

# **Iraq in the Crosshairs: a CIA and Pentagon Intrigue**

## Preface

Some people will say that this book is a work of fiction, and some will say it is not; it is perhaps a matter of perspective since there is truth in good fiction and lies even in the best autobiographies. I hope that the lies will be interesting, the truths even more so, and that the reader will discern the difference by the grace of God.

If all else fails, consider it an intelligence task and use detective work and the internet to piece together the clues.

## **Chapter 1:**

"To sin by silence when they should protest makes cowards of men."  
Abraham Lincoln

In the spring of 2004, as the daffodils hung their heads in shame among the tall grasses of Langley Virginia, my boss leaned his head into my office at CIA and asked, "Might [US Army] Colonel Theodore Eiffner in Iraq be a Russian agent?" Of course, "anything is possible"—I told him so. He did not accept that flippant reply; he came into my office and sat down. My heart did a flip-flop in my chest. He sat with his accustomed air of authority, as if his mere presence could cause an answer to materialize. Usually that was true. People throughout the CIA scrambled to bring him the information he wanted—even information that wasn't true. He had the power to order assassinations; many believed that he had. Fear and love can be close emotions. The hostages in Stockholm, from which the Stockholm Syndrome got its name—they knew. It was safer to love someone who could have you killed than to fear or hate them. May Christ's instruction to "love thy enemies" remain ever foremost in my thoughts as I tell you my tale of woe, war, with the echo of wedding bells on permanent mute in the distance.

My boss, a CIA legend in his 60's had dark brown hair beginning to gray at the temples. To get to his office on the top floor, the seventh, you had to pass a huge mural of an American eagle in flight with an orb of the earth in its talons. I had seen the Native American artist in his faded blue jeans with his dark ponytail bound up with an ordinary rubber band as he painted it. He was a strange sight in the halls of the CIA with its legions of men in dark blue suits and ties and conservatively short haircuts. His Navajo tribe and the eagle were nearly extinct due to the policies of the US government. I'd asked him if his tribe knew that he was painting "for the opposition to commemorate their victory over the land, air, and sea." He had turned to stare at me with hard angry black eyes. Then he had looked away in defeated melancholy softly admitting, "I needed a job." I suspected that most people that worked in that building shared his secret shame. But I doubted that it was true of my boss. He was an able administrator of the conqueror's class and knew it. Confidence oozed from his body like a \$120 a bottle

Christian Dior cologne and graced his custom-fitted suits and his tan suede briefcase lightly branded with the CIA's seal of office. Always immaculately dressed with a pleasingly bright silk tie for a sporty businessman's flare, he had an even more pleasing way of listening that made one feel cared about. He had a habit of leaning forward in his swivel chair towards you. His chin rested thoughtfully in his right hand, supported by his desk, or if none were present, by his elbow on his knee. It was a gesture that made one feel like the center of his world. My heart involuntarily thrilled at his attention on me.

I was an unmarried woman in my 50's; a physician leading a double life in double-time as a spy. About a year before this, I had stopped being a medical director in California after 15 years in Occupational Medicine. I was one of the few true liberals at the CIA, a member of the Green Party, and a pacifist. I had never applied for a job there. My father had been in military intelligence and I had been "recruited" into the CIA as a child under Operation MKULTRA. The Russians, Chinese, and Americans had competed to see who could make the most accurate "remote viewing" spies, and I had been one of them. I had been a spy for the CIA working on Russian affairs, and in counter-intelligence, the unmasking of foreign agents, since age 9. But as my specialty cut across disciplines, I had been in and out of the Pentagon for about the same amount of time. I was a logical person to ask the question of Col. Eiffner to because, if anyone could be expected to give a quick answer to it, it was a remote viewer with my experience.

With my boss sitting in my office that morning, I wanted to say, "Yes" to whatever he asked of me. But I needed some time to think about it. I was hardly a naïve person. I stared out my window contemplating what kind of answer I could give that wasn't flippant and wouldn't cause me trouble later— minutes passed in silence. Then realizing that he could be sitting in his own office while he waited for me "to divine the answer", he stood up again abruptly and said, "Come see me in my office—this is Urgent!" He abruptly left, closing the door behind him rather sharply.

Everything was "Urgent" at the CIA; there were two wars going on and the Pentagon was calling every few minutes to get the latest intelligence. Officials in emergencies made their underlings call me and wait on the line for "as long as it takes to get an answer". It was worse than in my life as a physician. I had a meeting at the Pentagon that afternoon at 2 pm—an intelligence briefing on a sector of the Iraq War that they said was critical. But I had no time to prepare, if I kept answering the phone. That morning I had purposely unplugged the phone jack, so I could get some work done. As a result, my boss had had to come down the two floors to my door to ask the question in person! Given his status in the CIA, that was a bit of a faux pax on my part. Now, it was too late, the milk was spilt.

Col. Eiffner? Who was he? I sent my mind out into the collective unconscious that Jung believed in a moment to look. Some people more accurately call it the Akashic Records or God's records of deeds. The first image that flashed into my mind was of Col. Eiffner standing on the Iraq battlefield with his foot on a corpse, posing with a American flag lifted high overhead for a picture. He was definitely a "patriot", if killing the "enemy in glee" made you one. He had shot the man himself. He had shot him like one would shoot a prize animal. It made me uncomfortable to witness such unbridled

enthusiasm for the sport of killing. The man had been running away from him. He had fired one shot over his head with a command to Halt. The Iraqi had not understood the English command and kept running. The Colonel had taken careful aim and shot him in the back of the chest. He was a good enough marksman, the distance was about 50 meters, and he had hit him in the heart. It was a quick death, "a clean kill". It was clear that Col. Eiffner prided himself in being a professional soldier. I could not feel any trace of pride in his mind at getting away selling secrets to the Russians. I could not feel any trace that he considered himself to be a spy or a double agent. But there were undercurrents, dark undercurrents of dirty ops, of scheming at high levels, of a Russian that he knew better than perhaps he should, of money improperly used, of items coming into his possession that shouldn't have.

One scene flashed across my inner sight that particularly troubled me. Col. Eiffner was talking to three of his men, one a major and two corporals. He had told them to cover up a particular incident on a battlefield. I sent my mind to look at that battle. It had happened 16 days prior. I had briefly looked at it back about then, but now I looked it more carefully. The two corporals had responsibility for two separate units of men of 8 men each. They were supposed to do a standard pincher maneuver to surround a small group of Iraqi men firing at them in a tiny town. But when the unit on the right had trouble advancing around the town the corporal on the left who had advanced rapidly, sent 3 of his men back the way they had come to follow the right prong of the attack and both re-enforce them and find out what was holding them up. That is, the leftmost corporal had not trusted the rightmost one's battle report by radio and wanted a report from his own men. The three men did start catching up with the right-prong unit but then they made a tactical mistake. They searched for the unit in a way that exposed to the Iraqi where some of the men were hiding. The Iraqis had watched US troops searching buildings enough to know how long it took them when they didn't find what they were looking for. That told them when they had found what they were looking for. The Iraqis, as soon as the re-enforcing soldiers did not come out of a small house as soon as they expected lobbed a grenade at it, and then attacked the left prong, knowing it had fewer men than it should have. It was not so much that it had too few men as that they were no longer organized effectively because they were used to working with the larger number and hadn't adjusted their defense strategy. Thus 2 Iraqis were able to isolate one of their men and peel him away from the unit by firing between him and his buddies and then moving their machine guns closer and closer towards him to force him to back away from his unit. When they had forced him about 20 feet away and behind a wall out of line of sight of his unit, 5 of them surrounded him and cut him down like a deer cut away from the herd. They heard him screaming for help, but there was nothing that they could do about it because the Iraqis knew the town well and had been able to pin the left prong in place too far forward. The Iraqis then had that left prong isolated. The corporal broke away from his unit abandoning his men to save himself. His men were gradually picked off over the course of half a day. The two corporals and the remaining men tried to rescue them, but it did not succeed. They never could regain an advantageous position in the town, largely because of snipers that were supporting the group of Iraqis doing most of the fighting. The US troops were outnumbered about 3 to 1 and the Iraqis were in their own village. The greater blame was that the Col. had sent too few men in to do the job, because he was engaged in the next valley over with a bigger town. He should have taken the two towns one at a time. His soldiers in the smaller town never did get the

attention that they needed from him because he was occupied with the battle in the larger town. It was 6 hours into the left prong being pinned down before he gave them the first meaningful order to try to address the issue. If that same order had been given early when they were fresh and not demoralized, they had a good chance of breaking free by making a courageous break for it. As it was they slowly suffered one injury after another, until they were unable to make a run for it. The last two of them spent over an hour pinned down crying because they knew that they were going to die without getting the help that they needed. It was almost inconceivable in Vietnam that a helicopter rescue wouldn't have been attempted of those men. But things were different in Iraq. The chopper pilots were not willing to take as big a risk. Partly that was wise, but mostly it was because they didn't get the back-up that they needed when they got in trouble. So, the problems snowballed so that few soldiers got the back-up that they needed. That was a result of poor management and niggardliness from above. It created a culture of denying help when help was needed. And in response, team spirit and morale suffered and circled the drain causing an ever-widening circle of problems. When the people at the top are not committed to caring for the troops, they can't do a good job.

The Col. had been overanxious to win a promotion. He did not want to use his whole force on the smaller town. So, the cover-up was to keep him from being criticized by his superiors, more than it was to protect his corporal from being criticized. 5 American soldiers had died as a result. Worse than that from my point of view, the Americans had shot up the town and harmed innocent people and created more insurgents, because they had not done a careful policing of the town using enough men to do it carefully and well.

It didn't look like the Col. was working for the Russians to me. But to delineate it definitively would take time. Time I didn't have then. Frankly, the matter did not feel urgent to me, not compared to the other tasks on my plate. I wondered what would happen to me, if I said that Col. Eiffner was not a Russian run mole. I wondered if there was a hidden reason why I was being given this case to "rule on in a hurry" when my boss knew how busy I was.

About 20 minutes after my boss left my office, I went up to his office and told him two things. The answer on Col. Eiffner would have to wait until I had more time to research it, and I would not be able to have dinner with him anytime that week. He frowned on both accounts. "Can't you be faster?" he asked me. "Can't you just tell me the quick answer now? You always have one, if I press you hard enough."

