

# A Personal Experience

by Justin Smith

It is an unfortunate truth that those who claim they are the subject of covert operations are, unless they provide solid evidence, at least in the form of witness testimony, generally disbelieved. Undoubtedly, some people who believe that they are the subject of a covert operation may have, as a founding cause of this belief, a paranoia that either gave rise to it entirely of itself, or created an interpretation of external events beyond that which could be considered within the bounds of probability. Yet, certainly, while paranoia does exist within certain members of the population, and that such paranoia alone may be the root of this type of claim in some of these individuals, it does not follow that everyone, therefore, who states that they believe they are the subject of a covert operation is doing so because their imagination has run riot.

If an individual has a series of experiences that create the same interpretation of events in other people, it is far more likely that this person's interpretation is within the bounds of reason - in the sense of being a 'normal' interpretation of events. Indeed, there are numerous covert operations being carried out by a variety of agencies for many different reasons at this moment. Some of those, the vast majority, I hope, will be exercised for reasons centering around those of protecting the general public from, for example, violent criminal and terrorist activity. Yet there are also a number of covert operations that are carried out, as has been documented by a number of investigations, for other reasons than that of protecting the general public.

These include, for example, the targeting of individuals who have been chosen as subjects for experimentation in such known ongoing areas of covert research as the interaction of certain types of electromagnetic fields, drugs, and even sound (for example, infrasound) upon the mind. Of those known and uncovered, one could mention project MKULTRA in the US (where students, those in care facilities, and other bodies were non-consensually subject to experiments into mind control) and the covert non-consensual human experimentation into radiation in the UK, as documented in the Channel 4 program "True Stories: Deadly Experiments" (aired July 6th 1995). Compensation has been awarded both in the US and the UK to a number of individuals non-consensually subject to these types of experiments where, in a legal case here in the UK, an out of court settlement of £250,000 was reached between one woman and the Ministry of Defense. If you wish to obtain a copy of this video, there is an address at the end of this page.

This page relates a variety of personal experiences over a number of years that to myself, at least suggest the possibility that I am the subject of some form of 'covert operation', or 'investigation'. You the reader may interpret the events detailed here differently. I fully appreciate this - I am aware of and bear in mind alternate explanations. I have personally experienced a variety of events over many years, some dating as far back as the early 1980s when my father was engaged in research covered by the Official Secrets Act for Marconi, via the UK firm British Aerospace.

In early 1995 I began to take a closer look at a number of experiences I had had since 1989. I am aware that the claims I am about to make will be greeted with suspicion and doubt by those who have not experienced the set of circumstances that I have been subject to - indeed, I would have responded in the same manner a few years ago, had someone made such claims to me at the time.

I believe the following statements, as strange as they sound, to be very likely true:

- a) I was subject to an experiment into electromagnetism during my first year of university.
- b) I am currently being under investigation on suspicion of being in some way connected with the Irish Republican Army terrorist organisation (the IRA), this investigation involving at times both overt harassment and possibly also what has come to be referred to as 'microwave harassment', that is, the bombardment of an individual with focussed microwave beams (technically referred to as 'MASERS') with in this case specific frequencies and modulation characteristics which are, according to one scientist I have spoken to, intended to cause stress trauma.

There are others who have experienced precisely the same type of events. The claims by individuals in the US of overt and microwave harassment were investigated by Julianne McKinney of the Association of National Security Alumni, whose report found in favour of these claims.

Of the evidences I have are the following: Evidence for the presence of a strong microwave field in the house where I live: Witness evidence for an unusually strong presence of black helicopter activity within my vicinity. Since 1998 the presence of this type of helicopter dropped dramatically after one of my friends became a witness to it, and was replaced by more regular 'fly-bys' by prop planes, white police helicopters and more 'ordinary-looking' (i.e. non-military) helicopters. Finally evidence for verbal harassment of the repeated phrase "He's dead", "Dead" and "He is", which can be downloaded here

Here are some of the things I have experienced:

The set of physiological symptoms associated with being within a strong microwave field became present for the second time in my life in April 1995 (the first time being my first year of university). Initially this was combined with intense psychological harassment, some of which I will detail later. The following events happened repeatedly just prior to (commencing February 1995) and during this time:

- Seeing the same cars go past a number of times while out walking, the driver or passenger sometimes doing the following: pointing their finger at me or looking at me while speaking into their hand.
- Cars slowing down as they approached me and driving past slowly.

The cars that most frequently passed me whose occupants displayed the above behaviours were white Vauxhalls, which are known to be used as undercover police cars in this country, and Range Rovers. The occupants of the white Vauxhalls were invariably dressed entirely in black (usually black tracksuits), although I am aware that during the 1990's black was a fashionable colour to wear here in the UK and that therefore it may in all probability be an error of mine to highlight this, though I will mention it for the record. The occupants of the Range Rovers tended on the whole to wear ordinary clothes.

Soon after this began, a man wearing a black tracksuit arrived in a white Ford Fiesta and moved in with the people opposite. One night I returned home to see him standing outside this house looking at me aggressively. It was shortly after this that the physiological symptoms (I later learned) of microwave poisoning commenced.

By this time I was aware, as it had been made plainly obvious, that some sort of investiga-

tion was being carried out on my person, and, one day noticing the waste-disposal men actually going through our garbage before placing it in the lorry, I decided, to play a joke: I placed a rolled-up piece of paper sticking out of one of our garbage bags for their next pick-up, upon which I had printed in large, capital letters "NOTHING TO REPORT". At the time, I thought this was rather amusing. However, the following day, a black helicopter circled directly over my house approximately every 15 minutes for a number of hours in the afternoon. A few days later it flew over my house seemingly only a hundred feet or so in the air, that is, well below legal minimum height limits. Again, when I was out walking a few days later it flew directly overhead at a very low height. Moving on two years from this point, there was a period in 1997 when, whenever I went out, a black helicopter would appear overhead. On visiting a local park with a friend, I mentioned this to him and said that one would be quite likely to appear shortly. Sure enough, within 5 minutes, the prediction was confirmed when a black helicopter appeared. If one reads enough of the literature on the subject, black helicopters seem to be a feature of the experiences of others who claim to be subject to some form of covert operation involving harassment (see links below). Recently, within a week of adding this (20/03/00), on meeting my father for lunch, he noted that a group of helicopters had circled around the block of apartments where he lives at a very low level, and in his own words, he said that it sounded as though one of them "was going to land on the roof" - they were black helicopters.

To continue, and returning to 1995, the set of events mentioned then progressed into over-hearing snatches of conversation that became increasingly sinister and threatening (this phenomena was noted by Julianne McKinney of the Association of National Security Alumni in her investigation into claims of covert operations involving harassment). As one example, while holidaying with my parents in the Lake District, lying in bed in the early morning trying to sleep, the following incident occurred; the window of the my hotel room being open, I heard footsteps approaching on the street below. These stopped beneath the window, where the following exchange took place:

Person A: "He's in there."

Person B: "We'll get Mick-the-knife to cut him up."

Person C: "I'll take out the contract on him anytime."

Person A: "Na, just shoot him right between the eyes."

Another example being an incident of harassment, yet even more obviously directed towards me, occurred on the coach journey I took to the Lake District: The person sitting behind me said,

"I know a lot about you ... I even know your name, Justin," he then kicked the back of my coach seat hard, three times.

