did not call in about it. I contacted the police, having the bottles as evidence. Officer Dolan came to take my account. He said he saw no evidence of burglary, and refused to take a report. When I offered the ketchup and mustard bottles as evidence, he said I would have to go somewhere like the University of Washington laboratories to have it tested as the police had no facilities or means to do it.

“Oct. 30-31, 2000. Between 12 am to about 3 am, I was poisoned with something, causing indescribable and excruciating pains in my chest and ribs. During the day I had only some water and some coke to drink. As best as I can tell, it was the coke that had been tampered with. During the course of this seizure, I vomited and up came some yellow power, like barbiturates or something. The experience of it all was so awful, I literally thought I was going to die.²⁹ Later in the morning I called the police, and an Officer E. R. Haggerty, #6413, arrived. After telling him what happened he said there was no evidence and would not take a report. I requested he at least log it in his book, while at the same time I gave him a written account I had of what had been going with respect to the harassment and assaults against my person and home.

“My home had been got into on other occasions which I did not report. Among other instances I have had my computer tampered with, and whole programs deleted. Documents tampered with or removed. I build ship models and have had small pieces of the ship I was working on removed, in a vandalistic way. Even more absurdly, on an occasion in early past summer, I had an entire recycling bin stolen from me, with its contents! About 3 months later, this same bin turned up in my garage, with the exact same contents still in it. Needless to say, I had been in the garage any number of times in the intervening period and the garbage can size container was not in there.

“Just recently, some unknown party infected my computer with a virus which my Norton Anti-virus detected and quarantined: Bloodhound.W32.EP (memory resident, full stealth, triggered event, encrypting, polymorphic). I still have the file if any one is interested.

“Lastly, here worthy of note, the traffic sign in the middle isle of 16th NW and NW 70th right near my home (a few times it was the sign at 17th and NW 70th), has been repeatedly knocked down by someone driving a four wheeler or something over it. This has happened at least a half dozen times these past six months. The police say they don't know who has been doing this. Although I cannot categorically state this vandal is connected with the people who have been attacking me, it is perfectly in keeping with their arrogant, lunatic and intimidating ways to have been responsible for such a thing.”

In the following described series of events, which I reproduce here also as I essentially sent it out to various people in early 2001. One of my main purpose in attempting to seek legal addressing of the case was not so much to seek justice or recompense but by doing so initiate a formal investigation and thereby bring out the criminals. Unfortunately, to make the long story short, as earlier no one could or would help me.

²⁹ This same sort of poisoning as later repeated 2 or 3 times later and on one occasion (Jan. 2004) the pain lasted more like 8 hours. These incidents were, I think, the most *physically* painful of all my ordeal. On another occasion they were bashing in my head with radio for hours. This was not unusual only in this instance they did something to make it more physical. It literally felt like wearing an old army helmet and it being struck by a steel headed mallet so excruciating was the kind of headache caused. This also lasted for a more than brief duration, say an hour or two. By footnoting these “attack” incidents, I don't mean to trivialize their seriousness. They do constitute attempted murder as far as I am concerned. Yet having recounted already what I have thus far, it seems unnecessary to highlight or make a special case about them.

“On Monday Jan. 15, 2001 Martin Luther King Day, 6:45 am, I was cooking olive oil, and managed to spill some on my hand, thus seriously burning it. I called 911 and they sent out Fire people, three men with a fire truck. It was my idea to have it merely treated with some spray or powder. The fire person ostensibly in charge, a young to middle age blonde male (I did not get his name), upon examining it said I needed to go have the hand treated at a local Ballard medical facility. I told him that, under the circumstances, I would rather not and just wanted them to put something on it if they would, my reason being I simply did not feel the injury warranted it. At this point, he started accusing me of being crazy, asking if I was on medication -- merely because I preferred not to go down to get my hand treated. I told them thanks any way, and would just call Walgreens and get something. I at no time acted improperly, frantically or irrationally. Part of my concern was that I, not being a person with much money, I wanted to avoid any unnecessary expense, plus I frankly did not care for the derisive tone in which he was speaking to me.

“I then went back inside my house, after which they proceeded to call the police and a Harborview ambulance. Five police officers showed up, lead by officer Sgt. Jerry Harris. I told these men, as I told the firemen, that I preferred not to make such a fuss, and instead would rather purchase something from the drug store for it if the fire people themselves could or would not treat it. Sgt. Harris insisted on the other hand that I go to have it treated as I was told. I didn't like the idea but seeing they were going to force the matter I submitted, while formally protesting, to go along. At no time was I physically resisting, or acting over-emotionally about. I merely expressed my disagreement with there being made trouble over the matter. Nevertheless, I went along with what they said. I was taken down to the ambulance waiting outside and ushered inside it. Before, and while the ambulance was being made ready, I told officer Harris I wanted to make a formal report of what had been going on with respect to the aforementioned burglaries etc., (since the subject came up. He told me to contact him later and he would talk with me.

“As I went into the vehicle, the ambulance people of American Medical Response (AMR), a young woman and man, after a few words with the fire person in charge, told me they would have to tie me up. Naturally I objected to this a quite unnecessary. Again I was in no wise at any time physically, raising my voice or verbally resisting (other than some laconic remarks) about my being forced to go to the hospital. When I asked why they needed to tying me to the bed, i.e. my right ankle and wrist, and on whose authority they were directed to this measure, they said it was merely a precaution for my own safety, the male ambulance driver at the time remarking he ‘didn't want to work at McDonalds.’ On whose authority I was ‘tied down’ has yet to be determined. Again, though I formally protested, I peaceably acquiesced to their demand. At present, it might however, be surmised that the ambulance people took this measure upon their own responsibility. In passing, it should be noted that sometime later I was told by someone who knew about these things that unless a person was being taken to be committed, there was no justifiable reason for tying someone down in an ambulance like that. My being tied down like that by the way, only increased greatly the physical pain -- from my hand -- I was already in, as I could not use my one hand to help hold the injured one. After a leisurely drive -- no sirens -- down to Harborview (not, you will note, the Ballard medical facility mentioned by the fire dept. person). I was brought into the emergency wing. A supervising woman doctor was attending some people there and she asked when we came in what this was about. They told her I had burned. I stated I was formally there against my will, and was desirous of not incurring any medical expense. She said, "if its only a burned hand, he doesn't have to stay here -- he can go." Someone then whispered something to her, and after a pause she inexplicably directed to them to have me taken to a hallway for me to wait to have to be treated. At the time, I politely reminded those people that I was their against my wishes, and did not want to be there, though was no in any way making a scene about it.

“I was wheeled in the ambulance stretcher to another bed lying in a hospital corridor. They transferred me to this bed and again tied my ankle and wrist to the bed. Again I politely but firmly protested, without improperly resisting. Sitting in my bed I took from my pocket a rosary I had with to pray while I waited. A security person, (upon being asked said his name was "Sinclair") took my rosary from me saying it could be used to physically attack and injure someone. (He was referring to a 2 cm medal it contained depicting on one side the Virgin Mary and on the other Jesus.) I protested this silly measure aloud to the people there, but did not have my rosary returned to me until some 10 minutes or so later.

“After lying there for about a half hour, my hand was subsequently treated, and the job well-done by a doctor. The hospital people themselves behaved rationally, were very kind and did not see why they thought I needed to be treated that way.

“Some days after the incident I called Sgt. Harris to talk with him about what had been going on, as per our mutual remarks the day of the ambulance business. He agreed to set a time. There was some phone tag getting in touch with him and back, but after about a week or so had passed he agreed to arrange a time to come see me. It was arranged that I call him a certain day. I did, he wasn't available, and so I left a message. He did not, however, call me back. A few days later I was contacted by a King County Crisis Commitment Services person, a Bill Bruzas. They said Sgt. Harris had called them to evaluate me. While Sgt. Harris later said he talked to these people, he denied actually directing them to come speak with me -- contrary to what Mr. Bruzas claimed. It should be noted in this regard that even if I was crazy I could still be subject to crime, and it was only right that Sgt. Harris, or other police officer, fairly hear my story, but this he was refusing to do. But he presumed based on his "looking into the matter" that I was in effect, some person with mental problems, and that he therefore not allow me to make a police report of what had been going on. Originally, Mr. Bruzas contacted me by phone and said I was not forced to speak with him. On that basis, I told him, I did not think it was necessary and asked that he drop the matter, understandably indignant at what I considered Sgt. Harris uncalled-for and rude treatment of me. Some hours later in the afternoon, contrary to what he had said., Mr. Bruzas, along with a woman, S. Megorden [sic] showed up at my house. It was my understanding based on what he said that I was not obligated to speak with him, and that I had told him I just as soon not have him come over. My feeling, of course, was that his was all quite irrelevant. Mr. Bruzas in effect lied, apparently with the purpose of having it go on record that I "refused" to speak with him, thus making it seem there was something wrong with me by not cooperating, when in point of fact he earlier told me I was not obligated to speak with him. Even so, rather than turn him away, and thereby make it seem as if I were being unduly recalcitrant, I invited he and his partner in to the discuss the matter. They were there for about 15 minutes during which time I politely answered their questions, explaining what had happened, including mentioning that Sgt. Harris by doing this was reneging on his earlier promise, denying my right to make a report, and hear my side of the story. It was Mr. Bruzas, by the way, he who told me they did not have a right to tie me up in that ambulance unless it was for purposes of commitment.

“Within a few days following, I called officer Harris about this, asking why he had called those people, and refused to come let me tell my full story. Again in the course of two or so phone call conversations, he refused, albeit politely to discuss with me my situation and told me to go talk to the "Harborview people." His attitude was one of, he had looked into the matter, ostensibly deciding on that basis that there was something wrong with me, and therefore refused to take a report from me about all that had been going on. Without any disrespect to Sgt. Harris, who otherwise seemed like a decent individual, his attitude and that of the police has been frankly irrational. They say I have no evidence, or the evidence is insufficient, yet they refuse to hear my story. As anyone

should know, especially some involved in collecting evidence, you can't always justify the relevance of given evidence without a certain amount of analysis and thoughtful consideration, as not all evidence is of a blatant "smoking gun" character, especially when, with respect to a police matter, one is dealing with criminals possessing a penchant for cunning, and covering things up.

“* About Myself:

“I am 39 years old, and am originally from Long Island, New York, and my family moved out to Bellevue (Medina) about 1973. I was raised, and still am, a Roman Catholic Christian. In High School I was a Boys State delegate in 1978 at a convening in Spokane. I attended the University of Washington where I received a Bachelors Degree in English. Later I attended Gonzaga Law School in Spokane for two years.³⁰ I am a published author and have done work for Classic Images magazine, a nationwide publication and Novastar computer Game company. On many occasions I have been a social activist in the past, often writing and speaking out on behalf of animal rights. Having composed a number essays, poems and short stories my first published book in book form was *Mabel Normand: A Source Book to Her Life and Films*. Author, film reviewer and columnist Anthony Slide wrote of this book

“*Mabel Normand: A Source Book to Her Life and Films* deserves wide readership. No reference library should be without it. It is a gallant and eminently worthwhile attempt to resurrect Mabel Normand to her rightful place in film history.’