"No," I said, "Not this time. I'm sorry. This case is too complex. Too many people involved, important people."

"It can't be that bad", he countered.

"It appears that it is", I replied.

"When will you have an answer for me?" he asked.

"How soon can you make my phone stop ringing and the Pentagon generals stop asking me questions about the wars?" I countered.

"Probably never", he admitted. "But you could come over to my house and unplug the phones and stay as long as you like. I would protect you 'from the wolves'".

I laughed and said "And how much of my time will you require while I am there."

"Not much", he said, trying not to make it sound like the lie it was.

"No," I said, "I had better go home to my own apartment. I think I have heard this kind of story before."

"But I care about you", he said gently laying his hand on top of mine. "I want to make sure that you get to bed before midnight. Without me, you might stay up all hours of the night."

He was right about that. It had happened more than once that he came in to CIA in the morning and found that I had stayed up all night working in my office. He also often worked long hours, not leaving the office until late. But at 11 pm, he always called it quits for the day, no matter how pressing the problems at the CIA.

The dead did not haunt him by walking past his inner sight like they did me.

## **Chapter 2: What is a "remote viewer"?**

I am an espionage grade "remote viewer". Most people do not even know what one is. For a long time, the CIA tried to keep it that way. During the Cold War, the US's level of skill in this area was top-secret and a carefully guarded secret. The CIA even published false reports that ESP was not useful in intelligence work to fool other countries into not doing as much research in it. That ploy did not work. The Soviets did much ground-breaking work in this area and in psychokinesis (moving objects using the mind) (see [Psychic Studies Behind the Iron Curtain](#) for the tip of the iceberg). The Chinese followed suit, screening 50,000 or more of their school children each year to find children who can hear, see, or read at a distance to put in their military programs (see [China's Super Psychics](#)).

General Billy Mitchell, you had it easy, no one believed your skills back in those days! Forgive me for speaking to the dead in front of you, and let me explain how that late WWI era general caused me so very much trouble all of my days. He was the cause of my being a remote viewer, though I never met the man. He died in 1935 and I was born in 1952, not long after he was proven so right in intelligence matters that it stole my life right out from underneath me. My father in military intelligence was the link between Billy Mitchell and myself that sucked me down into that underworld of espionage and dark secrets from which I have yet to find an escape on any continent.

You see, General Billy Mitchell, on his honeymoon touring the Pacific in 1923 opened up more than his wife's hymen. He opened up his mind and perhaps rather "accidentally" saw not just stars, but WWII playing out before his eyes. But it could no longer be termed an accident when he was so bold, or perhaps foolhardy, as to write down what he "saw" in a 323-page report to the US Army. It wasn't just that General Billy Mitchell was only off by 25 minutes in his prediction on the bombing of Pearl Harbor 17 years in advance, but that he was so dreadfully accurate and militarily precise in how the war in the Pacific would be fought. Here is an excerpt from his report (from [http://www.homeofheroes.com/wings/part1/6\\_survival.html](http://www.homeofheroes.com/wings/part1/6_survival.html) )

***"The Japanese bombardment, (would be) 100 (air) ships organized into four squadrons of 25 (air) ships each. The objectives for attack are:***

1. ***Ford Island, airdrome, hangers, storehouses and ammunition dumps;***
2. ***Navy fuel oil tanks;***
3. ***Water supply of Honolulu;***
4. ***Water supply of Schofield;***
5. ***Schofield Barracks airdrome and troop establishments;***
6. ***Naval submarine station;***
7. ***City and wharves of Honolulu."***

***"Attack will be launched as follows: bombardment, attack to be made on Ford Island at 7:30 a.m.***

***"Attack to be made on Clark Field (Philippine Islands) at 10:40 a.m."***

***"Japanese pursuit aviation will meet bombardment over Clark Field, proceeding by squadrons, one at 3000 feet to Clark Field from the southeast and with the sun at their back, one at 5000 feet from the north and one at 10,000 feet from the west. Should U.S. pursuit be destroyed or fail to appear, airdrome would be attacked with machineguns."***

***"The (Japanese) air force would then carry out a systematic siege against Corregidor."***

It was the military accuracy of his psychic impressions that doomed me in childhood to be put into Phase II of CIA-DIA Operation MKULTRA to force my mind to be a remote viewer. Later, it was shown that one didn't have to start with children and do terribly dreadful things to them to force their mind to see and hear at a distance across space and time. One could start with adult Naval officers and without doing violence to them still get 80% them to be at least 80% accurate in a few months of training. Oh, if only that had been known before my childhood and my life had been stolen from me. If

only,?. But it was too late for those regrets that I had, but that the CIA never managed to have on my behalf. Instead, they heaped more work upon me.

After President Clinton declassified remote viewing in 1995, many US Army remote viewers wrote autobiographies about their work, excerpts from one are included in a chapter below. The "Teleportation Physics Report" proposal that the US Air Force funded to the tune of 7.5 million dollars is available on the internet at the Federation of American Scientists (FAS) website. It covers some of the Chinese experiments and relevant Quantum Physics theoretical consideration that show that the observed findings are not contrary to science, after Einstein's advances in our understanding.

The US carefully kept track of the accuracy ratings of each viewer. CIA Researcher Eldon Bryd stated in a talk at Claremont University in 1999 that using simple techniques it was possible to train 80 percent of ordinary US Naval officers to be at least 80 % accurate in a few months. Because of my accuracy as a remote viewer, I had trained intelligence officers for the CIA, DIA, ONI, and Mossad, in remote viewing for 34 years, starting at age 17 in 1970. Because the accuracy of remote viewing is as accurate as other means of gathering intelligence, faster, and generally, more complete, Directors of Central Intelligence, from Helms to Tenet, often asked me to be by their side in important meetings to answer questions on the spot. The CIA tested my ability to know where Soviet leaders were at any moment, and whether they had already gone into radiation shelters in preparation for launching a nuclear first-strike. Thus when I was a medical resident, DCI Casey insisted that I answer my hospital pager as a national emergency each time he called to get my opinion on whether beeps on NORAD's screens were incoming Soviet nuclear missiles or not.

I have decades of experience in finding information, missing weapons, WMD, and personnel—quickly and reliably—anywhere in the world. The US government used me to find the following items;

- anti-aircraft missiles in hidden in VC tunnels,
- CIA officer Richard Olson after his capture by Laotians in 1971,
- a nuclear detonator stolen by a Chinese spy from a US manufacturer in 1989,
- MIA soldiers on the ground in Somalia in 1993,
- and missing nuclear missiles in 1993 in Russia after the break-up of the Soviet Union.

Given my experience in the field, it was hard for me to claim incompetence in it to get out of the mounting work on my desk. It was even going to be next to impossible for me to bow out of that tricky question my boss had just dropped onto my ear while bombs were dropping over Baghdad and killing civilians at a rate of about a hundred a pop.

When I viewed a war zone, I was the war zone and the wounded in it in my mind's eye. This skill was not unique to me; Zen masters let go of their limited sense of self to merge their consciousness with everything. When I viewed, I was non-dual with other's minds, their bodies, their wounds and their suffering. My method of remote

viewing was not for the faint of heart. It was like volunteering to be wounded and die non-stop so that others might escape harm and live.

The US Army's Fort Detrick remote viewers were taught to believe that what I did was "too dangerous". Perhaps they were right; some of the military officers that I trained in remote viewing certainly thought so. Many of the Fort Detrick remote viewers wrote autobiographies after President Clinton declassified remote viewing in 1995. If you don't believe that remote viewing yields useful intelligence, it only means that you have some reading to do to catch up to the intelligence world and the world of quantum physics. You can correct that hole in your understanding by watching the video "What the Bleep do We Know?", reading books such *The Holographic Universe*, reading the US Air Force Proposal on Psychic Teleportation that was funded to the tune of \$7.5 million on the Federation of American Scientist's website [add reference [www.rense.com](http://www.rense.com)], as by reading books by Fort Detrick remote viewers such as by Moneagle, [add names]. I have included excerpts from Lyn's Buchanan book *The Seventh Sense* in Appendix A to help get you started. He says that their usual method, "Controlled Remote Viewing" (CRV), yielded intelligence that was about 90% accurate, which is as good as almost any other intelligence collection method. To get that accuracy they were working in teams of 8 men and then correlated the results. Each man viewed independently in carefully controlled circumstances of quiet with a human monitor but without being asked direct questions by others, which disturbed their viewing using that method. Technically, I was not a "remote viewer" because I did not use the same technique. Buchanan said that Perfect Site Integration (PSI) was a rare irreproducible event for the Fort Detrick viewers. In the example of PSI that he gives in his book, he saw himself as a separate person from others in the Swiss town he was viewing. So, his idea of a "perfect session" and mine were different. The Fort Detrick remote viewing program was closed by the US military in the early 1990's. My training of Defense Intelligence Agency, and Office of Naval Intelligence officers intensified at about the same time. It appeared that my training method was adopted as the one to survive. That is not surprising because it produced greater accuracy, faster answers, and could be used by individuals under fire from a barrage of questions by generals or under fire from bullets. Using non-duality as the method, I could often produce "on the spot" answers, as quickly as I could open my mouth and start talking.

You would have thought that a "remote viewer" would get to sit in an air-conditioned room to watch the dance of death from a distance. It was not that simple. If you made an assertion of any real consequence in the Pentagon's war room in DC, or in a meeting at the CIA, pretty soon someone challenged you to prove it. Then you were out of that air-conditioned luxury land of clean sheets and back in the land of bullets, blood, and blisters. If you lost those fine psychic skills due to distracting diddies, disabling doubts, or were deluded from danger stalking you, you'd be sleeping on your hard luck to stay alive, just like any other foot soldier.