The kind of intense psychological harassment I was experiencing at the time stopped for a few months, along with any signs of street surveillance, when, after attempting suicide (in the belief that these people were actually going to kill me and possibly also my parents), I went to the police in June of 1995, stating the incidents that had occurred to me and that I believed an attempt was about to be made on my life. Understandably, the police officer suggested I seek psychiatric help.

When events mirroring those above recommenced in November 1995, psychological harassment was only very occasional, while the physiological symptoms of microwave poisoning, namely heart-palpitations combined with the sensation of lack of oxygen, increased considerably and were sustained for longer periods. An example of one of the few occasions when overt psychological harassment took place also suggested to me that these individuals were

using technology involving radiation:

I was having lunch at a restaurant when a couple walked in. They sat directly to my left. When I glanced across, I noticed that the man was glaring at me as though I were scum. Later, I heard the woman say "We'll have to radiate him from the car", whereupon I turned to see them both looking directly at me. Again, as I was paying the bill I noticed that the man was leaning sideways from his chair to get a better view of me with the same angry glare.

Unfortunately, a second visit in November 1996 to St. Albans police station did not help: I spoke to a Sergeant Lawrence, telling him of my belief that I was being followed (although unwilling to tell him of my suspicions (now given further weight, having carried out a standard test using tinfoil) regarding microwave radiation, as I felt this would just be too far-fetched for him to listen to and still regard me as sane).

He seemed a genuinely nice person, who stated that he was unaware of any police operation relating to myself. At this time, the symptoms of microwave radiation were very intense and continuous - at one point being felt 24 hours a day for four days in a row, seemingly at 'full-blast'. I broke down into tears during the conversation with him, and, not surprisingly, given my emotional state and the fact that believing you are being followed is a commonly accepted characteristic of a delusional/schizophrenic personality, he, like the previous officer, advised me to seek psychiatric help.

As stated earlier, 1995 was not the first occasion where I experienced unusual occurrences, nor the first time I experienced the symptoms of microwave poisoning.

Before the period of intense overt psychological harassment in 1995 I did not believe I was being followed. The events below commenced in 1989:

During the spring of 1989 I would see the same person waiting at the exit I would take from college (where I was studying my for my A-Levels) at the end of the day for a number of days in succession, who as soon as I passed him, would start walking behind me. After a few days of this, I looked at him quizzically as I approached the exit. The next day, he wasn't there - instead there was a young 'student-looking' person who did exactly the same thing (that is, watch me as I approached the exit and then walk behind me as I left). At the time I did not pay much attention to these and other incidents. On several other occasions, while standing outside the refectory and having a cigarette during the break from classes, I would turn around to see the same man standing a few feet behind me, directly facing me. He was in early middle-age, thin, severe-looking, dressed in dark clothing, and looked completely out of place on the college campus. One day, just to see what would happen, I opened the nearby doors to the library and walked in a few feet down the corridor. I then stopped in front one of the posters and turned my head to the door I had just come through. Sure enough, within seconds, he appeared at the door, looking straight at me - I gave him a smile, but instead of a normal reaction, his face darkened - he looked angry. The following day he was not there - instead there were two young men dressed entirely in black who, for a number of days in a row stood behind me at the same place while I was having my cigarette. On the last day they were there, they walked past me and stood in front of me, looking at me. I smiled and said, "Hello", to which they smiled and greeted me in return, and immediately left the college campus. When they were walking to the exit behind me, I heard one say to the other "He seems alright", to which the other replied, "Yea, shall we go back to the station?". I now realise that these incidents all bore the hallmarks of being the subject to some kind of covert operation.

However, during this time (1989), I was not the only one of the people I knew who noticed something unusual: On one occasion, I was in a car with two of my friends - Mark, and Ben. We were driving around when we stopped off somewhere for a smoke in the car. A white Vauxhall drove passed us on the road in front. I noticed that Ben paused momentarily as he looked at it. The car then drove round to our left and pulled up a few yards behind us and stopped. Ben then said "We're being followed, that's the [n]th time [he mentioned a figure] I've seen that car today". Of course, Mark and I poo-pooed him. In retrospect, I now believe him - Ben has a near-photographic memory, and what I assumed at the time was mere coincidence I now realise may well not have been.

Whether the following is related to other events at the time suggesting I was the subject to some kind of investigation, I can't say: The following event occurred in March 1989. A friend of mine, Mark, and I were on a stroll after attending a birthday celebration for my brother. Quite simply, at one point we stopped to admire the dim, cosy interior of a closed pub: about 10 minutes prior to this I had glanced at the time on my watch, which showed that it was 2:03 am. As we began walking again, the bells from a nearby cathedral rang three times, that is, indicating that it was three o'clock. Not believing this, I looked my watch, and was stunned, as was Mark, to see that it read 3:15 am, that is, we had both somehow lost almost exactly one hour in time. Later that day, I checked the time on my watch against the 'speaking clock' (a service available in England where it is possible to obtain the exact time by phoning a certain number) - my watch was showing the correct time. All we can recall in relation to the event is that we both began to feel in a rather 'dream-like' state just prior to the point where both our memories of the next hour disappeared.

In 1990, the friend mentioned above - Mark - started going out with a someone by the name of Sophie Rimmington who was the daughter of the, then, head of MI5 (Stella Rimmington). During that period, I can in retrospect see that a number of experiences I had at that time fitted the mold of being part of some kind of investigation.

In theory, of course, bearing in mind that I was a friend of the boy-friend of the daughter of the head of MI5, such incidents could be easily explained in terms of the idea that they were merely 'checking-out' his circle of friends. However, when I met Mark in 1996 for the first time in a few years, he told me that a separate group of Irish people, with whom Sophie had been associating at the time, had been suspected by MI5 of plotting to kidnap her for and on behalf of the IRA.

Whether this was true or not he didn't know, however he told me that it culminated in an armed-raid. This was kept out of the papers at the time, Mark informed me, for reasons of national security. Naturally, though we had never met this other group of Irish people with whom she had been associating, it is reasonable to assume that Mark, myself, my brother and another friend in our group, Ben, may well have been included in the scope of the investigation on the grounds of gaining as much data as possible relating to those who were in some way connected with Sophie Rimmington at the time of this alleged plot to kidnap her by her Irish associates.

It is reasonable to presume then, that our names would have been preserved in MI5's records as having been involved in an investigation into suspected terrorist activity.

Apart from the incident involving Sophie Rimmington, I believe there were two other times when my name may have come up during investigation of IRA activity. One of these I am certain of, namely the following:

In either 1993 or 1994 (I'm not exactly sure which year) there was a much-publicised case

of an employee of the Ministry of Defense being arrested for selling arms to a group of individuals, who, it transpired, were working for the IRA.

This person lived on Beaumont Avenue in St. Albans, along which I was walking one day, when a police car pulled up next to me and one of the policemen leaned out of the window, asking me if I had seen a man and a woman walking together in the vicinity (he gave a description of them). I said that I hadn't, whereupon he asked me what route I had taken. When I informed him of my route he then asked me for my name and address, which I gave.

The following day, the story broke in the local and national newspapers that this employee of the Ministry of Defense had been arrested and that police were still searching for a man and a woman seen walking together in the vicinity at the time of his arrest. These two were said to be working for the IRA and about to engage in a purchase of weapons from the Ministry of Defense employee, and matched the description the policeman had given me of the two. So once again, my name would have appeared in an investigation associated with the IRA.