“Bruce Long, author of *William Desmond Taylor: A Dossier* wrote:

‘MABEL NORMAND: A SOURCE BOOK TO HER LIFE AND FILMS, by William Thomas Sherman, has just been published. Compared to most other books on silent film stars, this is truly a great book--more than a great book, because it stands as a prototype of the way such books should be. If only there were similar books available for dozens of other silent film stars!’

“On the basis of this book I was interviewed and appeared on television on the E! Network's "Mysteries and Scandals" program in 1998. Part of its subject involved an investigation into the unsolved 1922 murder of film director William Desmond Taylor, which involved some police of a kind of my own. I am including it with this letter as a sort of testimony as to my character and intelligence. Presently, the revised and updated edition of the Source Book is coming out and will soon be available.

“In my leisure time, I am an amateur violinist³¹ and build historical wooden ship models.

“Nature of the original harassment and violence crimes.

“It is not really possible to get into any real detail here as to what my claims about my being subject to crimes, such as assault and burglary are about, given their extremely bizarre nature and the deranged character of the person (s) behind them. This business has been going on actually for about 9 years now, and these people, reportedly connected with Microsoft and Dreamworks have made my life a living hell. Part of what

³⁰ I also was in the Army (National Guard) for a while and successfully completed Basic Training and then Armor school training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, was part of the 1st Brigade of the 803rd Armor Division, and afterward attended ROTC school briefly at Fort Lewis here locally (my entire service lasting 9/88 to 1/90). I was however discharged, though honorably, from the army on the grounds of false enlistment. I failed, when I enlisted, to mention a (property) trespass offence from back around my time in high school – or such was the reason I was given. My not finishing law school (once more to make a long story short) related to a dispute I had with my father.

³¹ I had taken lessons for a few months from a fine elderly gentleman who lived on Capitol Hill, a block or so away from Bischofberger's, the violin maker there, and got to where I could play some sonatas by Bach and Corelli. tolerably well. However, “they” would grease my bow hair or have sprites hang on the tip my bow, or pull on strings while I played so that it has been some time now since I have tried playing.

they have succeeded in doing is isolating me from people, by bribing them blackmail them, threatening them, and smearing my character with them. I have contacted the Seattle Police Dept., King County Sheriff, FBI (some of the earlier events took place in Los Angeles), and Senator Patty Murray this past year about my overall ongoing case, and have not received even ONE single response from any of them -- which speaks either to the influence of these offenders, or their ability to interfere with my mail. The whole thing is so extreme and absurd, I must admit I am at a loss to understand what these people's (i.e. the perpetrator's) problem is. But essentially it seems to be something political in nature, inasmuch as I am one particularly given to speaking the truth who they want to debilitate and or discredit. As of recent years, another obvious motive of there's is to drive me crazy or at least discredit me so that I will not be able to bring criminal charges against them or sue them. In the very near future I will be composing a detailed account of all that has been occurring with respect to my case. When that is finished you are certainly welcome to a copy. Even so, the overall story is not strictly necessary for purposes of addressing my claims with respect to the incidences of Jan. 15, and the incidences immediately leading up to.

“Conclusion

“The validity of my case regarding the prior burglaries, or my alleged being ‘crazy’ is not strictly speaking in question here -- as such. What then is at issue is my treatment at the hands of the Seattle Police Dept., Seattle Fire Dept., AMR, and Harborview security. For even if I am ‘crazy,’ as they will claim, that does NOT justify:

1. “the peremptory assumption that I could not be victim of a crime(s), and that protection as a citizen from violence, burglary, theft be denied me by the police.
2. “my being denied my right as a citizen to make a report of a crime to the police.’
3. “my being restrained in an ambulance when the purpose of transporting me was not for commitment, nor for reasons of my physically resisting or being verbally abusive to the ambulance people.
4. “my being denied my religious right to have access to my rosary.

“Of course, it is my contention that I am not crazy or mentally disabled, but rather that this is something that has been falsely impugned to me. Granting me this, it further follows that there is no reason:

1. “why I should be denied refusing medical assistance for my burned hand. Clearly, the woman doctor on duty at Harborview, when we initially arrived, was of the same opinion as myself..
2. “why I should suffer the indignity, humiliation, and distress of being tied up, least of all when I was already in great pain from my hand.

“A certain smugness, sarcasm, haughty disingenuousness, hasty generalizations, dissemblings, circular reasoning one can often detect in perjurers and people given to legal obfuscation. Such behavior one will find aplenty if one talks or inquires with many of the officials involved in these incidences. A decided indifference to the truth, at times reaching to an antipathy, is not in the least uncommon. As long as the observer or interviewer is honest themselves, it doesn't require a person with great sensitivity or insight into human psychology to spot a liar when they speak with one of these people. There are things about my case which, admittedly, are not readily establishable or easily determined. Nevertheless, the credibility and honesty of my opponents, however, -- to a detached intelligent observer -- is certainly not one of those points of dispute.”

Though there is much more to relate, I will before closing and giving my conclusions give some description of the difficulty I had trying to get an attorney to take my case of being involuntarily taken to Harborview in the Martin Luther King Day incident. For my own convenience, I will here mostly reproduce notes I took at that time.

“Wrote to Robert Wayne, Luvera, and other attorneys 2/16/01”

In a letter to Seattle attorney Charles Hamilton of Mar. 14, 2001, I list the following attorneys, law firms, or others as having been written to in February.

“Below is the letter I sent out to you previously, Feb. 16, but, for whatever reason, you had not received. I might note that I also sent copies that same day (addressed and introduced differently depending on whom I was addressing) to: Kargianis, Watkins, Werner; Luvera, Barnett, Brindley, et. al.; Paul Kirschner and Assoc., John Walsh, atty.; Robert Wayne, atty; Ron Perry, atty; Levinson, Friedman, Vhugen, Duggan and Bland; Mayor Schell, City Councilman Jim Compton (head of committee on Public Safety). So far I received one letter back from the Luvera firm (I am including the email response), and one from a clerk, Lance palmer, of Levinson, et. al, both briefly saying their firms cannot take the case. Otherwise, I have not, for what it is worth, received any word yet, from any of the others.”

“Wrote Mayor Schell Feb. 16.

“Last week of March (or first week of April) wrote KCBA, ACLU (either Tues, Feb. 27)

“Received reply from ACLU, dated April 11, Claire Younker Moe, said they could not take case.

“Contacted Patty Fraser [i.e. at the King County Bar Association.} , Friday April 13, inquired about my case said she had not received it in mail. I emailed it to her, and she said she would have Joan Anderson look at it. pattyf@kcba.org

“Jeffrey Needle – April 16

“Send off letter to Mindensbergs, Gautschi, Thurs. Apr. 17
James Lobsense April 19 (no time, not within his ‘expertise’), secretary ‘Jenn’ on Apr. 19 told me that he could not respond in writing to a case unless he was going to take it. She had asked if she could respond to me on his behalf but was told she could not do so.

“King County Bar Assn. Patty Fraser called Apr. 13 said she did not receive letter, I [had] emailed it to her, she said she would have it looked into Mon. 16th. No answer called 2:30 pm Thurs. 19th they said Joan Anderson left at 2:P00 would not be in Friday would respond Monday 23rd.

“April 20 (had spoke with her a week and a half earlier, no response after Stephani Cirkovich said Mayor did not know about business had sent report to SPD internal investigations

“April 20 Julian Saucedo of Councilman Compton’s office had sent report to SPD internal investigations, upon inquiring was told they did not have report, I emailed him a 2nd copy.

“Monday, April 23
Called KCBA, was told Joan Anderson would mail me within a few days.

“Fri., April 27
No response from Joan Anderson, called KCBA again was told by a person ‘who worked there a long time’ there was no Sally Fraser, this by Josie Bell, Julie, Edna.
Called three times, and could not get through for like 20 minutes each time.

Joan Anderson was gone till the 14th, will mail report Monday as directed by Ms. Bell to A Tanya W. to follow up.

“Contacted by SPD about my case a Lieut. Mark Olson 684-0850 referred to matter by his supervisor, who spoke to and about case to Julian Saucedo, said he did not have my case narrative. I asked he contact Mr. Saucedo and obtain narrative form him if possible.

“Monday April 30
Called KCBA, Tanya not in.

“Tues. May 1
Called Susan Mindensbergs said she could not take case
Prior to that I was put on hold 1120 to 1200 left message for Tanya W.
Finally made contact with Tanya W. Called here earlier about noon, she wasn't there left note for her to call me. Called kcba back about 4 pm, she said she got the note but 'didn't have the number, it was on someone else's desk.' I asked her if I could start from scratch and email my case to her. She agreed. I called her back to make sure he had received them. She said she found out, apparently from a note on Joan Anderson's desk that Ms. Anderson had spoken to 7 or more attorneys and could not find anyone to take the case. I asked Tanya if she would send me a formal letter explaining that fact. She said she would.”

“Called Rick Gautschi, whom I had mailed my case to, asked that he call me back” [but he, for whatever reason, and like most of the rest, did not do so or was prevented from doing so.]

There are a good many other strange occurrences and happenings which took place these past 12 years, but which I didn't even mention here, endeavoring instead to relate mostly and only events both specially memorable and or representative of others. To be frank I feel like an idiot having to live the way I do, isolated, abused, often treated rudely by people despite all I have already gone through. But the fact is, I am not to blame for what I suffer, while at the same time I am happy beyond expression to know that I am an enemy to the kind of people and forces, who to my mind reflect the worst of either Earth or Hell (whether Hell from above or Hell below.), indeed, and as far as I am concerned the most horrifying people in the world today. I take great pride in the fact that, with God's grace, I have been able to fight off these people, alone, with no money, no assistance, while being daily assaulted with brain radios and other sorts of harassment, while those whom I fight and have fought are ages old, have plenty of money, plenty of people working for them, and various kinds of both spirit people and advanced technology at their disposal. To call these spirit people “losers” as I have done on many occasions seems to me more than warranted, and it is a great shame – to say the least – as well as being completely ridiculous that there are or would be some who would see such people as I have spoken of as either divine or representing higher wisdom. Yet there are such people who do, and it is very odd to think that one of the main reasons this world of ours goes to Hell (as it does) is due in no small part to people's inability to distinguish real from false Heaven, looking more to show and feelings, rather than substance and truth.

My final recommendation to others who do or might encounter such as I have described: Do the right thing, be rational, use common sense, and know that no spirit person is inherently better than you are, nor is any under less obligation to be moral, decent, fair, and reasonable than you yourself – regardless of all fantastic power and sorts of power they might display or possess.