I had done reconnaissance on the ground part-time during the Vietnam War, mostly during breaks in my college courses. The Tet offensive made a large bomb crater in my course work; a missed a mid-term and a class paper on fruit-fly genetics that I couldn't make up. The Tet offensive was not an excuse that I could give to my professors. I prayed for a miracle and still got the A's I needed to get into medical

school. The classmates that I protested the Vietnam War with would have lynched me, had they known. I was not a volunteer in that war, I was "drafted" at age 3! I still had a right to my own opinion, if I had a right to have a mind of my own at all. My opinion was that the war sucked. Caught between biting mosquitoes, the VC sniffing the DEET, and raw emotions, people killed each other. The reasons were hard to understand. They were even harder to believe, if you thought about them. The men in the reconnaissance teams that I sweated through the jungles with tried not to think about it. I didn't have that luxury in intelligence, I was supposed to know why we were there. It was important to the issue of what intelligence was important to collect, and more importantly what intelligence not to collect! Collecting intelligence that pointed to the removing the lungs of dead US soldiers was likely to get you killed. Heroin in plastic bags was packed into the chest cavities corpses to ship it stateside. In any war there were a lot of such taboo topics—such as who was making the money off it and how. Boy, I had better stick to the narrow topic of mud clinging to the boots of recon grunts, what color it was and whether it smelled of number 1 or number 2 when that wave of incoming fire died down. About then you realized that those boots were connected to your feet, because you needed to walk on them. No one much liked doing a recon missions into VC held regions to look at how the American's lost a battle amidst the rotting stench of corpses. Going in with a female "walking point" made them more willing to follow behind—they liked to watch the fresh buns rising under the khaki cotton. Yes, there was a valid role for females in the US Army, starting with the French's use of Joan of Arc. And being told that I could "see" the landmines underground and the booby traps along the trail sounded good to them, even though they doubted it was true. So much of what they had been told was lies, that one couldn't blame them for not believing the truth, if they heard it. Good lies are the food of war, and there were more than enough to go around in that war, and in all the wars that I had collected intelligence since.

I knew what intelligence the Pentagon wanted and the soldiers on the ground needed, not just from 'Nam, but Iraq War #1, Bosnia, and Kosovo. I trained DIA officers to collect it by teaching remote viewing in classrooms. Then I got them out in the war zones with the bullets flying to make sure that they could use those skills in the real world. Most of the DIA officers insisted on making matters worse by shooting back. That was almost always counter-productive to collecting good intelligence, but they refused to stay calm and listen to my advise. And when things got tough, I practiced prayer and medicine as well—if there was time. One could help the wounded one-by-one in pain—staking agony as a physician; bodies heal but slowly and are almost never the same. It was enough to make a good doctor cry. One could help prevent the next ambush and thus the injuries of many men, as a reconnaissance expert. One could help prevent an explosion and save hundreds, as an anti-terrorist expert, on rare occasions. An intelligence expert with teams of DIA spies in the field, like I had trained, had a chance to save a town full of innocent people. It was a matter of collecting the intelligence on who were the insurgents and getting them arrested. If one could show that there were no insurgents left in an Iraqi town, one could save tens of thousands of Iraqis and many US soldiers, almost any night of the week. But it was a hard sell at the Pentagon; nobody made any kickbacks from the arm's manufacturers that way. So, the standard of proof that the Pentagon required going in that direction was very high. Unless everyone was dead on the ground, they could still claim that "there might be an insurgent in that town".

With enough proof, not remote viewing data, but hard data collected in Iraq—they might believe you on a good day——if only there were enough hours in a day!

## **Chapter Job title**

The bold lettering on my fifth floor office door at CIA read "Special Op Advisor", no name was given. I was not listed on the CIA's payroll or in its phone directory, not in any standard fashion. My office phone number had no name attached to it; it was listed under "Emergencies—other", after an ordinary intelligence list of about 20 others. Emergencies——loss of cover, Emergencies——loss of identity papers, Emergencies——loss of media control?. I was who you got on the phone when you were playing the 21 questions game and had struck out 20 times already. The CIA was an intelligence agency professionally dedicated to your not being able to get the answer you needed before your 20 years were up waiting on hold. After that, you could apply to the Freedom of Information Act Office with a slightly different set of rules. What was the job description of "Special Op Advisor" at the CIA? As far as I could tell, and I had been doing the job for over a decade, there wasn't one. I was the only person with that job title. It was a title made up by Director of Central Intelligence, Webster, after he came over from being Director of FBI, after he was a judge. I had asked him what I was supposed to do as "Special Op Advisor" to him and he had said, "You have been here a lot longer than I, you know what to do here, just keep doing it." So, I did whatever I thought was necessary to do to keep the world from nuking itself, yet one more day. Since in spite of my fancy title and being a physician, I was still one of the "expendables", I tried to make myself both "indispensable" and "irreplaceable". My long brown hair had in recent years grown white in a single patch at the right temple. That white patch had appeared suddenly after a particular assignment that I went on as a regular spy in an op someone else in the CIA wrote. I was still not over it and no closer to being able to talk about. A Russian man had died in my arms; a man I didn't think should have died—not then, not that way. I hated being an operative in other people's poorly written ops. Most of the op writers had never been in the field as a spy. They don't have a clue as to how to survive as a spy, let only support one in the field. I had hated being in their ops so vehemently that I had learned to write ops well in self-defense. Because I succeeded at it, many people laid ops from the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), and the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) on my desk to review for "feasibility".

## **Chapter: Ancestral background**

I had grown up with death all around me. My father's grandparents had been Sicilians that came to the US to flee WWI. My uncle Frank had excelled within the US Mafia. It was rumored that he had half of the Denver police on his payroll during the Prohibition. It was further said that at his trial he invited the judge to share a glass of

wine on the day he got out of jail. Some thought he was obliquely referring to the "last supper". The judge was found hung in his basement with a suicide note next to him, the day before Uncle Frank got out of jail. At least his alibi was airtight. My father thus had a "head start" education in the "power politics" before he joined the US Army to fight in WWII. He landed on the shores of Normandy in the rear of that assault, along with the others in Military Intelligence. His courage was not in question, having dived into a raging Colorado river to save the life of a man, and done other daring deeds as a youth, probably not all legal. In uniform, he was exceptionally handsome and marriage to my mother did not tame the womanizer in him. Later, he fought in the Battle of the Bulge at the head of a unit of black troops. My father was not a racist, whatever else he was. He always had a kind word of encouragement for porters and members of the underdog class. Love of talking was my father's weak point. He liked to command the center of attention. Yet he steered clear of people who were liars or crooks; if anyone at a dinner bragged about cheating someone he would immediately get up and leave their house. My father had a code of honor and followed it faithfully. He was extremely careful not to say bad of people behind their back, saying that that was the secret of his longevity. But he would dare to castigate Generals to their face, if he thought that they were wrong. He said that as a result he had been court-martialed three times. Acting as his own defense counsel, he had escaped jail sentences but not demotions. At the end of WWII, he said that a US general had written in his record "Lt. Colonel Joseph Arrigo is the cruelest man I have ever met, including among the Nazis and the Russians, but whatever task you give him, no matter how difficult, I have every confidence that he will accomplish it." After WWII, he said that comment in his file led to his being trained by the Pentagon in "brainwashing", a euphemism for torture. He said that it was very hard on him and that he almost broken down emotionally from the stress of it. In the Korean War, it was rumored that he had been associated with a US torture scandal in which the heads of Koreans were left sitting on a shelf. Since my father is not a careless person, I suspect that they were there intentionally to scare prisoners into talking. It is likely that he was involved in a Korean War crime that was openly praised by the US military at the time as a "successful operation" to demoralize the enemy. A large dam in North Korea was bombed to cause massive flooding below it, resulting in the death of many, many innocent civilians. He said that a plane he was in crashed into the water of the reservoir during a bombing run and he barely escaped with his life. He was a war "hero" in the dirty business of war, if one believed that "hero" meant risking one's life with courage, without any moral requirement attached. How much an officer should resist bad or immoral plans, was an ever-recurrent theme in my father's life. If he had resisted them more often, it is likely he would have been court-martialed even more. How many times can one take being court-martialed for speaking the truth in one's lifetime? It maybe that one has to go with the flow some of the time, even if the flow is immoral or ill-considered, just to survive. The world is not perfect, and neither are the people in it. But can that excuse torture and bombing dams?

My mother's heritage was contained the unlikely combination of the notorious traitor to the American Revolution, General Benedict Arnold and abolitionist Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote Uncle Tom's cabin. Some people in Virginia considered her a traitor to the South, but she was morally correct, much to her credit. The story of Benedict Arnold was not so noble. He married an upper class Tory woman and expecting to get his pay from General Washington, he bought a costly house to put her

in. General Washington had called him his "most able" general. But Arnold had had his credit for a major battle stolen from him without Washington publishing a correction. Alas, after getting neither pay to relieve his debt problems, nor soldiers to protect his house when it was attacked with him and his wife inside it, he felt betrayed by George Washington. He then sold information to the British on how to ambush Washington. The British failed, just barely. Arnold fled to England and died a dishonored man. It was a sad episode in American history, with General Arnold putting his personal needs before what was morally right. Much later in the family history the issue of integrity versus treason arose again. During the McCarthy era, my mother's brother refused to sign "the loyalty oath" and was fired from his job as a schoolteacher. The case went to the Supreme Court and he won the case that the oath was unconstitutional and that it was wrong to try to force him to sign it. Treason has to be defined by upholding the morally correct position, not by loyalty to a gang in power, be they British Royalty over charging in a monopoly on tea, the slave-running Confederates, or the fear-mongering McCarthites.