If the following assumption is correct, that would have been the third time that this had happened:

In 1992 while still at university, I was about to catch the train to go to Goldsmiths College, University of London, where I was studying for a degree in Anthropology. As I walked downstairs my mother informed me that she had just read on our television's teletext facility that there were no trains going from St. Albans that day because the IRA had just detonated a bomb on one of the lines going from St. Albans to London. Being a bit of a practical joker at times, I thought it would be exciting to phone up St. Albans train station and, in a suitably suspicious-sounding Irish accent, ask if there were any trains leaving from St. Albans that day. I did this. There was a significant pause before the member of staff responded with a tight-lipped 'No'. I hung up without saying goodbye to add to his obvious suspicion.

I now realise in retrospect that any member of staff at that station worth his salt would have immediately phoned the police and had the call traced: in which case my name by now would have come up in three separate investigations involving terrorist activity.

Now of course, as I am not an IRA terrorist they would have found no evidence on any of these occasions that I was. If, however, the recent allegations made by the 'renegade' MI5 officer David Shayler ([www.shayler.com](http://www.shayler.com)) are correct, namely that MI5 as an organisation are prone to jumping to conclusions and "wild speculation" (his own words), it is at least conceivable that this lack of evidence may not have dissuaded them.

If the assumptions I made above are correct, and I believe that they are certainly not made without good reason, then there is a high degree of probability that my name has appeared in three separate investigations into IRA activity. Even under normal circumstances it is obvious that this would arouse suspicion: even if it were the case that no evidence were found, it would not settle easily in the mind of those involved in reviewing this fact, namely that my name had come up in three separate investigations within four years. At best, an open mind, having seen the lack of evidence, would put it down to coincidence or just plain bad luck.

However, it is necessarily in the nature of these organisations to be circumspect. If there is, as David Shayler alleges, a further tendency towards "wild speculation" within MI5, then it is conceivable that these three incidences - lack of evidence notwithstanding - would have placed, within MI5, a level of suspicion great enough to have led them to feel that a continu-

ance of the investigation was justified on the grounds of suspicion alone.

Within the belief that I am being investigated, this seems to be a possible scenario. One hopes that the process of deductive reasoning from observable fact, which must inevitably lead to the conclusion that there is an extremely high probability that I am innocent, plays, or will play, as important a role in this current investigation.

However, it is also possible that one other factor may have prolonged this investigation: Firstly, and most importantly, during 1996 and 1997, ending with the general election, I would, at least one or two times a week, wake up in the middle of the night to the set of symptoms associated with being within a strong microwave field, and within a matter of seconds hear the sound of a small muffled explosion, like that of a grenade going off somewhere in the neighbourhood. The same thing even happened when I went to visit my sister and her husband, who lived in a remote village on the other side of England. These events suggested to me that the possibility that an organisation (whether MI5 or another) was using the intelligence gathered from my movements to set me up as a 'fall-guy' for fake IRA activity. My suspicions were given further weight when, at the time that this was happening to me, it was announced on the news that the IRA had made a public statement to the effect that they believed they were being framed - that is, they stated that bombs were being set off that they had not planted (if the IRA detonate a bomb, they invariably claim responsibility to the press afterwards). But if this were true, why would I be chosen and why would an organisation seek to generate fake IRA activity in the first place? While I would accept that the following may be misconstruance, I would like to relate it as a possible explanation: In 1997 there was a report in the Times newspaper that the government - at the time a hung parliament where the Loyalist party held the balance of power - had averted a vote of no confidence because the Loyalist party had agreed to vote with the government if such a vote ever took place, thereby giving the government sufficient numbers to avoid this possibility. However, the Loyalists had put certain conditions on their support - namely that there be an increased security presence in Northern Ireland. Previously, the government had responded that there would be an increase in security only if the situation warranted it. In the event, there was an increase in apparent IRA terrorist activity (while the IRA claimed that at the time bombs were being detonated that they had not planted). Because of this increase in activity, the government agreed to increase security measures. If the IRA were not responsible for the increase in terrorist activity at the time, which they claimed, was this increase in apparent IRA activity something that had been deliberately engineered to thereby secure the government's future in the face of the, at the time, very real threat of a vote of no confidence? Did they also need someone on the mainland whose name had come up in investigations into IRA activity (and was therefore already an IRA terrorist suspect) around whom to generate fake terrorist activity on the British mainland in an area (St Albans) that had a history of being targetted by the IRA in the past?

Having said all this, there may even be an additional reason why all this may be happening: In early 1995, having gone over the incidents in my first year of college which are detailed below, along with the limited knowledge I had of psychotronics, I came to the conclusion, later supported by my further investigations into psychotronics, that it was possible that I had been used as a guinea pig in an experiment into remote behavioural influence in my first year of university at Goldsmith's College in 1989. At the same time in 1995, I began asking my father, who has a background in both physics and mathematics, a series of questions relating to how the body might respond to an electromagnetic field. I finally told him of my suspicions that I may have been involved in an experiment into electromagnetism during my first year of university. It was in precisely this same time-period that the first signs of street surveillance began. Finally, one evening while visiting my brother, I said very much the same thing to him. That very night, on leaving his house, I was stopped by the police -

whose car was standing stationary at a junction a few meters away before driving up to me - and asked a series of bizarre questions. Fairly innocuous, one might think. However, in the nights leading up to this event, on walking home from friends' houses, I had noticed a metallic Volvo estate slowing down almost to a crawl as it drove past me, on at least three occasions. The night I was stopped by the police, the same Volvo estate appeared, driving past, once again, very slowly. Also, some of the questions the police asked me suggested they were engaged in some kind of investigation of me, or wished to give that impression: One question was "So your name is Justin Smith - and you were born in Canada, but it's not Jason Smith - and you were born in Canada?" When I confirmed that my name was Justin Smith and not Jason Smith, they said words to the effect of "Oh right, he's not the bloke we're looking for." Other questions they asked me were "In what country were you born?", "When did you move to this country?", "Have you ever had any court summons?", "What do you do for a living, Justin?" and "You're not carrying anything you shouldn't are you?". In the few weeks prior to this, there were at least two occasions when a police car had passed me very slowly - actually for a short time keeping pace with me as I walked, but at no time calling me over, or making any indication that they wished to speak to me. Whether this is all coincidence, or there actually was some genuine investigation that included myself that was itself ongoing at that time, or whether in fact some kind of case was being kept open regarding me for other reasons, or that there was a causal link between my beginning to ask questions relating to the possibility that I may have been involved in an experiment into electromagnetism and the first obvious signs of street surveillance, I could not say. Very shortly after this time, both overt harassment, as well as the physiological symptoms of being at times within a strong microwave field commenced.

Before going on to describe some of the experiences I had while residing in my halls of residence - Stannard Hall - during my first year at Goldsmiths College. I would like to point out a fact that I know for certain, namely that my name has also come up in a murder investigation. In 1992, while visiting a friend in London, his father turned up at his flat. A few weeks later he was murdered. My friend was asked by a policeman involved in the investigation to give him the names of any strangers whom his father had met for the first time just prior to his death. As the only person he could think of who had met his father for the first time, he mentioned my name - the officer took note of my name and address from him. It is therefore a certainty that, not only am I listed as a terrorist suspect, but also as a murder suspect as well.