Now a few extra comments I think are in order concerning “The Heroes of Might and Magic.” Time and again they have tried to marginalize me with people, yet the

fact is I was never interested in them. Yet they were and are very interested in me, and have spent enormous amounts of money in the course of hounding me and getting others to go along with them. They will mock me and say I missed out on life (so far) – yes but that’s because I wasn’t fairly allowed to participate or compete to begin! Many times I have received prank e-mail messages deriding me for not having a major college degree, implying therefore I should not be listen to with respect to academic or scientific matters. My response is that I don’t ask anyone to listen to me, but to look at the facts, consider reasonable arguments I have to make, and judge for themselves the truth.

If I am wrong why the need for the people I (have tried to) describe to bother me? I must think with respect to the wealthy person(s) who has acted as (regular person) chief of staff for the ghost or else :Faustus” that he is like Adolph Hitler or Joseph Stalin, responsible for the most atrocious acts, yet will go on believing that he is someone how helping people.

What at this point can be done? My problems as they stand are:

The terms of my Social Security disability payments include the stipulation that I cannot have more than \$2,000 dollars at a time – not all that much to live on for many people, and certainly a preposterous amount to have to combat literal “Hell” with. These people still regularly run brain radios on me, thus severely limiting what I otherwise can do physically and mentally, and routinely hit me up with sprites and demons, though these days I rarely if ever “see” apparitions, ghosts, and spirit people in physical manifestation,, palpable to the naked-eye form.

Being without a car now, it is difficult for me to move around. But much worse than being without a car is if I go out to walk or take the bus they will assault me with a demon and brain radio, possibly have something set up waiting for me in advance of where I am going. At the same time if I am away from my house for too long it gives them that much more opportunity to break into my home, and go into my things (including my papers and documents on these matters, some of which they have stolen.) On top of all this the abuse I have and still to suffer continues to take its tool on me -- non-stop now for 12 years -- and I am not sure how much longer I can go on like this before becoming more severely debilitated.

My regular, mail, e-mail, and phone continue to be interfered with³² so that what gets out or what I receive is by approval of (whom I would call) “the commandant.” This means I am prevented, especially as an author, from being able to make a living, or to do so without absurd and obviously unwelcome interference and oversight by my enemies. I therefore most urgently need to have my communications properly restored to me, including postal mail, e-mail, and phone.

There are a number of ways this problem might be addressed, but for starters I would like to establish or re-establish contact with the following people. If possible, I would like them to have copies of this Narrative in advance so that (if not already) they can be made familiar or more familiar with my situation.

³² To give just one example, I sent a (to be signed for) certified mail to Jerry Brown’s “We the People” group in Oakland and it was returned unsigned, as if they refused to receive it. The U.S. Postal Service, or certain importantly placed people in the U.S. Postal service, I do believe are definitely involved in some way as an accomplice with these people. It is worth remarking in regard the series of post office shootings that have occurred in the past decades: disgruntled employee guns down supervisor or fellow worker. This sort of occurrence (to make a long explanation short) suggests invasion of the postal service by Hell people, to obviously better control that most fundamental of societal institutions.

There are others I might list but do not do so thinking that this list here should, for starters, be sufficient and more convenient for the purpose. Addresses and numbers give are the most recent I have but are still possibly not current.

* Peter Underwood
(or someone representing)
The Ghost Club Society
The Hon. Secretary,
Mr Trevor Kenward,
Pine Trees
26 Dewlands Rd
Verwood. Dorset. BH31 6PL.
Reason: spirit people study and research.

* Charlie Brown
1501 Fir Street SE. Auburn, WA 98092
Home: 1-253-833-1934
Reason: friendship, personal

* David Erickson, Shrapnel Games
<http://www.shrapnelgames.com>
Reason: prospective Horse and Musket 2 scenarios

* Bruce Long
Math Dept 1804
Arizona State University
Tempe, AZ 85287-1894
Reason: Crime study, specifically the William Desmond Taylor case

* Heather Ripley Glaisyer
25 East Grimsby
Arbroath, Angus
DD11 1PA U.K.
Reason: I wrote some poems, see my *Poems* (which you can find at my website <http://www.gunjones.com>), and am interested in knowing directly from her that she actually received them. I did receive an email from someone claiming to be her that she received them, but frankly I do not believe it was her, and would appreciate if she could contact me other than by e-mail (at least at present.)

* William Drew
59 Washington Street #230
Santa Clara, CA 95050
Tel: 408-247-9513
Reel Drew @ aol.com
Reason: silent film studies

* Local, regional, national Law enforcement generally who might have questions on these matters as they pertain to combating crime.³³
\
finally and also...

³³ I have contacted the FBI a number of times, at least 3 or 4, including submitting complaints about hacking on the internet to them, or personally submitting one of the drafts of my story to their Seattle office, and have never once received a response back from them.

Appendix B

Correspondence and Miscellaneous

a. Correspondence

(I also have copies of the most of the responses, if I received any, from the letters given below. In addition there were other letters I sent but what is contained here is sufficiently representative of them.)

March 26, 1993

Dear University [of Washington] Hospital Collection Dept.,

In response to request for payment of certain charges for visiting the University Hospital Emergency Room, I must inform you that I neither can nor will not pay it. The reason I can't pay it is that, quite simply, I'm unemployed and broke. However, were this the only reason, I would still pay you back in increments as I was able to earn some money. My credit has always been good, and I have always paid my debts when I am in a position to do so. The primary reason then that I won't pay it is because the 'care' and treatment I received in the ER was not only negligent, but criminal, as I will explain here shortly. I thought that by just ignoring your initial collection notices that I was doing you a favor by not suing you instead. Were I not poor and preoccupied with getting on with my life as I am, I would bring an action against you. As this is not the case, I thought it best to ignore the bills. Yet since, however, as indicated by a phone call I made to you regarding your notices you've said you would like the truth, I'll give it to you.

What brought me to the ER was at least four separate cases of my having been poisoned. Now it is true that I had taken Sudafed and Benadryl (as prescribed by an ER staff member) for a respiratory ailment, however, the effects of the poisonings were similar to street drugs. When I was in high school, I experimented at one time or another with cocaine, speed, and hallucinogenic mushrooms. I was not a repeat user, but I had at least tried them once to three times each. Consequently, I am familiar with the effects they cause. The effects of the poisonings then were very much like the effects of these drugs, if not identical. It is my personal belief then that the poisonings and the treatment I received in the ER was some kind of twisted extension of the war on drugs of which I was made a victim. I do not know this is the motive for what happened to me in point of fact, but this is my best guess. Why me? I have been smoking marijuana for the last five years and had only recently stopped in August. It may have been that the poisoning and treatment I received was done with the approval of one or both of my parents. My parents, of course, as would be the case if it were true, deny any such involvement. Nevertheless, I offer this here as a possible explanation for the poisonings which brought me to the emergency room. In any case, it is not the poisonings themselves which are my cause of complaint against you, only the reason for my being in your emergency room. When it comes right down to it, I honestly can't say that I know exactly why I was treated in the outrageous, negligent and criminal manner I am about describe. I offer this business about "the war on drugs" as being a possible motive, not a known and established one. After all it, one would be hard put to describe any sane or rational explanation for why people, especially "physicians," would treat another person so.

What happened to me in the emergency room:

Staff was, for the most part, callous and surly, thereby contributing to the stress I was enduring as a result of the poisoning. On numerous prolonged instances, I was made to wait for a doctor to attend me. When I was attended to it would be different doctor's or nurses, practically none of whom appeared at once together. I can understand ER staff being busy, but the nights I was there the place was practically vacant of patients. But what's more, when the doctors would leave me, I would hear them in another room laughing and making friendly chit chat with each other as if they had nothing better to do. This was after I was told they needed to seriously discuss my problem amongst themselves. I would think it would be common sense that a person who was poisoned would be suffering trauma, why did not those in charge of the staff, at the very least, take this into consideration?

I was hooked up to an EKG machine and tape was used. The tapes and wires were placed on my chest. When I went home afterwards I went straight to bed without undressing. When I woke up next morning and did get undressed I found an EKG tape attached to my scrotum. When I was in the ER I began to feel very drowsy after a while, it is my belief that what happened on this occasion was that I was put to sleep, or I fell asleep naturally thus making this act of assault possible.

The treatment I received for the poisoning was different each time, and much of it seemed to have nothing to do with what was ailing me. For example, I was made to listen to a psychiatrist rather than have a blood or urine test which would identify whether I had ingested a foreign substance. I feel, in retrospect, that these efforts in the way of psychiatric counseling were done to discredit my credibility should I protest what was done to me.

On one of the occasions, I was placed on a table and the 'doctor' felt out my entire body, from head to foot. Because I was scared and drowsy from the poisoning, and assumed he knew what he was doing, I didn't resist. However, the feeling I came out afterwards of was of my having been sexually molested. To this day, I don't see how 'feeling me out' (i.e. my entire body - from head to foot) would serve anything in the way of diagnosis or treatment for a case of poisoning.

On one occasion I was given a medication to take with some 'instructions.' Later when I went home to take it, I discovered that these instructions neither named what the medication was, nor described in what dosage it should be taken. I was staying at my father's house at the time of these visits and for some strange reason this documentation mysteriously disappeared from my room.

Due to the traumatic and debasing nature of what happened to me, I've tried to put these events behind me such that there are certain things which I simply do not remember, e.g. the name of the physician who molested me or the specific visit at which it occurred. It is possible that were I to think hard and piece together my recollections that I could come up with some of these absent facts. At this time though, I can only tell you what at this time I do recall. Just having to relive what happened by writing this letter is painful and degrading enough for me.

If you insist on battling this matter out in court, I will do so. However, I would hope that at least on the basis of my indignity that the charges could be waived.

(note. a copy of this letter was sent to your Downtown physician center with the relevant financial information).

Sincerely,

William Thomas Sherman

July 25, 1993

Dear Mr. Bernard, (Queen of Angels Hospital)

Recently I sent your hospital a copy of a complaint I filed with you charging staff misconduct that occurred August 10, 1992. It is with regard to that complaint that I am writing this letter.

The other day I obtained a copy of my medical records, and no where in them do I find reference to the nature or name of the medication that I was injected (in the buttocks) with by a middle-aged, female member of the ER staff. Is the reference to it in the record contained in hospital code/short-hand or is there just no reference? What ever the case, I am writing here to request to know what the name and nature of that medication was that I was administered.

Please write and inform me as to what the answer is.

Yours Sincerely,

William T. Sherman

August 16, 1993

Medical Board Of California
Complaint Unit
1426 Howe Ave., Suite #54
Sacramento, CA 95825-3236

Dear Medical Board,

I am writing this letter to report to you a blatantly unethical and criminal incident which occurred at Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles on a Saturday in August of 1992. Because my rights as a citizen visiting a public hospital were violated in more than one manner, it is best to state what my charges are by providing a full account of the sequence of events. I hope you will pardon its length, but I feel a detailed account is necessary. Why I have waited till now to write this letter will be explained in the course of my story.