My mother managed to preserve a Pollyanna innocence, almost as a defense against the bad things that had happened to her, and the anger that she buried deeply inside of her. She was the eldest of 6 children and during the depression only had one dress to wear to high school. Her mother had suffered crippling of her hands after experimental radiation treatment of an infection, and most of the childrearing and household chores fell to my mother, most of the wifely duties too. Being very bright my mother managed to go to college where she studied physics. She met my father early in WWII when he was recruiting intelligent girls for the Army's war effort. She secretly worked as a code-breaker during one year of college and then was trained as a spy to be dropped into France by parachute with a radio. The expected useful lifespan for the women spies that did that work in occupied France was 3 months, but it was not an advertised fact. The radios to help the French resistance fighters were dangerous to operate because the Nazi's could detect the signals and come looking for the source of them. When a friend of hers in this program in Sweetwater Texas broke her back and was paralyzed from the waist down, my mother decided not to jump again. She was then trained to fly planes. After the landing in Normandy, she flew planes from England to France to transport arms to the front. The Germans had few fighter planes left that late in the war and almost all of them were being used on the Eastern Front with Russia. So, occasionally she was assigned to fly a small biplane that could land on a road or a field to land in occupied areas to coordinate with resistance fighters. It was dangerous work, but my mother had done it well. Later, she had nightmare of battlefields that she had seen but was unable to talk about because her mind was unable to deal with the depth of suffering it had seen. My mother was a very kind person, almost all of the time. She said that strangers were just friends she hadn't met yet. At Thanksgiving time she invited lonely service men or foreigners to the house to make them feel welcome. She liked to treat each person as her only child. Later, when she taught college, when one of her students was sick she took them to the ER and paid for their care. That was my mother's usual habit, to invite everyone in to her house to be part of her family. Rarely, she got angry and showed a different hidden side of herself. One that could make you afraid if you saw it. Once much later in life one of my sisters told my mother that her boyfriend was beating her. My mother confronted the man. He had been a drug user and had been put in jail several times, and been tortured in jail without talking. He was a tough man.

But my mother frightened him when she told him that if he hurt my sister again she would track him down and kill him even if he fled the country. He never hurt my sister again. He said that my mother was serious and that he was afraid of her. She is one of the sweetest people that one could ever meet, but you do not want to see what she is like if you got on her bad side. She was not always able to command the respect of men. As she grew older she underwent a transformation to a powerful person, a person who fiercely defended the rights of others. When the junior college she taught mathematics at was not paying the hourly teachers a fair wage, she stood up in a faculty meeting and asked when it would change. Even though she was a full-time teacher and would not benefit from the change, she refused to sit down until she got an answer. The campus police came and carried her from the room. When the junior college chancellor stole millions from the student health fund, none of the teachers wanted to sign their name to the lawsuit against him for fear that they would lose their jobs. My mother was the one that stood up and said, put my name on the lawsuit. The lawyers were able to recover a good portion of the money. My mother has courage these days and uses it well. But when I was young, she was a frightened woman cowed by my father.

I was born in 1952, during the Korean War. I was almost not born. Due to my father's infidelities and his beating my mother, my mother went to an illegal abortion doctor to try to limit her being tied even more to him. The physician on hearing that my mother was married, refused to perform the abortion. Had he known my father better, he might have heeded my mother's pleas for help. My father was charming to strangers but when the doors were closed, it could feel very much like you were in a torture chamber. He did not have a temper that flared and subsided. He had cool persistent method. People rarely crossed him on purpose. When he was done "causing your compliance", he would take you to dinner or for a chocolate ice cream. Then he was like a different and charming person again. I lived in mortal fear of him, as did my mother. One of my sisters at age 12 stood in a closet all day with a loaded gun in her hands, hoping that he would come home and try to hang his coat up. Had the truth of the physical torture and sexual abuse he rained down upon us been known, a judge would likely have judged it "self-defense". Yet, I owe a great deal of my intelligence and my ability to survive in the world of intelligence to the early training my father gave me. He taught me how to pray for my life and get God's help. He helped me learn how to survive torture. It was a very difficult process. There was little kindness involved.

Subconsciously, I retained the memory of my mother trying to kill me when I was 3-months in utero. I retained it as a persistent feeling that my mother still wanted me to be hurt and die, even though that was rarely true. But when I was young, the moments that it was true, made a big impression on my mind. Making me see my father after she had divorced him for his violence towards her when I was four, felt to me that she still wanted me to be hurt and die.

When my father came back from the Korean War, the US Army gave him the task of enforcing the drug deals to sell the Kuomintang's (\*\*\*\*\*) (KMT's) heroin from the Burmese Triangle. For those readers who are so naïve as not to know that the US government has long been running drugs to make a profit, read Whiteout by Jefferies and Cockburn about this particular operation, and Dark Alliance by Gary Webb, the Politics

of Heroin and the Politics of Cocaine by \*\*\*\*\*, and Barry and the Boys by \*\*\*\*\*, all of which are well-documented. When Chairman Mao's revolution forced the ruling Chiang Ki Shek (Sp) KMT government out of China, part of it went to Taiwan and part of it south to Burma where the poppies were blowing in the breeze. Seizing the poppy fields from the Burmese, the KMT wanted to sell the heroin for a profit in order to use the money to buy weapons to make a comeback in China. The US government was up to the task. My father was a likely candidate for the job, his uncle Frank was a Godfather in San Jose by then, and the heroin would be shipped into San Francisco by boat. My father never touched the drugs or the money, for plausible deniability they did not go through his hands. He made the deals, not just with the Mafia, but with the Hell's Angels and other groups. They deposited money in accounts and were told where to pick up their "freight". Lacking a son, my father took me on "his rounds" with him starting at age 4. It made his visits look innocent. But I was not just a cute prop, my father expected me to pay attention and help him. He spoke to me as an adult as we went out to make a call, and as we returned from one, explaining in detail how he was arranging the "protection". It was like listening to someone talk about football feints and end runs, but the results were not measured in terms of touchdowns, but in terms of the money appearing in the accounts on time. The Defense Intelligence Agency expected their drug customers to pay on time, full payment within a month of receiving the goods. That gave them a month to sell them and raise the money. It was a prescription for the frequent need of a tough enforcer to make sure that it happened. I grew up in the midst of a war zone. I grew up as a child soldier conscripted to fight in order to live. If a drug lord that my father supplied shot him, I would be shot too and dumped in a shallow grave with him. I had to protect the father I feared worse than the plague in order to live. I had to identify with the life of my torturer and act to save his life. Stockholm syndrome was a feature of my psyche since age 2 when my father came back from Korea, and from age 3 months in utero when I needed my mother's womb to survive. I learned at an early age that to survive I had to go along with most of what happened around me, and only protest it as often as I could take the flak for doing so. It was the reality of my body and mind. They could only take so much and survive in the semblance of one piece. I learned to pick my battles carefully. The consequences were severe. If I displeased my mother, she could send me off with my father for the day or longer. He had full custody of me. Anything I did could make my situation worse. Very little I could do could make it better. I did as good a job as I could to please people. But sometimes I rebelled for good, very good reasons—only.

My mother's family's dedication to fighting injustice and my father's family's Mafia heritage made me a dedicated pacifist with the street smarts of a cunning fighter. I looked at Pentagon war plans and intelligence ops all day and tried to kill the worst ones before they killed people with blood in their veins. It was like an obsession for me, born of the violence that I had witnessed and worse, experienced first hand inflicted on my own person.

## **Chapter: Bullet wounds I treated**

My mind drifted a moment onto gunshot wounds I had seen during my medical training at Univ. of Calif. at Irvine Medical Center, in the southern part of the Los Angeles sprawl. The Watt's Riots had passed and the LA Riots were then yet to come. Rumor and the documentary *The Fire this Time* pointed to an unpleasant possibility that the CIA was supplying guns to those that could not afford them, and agent provocateurs to LA area gangs. The violence on the streets was a kind of low-grade warfare—perhaps it could have been called the "Slow War on the Poor". The wounded were rushed into ERs in a steady glut; young Black and Hispanic men were dying right and left. In demographics of it reminded me of Vietnam.

One Hispanic gang leader I treated had a small clean bullet hole in his belly and was cheerfully sitting up talking to me. 22 bullets are like that, they bore a hole the width of a little finger where they hit and even ricochet around the inside of a skull, but the surrounding tissue is healthy. It was only when I got ready to draw his blood with a 22 gauge needle, mechanical pencil lead width, that he had a sudden attack of terror. He turned pale and warned me he would probably faint. I had to laugh at that, but many soldiers were braver in the face of bullets they weren't sure would hit them, then in the face of small needles that they were sure would. Another man had been out drinking at a bar when shooting started. It wasn't until it was all over that he reached down to where his calf where his pant leg felt wet and realized that it was blood. It was only when he pulled up his pants that he saw the hole of the 22 and realized that it was his blood. Yet another man I was involved in the care of as an Internal Medical Resident in the Surgical Intensive Care Unit, lay near death from a bullet wound. He had been shot by a heavy weight bullet designed to create shockwaves in the tissue. The bullet hole was not that much bigger, the size of a middle finger. But a saucer-sized area of the surrounding tissue had turned mushy, including much of his intestines. He'd had surgery to resect sections of his bowel. The surgery was technically a success, his body was not. The man was not long for the world, as judged by his falling blood pressure in spite of a dopamine and dolbutamide IV drip.

When one reads in an intelligence report that a man was hit by a bullet in the belly, that doesn't tell you very much. You need to know how it affected him. Those who cared about the soldiers in the field gave you that kind of information in their reports. Those who didn't care tried to hide the truth under the bare statistics—"4 wounded, 2 dead in heavy fighting". They lied about the war by refusing to tell you the human consequences to real people with names, faces, and feelings. The wounds in Iraq were worse than ever—worse than those on the streets of LA. They were leaving destroyed tissue the size of stone-wear dinner plates. Those that knew the Truth cringed, if they had not yet turned into the dogs of war, or even, the demons of war.

The Russian moles in British intelligence, the Cambridge Five had taken the British over a decade after WWII to expose and expel; Kim Philby, Anthony Blunt, Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess and the fifth one they never managed to nail. Before he was caught, Philby became close friends with the CIA's head of counter-intelligence, James Jesus Angleton. Thus, Russian mole, Philby, had been seen, on occasion, walking

inside the CIA. Angleton never recovered from that betrayal of his trust; his subsequent paranoia about Russian moles inside the CIA became legendary. Some thought he almost destroyed the CIA with his witch-hunts for Russian moles that didn't exist. But whether the Russian moles he was after in the CIA existed or not, and were eliminated or not, depended on who you talked to.

The search for the Russian mole at the CIA in the early 1990's, had taken two average-looking middle-aged women, two years of painstaking work, and then the help of the FBI before they convicted Aldrich Ames, head of the CIA's European section on Russian counter-intelligence. He was reputed to have sold the Russians the name of every American agent in the USSR, leading to at least 10 sources being executed by the Russians. His take over the years was estimated to be \$2.5 million. John Walker, a US Naval Officer sold the Russians the means to decrypt over a million sensitive naval messages in the later half of the 1980's. And then there was the case of a top official in the FBI's counter-intelligence section, Robert Hanssen, who sold the Russians the secrets on how the FBI spotted foreign spies and worked the cases to catch them. He was convicted in 2001, after having sold secrets to the Russians for a quarter of a century, netting at least \$1.4 million and a big ego for his efforts.