I will now go on to describe some of the experiences I had while residing in my halls of residence during my first year at University of London, Goldsmiths College:

I began studying for combined honours in psychology and anthropology, but switched to pure anthropology at the end of the year. I believe it possible that certain members of the psychology department, along with one or two others, were involved in the incidents below.

Of course, if taken individually, most of the incidents would not amount to anything unusual, and certainly some of them can very easily be dismissed by more straight forward explanations. However, taken as a whole, I believe that anyone, having had themselves, and made a list of, the following experiences - combined with a knowledge of the effects and possible uses of various forms of radiation on humans that have been known to have been researched by both both East and West covert security agencies - would in retrospect bear in mind the possibility, without feeling that they were engaged in any flight of fancy, that they had been non-consensually subject to electromagnetism in a number of forms.

I recall the following unusual incidents during my stay:

- At the start of the first term, the theft of a blank document containing only my signature. It was an blank application form to join an independent organisation known as the "Psychological Society". During our first week of college all the psychology students were gathered together in the examination room of the psychology department, and at one point during the usual introductory talk to new students, these forms were handed out to us. The lecturer speaking, Robin Russel, said to us words to the effect of 'Even though you may not wish to join the Psychological Society immediately, you might as well put your signatures on it,' with the explanation that it would save us time if we decided to join in the future. We all started writing our signatures on the application forms. As I was doing this I momentarily glanced up to see his eyes looking at me and then down to my hand writing my signature. He then smiled and a look of satisfaction crossed his face. Whether this is relevant or not I couldn't say. The theft occurred within one or two days of me signing the document. It was discovered to have been stolen as follows: On returning from college one afternoon I noticed that one set of the drawers in my room were ajar, whereas they had all been shut that morning. When I looked in the the drawer where the application form for membership of the Psychological Society had been, it was missing.
- At times, the physiological symptoms of being within a strong microwave field in my halls of residence room (number 23c Stannard Hall).
- One day, I had a strong sensation of nausea, and upon looking in the mirror saw that my skin had turned a reddish colour. I threw up in the toilet. I walked back into the room and immediately the sensation of nausea vanished. As I learnt when I got a book out from my local library in 1995 on radiation, when a human is subject to gamma rays, nausea is experienced combined with a reddening of the skin (due to chemical changes made to the blood by the immune system in response to the damaging effects of this type of ray).
- Experienced a series of strong headaches (notable by a sensation of physical pressure inside the head, as though the brain had expanded against the sealed inner chamber of air that surrounds it in the skull). One day, at the same time that this was happening to me (the second term of the first year), I opened my door to go the kitchen and happened to see the student in the room opposite me in the hallway on the way to her room. She was looking pale and tired. I asked her if she was okay, to which she replied "I keep getting these headaches".
- An intense headache stronger than any I had experienced before, identical to the one described above, except combined with heart palpitation, sweating, dehydration, laboured breathing and a much stronger feeling of pressure in my head. Disappeared abruptly the instant I left the room.
- The same symptoms as above except including an involuntary twitching of my neck muscles. It then suddenly changed to strong, painful physical pulsations in my head combined with the sensation of a rapid, increasing expansion of my brain with concomitant pressure. The pain was something I had never experienced before and I remember it distinctly - it was a vibrating pain. The vibration had three separate frequencies of pulsation. Each 'pulse' of the vibration was incredibly painful: there was a 'low' vibration, which I would hazard a guess was around 10 cycles or 'pulses' per second, a 'middle' frequency, which was much faster, and a 'high' frequency which was so fast it almost felt like one continuous, intensely searing pain. In addition to the sensation of increasing physical pressure in my head, my eye-balls expanded to the point that my eye-lids (shut tightly in pain at this point) were forced open by them. When the pulsations started, I slid off the edge of my bed where I was sitting onto the floor almost immediately, and after just 2 or 3 seconds I instinctively felt that if it did not stop I was going to die - after about 8 or 9 seconds and

just at the point where I could feel that the tissues of my eye-balls and brain had expanded as far as they could and were about to burst, the intense physical pressure in both dropped to normal, the eyes returning to their normal size, within less than a second.

When I stood up, feeling slightly dazed but otherwise completely normal and pain-free, I, within 30 seconds, had the same sensation one occasionally gets after swimming in a pool when trapped water inside the ear leaks out - only it felt slightly more dense than water. It initially poured and then dribbled rapidly from the ear onto my right shoulder. I touched my hand to my ear and saw that it was blood with a bright, slightly pinkish hue. It continued to drip from my inner ear for about another 20 - 30 seconds. Within a few days of this happening, a fellow student who was staying in one of the other halls of residence (Brooke Hall) told me that one of the students there had just died from a massive brain hemorrhage - in effect exactly what I felt was about to happen to me.

- On one occasion, I decided to go for a stroll around the psychology department building. After about 5 minutes a lecturer suddenly appeared out of nowhere holding open the door I had just walked through, and asked me in a stern tone "What are you doing?". "I just thought I'd go for a walk around the building," I replied. He replied, "Come on," in an irritated voice, pointing down the hall of the door which he was standing at, from which I had just come. He was in effect telling me to stop what I was doing and return to where I had come and/or leave the building, which I did. Why would he have done this? One possible explanation is the following: According to a friend of mine, he had been told by one of the psychology department lecturers, Pipa Dell, in the context of a conversation on the subject of brain washing, that there was a rumour that there was a secret laboratory below the psychology department's building on the Goldsmiths campus.
- Would occasionally experience the set of physiological symptoms associated with exposure to a strong microwave field while sitting and talking to fellow students in the psychology department during breaks between classes.
- Woke up one morning with a sensation of dull pain in my right arm at the inside elbow. I looked down and saw a small puncture mark the size and shape of that made by a hypodermic needle, surrounded by very slight yellowish bruising. Within a day or so I began to feel very energetic and alert, with, for a time, absolutely no need for sleep at all - I was awake for three days in a row without feeling the slightest bit tired. In addition, my thought processes changed dramatically: My thoughts became much, much faster and were composed (unless I made it otherwise) entirely of visual images and visual forms, that seemed to take the place of ordinary verbal thought. While in this state and during a conversation with a fellow student, he said to me at one point - "You look as though you're thinking a lot faster". Further, my general pace of speech increased. If I wanted to, I found that I could make myself talk at an incredibly high speed. I also never felt hungry. This state lasted for about two or three weeks.
- I was always a sanguine, even-tempered person - but within a few weeks of moving into my college room, I began to experience sudden very rapid mood swings, e.g., on one occasion, there was a wonderful sense of increasing joy followed instantaneously by absolute desperation. More often, on perhaps one or two dozen occasions, I would be instantly and inexplicably plunged into a state of complete desperation. Sudden, rapid, inexplicable mood swings are said by those who have researched the subject to be a sign of psychotronically-induced mood-alteration.