I am an author/historian from Seattle who was in Los Angeles last summer doing research for a book project. I left Seattle moving to the Echo Park area of Los Angeles in late April 1992. On a Sunday in August I attended a musical concert at the Roxy on Sunset Blvd. Prior to the concert I ate at the Spaghetti Factory on (I believe) Santa Monica Blvd. My meal there consisted of spaghetti and a glass of wine. Afterwards at the concert itself, I had a diet coke. While I enjoyed the concert very much, the group performing was an English pop-group Shakspear's Sister, during the course of it I suddenly began to feel very ill, and for no reason started to sweat uncontrollably. While it is true the club atmosphere was rather stuffy, this no way seemed to explain why I was, in a gradual flash as it were, rendered inexplicably queasy and drenched with perspiration. Prior to the concert I was in the best of health and spirits and the onset of my discomfort came as a great surprise. Indeed, in all my life up unto this point I have almost never had need for a physician other than on one occasion when I had sprained my ankle.

In the following week I did not feel very well. I attributed this to simple fatigue. Then on one day in the week I ate at the Milano restaurant (on Alessandro?) and thought a proper meal would do me good. Instead I became dramatically worse. I began to experience extreme constipation, a condition which I had never suffered in any way shape or form prior to this, such that it became impossible for me to go to the bathroom. As well, to my shock I discovered that my sexual organ would not function other than to urinate. My breathing became more difficult. Hoping that all this was simply some temporary malady brought on accidentally, I rested for a few days hoping it would go away. But it didn't, and by the end of the week it finally became obvious that I needed to go to a hospital or clinic. On Saturday morning I called a friend and asked him if he knew a clinic or doctor he could recommend. I will omit his name here out of courtesy - he is a rather old gentleman, but will provide it if requested by legal authorities. He arrived to pick me up at my address at 1377 Lucile Ave. off Sunset and we looked around for the nearest clinics. Unfortunately, after a lengthy search, every medical clinic we encountered on Sunset was closed. Why this was so I did not then nor now know why. In any case, my friend suggested the Queen of Angels Hospital on Vermont. To this I agreed.

We arrived at the emergency room of the Queen of Angels Hospital at around 10:00 a.m. I signed in and was told to wait. After sitting in the waiting area for five hours, during which time I felt fairly miserable, I was finally admitted about 3 p.m. to the Emergency room. There it was all a hub of noise and doctors, and cadets of some sort (police, medical, or police/medical I don't exactly remember, they were wearing Navy blue cover suits) were running about - the place gave the appearance of being busy. I was assigned a bed behind some portable curtains, given a smock and told to undress. There were at least two policemen present in the room who apparently were waiting while someone in their custody was being treated. No one could see in or out of the curtained area I was located, except very slightly through breaks where the curtains formed into corners.

It was at this juncture that I began to suffer the mistreatment for which I am writing this letter.

After a doctor, I forget which one, briefly heard what was ailing me, he (she?) left and different staff persons came and took my blood pressure. My blood pressure was registered clumsily at least three times by different persons while I waited for a doctor proper to return. At the time, I thought the repetition of this procedure by different persons, including at least one "cadet," was rather incompetent.

Finally, Dr. Phillip Fagan, a rather muscular, middle aged, black male with a moustache, came into my spot to check my breathing with a stethoscope. Customarily, it has been my experience that when this procedure is done the patient is either standing or sitting up. Dr. Fagan had me lie back on the bed/examination table and told me to breathe as he applied his instrument. As he came to the area upward to the left of my heart, he made a pointed clenched fist and suddenly and with thoughtful and quick deliberation punched me below my left shoulder. I was so shocked by it I didn't know what to say or could think what could account for his doing it. Finishing up, he asked a few questions and left me. I waited a while longer very much perplexed. Then a middle aged female staff member with short (brown?) hair came in by herself into my spot. Holding a hypodermic needle filled with a brown/yellowish liquid in her hand, she told me to roll over as she administered its contents to me. Simply assuming she knew what she was doing, desperate to be rid of the "chill" that suffused my groin, and without questioning I simply acquiesced and without informing me of what I was being given, she injected me. She then departed and I was again left to wait.

As I sat there I gradually began to feel what was apparently the "medication" taking effect. I suddenly began to have great lapses in my train of thought and suddenly found it difficult to form words. It is all somewhat difficult to describe except to say that it felt as though I had been given a very, very strong narcotic of some kind. By this time, I became very fearful, after being punched and now this apparent drugging, and didn't quite know what to do. Each time I tried to get hold of a staff member for help I was very rudely told to wait. For the next three or four hours I lay on my bed waiting for one of the doctor's to return, during which lengthy time feeling utmost distress at my situation. I literally felt and thought I could very well die then and there, due to the effect of being punched, as I thought, in the heart and the injection.

Now let me say at this point, that the emergency room all this time was in utter pandemonium. It was a literal madhouse which included someone farting loudly and repeatedly, and directly at me from an adjacent bed, some patients screaming and yelling in apparent delirium. How on earth anyone could expect to regain their health in such an environment, even if it is an emergency room, is beyond me. I fully understand and appreciate how chaotic such a place can get, but this went beyond outrageous or ridiculous.

By eight o'clock, a Dr. Fagan gave me a bottle of liquid laxative and directions to buy antihistamine. Without ever telling me once what might be ailing me, or saying whether the problem with my groin was cured or not, he finally released me. Naturally, by this time I was dying to get out of there, so I didn't trouble to ask him about what condition was. In any case, he made it so very clear that he was busy, that even if I had tried to get him to talk for more than one or two minutes he would have put me off or casually allowed himself to be distracted. He was not entirely unsympathetic when I spoke with him, only he would not stay to answer what seemed to me were very pertinent and straight forward questions. Given the inordinately prolonged amount of time spent seriously dealing with my case one would have thought I should have been there no more than ten or fifteen minutes, been on my way, while freeing the "doctors" to devote their time, and my bed, to other cases. Instead it took around four hours for me to simply wait around to get a bottle of laxative and directions to get antihistamine.

The next day I returned to the hospital to complain and make inquiries. I asked to know what it was I had been injected with. After a lot of running around for an answer a staff person showed me a document of some kind with "Penheglian" written on it, that presumably being the medication. My current records mention "Phrenegan," but this was not what was written on the document. The doctor's name then was given to me as "Herb" Fagan. This was written on this same document. I then got a senior staff person of some kind and sat down with her and told her what happened. After hearing my story, she politely told me that this was a "good" hospital and that they didn't do things like that. I then requested my medical records and was sent to the records division. Once there, they told me that my records weren't ready and that I would have to come by on another occasion.

Disgusted and frankly now a little fearful, I shortly after all this, I think Columbus day itself, I left Los Angeles and came back to Seattle. Not surprisingly, after what I'd been through, I did not feel comfortable remaining in Los Angeles. Although the laxative seemed to cure my constipation, I still had difficulty breathing and was feeling the effects of Dr. Fagan's having punched me. At the time, it felt as though my heart had been injured, hence my feeling that I might die, which I mentioned before. When I'd returned here, however, I went to a clinic. My injury was diagnosed as damaged muscle within my left shoulder and they prescribed Advil, which had the desired effect of alleviating the pain.

Quite obviously, I had absolutely no idea of expecting anything remotely like this to happen when I went to a hospital. I had always hitherto thought ordinary doctors were generally responsible professionals who one could put their trust in. Imagine then my inexpressible horror and dismay to have undergone what I've described. If these things were done to me deliberately, which I am inclined to think is the case - though I can't say that I know, perhaps this kind of shock and intimidation was these person's apparent intention.

I subsequently obtained a copy of my records for my stay in the emergency room copies of which are included here. Whether the date on my records, August 10, 1992, refers to when they were processed or the actual date of my visit I don't know. However, it is absolutely impossible that the day I was admitted to the ER was the 10th since the 10th of August of last year was not a Saturday. What specific Saturday my visit did take place I honestly don't recall except to say that it most definitely was on a Saturday following the Shakspear's Sister concert at the Roxy which in turn was on the Sunday previous.

Why have I waited till now to make this report? I am not rich, and just making ends meet, so it is with great difficulty that I can find the spare time and energy to relive these awful events by writing them down. I cannot afford to litigate, and I've been told after enquiring that even if I could afford it, it would be nearly impossible to prove my allegations in court, since I am practically my only witness. Not very long ago I have complained via letter to the hospital itself, but have, I suppose not surprisingly, got no response other than that they said they would look into it.

What would be persons motive to do such things to me? I frankly don't know. In any case, I do not feel it necessarily incumbent on me to provide a motive since any persons who would do such a thing in the first place could hardly be considered rational. I am a writer and of the things of mine could very well be considered controversial. The historical research project I was involved in Los Angeles had implications which, I suppose, some might consider undesirable. Yet never in my wildest dreams did I possibly imagine to incur someone's ire in this malicious kind of way.

What do I hope to gain at this point by reporting all this? I am under no delusion, realize how incredible my story must sound and am more than aware of the inherent difficulties of a relatively indigent individual challenging a major institution with comparatively limitless financial resources to legally defend itself. Believe me it took a lot of initiative and energy to merely write this letter knowing full well what I am up against. However, if what I assert is true, the persons responsible will likely find themselves committing some wrong in the future. The reasoning here is simply this, if someone would stoop as low as I have described by what absurd moral standard do they scruple between right and wrong in governing their actions? If nothing else then my report then will serve as a warning and caution to those who oversee their conduct. I do this more out of civic duty at this point than anything else. I could not live with myself knowing that I did nothing whatsoever to combat such intolerable misconduct. You may do with this letter as you please, for my part in my conscience I can say that I have done all I could under the circumstances.

If you have any questions, please feel free to write or call me.

Note. Copies of this letter have been sent to Los Angeles City and County legal and medical departments who would have jurisdiction, in one manner or other, over this matter. It was from one of them that I actually got your address.

August 16, 1993

Commanding Officer of Detectives
Los Angeles Police Department, N.E. Division
33353 San Fernando Road
Los Angeles, CA 90065

Dear Commanding Officer of Detectives,

I am writing this letter to report to you a blatantly unethical and criminal incident which occurred at Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles on a Saturday in August of 1992. Because my rights as a citizen visiting a public hospital were violated in more than one manner, it is best to state what my charges are by providing a full account of the sequence of events. I hope you will pardon its length, but I feel a detailed account is necessary. Why I have waited till now to write this letter will be explained in the course of my story.

I am an author/historian from Seattle who was in Los Angeles last summer doing research for a book project. I left Seattle moving to the Echo Park area of Los Angeles in late April 1992. On a Sunday in August I attended a musical concert at the Roxy on Sunset Blvd. Prior to the concert I ate at the Spaghetti Factory on (I believe) Santa Monica Blvd. My meal there consisted of spaghetti and a glass of wine. Afterwards at the concert itself, I had a diet coke. While I enjoyed the concert very much, the group performing was an English pop-group Shakspear's Sister, during the course of it I suddenly began to feel very ill, and for no reason started to sweat uncontrollably. While it is true the club atmosphere was rather stuffy, this no way seemed to explain why I was, in a gradual flash as it were, rendered inexplicably queasy and drenched with perspiration. Prior to the concert I was in the best of health and spirits and the onset of my discomfort came as a great surprise. Indeed, in all my life up unto this point I have almost never had need for a physician other than on one occasion when I had sprained my ankle.