Mole hunts that were poorly conducted could destroy the agency by the paralysis of no one trusting anyone else. That mistrust then impaired people inside it talking to each other and thus their ability to network to get their legitimate tasks done. Even over-classifying secrets and over-compartmentalizing intelligence had the same effect. But failure to adequately conduct mole hunts and bag the moles risked your agency being taken over by another country. That could mean that your country lost its independence without even a war, even without anyone knowing that it had lost its independence! Mole hunts were that critical to do correctly, and how to do them correctly was a subject of great debate. The real answer was "nobody knew". As soon as you thought you knew how to conduct one properly, you were likely to be wrong. The reason for that was quite simple—any strategy that you had for conducting one was likely already known to the KGB. It could then be used against you to trick you into falling into their able hands. The Russians were chess masters in the way they played intelligence strategy. Letting them know which strategy one would use in a mole hunt was like telling them which piece you intended to move next in a chess game. As far as I was concerned, thinking outside of the box was the only strategy worth having.

US intelligence people often expressed outrage that the Russians were turning top US officials into their agents and stealing crucial intelligence secrets—as if the US was not trying to do the same. Many in US intelligence wanted such traitors publicly drawn and quartered, not arrested and housed in jails at the taxpayer's expense. As an institution, the CIA was barely ever tolerant of such long investigations that might or might not result in convictions later. The CIA's top officials wanted answers and wanted them now. They wanted the days of trials to be over and not to mar their afternoon with worries. They were tired of worries. They were tired of investigations. They were impatient men. They wanted results—immediate, definitive results—NOW. It was as if they wanted me to play judge and sentence Col. Eiffler on the spot with my words based on my past accuracy as a remote viewer.

The night before I had been at my desk until 11 pm, until my boss had ordered me to go home. But I wasn't getting caught up. I was getting further behind. And now this, "Might Col. Eiffner be a Russian spy?" Did I attract questions like that to me? Yes, I had to admit I did. I liked counter-intelligence work and I had been involved in Russian affairs at the CIA my entire life. If only I had time to look into the question properly, I was sure that I would be able to figure that out—given time—time I did not then have, time I could not foresee ever getting because of the wars.

I knew my boss well. I had worked under him for almost 7 years. My relationship with him was a complex one by anyone's standards. It was a relationship breed of the intelligence world—what bound us together was the secrets that we shared and ?. When so much of what one knew and worked on daily was not just classified, but restricted in access within the CIA, having someone to talk to about the details gave the relationship an intimacy that was both unnatural and compelling. One needed to be able to talk to someone about crucial aspects about what one did, someone who not only could understand, but who did understand. And some cases were so intricate and sensitive, that only one's boss had the clearance to discuss it with you and the duty to listen well enough to understand it. You could adore a boss that actually did listen, not just pretend to. And that made my boss an excellent candidate for adoration—his listening skills were phenomenal. If that wasn't enough to win one's heart, he also tried to act appropriately on what one told him, if at all politically possible. For all of the above reasons, I was head over heels "in love" with him, whenever he was in my line of sight.

Over the years, I had had men in "my other life" that I wanted to marry but how can one really marry someone, you can't talk to? How can you marry someone you can't even tell that you are a CIA asset to? How can you explain, "I will be gone for two weeks, maybe a month, but I can't tell you where I am going"? How can you explain, "I have a date with death in a war zone that I hope to cut short before the final kiss"? How can you explain, "I really plan to have your child, but don't be surprised if you see a flag draped over a low wooden piece of furniture instead of me in your bed."

Men had asked me to marry them and I had sometimes even said, Yes. But when I was due to go out on longish assignments again, I was unable to make a coherent explanation. Instead, I always fled the relationship. I was not a perfect person. I was a person so broken by circumstances that they could hardly be considered a person at all. I was more like a walking 3-D battlefield vision that people could peer into because the "person in me had been disappeared". I was a wounded woman who bled into the lives of men the way that blood seeps through cloth; no matter what one did one couldn't get that nice red color to stay, nor could you wash it all the way out again. I desperately needed to be held and allowed to cry over all the people I had seen die on clean sheets, on sheets brown and caked with blood, and on the mud of jungles and on the desert sands. And though that was like waiting to win a lottery, sometimes someone said a kind word to me, or loaned me an ear.

So, when my boss had asked me to go to dinner, I had said "Yes". I had ended up in the last few months eating dinner with him frequently—that is, whenever I had time. We almost had "a romance" going, but the true story was so much more complex than

that. Here I am again not managing to make a coherent explanation, but fleeing from it. Real life can be as complex as real intelligence cases, especially when one is in intelligence. Some people thought we were an "off the books" couple. It was more like I was a standing "no show". I would say Yes to him in the morning and by time for dinner plead to be excused—I was simply too busy. I was simply in too much demand. My skills were the problem—they were wanted, always wanted, day and night, night and day, without any respite that I could find. It was my skills that meant that I might be kidnapped again at any moment. I couldn't trust that a regular man in my life would not say something foolish on an insecure phone and get me kidnapped by the KGB again. I had been kidnapped by the KGB outside of the El Toro Marine Base in California as a medical student, and again later in Italy. It left indelible marks on my mind and hidden fears.

"Could Col. Eiffner be a Russian agent?"

Why not just say Yes and be done with the matter? My conscience wouldn't let me. I would have to look in the past and at all the times in his life that he might have been recruited as a spy, all the times that he might have been blackmailed, and all the times he might have put money into his pocket or his bank accounts that did not come from his paycheck. I would have to look and look, without overlooking anything, and then I would be able to answer the question "Was Col. Eiffner a Russian agent?" with the necessary degree of certainty. A great deal of certainty was needed—he could be hung as a spy, or more likely assassinated in Iraq, if I said Yes. And suppose for a moment, that I said No, when the answer was actually Yes. Then, even worse could happen; men could die in Iraq unnecessarily, the US could lose the war unnecessarily, and US national security could be impaired unnecessarily. I wanted to give an answer; I thought I already knew what that answer should be as I looked out my window while my boss sat waiting for my reply for almost 10 minutes. But I needed, and the CIA needed, the answer I gave to be certain, as certain as those possible consequences required. If Col. Eiffner was guilty, I wanted to provide the evidence of that, reliable evidence such as witnesses to his meetings with a Russian controller, extra cash deposited to his bank accounts, or an extra car or goods in his possession that he did not pay for, or even Russian documents that referred to him and the instructions that they gave him. If he was innocent, it would be much more difficult to prove. It would be hard to prove that he never met with anyone that could have been a go-between between him and the Russians. It would be hard to prove that he had not received any excess cash, goods, or favors, by so much as the use of a prostitute in a back room. It would be hard to prove that he had no intention in his mind to betray his country. It would be hard to prove that no Russian documents referred to his betrayal and his deeds done for their benefit. It would not be enough for me to know the Truth—I would have to be able to prove it. His life and the welfare of America hung in the balance. Men's lives depended daily on the answers that I gave and on my ability to convince others that my answers were correct. Knowing the Truth was not so hard. Proving it was difficult, but not impossible. But getting others who had a vested interest in the answer to change their minds, that verged on needing a miracle from God. I was praying that God would grant me a miracle before this case was over—because that was what I thought that I would need, along with about an extra week of days in the month.

I had indeed uncovered and perhaps even helped "sentence" Russian moles before. I had also gotten badly burned in the process.

When I was a medical student at UC Irvine, I was directed by the CIA to work on a possible Russian-run mole case in my "backyard" at the El Toro Marine base, just a couple of miles away. That was in about 1973, when I was about 20. I had dropped out of high school to go to college at age 16, and started medical school at age 19 without graduating from college. The Federal government offered medical schools a special grant to let some students "fast track" that year. I had lost my innocence to intelligence work and was trying to get through school like greased lightning. I had already been in intelligence operations for over a decade, doing difficult, dangerous, and deniable deeds. I was already a "veteran of foreign wars" and a smart-aleck "know-it-all" kid, that didn't know how to say no to an excessive workload, even if it killed me. It was as if that I was in so much emotional pain deep down inside that the only way I could avoid drowning in it was to bury my mind in work, the more impossible the task the better. I was the quintessential work-alcoholic and the Agency loved it, even back then. So, here I was studying medicine every waking moment of my day and the CIA gives me this assignment knowing that I am incapable of saying no, for more reasons than I have yet told you?.

It had come to the attention of the CIA that a college student who had protested the Vietnam War one year, had dropped out of college with a B average and then signed up for the Marines. Someone flagged that anomaly as suspicious enough to warrant an investigation. I became the person on the ground making the assessment of him with the help of that base's commander and 6 of his trusted Marines. I posed as a girlfriend of one of the Marines as my cover on the base. My remote viewing, over a number of days, did lead the CIA to be able to verify that the suspect had met with a Russian spy in the Midwest near his college town on at least one occasion. The Russian was an experienced spy in his 50's and the timing of that meeting, about 10 days before our man joined the Marines was telling. His Russian controller hoped that in time this young man disillusioned with the war would rise within the Marines over many years and provide secrets as a long-term mole. Their bet could have paid off. The CIA felt it had enough evidence, not to convict him of espionage in a court of law, as he had not gained any secrets or sold any yet, but enough to "arrange a fatal accident" for him. But as I viewed that young American's life, it seemed to me that a death sentence by CIA was unfair. The young man, call him Bob Wenden, had been "seduced" politically by a college student with Communist leanings at an anti-war rally, and then the older, more experienced Russian spy had moved in for "the kill". The kid of 19 was out of his league, like a virgin girl seduced by a professional Don Juan. To kill her for getting pregnant out of wedlock was just too extreme for my tastes. Bob was not a spy. He had never been trained as a spy by the KGB. He had been given a couple of tips on how to survive and send secret messages. He was a rank amateur in a dangerous game and was about to be a "wipe-out" before he even made it through month three in the Marines. I hated to see the novices get destroyed in this game, but they were the ones that were the ones most often "biting the dust". That was true of the grunts in Nam too—it was difficult to survive as a "newbie" and it was rare that anyone helped you learn the ropes. It was dangerous for them to take the time and extra effort to care and help.