When the unusual mood swings first started, they took the form of sudden, inexplicable feelings of rage so intense that I would feel driven to break or hit objects in my room. This

was totally out of character - anyone who knew me prior to this would have described me as a relaxed, mellow person. After one particularly intense experience - in which I was only just able to keep myself physically still in order not to hit anything - these events stopped entirely, and, except for one occasion just prior to the first-year exams, did not return again at college. Most notably, on one of these occasions, which resulted in me hitting and thereby breaking my lamp-shade, within a few minutes I heard a knock at the door. It was a woman by the name of Yasmin, (who was either the hall manager or the assistant hall manager), who had seemingly called for no other reason than to point out that my lamp shade was broken, hear my made-up excuse and then nonchalantly turn and leave without another word or explanation as to why she had called on me in the first place.

- On one or two occasions I would suddenly become tired and fall asleep at odd times of the day when I had already had a full night's sleep the previous night. I have subsequently studied the area of research into the effects of electromagnetism on the mind (known roughly as 'psychotronics', although 'psychotronics' can refer to influencing the mind by other means as well, such as sound) and have discovered that researchers in this area have stated that a person or animal can be put to sleep using pulse-modulated ELF electromagnetic signals that mimic the slower brain-wave rhythms of sleep, the Russian "Lida" machine being one example of declassified technology capable of this effect.
- I once woke up in the middle of the night, feeling wide-awake as though it were morning. Just as it is said to be possible to put someone to sleep, it is also said to be possible to wake them up using the right frequency of EM (electromagnetic) radiation.
- On one occasion the heating system broke down in the halls of residence. My room, however, remained comfortably warm the whole time, even though my radiator was cold to the touch. This unusual fact (the warmth of my room compared to the coldness of others') was noted by a fellow student on entering my room. What was keeping my room warm when the rest of the rooms in the halls (including those on the same level) were freezing cold? There must have been an alternative heat source active within my room at that time - two possibilities spring to mind: 1) microwave-generated heat, and 2) infrared-generated heat. An instrument known as a clystron can generate frequencies across a wide band of the EM spectrum - including microwave, ultra-violet and infrared frequencies.
- On another occasion 'Asian Flu' was sweeping throughout the hall of residence. As might be expected, I caught it. However, it disappeared rapidly after my face became tanned - this in the middle of a cold, cloudy winter (a tanned face can be caused by exposure to ultra-violet radiation, which also destroys bacteria and pathogens).
- Later on, in early spring, I again received a tan without having been in the presence of strong sunshine, while at the same time the acne on my face disappeared entirely - this is also indicative of exposure to UV.
- Something had loosened in the attic of the hall of residence (the attic was just above the room I was on) and was making a loud thumping sound as it knocked about in drafts. The college handyman was called. I opened the door of my room just in time to see Yasmin whispering intently to him the following words:  
"...you say nothing - you understand? - if you see anything, you say nothing!". He nodded with an expression of bewilderment. When he came down the ladder he had a look of concerned puzzlement on his face and when he stopped at the bottom, his eyes glanced alternately between my room, upwards to the attic and me. It was obvious that he had seen something up there, and that in his mind a connection had been made between what he had seen and my room.

- At one corner of the room, precisely at the junction of where the walls and the ceiling met, there was a perfectly circular hole about 1 to 2 inches in diameter. Noting it one day, I crumpled up some paper and placed it inside the hole, thinking that it might be the cause of drafts in the room. The crumpled paper was not at all obvious as it did not protrude beyond the hole, and would certainly have gone unnoticed by the cleaning lady, being barely visible to the naked eye and at a point in the room that would not normally be glanced at by her, especially as her cleaning duties involved only hoovering the floor. Further, the cleaner was a short lady who would not have been able to reach the hole without moving some furniture to stand on - nevertheless, the following day I looked up and saw that the piece of paper had been removed.
- At the top of my halls of residence, I noticed that there was a microwave transmission dish - an odd thing to have on top of a halls of residence - especially back in 1989 when microwave transmission dishes were rare. I have since worked out that it was pointing in the direction of the nearby territorial army centre a few streets away, though it has since been removed (after visiting a friend from college in 1999 who lives in South London - the same area where this halls of residence exists, I drove past it on the way back and noticed that the microwave dish was no longer there).
- When I mentioned some years later about my suspicions of what might have been happening to me in Stannard Hall, my father did admit that he had had the following odd experience when he arrived to drive me home at the end of the first year: Walking into the halls of residence and entering the reception room, he found no-one there. Seeing another door at the other end of the reception room, and thinking that a member of staff might be there for him to inform that he had come to pick me up, he walked towards it and began opening the door. Just as he was opening the door, Yasmin ran up to him from behind and yelled 'No!' in a panic, and forcibly blocked him from entering the room by placing her arms in front of him and shutting the door quickly.
- Though we were informed that it was rare for second year students to be allocated places in halls of residence, this due to a shortage of rooms, I was approached at the end of the first year by Yasmin and told that if I wanted to have a room in halls of residence during my second year, it could be arranged for me. She then muttered something along the lines of, "Oh it's so much easier in halls of residence ... You wont have to make your own food ... You know, everything is taken care of for you ...?" - her voice sounded unconvincing. Even though I never put two and two together regarding these experiences, I, perhaps sub-consciously aware of something, felt the strong urge to leave Stannard Hall as soon as possible after the exams, which I did, and not to take up her offer.

Other events of note from my time at college are the following:

- In the second year of university I was living in a bedsit. I looked out the window one day to see a man standing at the end of the garden opposite and looking in my direction with binoculars. As soon as he saw that I had noticed him he turned and walked away.
- Returning on at least two occasions to my bedsit to find that one or two objects in the room had been moved around.
- In 1992, in my third year, I was journeying to college from home by train. Something which I dismissed at the time but which in retrospect seems significant is the following: I recall that on numerous occasions having alighted at Farringdon station to catch the tube to college I would pass a man wearing dark glasses who within seconds of me walking past would start walking behind me.

- Again, I recall occasions when the same scenario occurred when I arrived at New Cross Gate station to walk to college: In this case, a slightly rotund middle aged man would be waiting at the exit of the station and then begin walking behind me as I passed him. One one occasion, having noted that this had happened on more than one occasion, and thinking that the man might have been stalking me, I stopped in my tracks: I heard his footsteps immediately stop as well behind me, and it was a good few seconds before he started walking again and passed me.
- Although he no longer remembers the incident (it happened in 1991) I recall my brother , his girlfriend and a friend once noting to me when I visited them one day, that, when they had gone out to look at a mini that his girlfriend had just bought (which was parked in a drive located at the rear of the house), they had noticed a couple standing on the other side of the street at the back of the house, the man holding a black device and wearing headphones attached to it that he appeared to be pointing at their house, and that, when they returned to look at the mini again about an hour later, the couple were still there. The incident correlates with another about a year later, when Sara, my brother's girlfriend, noted on returning late from work one Friday evening, that there was always the same man standing on the pavement opposite wearing headphones attached to something that he was pointing in the direction of the the house. I suggested that it was probably a walkman, and this seemed to make sense at the time. Having since pieced together these two incidents, I would say that the probability that these people were simply listening to walkmen for hours at a time while unnaturally holding them in a particular direction (in each case the houses of friends I was visiting at the time) does seem to be just as unlikely as the probability (even without all the corroborating facts mentioned elsewhere here) that these people were using listening devices on these houses.
- In 1991 I visited Bournemouth in the South West of England with my parents. On the journey back, the same car was behind us from Bournemouth right to the end of the road where we live (a good hour or two's journey) where it then turned round and drove away.
- In 1992, returning from a Sufi meditation meeting, I had an extremely strange experience: standing at a tube station platform, waiting for the train (there had been a bomb scare and so there was a delay) I closed my eyes and fell into a very deep state of meditation (what I would call in fact a trance-state), but one in which I was still aware of my surroundings (sounds, etc). I recall the following: feeling my body being searched, feeling my back-pack being searched, a flash - like that of a camera-flash - going off in front of me, a sensation of pressure in my eyes and head almost identical to the one I experienced during the incident of the first year of university as noted above, although this time without pain and with the further difference that along with the sensation of expansive pressure from the brain, there was a simultaneous sensation of compressive force from outside it. In addition, I could feel that my heart was beating very fast and that my breathing had become very slow and deep, with a pronounced sensation of lack of oxygen during the in-breath (the sensation of a lack of oxygen combined with a rapid pulse is a reported physiological symptom of exposure to a strong microwave field). Other things I recall are the following: hearing the sound of someone's footsteps as they entered into that area of the station followed by a pause and then the sound of the same footsteps running away: Afterwards, hearing the sound of a woman's footsteps (i.e. high heels), again, entering the area of the station followed by a pause and then the sound of a woman's scream, then the sound of the same footsteps beginning to walk again, only this time at a slow, more quiet, 'cautious' pace. Subjectively, I had the strong sensation of weightlessness, as though my body were floating (under the research of Dr. Michael Persinger, the sensation of floating is a documented experience under the influence of certain types of electromagnetic fields on the mind).