In the following week I did not feel very well. I attributed this to simple fatigue. Then on one day in the week I ate at the Milano restaurant (on Alessandro?) and thought a proper meal would do me good. Instead I became dramatically worse. I began to experience extreme constipation, a condition which I had never suffered in any way shape or form prior to this, such that it became impossible for me to go to the bathroom. As well, to my shock I discovered that my sexual organ would not function other than to urinate. My breathing became more difficult. Hoping that all this was simply some temporary malady brought on accidentally, I rested for a few days hoping it would go away. But it didn't, and by the end of the week it finally became obvious that I needed to go to a hospital or clinic. On Saturday morning I called a friend and asked him if he knew a clinic or doctor he could recommend. I will omit his name here out of courtesy - he is a rather old gentleman, but will provide it if requested by legal authorities. He arrived to pick me up at my address at 1377 Lucile Ave. off Sunset and we looked around for the nearest clinics. Unfortunately, after a lengthy search, every medical clinic we encountered on Sunset was closed. Why this was so I did not then nor now know why. In any case, my friend suggested the Queen of Angels Hospital on Vermont. To this I agreed.

We arrived at the emergency room of the Queen of Angels Hospital at around 10:00 a.m. I signed in and was told to wait. After sitting in the waiting area for five hours, during which time I felt fairly miserable, I was finally admitted about 3 p.m. to the Emergency room. There it was all a hub of noise and doctors, and cadets of some sort (police, medical, or police/medical I don't exactly remember, they were wearing Navy

blue cover suits) were running about - the place gave the appearance of being busy. I was assigned a bed behind some portable curtains, given a smock and told to undress. There were at least two policemen present in the room who apparently were waiting while someone in their custody was being treated. No one could see in or out of the curtained area I was located, except very slightly through breaks where the curtains formed into corners.

It was at this juncture that I began to suffer the mistreatment for which I am writing this letter.

After a doctor, I forget which one, briefly heard what was ailing me, he (she?) left and different staff persons came and took my blood pressure. My blood pressure was registered clumsily at least three times by different persons while I waited for a doctor proper to return. At the time, I thought the repetition of this procedure by different persons, including at least one "cadet," was rather incompetent.

Finally, Dr. Phillip Fagan, a rather muscular, middle aged, black male with a moustache, came into my spot to check my breathing with a stethoscope. Customarily, it has been my experience that when this procedure is done the patient is either standing or sitting up. Dr. Fagan had me lie back on the bed/examination table and told me to breathe as he applied his instrument. As he came to the area upward to the left of my heart, he made a pointed clenched fist and suddenly and with thoughtful and quick deliberation punched me below my left shoulder. I was so shocked by it I didn't know what to say or could think what could account for his doing it. Finishing up, he asked a few questions and left me. I waited a while longer very much perplexed. Then a middle aged female staff member with short (brown?) hair came in by herself into my spot. Holding a hypodermic needle filled with a brown/yellowish liquid in her hand, she told me to roll over as she administered its contents to me. Simply assuming she knew what she was doing, desperate to be rid of the "chill" that suffused my groin, and without questioning I simply acquiesced and without informing me of what I was being given, she injected me. She then departed and I was again left to wait.

As I sat there I gradually began to feel what was apparently the "medication" taking effect. I suddenly began to have great lapses in my train of thought and suddenly found it difficult to form words. It is all somewhat difficult to describe except to say that it felt as though I had been given a very, very strong narcotic of some kind. By this time, I became very fearful, after being punched and now this apparent drugging, and didn't quite know what to do. Each time I tried to get hold of a staff member for help I was very rudely told to wait. For the next three or four hours I lay on my bed waiting for one of the doctor's to return, during which lengthy time feeling utmost distress at my situation. I literally felt and thought I could very well die then and there, due to the effect of being punched, as I thought, in the heart and the injection.

Now let me say at this point, that the emergency room all this time was in utter pandemonium. It was a literal madhouse which included someone farting loudly and repeatedly, and directly at me from an adjacent bed, some patients screaming and yelling in apparent delirium. How on earth anyone could expect to regain their health in such an environment, even if it is an emergency room, is beyond me. I fully understand and appreciate how chaotic such a place can get, but this went beyond outrageous or ridiculous.

August 23, 1993

[Addressed to?]

Sorry about Ray Moore

Enclosed is a

a) copy of my letter to the Board stating my complaint
b) Letter from Leah Kilger, of Hospital administration after I had sent my report to her.
c) copy of Recent response from Asst. Chief of Police Roger Serra to my request to investigate the possible criminal aspects of this case. Originally, at the advice of an attorney's office, brought my criminal complaint to the Seattle Police, they said to take it to the University Police. I then spoke with a Det. Roberts of the University Polioce on the phone and sent him a copy of the report of my complaint. After he read it, I spoke with him a few days later on the phone and he simply refused to investigate. Following this refusal I brought a complaint to the Asst. Police Chief Roger Serra about Det. Roberts refusal to investigate this matter in any way shape or form. This letter from Asst. Police Chief Sera then is his response to my complaint regarding Det. Roberts.

1) I never spoke with a Mr. Jim Smith, Chief Investigator. The only person with whom I had person to person contact with (and that was over the phone) was Glenn C. Hay-Roe, Intake Coordinator - the individual I refered to as the Board's public relations person.

2) At the advice of an attorney's office, I attempted to bring matter up with University Police, there response was that they could not do anything to investigate because it was a medical matter. There response was to take my complaint to the hospital administration, which I have already done when I wrote miss Kliger. Although Asst. Police Chief Serra mentions Leana Osterman as the person I should contact, Miss Kliger of the hospital administration gave me no such recommendation and presented herself as the person who should be contacted with such complaints and allegations as I raised. The problem then in dealing with the hospital itself is a) I have tried then to raise my complaint then with the hospital administration, but they have refused to deal candidly. The reason for this, one can easily surmise, is that the hospital obviously has little reason to subject themselves to possible liability or to risk hurting their reputation by dealing truthfully with my allegations.

Sincerely,

William Thomas Sherman

August 23, 1993

Secretary of the Senate Marty Brown
Legislative Building
P. O. Box 40482
Olympia, WA 98504-0482

Dear Mr. Brown,

In response to your letter on behalf of Senator Ray Moore's office, yes, I would very much like the matter I raised with Senator Ray Moore pursued further and brought to the attention of Senator Phil Talmadge and the Senate Committee on Health and Human Services.

My response to Bruce Miyahara's letter is this.

1) I never spoke with a Mr. Jim Smith, Chief Investigator. The only person with whom I had person to person contact with (and that was over the phone) was Glenn C. Hay-Roe, Intake Coordinator - the individual I referred to as the Board's public relations

person. When, after receiving the Board's terse verdict, I asked Mr. Hay-Roe if I could speak to someone about my case, he very politely told me that no one other than himself was willing to talk about it, and that for his part he had nothing to say except that the Board cannot disclose the basis of its findings other than that they have found for or against the patients complaint.

2) Mr. Miyahara's response in sum is that the Board cannot reveal what happened during the course of its investigations, except to give the verdict. This goes, once again, to heart of my original complaint against the Board which I raised with Senator Moore. What on earth is this secrecy for? Can we expect, in future, clandestine trials to establish a persons legal guilt or innocence? Is it not possible than such a system could be corrupted by doctors and hospitals trying to protect their own?

Either the Board handled my case in a negligent manner, or is assisting the hospital in a cover-up, or there needs to be some drastic changes made to the Medical Board's review process and procedures.

Enclosed for purpose of closer examination of my case are the following:

- a) Copy of my letter to Senator Ray Moore
- a) Copy of my letter to the Board stating my complaint
- b) Copy of letter sent from Leah Kliger, of Hospital administration, in response to my report.
- c) Copies of letter from Asst. Police Chief Serra, of the University Police.

Explanation: Originally, at the advice of an attorney's office, brought my criminal complaint (alleging possible sexual molestation) to the Seattle Police, they said to take it to the University Police. I then spoke with a Detective Roberts of the University Police on the phone and sent him a copy of the report of my complaint. After he read it, I spoke with him a few days later on the phone and he simply refused to investigate. Following this refusal I brought a complaint to the Asst. Police Chief Roger Serra about his refusal. This enclosed copy of the letter from Asst. Police Chief Serra then is his response to my complaint regarding Det. Roberts. Asst. Chief Serra states I must take my complaint to the hospital administration, which I have already done in my contact and correspondence with Leah Kilger. The problem then in dealing with the hospital itself is that they refuse to discuss the case. The reason for this, one can reasonably, is that the hospital obviously has little reason to subject themselves to possible liability or to risk hurting their reputation by dealing truthfully with my allegations.

If you or Senator Talmadge or his committe have any questions or require further information about this matter, by all means feel free to contact me and I will be more than glad to oblige you.

Thank you for your attention to this.

Sincerely,

William Thomas Sherman

September 14, 1993

Dept. of Health Facilities and Services Licensing
P.O. Box 47852

Olympia, WA 98504-7852
Attn: Hazel

Dear Dept. of Health Licensing Staff member,

This letter is being written to you to bring to your attention several separate instances of staff misconduct, negligence and patient abuse which occurred during the course of three visits to the University of Washington Medical Center Emergency room in October and November of 1992. Because what took place happened over the course of more than a week over nine months ago I cannot recollect every single detail of all that transpired. I have had in my possession records and documents corroborating or recording what I report here, yet for reasons admittedly unknown to myself, these have unfortunately 'disappeared,' including notes I kept on my computer which were entirely erased. This said, the following is the account of my charges based on what I do clearly remember or can independently confirm. I regret the length of this report, but due to the unusual nature of the events and the fact that what took place occurred over an extended period of more than a week, I feel my story requires thoroughness in examination given its concededly unusual nature. I will conclude this report with a summary of my charges and the important unanswered questions related to the case. The allegations I have to make refer to conduct which is either criminal, unethical or negligent. Some of the allegations are easily confirmed, others are less so. Yet however you credit a specific charge I make I would hope at the very least that you bear in mind that even if there is not sufficient evidence to indict an individual or the hospital on one count, particularly a criminal charge, this is not grounds in and of itself to necessarily absolve them of another allegation.

September 20, 1993

Medical Board Of California
Complaint Unit
1426 Howe Ave., Suite #54
Sacramento, CA 95825-3236

Dear Board Member,

I am writing this letter to amend slightly a report I submitted to you concerning staff misconduct that took place at the Queen of Angels Hospital on Vermont Ave. in Los Angeles in the latter part of 1992.

In my report, I affirmatively state that my visit took place in August. On this specific point my memory, as evinced by some records recently located, is incorrect, and my visit in fact took place in October. The reason for my confusing the two months was due to the fact that the pop group Shakspear's Sister, mentioned in my report, originally had a concert scheduled for August which was subsequently canceled and rescheduled for October. It was this memory in reference to the concert which caused me to confuse the month.