And I felt some moral responsibility in the case because I had given the particulars of the Russian spy and the meeting location and time that the CIA was able to confirm. So, if I was not careful, then my actions were like helping load the young man onto a train headed towards Auschwitz. Yes, he was guilty. But he was mainly guilty of being naïve. Like many people who became moles for the Russians, like the Cambridge men, they were myopic. They understood some of the flaws of capitalism or the rationale for the war in Vietnam, without looking to see if supporting the Russians would lead to a more just world. They refused to take into account the Russian history of Stalin's murder of millions, injustices within the Soviet state, or towards its satellite countries. They lacked historical perspective and balance. They were like a woman on the rebound fleeing from the arms of a man who slaps her who ends up marrying a man likely to cut her face up with a broken beer bottle. Given my moral responsibility in the case, I decided to figure out how to correct the seduction of this young man by the KGB in another way. I set out to give him a more balanced picture and another chance to not be in bed with the KGB.

Over the course of about two weeks, I ran an operation on the base using the Commander and 6 of his Marines as my "actors". I no longer remember all of the fine points of the script, but the basic framework of it went something like this. I had the 6 peers and the suspect assigned by the CO to play spy/recon type of competitions; like sneaking up "on the enemy" without being seen, trying to bribe brig guards to bring you candy or girls if you were locked up, knowledge of US and Soviet atrocities, etc. The game was a little rigged in so much as I was teaching the 6 Marines recon techniques during those two weeks. It was the very minimal amount of basic training in being a spy that I thought that the KGB had a responsibility to give him before they threw him into the game. Two weeks is almost no training at all. Boot camp in the military is usually 2 months. Being a spy is much harder, one regularly gets into situations that require a great deal of finesse and skill while you have no back-up. You sink or swim by yourself.

By the end of the two weeks, he realized that he was failing as a spy. During that time I also trained the CO in friendly means to use Bob's real need for help to get a confession, by giving him the help he did need, a friendly ear and sound advise. The British had used such methods on Nazi spies during WWII with very good success. They befriended the struggling spies and out of that grew the bond needed to allow the Nazi to give up his attack on England. Very good intelligence was gained from Nazi spies that saw the error of their ways by these gentle methods and then wanted to help the British survive. "Loving your enemies" was very sound intelligence advice as I was later able to prove in CIA studies. The CO acting as a concerned father, not a punitive drill sergeant, was able to get him to confess. He then agreed to never meet with Russian agents again, etc. and to lifelong "CIA supervision" in a rural setting with an ankle-alarm to confine him to that region, if the CIA would agree. The CIA was less than pleased with my novel solution to this problem. They agreed that I had sufficiently convinced Bob never to be seduced by a foreign intelligence agency again. He really did understand at the end of the two weeks that the KGB had thrown him into the game without caring enough about his survival to even give him two weeks of training. And that it was a more dangerous game than he ever wanted to play again. But the CIA, even though they had not been harmed—no secrets had been lost, and no agents killed, wanted him not just to be

corrected in his behavior, but to suffer punishment. They wanted him dead and in a grave, not someone that they had to think about ever again. And if not, then at least to suffer grievously for what he had done.

Years later my trying to help this fellow young American not get chewed up by the espionage world would come back to haunt me. In 1983, I was given an assignment in NY City where I was an occupational medical resident. The assignment was to look into an allegation that the Russians had hacked into the NYPD's Internal Affairs Computer and destroyed some critical accounting records. I was desperately short of sleep and time as a medical resident, but the CIA refused to let me out of the assignment or make allowances for that. They had the ability to make my life miserable, to say the least, so I had no way to refuse. In the course of my investigations, I asked the CIA for permission to make contact with a specific KGB official in NY City, the head of their station. The CIA gave that permission and asked that I try to "double" him, turn him into a traitor to his country. I do not believe that it is ethical to try to corrupt people. Turning people into traitors destroys their lives and probably their souls as well. I wanted to meet with him to correct the problem that was causing the problem in the NYPD computers—a certain type of corruption in the NYPD. Corrupt officials at the NYPD had prevented those accounting files from printing out certain statistics in order to hide that they were on the "take" from a certain sector of NY's illegal businesses, houses of prostitution. I needed "muscle" to apply pressure to the NYPD to clean up their corruption. I had already asked the CIA repeatedly and they had refused. But the KGB agreed and the clean-up of that problem in the NYPD was helped by their cooperation. I was a firm believer in using cooperation even with one's "enemies" to get the world to work better.

A Buddhist monk, Thich Nhat Han, during the Vietnam War went to each side to explain to them the suffering of the other side as a result of their actions. He said that each side ended up considering him an enemy. In the first case, I had tried to explain the suffering intelligence agencies cause naïve people by seducing them into a dangerous occupation without adequate informed consent or training. In the second case, I tried to explain the suffering of child prostitutes. I got the head of the KGB in NY City to help me preach against the evils of promoting prostitution from strategic street corners of NY City—in front of a CIA safe house and the Chinese Embassy compound to protest the Chinese selling girl orphans to the CIA which sold them in auctions to brothel owners. Most people never stopped to think about how girls from foreign countries got into the US in large numbers while refugees seeking shelter had great difficulty getting into the US. The US Congress estimated that 600,000 sex slaves were brought into the US each year. This was not a few individual women paying Mexican coyotes to bring them in to prostitute themselves to make a profit for themselves. The NYPD and the intelligence communities were scandalized that I had dared to speak publicly on this taboo topic. They should have been scandalized that they had allowed such a crime to be committed. I asserted that the NYPD had a legal and moral responsibility not to allow child prostitution. They had been taking bribes to "look the other way". Yes, I certainly did stir up a hornet's nest with that one.

In retaliation for my exposing a corner of the CIA's sex slave trade, they tried to smear me as a Russian-run traitor. They dug up that case from almost a decade before of my being "suspiciously lenient" on Bob Wender and not doubling the head of the New

York City KGB and charged me in secret hearings inside the CIA. The proceedings were "extra-legal", the consequences to me real. And the CIA erased some of the record to make their case against me. They removed the history behind the case of Bob Wender and why the CIA was looking for an irregularity at that Marine Base to find a Russian mole there. The KGB had kidnapped me from just outside that El Toro base in the preceding weeks after I returned from training Naval officers offshore. I had been electrically tortured by the KGB in the desert. They wanted me to agree to be their agent. Severely dehydrated, I managed to fake death well enough and they left me for dead. I reported that "unauthorized contact" with the KGB to the CIA and gave them a full debriefing on it. If anyone had a right to want to kill that man Bob for his dangerous naiveté, it was I. He had called the KGB from a pay phone to tip them off when I came back from the naval ship by chopper. Bob had not been told by the KBG why they wanted him to notify them of that. In all honesty, he did not know that I would be kidnapped and tortured as a direct result of his phone call. He was that naïve. It almost cost me my life. It did much worse to me later—it almost cost me my effectiveness in the CIA to keep innocent people around the world from being killed by senseless sex and violence. I chose to forgive him and turn the other cheek. The CIA used that against me very unfairly. At the closed-door tribunal they said that that I had "let Bob go unpunished" as if I had left him at liberty to keep on being in the service of the KGB. They refused to let me say anything in my defense. I was as completely railroaded in the proceedings as if I had been in a Soviet show-trial. I had never intended to "punish" Bob—I was not God. I had only intended, like a good jailer, to make sure that he could not commit such a crime again. He ended up being a poorly paid farm hand, after having been a college student. He paid taxes and paid more in taxes than his surveillance cost the government. The US government should have thanked me for my creative solution. And certainly they had a responsibility to complain about it to me and to correct Bob's situation in those many years, if they were unhappy with what I had done. That they had approved my meeting with the head of the NY KGB in writing was also information that they withheld at the trial. It proved that they were not unhappy with my previous handling of that case. It also proved that I was not a rogue agent meeting with the KGB behind their back as they painted me in their proceedings. In addition, I was denied counsel. I was denied the opportunity to act as my own counsel. They appointed a "defense" for me—a man who was as naïve as Bob. They refused to let him meet with me out of fear that I would wise him up. He lacked personal integrity; he said in court what they wanted while pretending to act "on my behalf" without my approval.

The CIA retaliated against the head of the New York City KGB by expelling him and some of his staff as spies. But that was not the worst of it, they leaked false documents to make it look like he had supplied Soviet secrets to them via me. They managed to convince the KGB that I had doubled the man. I later heard that the Russians executed him within months of his returning to Russia.

The CIA wanted to be able to sell girls into sexual slavery on the streets of NY City without anyone complaining about it. They were subjecting those children to being raped nightly by man after man. They were subjecting them to being beaten by pimps and johns alike. They were subjecting them to venereal diseases and injuries that they would never be treated for. They would be killed for having them instead, so that their owners would not have to bear the cost of them. Their owners wanted only the profits

from their fragile bodies. They would die of starvation while they were the "after-dinner" treats of men crushing them with their heaving heavy bodies. They would die from lack of love while men promised to love them and bring them food and never did. And they would die from suicide, if they could steal a knife out of a man's boot or his belt to hang themselves. The CIA's "Slow War on the Poor" was alive and well across the cities of America. Few people knew that it was happening in their own country. Few people had a name for it. Few people saw its victims, or heard their screams. All they heard was the scream of sirens in the night, and the bright neon signs blinking "Girls, Exotic Girls". This is what the CIA does not want me to tell you. This is why they kept dangling dangerous situations in which it could be claimed I acted to benefit the Russians over my head.

Following Christ's injunction to "love your enemies" can be dangerous to your health from friendly fire. I wondered what would happen to me, if I said that Col. Eiffner was not a Russian run mole. I wondered if there was a hidden reason why I was being given this case to "rule on in a hurry".

About 20 minutes after my boss left my office, I went up to my boss's office and told him two things. The answer on Col. Eiffner would have to wait until I had more time to research it, and I would not be able to have dinner with him anytime that week. He frowned on both accounts. "Can't you be faster?" he asked me. "Can't you just tell me the quick answer now? You always have one, if I press you hard enough."