With the sound of the approaching tube train, I opened my eyes, and noticed that there was a person standing on the opposite platform holding a large steel briefcase under his arm with a circular hole covered in dark glass in the thin side of it, which was facing me. He was dressed exactly the same as the head of the psychology department at Goldsmiths college (Dr. David Rose) invariably used to dress (in a white suit) and although I did not get a close look at his face, was the same height and build. As I got on the train, and it started moving off, I saw in my peripheral vision this person collapse to the ground: Stranger still, another person on the opposite platform was pointing a video camera at me: When I got off the train to change for another, a group of about four or five people stood in a line a few feet in front of me, shoulder to shoulder, as if to block my path, all of them looking directly at me. Arriving home in St. Albans, I recall that even though, due to the continuing feeling of immense peace, I was walking quite slowly, someone else was matching my pace a few feet behind me all the way from the station to my house.

Interestingly, when I got home I noticed that the door frame seemed a little low: As soon as my family saw me as I entered the sitting room, they all exclaimed in astonishment that I looked taller. I have since calculated that I had gained approximately 3 inches in height that evening. At the time I was just over 6 foot 2, meaning that I had gone from 6 foot 2 to 6 foot 5 in a matter of hours. I can think of only two possible explanations, neither of which I could possibly say with any certainty were true. Firstly, extremely high hormonal activity can cause rapid expansion of the cartilage between vertebrae, but while this is true, gaining three inches in height in such a short space of time with this as a reason is completely unheard of. Secondly, it is known that electromagnetic radiation of a specific type can cause a very rapid increase in the rate of biological activity within tissue and bone. However, as far as I am aware, the particular type of electromagnetic radiation in question is used only in the healing of bone fractures and the rapid repair of soft tissue damage in certain instances. While I have come across no mention of this technique as being capable of causing such a rapid, general increase in size of the body's skeletal framework, the fact that I was experiencing the set of symptoms associated with being within a strong electromagnetic field at the time this rapid increase in height occurred, and being aware that a great deal of medical research has been undertaken by many governments' covert agencies for military reasons, and combined with the fact that the results of this research is withheld from circulation to the general medical community, I am open to the possibility that the rapid increase in skeletal mass I experienced may have been the result of the application of a technology related to the above-mentioned technique (i.e. microwave bone-healing - what is in fact, at it's simplest level, the stimulation of the growth of bone tissue), though having to have been 'honed' to a fine art in this case.

All I can say for certain is that, among the strange group of experiences I had that evening, one of them was the set of physiological symptoms associated with being within a strong electromagnetic field after which I was significantly taller. As to whether there was a strong electromagnetic field in reality and that (by accident or design) this caused either a direct rapid increase in bone growth, or the intense stimulation of hormones whose known effects include the expansion of cartilage, I simply cannot say. At any rate, what I can say with certainty is that since the evening where I gained 3 inches in height, and after which subsequently returned to my normal 6 foot 2, I have now lost nearly three inches in height - I now measure only 5 foot 11 and a half. This very gradual loss in height became apparent in August 1995 when I was measured for my UK passport.

Finally, prior to entering into the train station where all this grand weirdness commenced, I, along with many, many others were waiting for the police to give the go-ahead to enter the station, which was closed due to the bomb-scare previously mentioned. Of course, as soon as the go-ahead was given, we started to walk towards the station. Initially I was at the head

of the crowd. However, within a matter of seconds, the crowd broke into a stampede. Due to the state of blissful peace I was in that evening after having left the Sufi meditation meeting, I decided that I did not wish to start running, and continued at my slow pace. During the stampede, at least two people pushed me very hard with their hands as they ran past me, but thanks to my state of physical relaxation, the force of each shove was absorbed by my body and I remained standing. Each time I was shoved (on the first occasion on the upper arm immediately below the right shoulder and on the second occasion on the left shoulder), the direction was from behind and well to the side of my body, so it could not have been the case that I was actually in these people's way at the time they tried to push me, and therefore, whatever the reason these two people pushed me for, they were certainly not simply trying to push me out of their way in order to avoid a collision.

I now have supporting physical evidence for the presence of microwave radiation in the house where I am staying, using a standard test for the presence of microwaves involving tinfoil. I spoke with an scientific expert in the field, who stated that the levels necessary to produce this effect on tinfoil are far above those power densities produced by common commercial sources of microwave radiation such as mobile phones and mobile phone masts.

Below is one of the sheets of tinfoil on which appeared the characteristic 'broken' lines indicating the presence of a strong pulse-modulated microwave field.



The situation at the time of writing (2000) seems to be the following:

Along with symptoms of microwave poisoning, I am getting a continuous faint, but nevertheless clearly audible, deep-bass hum when I go to bed at night (which other members of my family have noticed when it has been pointed it out to them, but which, naturally they have attributed to innocuous phenomena, for example an electrical hum from somewhere). In Christmas 1999, on a visit from my sister and her husband, I was awoken at 6 am by this sound, as was their 3 year old daughter, who found it very distressing.

I am a freelance graphic designer and mac operator and have found that, since November

1998, on the few occasions I have worked at places outside my home, where I normally work, I have become subject to a state of intense anxiety &#150; making working outside my home a considerable ordeal. An unusual, inexplicable intensity of anxiety, which is coupled with other indicators such as mild heart palpitation.

Other things I have noticed are the following - commencing in around August of 1999, I would wake up for no reason at around 6 am in the morning, feeling very heavy-headed - neither really awake nor asleep. I would then very gradually drift back off to sleep. As this occurred more and more in the proceeding days, I found that during the day, my normal mental waking state became more and more 'dull' and 'heavy' and less and less alert.

Immediately prior to this, I began liaising with Kathy Kasten, who is a campaigner in America against microwave harassment. Within a few days, I found that my emails were getting bounced back with the statement that her email address did not exist.