This noteworthy correction, however, is all of substance that needs to be amended, and my report otherwise properly stands as sent. I would though place added emphasis on the fact that I was given an injection, allegedly of Phrenegan, without being told what it was or what it was being given to me for, which had a horrendous side-effect. It was told me later that Phrenegan is given to treat nausea. The trouble with this is that my explicitly stated symptoms to the doctor were severe constipation, a "frozen-up" groin, and some difficulty breathing. While these naturally made me feel bad, I would not equate the feeling with nausea. It is extremely odd and anomalous to me that no where in my medical records for the hospital are my specifically reported symptoms even

mentioned, despite the fact that the Doctor examined my penis when I brought up the matter about the groin. All this of course is aside from the outrage of being punched.

If you have any questions please feel free to write or call me.

Sincerely,

William Thomas Sherman

The American Civil Liberties Union
705 2d Ave., Room 300
Seattle, WA 98104

October 19, 1993

Dear American Civil Liberties Union staff person,

Please accept enclosed here copies of letters I wrote to the Los Angeles Police concerning some rather (to put it mildly) unusual events involving that department and myself. The letters speak for themselves, and in making yourself familiar with my case it is necessary that you read them. My purpose in writing you is to report to you what happened while I was in Los Angeles - via these letters, and to ask your suggestions as to how I might deal with my case. I would also be interested in knowing if there are any Federal agencies who might have jurisdiction or other interest in the events my letters describe whom I might at least send my report - do with it what they will.

Your prompt acknowledgment of receipt of this letter would be very much appreciated.

Thank you for your time and attention to this matter. If you for your part have any questions, of course, feel free to call or write me. I would appreciate it if you would promptly acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

Sincerely,

Oct. 21, 1993

Medical Board Of California
Complaint Unit
1426 Howe Ave., Suite #54
Sacramento, CA 95825-3236

Dear California Medical Board,

A few months back I submitted a complaint you regarding an incident involving a Dr. Fagan which occurred at the Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles in 1992. My case number is 17-93-30020.

Since sending that letter some developments have come to light in the case which I think it necessary to bring to your attention:

* My original report is incorrect as regards the date. My visit to the Queen of Angels Hospital took place in October rather than August as it states. The reason for the

error is due to my associating the "Shakspear's Sister" concert it mentions with August due to the fact that the concert, as advertised, was originally slated for August, but was rescheduled to October. In trying to recollect exactly what happened, I connected the concert date with the date of the incident, which was the right thing to do except that my memory of the date of the concert was wrong.

* The doctor who allegedly signed my signed my medical records, Philip Fagan, was not the physician who treated me. The latter was instead one Elmer Eley. "Dr." Eley apparently had been investigated on an earlier occasion by Health Licensing and had been reprimanded for faulty medical records.

* Not long after the incident Eley was discharged from the hospital.

* My medical records contained no reference to my groin ailment, despite the facts that I explicitly voiced my complaint to him and that he physically examined that part of my anatomy in response.

* The medical records state that I was suffering from nausea, when on the contrary I was suffering from constipation. It was on this premise that I was injected with a substance alleged to be Phrenergan, such that even if what I was injected with was Phrenergan I was given a medication for something I wasn't suffering from.

Thank you for your time and attention to this matter.

Sincerely,

William Thomas Sherman

Nov. 15, 1993

ACLU of Southern California
1616 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90026
Fax: 213-250-3980

Dear ACLU staff person,

I am sending here to you copy of a report involving misconduct on the part of officers of the Los Angeles Police Department. Because my account is rather involved, it is better that you read my reports instead of my attempting to summarize briefly what happened here. Copies of these reports to the Los Angeles Police were supposed to have been sent to you earlier by the Seattle office of the ACLU, but as I have not recieved confirmation of their having arrived at your office, I am faxing them to you.

The reports speak for themselves, yet I would add that I am more than willing and happy to be subject to a lie detector test should there be any question as to the veracity of my allegations.

Your prompt acknowledgment of receipt of these reports would be greatly appreciated.

Yours Sincerely,

William Thomas Sherman

January 3?, 1994

United States Attorney
312 N. Spring St.
Los Angeles, CA 90012

Dear U. S. Attorney's office staff person,

(Note. A copy of this letter was sent to your office on December 9th. However, upon calling your office on December 29th, I learned that you had not received my original letter. I am therefore sending you this letter a second time.)

This letter is being written to you to bring to your attention a case involving misconduct and corruption on the part of the Los Angeles Police Department. The technical basis of my complaint is the failure of the police to investigate a charge of assault and battery, inflicted by a hospital doctor, that occurred to me while I was staying in Los Angeles during the summer of 1992. My case, however, has far deeper implications beyond this failure to act on a citizen's complaint and concerns as well what would suggest to be criminal behavior and criminal involvement on the part of the Los Angeles Police Department.

Enclosed with this cover letter are copies of 1) my initial letter to the Commanding Officer of Detectives reporting the assault and battery that took place at the Los Angeles hospital, and 2) a later letter sent, at the recommendation of the Los Angeles City Attorney's office, to Chief of Police Willie Williams complaining of the department's unjustified and unexplained failure to investigate my complaint. These two letters describe in detail what took place when I was in Los Angeles; the reading of which will provide you with the specific nature and background of my allegations.

My case is admittedly some what involved, yet I will briefly sum it up here to state that there is good reason to believe that certain members of the LAPD have seriously broken the law, participated in vicious terrorism and violated my civil rights in the interest of serving political ends. These, as I am sure you will agree, are very, very serious charges, charges which I do not make lightly. And while it might be understandable that some one reading or hearing my report and allegations might question their veracity, let me unequivocally state that I am more than happy and willing to submit to a polygraph or lie detector examination.

I am not an attorney, so technically I cannot specifically recommend to you how you ought to deal with my charges. I would say, however, that if what I allege is true that this is a matter of extreme seriousness inasmuch as the wrongs alleged to have been done or participated in were of a calculated and ostensibly organized nature; and that to let something of this nature slide or be swept under the rug would be to condone activities which bespeak the very worst kind of depravity and corruption. I would hope at the very least then, you would take the trouble to investigate my story.

Thank you for your attention to this matter and please feel free to call or write me with your questions.

Yours Sincerely,
William Thomas Sherman

July 14, 1994

Jeanne Kohl
House of Representatives, #402
John L'O'Brien Bldg.
Olympia, WA 98504

Dear Representative Kohl,

I am writing to you to lodge a complaint and possibly get your assistance in an issue regarding the state medical board.

In the Autumn of 1992 I was subject to negligence and mistreatment at the University of Washington Medical, in consequence of which I filed a report with the state medical board. Due to the somewhat involved nature of my complaint against the hospitals physicians, I cannot go into the details of my case here. Having said this, I will provide you with as much information about my case if you are interested or need to know. However my purpose in writing you is to address the procedures of the medical board and how my case was handled. Please inform if you want the details and I will send them to you.

Needless to say, my case, after many many months, which include an appealing and additional review by the board, was deemed by the medical board to be without merit and my allegations against the physicians dismissed. While I can respect the board's position to decide such matters as they think proper, I object strongly to the bureaucratic, insensitive and unfair way in they handled my case.

My objections to their handling of my case and then deciding against me is based on the following:

(a) Though my complaint in writing was received, never once was I given an opportunity to speak with an investigator.

(b) Though the nature of my charges were serious and then decided against, I was refused having any questions about my case answered, despite repeated requests.

(c) The members of the board who were specifically responsible for addressing my case were kept anonymous, such that I do not know who specifically investigated the case or who decided it.

In sum, the response I received from the board's public relations persons was that medical matters are too complicated for ordinary people to understand and that I must simply trust their judgment without desiring any specific explanation. Quite frankly, I find this kind of response coming from a department entrusted with overseeing a profession which deals with people's lives on the most intimate kind of level arrogant and irresponsible. Either my particular case was treated unfairly or else something must be done to make the medical board process of review more accessible to the public and physicians made more accountable for what they do. I am not rich, nor can I, at the present time, afford to go hunting around for and hire an attorney. I appeal to you then as my representative to look into this matter and work to provide the citizens of this state with a medical board that serves the needs of the people first and foremost.

If you have any questions or require more information, please feel free to contact me.

Yours Sincerely,

William T. Sherman

Reference case numbers:
Stephen Burns, case #: 93-09-0043
Charles Weaver, case #: 93-09-0067

July 26, 1994

Jeanne Kohl
300 West Harrison
Seattle, WA 98119-4081

Dear Representative Kohl,

As requested here is a copy of the letter reporting my complaints to the Washington Medical Board.

One of the infuriating things about my experiences in raising my complaint both with the University hospital itself and the board is that I have not been allowed to discuss my case with any one person-to-person. They have allowed me to write them letters, which I have, but never once, despite the seriousness of my allegations, did either the hospital or the board allow me the opportunity to speak with some one personally. No one, it seems, wants to take any responsibility or be made accountable. In each instance, I have been told to differ to their authority without there being any obligation on their part to provide answers or explanations. In sum, the only consolation I have been provided with in each case is the assurance that "I can trust them," i.e. in their judgment. Well, I would much rather have some specific answers than a condescending pat on the back and being told that they "looked into it."

Although, I am only sending the copy of my letter to the board, the medical records of my case are available, only I do not have as ready access to them at the moment as the letter. If you would like copies of the medical records written by Dr. Burns and Weaver, please let me know and I will have copies made and sent to you. The Board itself, of course, has copies of these same records and you have my full permission to obtain these from them.

Thank you for looking into this matter.

Yours Sincerely,

William T. Sherman

August 2, 1994

Detective Roberts
University Police
1117 N. E. Boat Street
Seattle, WA 98105

Dear Det. Roberts,

Enclosed is the letter regarding allegations of molestation against staff of the University Medical Center that occurred in Oct. of 1992.

As I mentioned to you on the phone, I bring this to your attention not to gain your personal sympathy but to ask that you see that the law has not been violated. Having spoken with you at some length over the phone, you already have some idea of what my allegations pertain to. I would like you to please contact Dr. Stephen Burns and DR. Charles Weaver, both to my knowledge, still working for the University of Washington Medical Center and, as best you can determine the following:

- 1) Did Dr. Burns or someone on his staff place an EKG tape on my scrotum during the time I was unconscious in the Emergency Room?
- 2) Who was the staff person at the hospital (on my third visit) who "felt me out?"
- 3) Does this person latter admit to "feeling me out?" If so, how was this related either as a diagnosis or remedy for what was ailing me?

4) Why did the staff disallow me a urinalysis or other chemical test to determine whether or not I had been poisoned? Gen a report of poisoning one would think this would be a common sense kind of request to make.

5) Why did the medical staff attempt to discredit me with Officer Underwood of the Seattle Police Department when I attempt to make a report of having been poisoned?

Given the seriousness of what I charge I hope you will at least inquire, by asking these questions of Dr. Burns, Dr. Weaver and the staff, and thereby determine or help determine whether there is any foundation to them.