"No," I said, "Not this time. I'm sorry. This case is too complex. Too many people involved, important people."

"It can't be that bad", he countered.

"It appears that it is", I replied.

"When will you have an answer for me?" he asked.

"How soon can you make my phone stop ringing and the Pentagon generals stop asking me questions about the wars?" I countered.

"Probably never", he admitted. "But you could come over to my house and unplug the phones and stay as long as you like. I would protect you 'from the wolves'".

I laughed and said "And how much of my time will you require while I am there."

"Not much", he said, trying not to make it sound like the lie it was.

"No," I said, "I had better go home to my own apartment. I think I have heard this kind of story before."

"But I care about you", he said gently laying his hand on top of mine. "I want to make sure that you get to bed before midnight. Without me, you might stay up all hours of the night."

He was right about that. It had happened more than once that he came in to CIA in the morning and found that I had stayed up all night working in my office. He also often worked long hours, not leaving the office until late. But at 11 pm, he always called it quits for the day, no matter how pressing the problems at the CIA.

The dead did not haunt him by walking past his inner sight like they did me. I could not just leave my work at a given hour. My boss might kick me out of my office at 11 pm, but then I often worked from home. The CIA set up an apt. in my complex as an intelligence office for me, with a secure phone and computer line. The Pentagon had supplied a wall-sized computer screen to help me use the Pentagon's war room maps from home. I was haunted night and day, and day and night by the work that I had not yet completed. I was those wounded people in Iraq and beyond—I felt the pain of their wounds, even in my sleep. If I had not learned how to deal with the pain and suffering of torture, I could not have gotten the accuracy I got. The secret to accuracy, in my opinion, lay in remaining non-dual with the suffering of others. That is how saints get the blessings of Christ, by merging in with his suffering on the cross. Sometimes they develop his wounds of stigmata as a result. If one didn't want to share the suffering of others as an act of spiritual generosity, then perhaps it did not make much sense to use the method I used, even if it did get better results. But war at its best is learning how to put the needs of others before one's own needs, to be willing to suffer and die so that others can be protected. Most people view war as an opportunity to kill others. War is an immoral enterprise, when practiced to kill, like I see the children playing the video games do. They shoot to kill to gain points and the immoral satisfaction of harming another. One's real motivation when one does something is what God judges. A knife cutting through skin can be done with the motivation of a surgeon to help a person heal, the motivation of a murderer to gain personal wealth, or the motivation of a soldier to protect the world.

When bombs fell on the neighborhoods in Iraq, I was the innocent women and children dying and in pain. I was the crippled, missing a limb because I had not been able to convince the Pentagon generals in time that there were no insurgents left in that block of that town anymore because they had moved out at 4:05 am, 5 hours earlier. I was the baby buried under the rubble of a demolished house still alive, but waiting in its dead mother's arm because I had not been fast enough in getting the Pentagon the hard proof it wanted from the US spies that I had trained in the war zones. I was the Iraqi teenage boy of 11 dragged off by the soldiers to a US prison and raped there because I was unable to get those spies out in the night to do their dangerous work on time, because they preferred to party in the bars on the base in their sheltered compound. I was the guilt of US operations that went forward to destroy a whole town in a single night because no one was willing to say no without the proof of innocence of everyone in the town. Everyone was willing to say, "Let the death squads roll—play it one more time, Sam. Do it down and dirty, just do it, do it, do it, till like 'Nam, nothing moves on the ground." Death was the drumbeat the men moved to and grooved to. Putting the bloodlust on ice even for a night was like pulling teeth from the mouth of a Colonel Sander's chicken already cut up and in the fryer.

Sure, if you say so, Col. Eiffner is a Russian agent, and his Lt. Kofmen too. Sure, send the death squads out and kill them, but don't put my name on those "shock-and-awe" bullets. I got the ghouls already following me down the halls of the CIA, I don't need anymore, boys. No, I don't need anymore.

That afternoon I drove myself the 20 minutes over to the Pentagon. I had been too busy to eat lunch, or breakfast either, for that matter. It briefly occurred to me that I had forgotten to eat dinner the night before as well. As I went into the Pentagon, I bought a candy bar from a machine. Before I had time to take a bite of it, I was swarmed by military officers asking me questions; "If I send in the 5 fighter planes from the --- Airborne, will I hit my target?", "Which general should I see to get my plan approved?", "Will my wife come back to me?", "When should I start my attack on -----village to maximize my chances of an easy success with the fewest casualties." I had 15 minutes before my talk. I quickly answered the most important questions, about one fourth of them. I reminded the others that they could call my remote viewing students at the DIA or ONI to ask questions. One officers groaned and then gripped, "Yeah, and be told," and his voice went into a falsetto, "Well, maybe this and maybe that, but no body knows for certain." Then coming out of his falsetto he said, "I might as well call a fortune teller on a 900 number." Another officer, a colonel supported this younger officer saying, "You are the only one who is certain about what they say. It doesn't work out when we use your students. We can't get the results we want."

It was a long-standing problem in remote viewing. One could train almost any officer to be 80% accurate, or even 90% and that was wonderful. But if the end-user had a choice, they wanted the best they could get. They ignored the fact that most of the time you don't need a Maseretti to drive to work in, a simple Buick will do. Most of their questions could be handled by my students adequately. Their questions were not critical ones—I had just answered those. I pointed to those with remaining questions one at a time, and told them which student of mine to call for their particular question. I said, "Each of you will get a perfect answer to your question by calling that student, I guarantee it". That was enough to make it work. It gave them the faith that they needed.

Then I stepped inside and started my briefing. It was well attended with about half of the Joint Chiefs of Staff present.

"Gentlemen," I began dressed in my khakis for the occasion, "I am going to lay out the current situation in Sector---, starting with a review of what has happened in it during the last 48 hours, and then at the end making predictions about the next 48 hours, according to which of 3 plans your generals have made that you could adopt. And then I will lay out a 4<sup>th</sup> option."

An officer rushed in the door to take a seat. I called him over by name, handed him a paper and asked him to hand deliver it to a general down the hall. He came back about 10 minutes later, crestfallen to have missed some of the background he needed, the Pentagon is a big complex. I doubted that he would come late again.

I crammed all that information into 50 minutes and then open it up for questions. The question lasted from 2:50 to 5:15pm, two hours and 25 minutes. Many of them were

on other sectors. I did an impromptu review of another sector, covering past, present, and future for 48 hours, in a 25-minute talk. The next question was for me to do that for a third sector. I only spent about 18 minutes on that one. A general then asked me, why I didn't just do the first one impromptu, if I could do the next two that way. I said, "Sir, it is possible to screw any broad in a port and reach ejaculation. But when one wants a good and lasting relationship, one should go to the trouble of buying a ring and roses and composing a proposal speech first." The room erupted in laughter. I waited for it to die down and then I continued "Iraq is being screwed by the US military like that broad in any port. That is wrong. I want it to stop. I want you to correct that. I want you to romance her with your actions, not just get your rocks off by spraying her with mortar and bombs." The room fell dead silent. It stayed that way in chagrined silence about 2 minutes. The officers stared at the floor, at the walls, and at the back of their hands. They knew that I was right, that they were winning the battles but losing the hearts and minds of the Iraqi people. They were not considering the feelings of the innocent Iraqis in those towns they were destroying. They were just using them like a whore without regard to her feelings, because they had "plans for a night of adventure". The Iraqi people, most of whom were completely innocent, did not deserve to be treated as objects without any rights or feelings. Most of them were good God-fearing people whose only sin was to be sitting on a piece of land with oil under it that the US wanted. The US was in the process of stealing, killing, and lying, in order to get it. That is a sin and a crime. Saddam Hussein's sins did not justify that crime by the US of killing innocent Iraqis. They have the duty to arrest and try insurgents as criminals.

My fourth option was just that—a plan to arrest just the insurgents in that section. It relied on a simple devise—an arm's sale to draw the insurgents into an isolated area away from civilians and then arrest them. It was a basic police sting operation, simple and cost effective. To get the insurgents to show up in numbers one had to advertise it correctly. That meant understanding their motivation and usual ways of operating. That is not hard for a remote viewer to do. Most of my students could have set up a successful sting operation like that. Many officers at the FBI could have done a credible job of it, even without knowing the specifics of Iraqi culture.

When I had gotten back to my office, from the Pentagon, it was close to 7 pm. I had had a quick dinner with a general on the JCS to give him extra time to ask me questions as he was responsible for the Pentagon's support to the men in that sector. We had eaten at the Pentagon's staff room. It was reserved for generals. The Pentagon considered me a kind of honorary general because I had set up the Psychic Warfare defense system for the Pentagon in 2001. I was encouraged to come to the JCS meetings as their Psychic Warfare Advisor. It was a way of getting more of my time from the CIA.

When I returned to the CIA, my boss was furious with me—he had already heard the news that I had eaten with that general, after telling him that I didn't have time to eat with him that entire week. I gave him a 15-minute neck and upper back massage to get him calmed down and then managed to get back to my CIA regular work. I had three main projects that I was desperately trying to finish. One of them nobody but myself understood, but I considered it the most important of all. I had trained for 5 years as a

mathematician at UC San Diego while I was sick between medical school and medical residency. During that time the CIA had asked me to remote view a problem with a research plasma generator at General Dynamics just north of campus. I had the viewing skills and the mathematical understanding of Applied Field Theory to see what was wrong with it, explain it to the nuclear physicists, and get it fixed. That had started a long series of nuclear reactor consulting jobs in private industry, which the CIA provided the platform for. Officially, the CIA labeled me a "mathematician", not a remote viewer. I was in the middle of developing a new theory of mathematics to correct the bias of science towards war and destruction. Einstein and the quantum physicists had left God's Love out of their equations. They had created a compassionless spiritually bankrupt science that destroyed life for over 10 million years whenever depleted uranium was used. They had made a very serious error; one that looked like it would doom the world to annihilation, if it were not corrected.