In March 2000 I attended a demonstration against the use microwave technology for harassment and non-consensual human experimentation outside the National Security Association's headquarters at Menwith Hill in North Yorkshire. I spoke to a woman who had been involved in campaigning vociferously against the illegal felling of protected trees near where she lived, who claimed that she had been targeted for covert harassment as a result. She also learned that she had been made sterile - when she went for tests her doctor informed her that the results of the tests showed that, inexplicably, something had literally 'cooked' her ovaries. Both I and George Farquhar, who heads Project Freedom, at the time one of the UK's campaign groups dedicated to exposing these phenomena, felt the physiological symptoms at times of being exposed to microwaves.

At the time of writing this addition (4/06/00), I have developed problems with receiving email. My brother was unable to send an email to one of my addresses - it was bounced back. A second email address, held in a subscription ISP account, has bounced back email messages from the same ISP's help-line operator when he tried to give me information regarding the sudden appearance of files in my web-space. He said that, as my account was still active, he knew of no explanation as to why he could not send a message to my account's email address.

Curiously, I have found that there have been instances where I have discovered small alterations in the text of this and another file that I have written in on my hard drive: for example, in one of the sections above where I mention the words "Person A", "Person B", etc, I discovered while updating the file that instead of the last line referring to "Person A" as has previously been the case on the copy on my computer, it read "Person D". In the text above, the phrase 'first year ' (of university) was replaced in two instances with 'fist year'. Further, in the section below where it sates "2) Smelling a musty odour" I found it to read "2) Smelling a mostly odour", though there may of course be perfectly normal explanations for this - for example a computer virus or worm that has as yet remained undetected, though as to why it would target only this file and one other I don't know.

Other events that I thought may have been of significance but of which of course also have many perfectly normal explanations are the following:

- 1) Waking up with my hands behind my head. While it proves nothing, of the available literature, the accounts of those who have had experiences suggesting they have been the subject of some form of covert behavioural-manipulation operation do include a number of identical experiences, one of which (as for example, experienced by Kathy Kasten in the US) is that of finding themselves waking up in an unusual sleeping position.

2) Smelling a musty odour coming from the water of the taps of the newly fitted bathroom, then the kettle downstairs and then the fan heater and the toaster. I noticed that after drinking or bathing in this musty-smelling water I felt dull-headed. Of course there may be many perfectly normal explanations, for example, over-tiredness generally or possibly an infection of the water with some form of bacteria or organism that causes these effects.

Starting the 8th January 2001, I appeared to be overhearing the phrase "He's dead" in conversations from passers-by. Of course, it could simply have been "He said", or "He's ahead" or some similar phrase that I misheard, or even perhaps didn't hear at all: While I do not like to think that I might be prone to aural hallucination, I am aware that lack of sleep (having been unable to sleep the entire night previously to the event and having had some difficulty in gaining normal uninterrupted sleep generally now for several months) can temporarily cause such distortions of perception.

Having said all this though, it may yet still be possible that I indeed did hear correctly the phrase "He's dead" said by numerous passers-by; it would certainly fit within the context of some form of psychological warfare, a type of operation known to be used by agencies of, and those associated with, the military (the MI in MI5 does after all stand for Military Intelligence). If this phrase was misheard, one wonders at the incredible coincidence of having misheard it on so many occasions. If on the other hand, it were aural hallucination, it would not account for the fact that on frequent occasions I saw the lips of those from whom I apparently heard this phrase match what appeared to be the spoken words. In that case, and if it were a combined visual-auditory hallucination, it was so realistic and identical to everyday experience that I would have to say it that it must also, if accepted, demand the possibility that I am currently undergoing a hallucination in which I appear to be typing in these words into a text-editor on my computer!

I now have recorded evidence for this occurrence. I was sitting at a cafe in London having a tea when an individual in a group approaching me called out "Dead - he's dead". My personal dictaphone happened to be on at the time and recorded it.

As for the musty odour that initially came from the water taps of the newly-fitted bathroom but which then spread to other points in the house, for example the kettle - if it were some form of bacteria or organism, that would not explain how the same odour came to be present in the toaster which would at no point come into contact with water and in which the filaments reach an operating temperature high enough to destroy bacteria. Equally, if as I also found, the unusually 'sedative' effect mentioned above were also induced by drinking tea made from the boiled water (both sharing the same musty odour) of the kettle by bacteria, then any organism possibly responsible for that effect should have been destroyed by the boiling temperature of the water, and thereby should not have had any effect when consumed. However, as I do not have sufficient scientific knowledge of the possible range of biological effects any residues of bacteria or organisms may have after being boiled, I cannot make any definite statements on the matter.

However, subjectively, I can say that since August 1999 I have experienced a progressive deterioration in the quality of my attention and mental faculties, that is, I find it increasingly difficult to sustain directed attention. This has been associated with an increasing numbness in the skin of my forehead which has gradually spread downwards to now include most of the skin on my body. I have visited my doctor in relation to this: I was informed that, according to what my doctor was aware of, a brain lesion would be the only possible cause for any numbness in the area of the face, and that therefore this sensation was most likely all in my mind (I must add that on a previous visit in 1997 during which I spoke of my belief

that I was being investigated, that is, being followed, my doctor stated that such beliefs were a sign of paranoid schizophrenia and has since, understandably according to medical training, labelled me as such). In order to obtain a second opinion, I visited another doctor who enquired as to whether I had simultaneously experienced a loss of muscular power, which is the case: He stated that loss of sensation (paraesthesia) combined with loss in muscle power may be indicative of peripheral nerve damage. Equally, though, he did state that another possibility was that the sensation was due to 'somatisation' (in effect, all in the mind).

In May of 2001 I attempted to deliver a petition to 10 Downing Street in support of a European Parliament resolution in favour of a ban on technologies capable of influencing behaviour. On the first day, as a result of arriving late due to getting lost on the way in London, I was told that it was too late to deliver petitions. I duly phoned again the next day to arrange another appointment. However, on arrival I was told by the police manning the gates that there was no record of my application and would therefore not be able to deliver the petition. The following day I made another appointment, but on arrival was told that, once again, there was no record of my application. The next day, to make absolutely sure, I made a taped conversation of my application, and transferred this to my personal dictaphone and took this with me. Interestingly, on this occasion I was admitted through the gates to deliver the petition. The reply I received was a letter stating that the subject of the petition was a matter for the Home Office and a statement that they had passed the letter on to them. However, no reply was received from the Home Office.

In July of 2001 I was illegally sectioned under the Mental Health Act by a police officer. While standing outside my parked car near a roundabout, a police car approached and stopped nearby. Two police officers got out and walked over to my car. I explained that I was lost and was trying to work out where to go next. One of the police officers asked my name and address. I did not answer her question but explained in my reply that I was stopped on the layby in order to work out where I should go next. She stated that my response was not a normal one and proceeded to section me. While in the police car I was told that I was going to be taken to Burton-on-Trent Hospital. However, the police then received a call telling them not to take me to the hospital but Farnborough Police Prison instead. When I was going through the preliminary process involved in any new person's arrival at a police prison, for example filling out forms, etc, I was handed a piece of paper by an officer and told to sign it. Before signing it I looked at it. I noticed that a box had been ticked by the officer that stated "Have appropriated evidence of criminal activity" when none existed. When I pointed this out to the officer, he apologised, crossed it out and put his initials next to it.