Sincerely,

William Thomas Sherman

November 3, 1994

Representative Jeanne Kohl
300 West Harrison, 5th Floor
Seattle, WA 98119-4081

Dear Representative Kohl,

I would like to reply to Leana Osterman's letter with the following:

Before doing so, let me first submit for later reference here the questions raised in my original complaint.

1. RE the EKG tape found in private area: Of all my allegations I realize this, though it might be the most serious, is the most difficult to prove. Yet due to the gravity of it I did not feel it could afford to be overlooked. Also, mentioning it perhaps in one way or other might help to explain the events which followed. This same conclusion as well applies similarly to the matter about the faulty prescription.

2. Two of the three physicians who filled out the report on me proceeded to adjudge my case psychological in nature without having making any serious or sincere effort whatsoever to determine whether a foreign substance was in my system at the time. Why was I on each occasion presumed in need of psychiatric care without even having been given a urinalysis test? Why, except until the last minute of the last visit were these refused me when I requested them? After all, if I was poisoned as I alleged what how would this conflict with the symptoms I am described by the doctor to have exhibited? If there was any possible doubt why from the beginning was I denied the benefit of it? Wouldn't the hospitals version make more sense if they had given me a proper blood and urinalysis test, and then presumed to judge whether my ailment was somehow psychosomatic in origin?

3. Is systematically feeling out a patient's *entire* body, sans groin, a proper procedure for treating some undergoing the effects of a street drug? While I admit I am not in a position to answer that question, as a matter of common sense I don't see how feeling out a persons entire body has anything to do with remedying a complaint of poisoning.

4. Why did the staff feel they were in a position to interfere with and deprive me of my civil rights by preventing me from making a report to a Seattle Police officer?

Now to my response:

First, you will notice that none of the questions I raised earlier has been answered. Ms. Osterman brushes everything off without explanation other than to say that my allegations “have no rational basis.” Once again the message is to leave everything to the doctor’s they can do no wrong and we must trust their infallible judgment, even when possible allegations of criminal wrong doing are involved. Doctors, even though they empowered with the greatest trust over a person imaginable, because of their great prestige, are not, like every one else, required to provide full or rational explanations, even with regard to matters that are easy for a layman to understand. (*Note.* I am enclosing a recent article published in the *Seattle Times* which gives a demonstration of the kind of thing that can happen when matters involving a crime committed against an incapacitated patient by a medical staff person are left to the hospital itself to oversee.) As far as my case raises questions of general public concern, where on earth did this notion come from that medical personnel and doctors are not capable of committing serious crimes? One would think that this seems to be the assumption seeing that we allow them such extensive powers of self regulation and governance. Please just for a moment stop and consider the power medical people, particularly those in a hospital, have over people in their care who might, for one reason or another, be incapacitated. If any crime is committed, where there are no witnesses other than the victim, then who is the first to deal with the problem - apparently the hospital itself. Now why, given human nature, should we necessarily assume that a hospital would necessarily be more concerned about the public interest or that of a single, violated crime victim, rather than it’s own reputation and potentially being subjected to litigation.

As to my contacting the police: Yes, at the recommendation of an attorney I have, as you know, done so. They (the Seattle Police Dept.) said they would investigate but have yet to inform me what action (if any) they have taken. While it is not clear to me as yet how the police is going to address my complaint, it should be borne in mind that a Seattle police officer ran out on me at the hospital when I tried to make a report (see my original report), something which by the department’s own admission was wrong of the officer to do. Sgt. Mark Kuehn of the Seattle police initially told me that he would not investigate. When I asked him merely to write a letter stating why he would not investigate, he at first said he would write me such a letter. Two weeks later when I called him back to find out when I was going to receive this letter, he said he had changed his mind and on second thought was going to have my complaint investigated. What is being done at this point, I am still in the process of endeavoring to find out.

When I called her, I asked Ms. Osterman whether feeling me out was a proper procedure. Her first reaction was to say that the only proof of my being felt out was myself. Notice that she did not defend what the staff person did, rather her first response was to deny that it happened. Now my question was not how did she respond to my charge, but what purpose did this medical procedure serve. Clearly, her initial answered implied that she considered what I described as an act of wrong doing, otherwise she would not have felt it necessary to respond by characterizing my question as an allegation when in fact all I posed was a simple objective question of whether, medically speaking, such a “procedure” was ever warranted in a case such as my own, and if so why. When I pointed this out to her she then said that such a “procedure” would be appropriate but would not comment on whether it should have been used in treating me.

How did the doctor’s decide that I did not need a urinalysis? Ms. Osterman said they “looked” at me and decided that it wasn’t necessary. Ms. Osterman’s argument, based on what she said to me on the phone, in other words, is that I am crazy and that for this reason I should not be listened to. Now even if I were crazy, which needles to say I assure you I am not, does that mean that it would be impossible for a crazy person to be poisoned? Now granted we might suspect a crazy person complaining of being poisoned might suffering from might be a delusion, but does that mean crazy people could never be poisoned? The answer of course is no, such that there was no reason, given the

seriousness of what I complained of, to deny me a simple chemical test which I was more than happy to pay the expense for. The grounds for Dr. Burns (my first visit) of saying that I was crazy was based on my statement that I thought that *if* I had been intentionally poisoned, which by the way I did not automatically assume, that my father *might* have been responsible. Well, Dr. Burns then assumed that such a thing must necessarily be beyond the realm of all possibility and therefore I must be crazy. While I will grant that such an allegation might ordinarily be odd and unusual, my merely rising it as a conjecture as far as what had caused my problem does not seem to me sufficient grounds to assume that I was crazy, such that he could refuse me a simple urinalysis or blood test to determine whether, accidentally or because of someone's intention, I had received a noxious substance into my system.

Ms. Osterman says main argument over the phone to me that what happened took place so long ago (two years) that there's no need to bother with it. Given the potential gravity of what I allege, I beg to differ.

In conclusion, why all the secrecy? Leaving aside my specific allegations why does the hospital refuse to explain the medical questions I raised, such as what is the purpose of feeling out a patient as I described. Why, given the seriousness of what I have alleged, was it necessary to wait so long to get even the terse, inadequate kind of response Ms. Osterman now provides us with? Clearly, there is much that still needs to be explained. Yet apparently we are required as a general rule to give medical people the benefit of the doubt, assume that they are beyond ordinary mortals, and are incapable of serious wrong doing because of the philanthropic nature of their calling.

Once again, why, whether I am crazy or no, was I refused a chemical test? This and other questions have yet to be satisfactorily addressed, let alone answered.

Will Dr. Burns and others involved be willing to subject themselves to a polygraph? This would make this whole matter very simple to determine and it is hard to see why the hospital refuses this. If money is a problem, I am more than happy to bear the expense of such., including paying the staff people for their time should they be able to pass such a test.

As to obtaining hospital records or information pertaining to my three visits with Dr. Burns, Mullins and Weaver, you have my full permission.

Also....
RE Washington State Medical Board: Why does it give the hospital the benefit of the doubt, without having bothered to discuss the case with me - at all? As I related to you earlier, not once did the Board trouble itself to discuss with me personally my questions or allegations. Instead, as with Ms. Osterman I am expected to merely take their word for it without rational explanation offered to the legitimate questions I raised in my initial complaint. Please then keep in mind that my complaint to you concerns the questionable handling of my case by the State Medical Board as well as the University of Washington Medical center.

Finally, while clearly I have a personal interest in this case, I respectfully hope you realize that its implications, regarding the how people in medicine police themselves, have a much more important relevance to the public at large. The enclosed copy of the Seattle Times news clipping I would think bears this out.

Thank you for your time and attention to this.

Yours Sincerely,

b. Miscellaneous

Below is something I wrote back about the mid nineties:

“IS THERE SOME WAY OF PROVING MY ALLEGATIONS?”

“Yes, many of my allegations can be proved if someone who was honest would simply go and investigate and to attempt to confirm them.

“Here are some things which might be looked into to help verify my claims.

“a) For the possibility of mind control/torture technology see APPENDIX:

“b) Give any and everyone possible, that is in someway involved, and have or ask them to take a honestly administered lie detector test.

“c) Some kind of CAT Scan or MRI test to identify what is doing my head damage, specifically some kind of technology. Of course, someone will be sarcastic and say I ought to have my head examined, but this is just a reminder of the cruelty of such a technology and how it can be used to discredit its victims.

“I have had two CAT scans already and I was told nothing special showed up on them. Personally I believe some manner of machinations brought this result, either the doctors were crooked, or else there was other goings on such as my being given someone else's scan. "How could that happen?" one might reasonably ask? If we assume that by means of this device the said perpetrators can read my thoughts, they know in advance where I am going and can arrange it that I get a manipulated reception. These physicians who arranged to have the scans made then, hypothetically speaking may have been cajoled, bribed or intimidated to prevent their honestly helping me. Alternatively, the doctors who had the scans taken might have been acting in complete good faith, but that behind the scenes there was some switching or doctoring of the test results by other staff. This obviously will come across as very far fetched to some, yet if what I allege is true than such obstruction would be absolutely necessary as part of the criminal's plans. On top of all this, in most of my personal contact with them, I will be candid in saying that the demeanor of these doctors was hardly one of forthrightness and sincerity.

“Now, it has been brought to my attention by other victims and literature in the subject that this mind control/torture business can be carried out without an implant. Not being much of a technical minded person, how this is so I cannot quite fathom. It may after all be so in my case. Nevertheless, I view this possibility as unlikely and am thoroughly convinced (though admittedly I can;t say 100% sure) that what I am dealing with is some kind of implant.

“d) On a human level if AN HONEST PERSON were to interview of the people I allege have participated in this scheme they would find themselves talking to people who are evasive, abrupt and dissembling. This is the kind of thing that cannot be used as hard objective evidence, yet I mention this for the reason that if an honest person were to interview in some degree of depth, such a one would not have too much difficulty seeing what I am talking about.

e) Earlier mentioned scars on my abdomen and inner thigh can be inspected for those who want proof on this point.

“f) Due to the complexity of the narrative there was one series of incidences I left out for brevity's sake. Before the events of 1992 I was seeing a girl every so often, named ‘Cheryl Bowers.’ Now without going into the whole story, let me sum up by saying this girl was somehow involved in setting me up. What is unique about her role was that she has a twin, something I did not discover till after I had come back from Los Angeles. Now she denied she had a twin sister, and she and her mother about 1993 moved, reportedly, to California. Now the proof in question on this point is this: to

determine whether or not this gal had a twin, or else had cousins who were twins. I realize this sounds a bit convoluted, yet it is a relatively simple way to help establish my story. If it is proven that Cheryl Bowers has a twin (or cousins who are twins), this will leave her to explain why she (they) deceived me in the course of an on and off relationship that lasted about 3 years. If it is established that she has a twin, I would follow this up by inquiring why their long term deception of me: my reasoning being (based on evidence drawn from my contact with them) that these girls were originally involved in setting me up. There is a whole story behind my relationship to these girls, and I could write at length on the subject, including specific reasons why I believe they are connected with this business. However for the sake of keeping things as simple as possible, I have refrained from going into detail on this aspect of my story.

“Despite then the regrettable, yet practical necessity of omitting much detail in this matter regarding ‘Cheryl Bowers,’ what I am raising is really not as complicated as it might on the surface sound. To recap: 1) locate Cheryl Bowers, 2) find out if she has a twin (or cousins who are twins), 3) If she has a twin, ask her to explain why she deceived me on this point for three years - and much of the rest will begin to fall into place, or at least it will be a significant breakthrough.

“I have no information where ‘Cheryl Bowers’ moved to, however ‘they’ are apparently with their mother Carmel Bowers, (a former employee of, I believe JC Penney's in Bellevue), who was last residing at: 10728 NE 26, Bellevue, WA 98004

* Below are various names, addresses and phone numbers of people I dealt with in the course of this or whom I contacted:

Dr. Robert Aigner, MD , neurologist
Dr. John Chapman, MD
Dr. Dean Ishiki, MD

Ethical Committee
Los Angeles County Medical Association
1925 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90057

Special Crimes Division - Medico-Legal Section
320 West Temple St.
Room 780
Hall of Records
Los Angeles, CA 90012
974-7346

Los Angeles Police Dept.
213-485-2563
213-485-4063

Commanding Officer of Detectives
Los Angeles Police Department, N.E. Division
33353 San Fernando Road
Los Angeles, CA 90065

Dept. of Health Services
600 S. Commonwealth Ave. #800
Los Angeles, CA 90008
Attn. Licensing and Certification

Calif. State Licensing: 213-351-8200
8:00 to 5:00

Dept. of Health Services
600 S. Commonwealth Ave. #800
Los Angeles, CA 90008
Attn. Licensing and Certification

Calif. Medical Association
1201 K. St.
Sacramento, CA 95814
916-444-5532

Calif. Med. Association
221 Main ST.
San Francisco, CA 94105
415-541-0990

Calif. Medical Association
P.O. Box 7690
San Francisco, CA 94120-7690

American Medical Association
515 N. State St.
Chicago, Ill. 60610
312-464-4818

Ethical Committee
Los Angeles County Medical Association
1925 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90057

Special Crimes Division - Medico-Legal Section
320 West Temple St.
Room 780
Hall of Records
Los Angeles, CA 90012
974-7346

Los Angeles Police Dept.
213-485-2563
213-485-4063
Commanding officer of Detectives
33353 San Fernando Road
Los Angeles, CA 90065

Amnesty International
322 8th Ave.
New York, NY 10001
1-800-AMNESTY

District 36
Senator Ray Moore, 284-8088
431 Cherberg Office Bldg.
Olympia, WA 98504

Helen Sommers, 283-6388, 1-206-786-7814
House Representatives, #203
John L'O'Brien
Olympia, WA 98505
aide: Pauline Rice: 1-206-786-7814
P. O. Box 40671
Olympia, WA 98504

Jeanne Kohl, 285-1869, 281-5493, 1-206-786-7860
House of Representatives, #402
John L'O'Brien Bldg.
Olympia, WA 98504
or
300 W. Harrison
Seattle, 98119-4081

State of Washington
Dept. of Health
P.O. Box 47852
Olympia, WA 98504-7852
Any further correspondence about this matter should be referred to as 93-077.
Hazel, 206-705-6612, or 1-800-633-6828
Gail V. Hughes, Manager
Office of Licensing Administration

Evergreen Legal Services - 464-5911
Fremont Legal Services - 548-8361
Lawyer Referral King County Bar Association - 623-2551
Volunteer Legal Services - 623-0281
John Alexander: 448-7172

Dept. of Health Facilities and Services Licensing
P.O. Box 47852
Olympia, WA 98504-7852
Attn: Hazel
Medical Disciplinary Board
Washington Board of Medical Examiners
1300 S.E. Quince St.
P.O. Box 47866
Olympia, WA 98504-7866
Attn. Betty
206-586-3335 Glen.
206-586-4574

Stephen Burns, case #: 93-09-0043
Charles Weaver, case #: 93-09-0067
Fax: 206-586-4573

American Medical Association
515 N. State St.
Chicago, Ill. 60610
312-464-4818

Adjutant General
State of Washington

Attn. Records
Camp Murray, Tacoma 98430-5186

University Police
Det. Roberts
543-9331

Asst. Chief of Police Roger Serra
1117 N. E. Boat St.
Seattle, WA 98105

Governors office: 360-753-6780
Lee Harris

Ray Moore's letter sent to:
Bruce Miyahara
Dept. of Health
P. O. Box 40002
Olympia, WA 98504-0002

Marty Brown, Secretary of the Senate
206-786-7550

Sgt. Mark Kuehn - 684-5590
(contacted in late Sept. 94)

Case # - 94-438-299

SAU - 296-9470
Gina (older one), Geena
Norm Maleng
516 3d Ave.
Seattle, WA
98104

Sgt. Campson or Sgt. Harper - 684-5583

Charles Hamilton: 623-6619
2003 Western Ave. Ste. 600
Seattle, WA 98121

Cheryl Bowers
(206) 488 - 6132
16015 124 N. E.
Woodinville, WA 98072

Carmel Bowers
10728 NE 26
Bellevue, WA 98004
822-0373

Janny Becker, Case Management Services: 322-5258

Sydney Thompson
213-250-4431
100 W. Edgeware

Los Angeles, CA 90026

Incident Officer P. Fox, Seattle PD, cse #96-499-535

Anthony Slide
4118 Rhodes Ave.
Studio City, CA 91604
(818) 769-4453

Michael Dunn (E! Entertainment network) 323-954-2682, MDunn@Eentertainment.com
Jenna Girard: 323-692-6482, 323-654-7655, JGirard@Eentertainment.com

Jack Thiem
(206) 778 - 5169, 543 - 8510
22815 Lakeview Dr., G - 315
Montlake Terrace, WA 98043

Norman Carl Rabin (Mind Control victim)
31 Cedar Drive East
Plainview, N.Y. 11803
516-349-0560

Mekka Robinson
Probation Counselor, Probation Services Division
Room 1400, Public Safety Bldg.
600 3rd Ave./MS 02-02-23
Seattle, WA 98104-1852
206-615-1966
mekka.robinson@ci.seattle.wa.us
Case:378914
684-7837
Room 1490, Dexter Horton Bldg., 710 2nd Avenue/MS 13-14-01
(case originally assigned to Ameo Butler)

Bob Powers, Western State Hospital

Admitted myself to clinic for immediate care: Oct. 16, 1992 at
5th Avenue Hospital
10560 5th Ave. NE, Seattle, 98125

Charles Hamilton
2003 Western Ave. Ste. 600
Seattle, WA 98121

The following two pairs of people lived upstairs above me at separate times at 3014 NW
75th St.

Shannon Hill
Suzy Coolidge

Thea De Young
Jeff Chrisafelli

Old addresses:
W. T. Sherman
3014 NW 75th
Seattle, WA 98117

(206) 784-1132

previously
6322 Woodlawn N.
Seattle, WA 98103
(206) 523-1464

P.O. Box 26225
Los Angeles, CA 90026
or
1377 Lucile Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90026
213 - 660-0827

ADDITIONAL REMARKS AND MATERIAL FROM THE POSTINGS AT MY WEBSITE AT GUNJONES.COM

On Friday, 13 August 2004, I had in-person delivered copies of my Narrative (plus all my writings on disk), with explanatory cover letter, to the Seattle offices of the Mayor, City Councilman in charge of Public Safety, Chief of Police, local head of the FBI, the two U.S. Senators, my U.S. Congressional representative, my State representative, and the Catholic Archbishop of Seattle. I did not and have not receive back a single response or reply. I complained about this to the police, and at one point Sgt. Liz Eddy, of the Seattle Crisis Intervention unit came to see me, and heard my story.

I didn't hear anything back from her and some months later on I contacted her office (by phone) again. On Oct 6, 2005, a woman came to see me pretending to be Sgt. Eddy. I know this woman to be an imposter and not the Sgt. Eddy I had previously met with. Now who do I contact to report this to? Another imposter?

It is not a little beyond extraordinary to me, indeed utterly preposterous knowing what I do, that I should be so alone after all these many years, when I have the facts, law, and argument vastly, if not completely and entirely, on my side. Really, these people are so guilty it is beyond hideous and unbelievable.

You have people such as lawyers, priests, professors who will not talk to me. Their behavior is not untypically shifty, evasive, gratuitously hostile. While some have been nice enough to receive me politely and decently -- and for this who have been that way I am genuinely thankful -- even so no one will call or visit.

And where they don't have an obvious legitimate excuse for indifference otherwise, what are they protecting? Evidently they are being blackmailed and or else are under the influence. Bribed is a possibility but to give them the benefit of the doubt I will assume it is one of the others. I cannot think they are intimidated by someone, rather they are somehow got to think I am someone to be avoided, and treated rudely. Yet it is those they are, knowingly or unknowingly, acting in behalf of that are the truly guilty ones. It is routine of Hell people to accuse and blame when they are the most guilty, in fact the most inhuman of monsters. For this reason, such as these professors, lawyers, or priests then would be led to think ill of me. But how and for what reason exactly, I can't understand. They do have a certain consensus. But to speak to them individually some come across as mad -- honestly, without exaggeration or any desire on my part to impute them.

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For the benefit of those who do not already know and understand how this racket to obtain and hold power using spirit people works, this is essentially how it is. What they do is pretend to be or present themselves as (in effect) either Heaven or Hell depending on whom they want to persuade. If you reject "Heaven" then you can get in with the big money Hell has; if you accept "Heaven" you can't have any money (really) and will have to "go to Heaven" instead (with some possible latitude and variation permissible in between depending on how they want to use the person.) The reality is of course, it is the same group of spirit people; and the purpose is to hold and retain control over the public wealth and people's lives.

I can prove what I am saying with the following witnesses all of whom have refused me help:

- * Father Michael Sweeney, former pastor of Blessed Sacrament church in Seattle
- * Charles Hamilton, Seattle attorney
- * Laurence Bonjour, Prof. of Philosophy, Univ. of Washington
- * Cass Weller, Prof. of Philosophy, Univ. of Washington
- * Charles Schulman, former English Prof., Univ. of Washington

And there are more I could name as well. Ask these people what they actually know about me, and what their reason then is for refusing me assistance. It is not my purpose to embarrass these individuals or put them on the spot; and if I could I would refrain from bringing their names up in this context in the first place; but their own credibility can throw light on my own. Go talk to these people; compare their various stories and explanations with each other and mine; see who is being honest and who is being rational; and you will, applying some plain rational analysis, see my claims vindicated. This said, again, I by no means intend to vilify or disparage these individuals in raising this point; for one thing they may act or hold the attitude as they do because they are being blackmailed or else under pressure from or under the influence of others whom they cannot deal with -- and thus are prevented from speaking the truth as I assume they otherwise would. Yet enough is enough. Let's have the truth out about all this. It is not I who am preventing an open hearing; on the contrary I am the one being refused it!