At one point, after some of my relatives had arrived, we were told that some violent prisoners were soon to arrive at the prison, and told that for our safety we would be kept in a locked room within the facility. This turned out to be a room, rather as one would see in movies where suspects are questioned, with a mirror taking up the upper half of one of the walls. We were kept in there for two or three hours. At one point, I began to feel an intense, uncomfortable sensation of something hot and energetic at the front of my head. Just as with a headache where one has a spacial sense of the brain, due to nerves on the surface transmitting pain signals, I had the sensation that, spatially, the front of my brain was being simultaneously heated and destroyed. The door to the room unlocked, moving slightly ajar, at one point and I got up and walked outside. During the few moments I was outside, and almost at once, I suddenly found myself feeling as though I had been lobotomised - my mind felt as though I had entered into an almost vegetative state. I walked back into the room I had come out of and a police officer arrived to say that we could go now. I found myself smiling inanely. As we were standing at the front entrance desk to the prison, one of the people there turned to me and asked me how many miles it was from Milton Keynes to St Albans.

Normally I would have known. I did not have a clue, and could only smile at her. At this point two police officers arrived to drive me to a mental institution. One of the police officers, on walking in, looked at me and then spoke into her communications radio the words, "We've got a lover."

As I sat down in the car, one of the police officers started to fasten my seat-belt for me. That is, he assumed for some reason, that I would have been incapable of doing it for myself. During the journey to the mental institution, the police officers began to speak to me. As soon as I started to engage in conversation I began to find myself returning to a normal state of mind, until, by the end of the journey, and having been able to engage in an every-day conversation with the officers, I found that I had completely recovered my mental faculties.

While I have no evidence that I was deliberately, illegally sectioned, I do recall a similar experience on the part of another individual whom I met previously in a meeting of TIs (Targetted Individuals as the phrase is), and whom I have mentioned earlier. To summarise, she believed she was being targetted and harassed by bio-weapons for being a vociferous campaigner against the illegal felling of protected trees. After a visit to her doctor and a number of tests, as I mentioned, she was told that she was sterile due to the fact that, inexplicably, according to the doctor, her something had literally 'cooked'. her ovaries. She believed this had been done deliberately using focused microwaves. She decided to take the evidence she had to The Guardian newspaper. On the way there her car was stopped by the police and she was illegally sectioned on the spot by the officers.

As stated earlier, starting around the 8th January 2001, I appeared to be overhearing the phrase "He's dead" from passers-by.

Having heard this phrase from so many passers-by, together with the belief that I was subject to some form of covert operation, I interpreted it to mean that I was going to be killed. This put me into a state in which I felt it was imperative to contact someone in authority. In this respect I did something very stupid, and which would certainly have discredited me. I had previously heard on a news item that a member of the House of Lords (Lord King of Wartnaby) was responsible for reviewing spying cases and, feeling that I was suspected of being involved in spying activities, I went to the Houses of Parliament in the hope of speaking to him, as I felt that he may have come across my name as a suspected spy, and intending to explain to him what I felt was happening to me. Asking people outside the Houses of Parliament how I might be able to get to the House of Lords, I was given a variety of answers, but almost all of which told me "You've got to get passed the police." Feeling at my wits' end, I foolishly told a police officer manning the gates that I was this Lord's personal assistant and that I had lost my pass. A completely idiotic thing to do. Naturally when he discovered that I wasn't a personal assistant, that is, when he rang through to see if I was entitled to a pass, he told me that my name had been taken down and that henceforth I would be banned from entering the House of Lords. This action, of course, would have thoroughly discredited me, and I deeply regret it.

At the time of the current addition (May 2004) I have experienced the following:

I still, admittedly occasionally, hear the phrase "He's dead".

My quality of attention is still gradually deteriorating with simultaneous gradual reduction in sensation in the skin, while continuously waking early in the morning in the same unusually 'heavy' mental state and then gradually falling asleep again, as stated above.

In July 2003 I moved to France. At one point I was staying in a hostel. There I met someone by the name of Wayne Farrel. He claimed to be a special forces operative for the French government, and had originally been in the French Foreign Legion, but was currently on

sick leave as a result of an accident injuring his leg. He seemed remarkably free with information relating to covert operations he had engaged in, as was noted by another person with whom I became friends with at the hostel. Among other things, he said he had been involved in covert operations for the French Government that had involved assassination, and informed me that the claim that MI5 no longer kill is untrue, that is, that he had been involved in operations including agents from MI5 where this had taken place. He told me that he was a member of the masons, and indicated by one comment that he passed that he was in favor of the "total control" of society. He also told me that, using interrogation techniques, you could get someone down to "the basic building blocks of personality," to which he concluded, "It's a science." He was remarkably observant and also told me that he had studied Neuro Linguistic Programming, and described one or two techniques that could be used to manipulate another's behaviour using it. At the end of one of our conversations, he said the following to me while looking down:

"It's just that a door is open for you. You'll never have to worry about money or personal security again." As I was leaving he said "Ponder over what I've said." Was this an offer to join the secret services, or some clandestine organisation? This was later confirmed. When I met him later I asked him out of curiosity what the process for joining was. He mistakenly took this as a request from me to join, as he said "If you are an investigative journalist I can't recruit you. Otherwise - are you free tomorrow evening?" On another occasion I told him that if I were to be recruited I would not want to take part in any operations involving the death of anyone, to which he replied at a later point, "If you don't want to be involved in operations involving the death of anyone you may as well join the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds."

When it became clear to him that I did not wish to be recruited, he began to pass a series of comments when in my vicinity which included the following:

"I'd check your brakes on the hill there." (I was driving a car in France and the hostel was situated at the top of a hill.)

And, said loudly and emphatically as I was leaving the hostel on another occasion:

"You're dead!"

Curiously, he also subsequently began to take an unusual degree of interest in the cans and bottles of soft drinks I was drinking, asking to see them and when taking them in his hand looking at the label for a number of seconds.

On another occasion, I had been asked to change rooms by the hostel manager. In the morning the hostel offered breakfast including fruit juice as part of the price. The room I was in had two levels. I was on the upper level. I awoke the first morning to hear the door below being opened. I heard the voice of Wayne Farrel say "The fruit juice is drugged" to someone on the lower level, and then leave the room. Would they choose to drug the fruit juice that other people would be drinking from as well? Well, in a sense, yes and no. It is possible using microwaves to enlarge the small holes in the blood-brain barrier to allow relatively large molecules through. If this has been done to someone, it would be possible to introduce drugs into their system in this way while others, consuming or drinking the same thing would not be affected, due to the fact that their blood-brain barrier has not been damaged to allow the passage of any such substance, that is, a drug with a high molecular weight.

While there are arguments on both sides as to whether I myself have been subject to some form of operation involving the use of microwave anti-personnel or neuro-influencing

devices, I believe the following to be true:

The issue of the increasing risk (due perhaps in part to 'outside the law' proliferation of technology) of the potential misuse of mind-influencing technologies (such as the patented 'Silent Sound' technology used during the Gulf War) in which, quite covertly and almost tracelessly, such technology may be deployed in an attempt to influence the minds of politicians, judges and civil servants, as well as that of members of the general public is, if not already so, at immediate moment now of vital importance to face, uncover and overcome.