Most people believe that stories of miracles are legends or lies. They do take literally the possibility that one could part a Red Sea as an escape route or to use a miracle to win a battle. But there are so many of that kind of stories in the Bible and in the literature of the world that intelligence agencies in the US, Russia, and China studied these matters very seriously. In Christian Theologian David Griffin's book *Parapsychology, Spirituality* [ get exact title], he points out that science was developed by men that set out to intentionally limit the power of the church. They excluded the study of miracles by calling it unscientific to study such things. They labeled everything they did not understand as "anomalies" and threw them out. Griffin pointed out that it takes only one white crow to prove that white crows exist. That is, that it takes only one miracle or paranormal event to show that there are forces outside of science that science cannot explain. Instead of throwing out those anomalies, one needed to expand one's scientific research to include them, and then expand one's scientific theory to be able to explain them.

Intelligence and military agencies collected examples, like General Mitchell's accurate predictions of WWII, and sailors who by themselves threw 1000 lb unexploded bombs over railings to save their ship. Unlike regular scientists, they went to a lot of effort to research how to find or create people who could get these extremely improbable results. The Chinese screened elementary school children, not just for remote viewing talent but for psychokinetic skill (see [China's Super Psychics](#)). They did this by handing the child a sealed glass bottle to and seeing if the child could shake a pill out of it through the glass. The Chinese documented such feats by having a child do the same thing with the glass bottle on the other side of a glass partition in another room and taking 400 frames per second of film. That showed frames of the pill moving through the glass, or disappearing from inside the bottle and appearing outside of it, depending on how the child conceived of the task. The adult Chinese psychic spies liked to do a demonstration in which they chewed a business card into a wet pulp like bubble gum and then after showing it, spit it out of their mouths whole and readable. It was the skill one needed if caught with information one stole. Having quickly chew it up to destroy the evidence, one would later need the information to show your debriefer. The book *the PK Zone* is full of interesting documented cases of such things as psychic teleportation, fire immunity, etc.]

The US government even brainwashed children into believing that it was possible to do miracles in modern times, as a first step. I was, for better or worse, one of those children. I was not allowed to doubt whether I could do something. I was told to do it, or else. Many children were subjected to incredibly harsh experimental protocols in order to find or create the few who could have the faith and selfless love to do the extremely improbable. Quantum physics gave the probability that an electron existed within a certain radius of the nucleus of an atom. But that electron could suddenly move almost infinitely far away or disappear altogether. It was not impossible, merely not very likely. Quantum physics experiments showed that a single object large enough to be seen by the naked eye could be seen in two places at the exact same time. That was no surprise to the Catholic Church. They had been documenting that in saints for centuries; they called it bi-location. Saint Pio, a modern day example of that had also stigmata, and had prayed to the Virgin Mary to heal people of illnesses and raise the dead. There are 400 cases of people raised from the dead documented by the Catholic church and a wonderful book about them called *Raised from the Dead* by Father [name]. Such events were rare, but not contrary to Quantum Physics. In quantum physics, it was not even clear that there was such a thing as life or death. [schodinger's cat]

I was working on a mathematical theory that had the capability of building a stable world again out of the ruins of the science that built the atomic bomb. Gandhi had attempted to build a stable world again from selfless love, but his ideas hadn't "taken root" in the intelligence and military sectors.

I had already tested major parts of my theory in real world tests. I had gotten CIA backing to do studies at the Princeton Nuclear Research Center [get exact name] that showed that my theory was a more accurate model of the physical Universe than Quantum Physics. God's Love was a force strong than gravity and had to be in the equations, if one was to get life-giving results. Any saint in any tradition could have told you the same. Christ walked on water. St. Joseph of Cupertino and St. Theresa of Avila and other saints levitated. They did that by the force of God's Love. Gandhi got the British out of India and Mandela reformed S. Africa the same way. Selfless Love was more powerful as force than all the tanks, planes, and bombs in the world. By applying my theory, I beat the Pentagon generals at war games every single time. That had deeply shocked them. It was why I was accorded the status of a two star general at the JCS meetings. They were willing to concede defeat in those war games like gentlemen.

Applying my theory was simple, but not easy. It required adhering to very strict ethical conduct. Gandhi could have told you that it would. God had given the 10 commandments and all the earth's major religions, the Jews, the Christians, the Muslims, the Hindus, and the Buddhists all agreed on what those basics were. My theory tightened things up considerably because it got rid of the inaccuracies in language and self-deception. Without those inaccuracies, one could know in advance whether one's good intentions would manifest the desired result. That is, it was a reliable science, like engineering science for building bridges. That is what I had shown in the war games.

The 10 commandments were a good starting heuristic as to how to get good results but they did not go far enough. Most people who believe that they are following

them are not able to get the same results as Christ's miracles. Maybe, just maybe, if they prayed for 20 or 30 years in a monastery they would understand the finer points of what God required of them. Maybe then they would be free enough of self-deception. Maybe then they could start getting the power of their Selfless Love to exceed gravity or inertia. When Christ came and told people to "love their enemies", he was giving them the additional information that they needed to get miracles. It was not enough not to kill your enemies, you had to go all the way to loving and serving them, to get the Selfless Love needed to win at "war games".

Most people think of statements as true or false. But one could think of them as having a probability of manifesting a result instead. If the statement is "I will win this war game today", and there are two teams playing, then on the face of it, such a statement has a 50% chance of being correct. That same statement could be true or false later in the day. So the true or false label attached by one's mind to a statement was a flimsy one, not worth much. But if one believes that statement with enough faith, the statement becomes almost like a "self-fulfilling prophecy" and the probability of it manifesting the desired result is more than 50%. Much of the training of cadets at West Point is along those lines. And much of it is useless hype without result, because still 50% of the teams lose the war games. So, motivation at the level of "I will win" is not very successful. It is rather like most people's prayers "Lord, cure me of this cancer", it rarely manifests the desired result.

Yet, Christ and the saints did get such results, and some of them got them reliably. Their statements had more than a flimsy "true or false" I takes Selfless Love, great Selfless Love. The amount of Selfless Love that a person can bring to bear on a situation is easy to assess. Just ask a soldier if he is willing to do KP duty to help person X with a minor health problem like sore feet from a long march. Then ask him to give the answer if X is his best buddy, a distant buddy, a friend of a friend, a person in his unit he doesn't like, a prisoner who is innocent, and a prisoner who is guilty. Christ would have been willing to do KP for anyone with sore feet, because he has Selfless Love. It is as if those feet are his and he wants to help them. But many people will help others only if they can get something, such as the gratitude from a friend. Selfless love is a very strong force, but it is hard for people to develop it without help.

The CIA was super-sensitive about the mathematics I developed with Selfless Love in the equations. They allowed only a few mathematicians to look at it. They were able to verify that it was correct. That was not surprising given that it was inspired by God—I was really only a scribe. But it was nice to see that I had been an accurate enough scribe to be a useful servant of God.

The CIA had objected to my theory. They did not say it was untrue—the CIA mathematicians had said that it was true. They did not say it was ineffective. I had proved on the battlefield and in the physics lab that it was. Their objection was that it would be impossible to run an intelligence agency and hence to protect the country without running "dirty ops". I had countered by saying "Nonsense, randomize all intelligence problems to be given to me or to a person using the old CIA methods. I will prove to you that it is possible to succeed at intelligence operations across the full range of those at the CIA, including the wars, using only ethical means." They were sure that was impossible so they agreed. I was in the midst of those trials, which lasted 4 months.

That was part of why I was so harried. I had half of the CIA's tasks to manage. Thank God, I did not have to do them all myself. I had a lot of men I had trained in remote viewing willing to help me because they believed in God and wanted to help prove that his way was the right way. It was pretty straightforward in application. Most of the men didn't understand any of the mathematics behind it. If one had faith in God, that understanding was not needed.

If one didn't, then the mathematics was needed. I could get men without faith in God to have faith in my mathematics, even if they didn't understand it. Faith in science is a powerful force. But most people with faith in Science do not have much understanding of the philosophy of Science, nor of Quantum Physics, let alone the known inadequacies in Quantum Physics. They have not read books like Kuhn's *The Nature of Scientific Revolutions* [check title] or *Against Method* by Feyerabend. They are narrow minded and believe that they know the truth and that science excludes miracles. Nothing could be farther from the truth in modern physics. Modern physics is most accurate and most effective when God's selfless love is allowed to enter the formulas and give them life to heal the world of its "nuclear" insanity. Humanity will annihilate itself unless we give selfless love a place of honor in our world.

It is very useful for your neighbor to know whether the statement on your lips that "God exists" means that there is a high probability that you won't come over and kill them at night. Many people have a faulty drive train between their words and their actions. That faulty drive train makes their statement "I will win this war game" not manifest a result. One gets a good drive train by getting rid of the self-deceptions that one uses to justify one's failures.

The way I start any remote viewing investigation is to look at how the assignment got given to me. Over the years, that has saved me from a lot of mistakes. If you are lucky, it should have been given to someone else better suited for the job. Sometimes, you were one of several people that was on the "short list" of who would be assigned to do something, and it was simple to pass it on to them. But that did not happen to me very often. Please asked for me with alarming regularity by my codename, even if they weren't supposed to know that there was such a codename.

I thus started by viewing whether my boss had anyone else in mind as an alternate. That almost never paid off these days and it didn't in this instance either. He intended to get me to answer that question for him, no ifs, ands, or buts. Next, I looked at the circumstances surrounding his deciding to give me that assignment. He was in a meeting with Pentagon and White House officials when one of them asked him, pointblank without any introduction the same question he had asked me. I made an assessment of that meeting. It was unrelated to the question and the question was given to my boss, like it was given to me, as an urgent question to be answered ASAP, without pre-ambles or discussion. The man asking him that was a very high-ranking Pentagon official, one might even say that he was the motive force behind it. But perhaps that would be overstating the case. The Pentagon would continue much as before after he left it. I was tempted to look at how he had that question arise in his mind. I hesitated a moment. I was under orders from my boss not to look into the mind and motivations of that particular Pentagon official. Officially, that was to protect "national security secrets"

from being exposed. That was a quaint idea. Any remote viewer in Russia or China could view his mind. The days of "national security secrets" were over. There were none anymore—remote viewers were that good. It was only a matter of how fast viewers could write the material down and analyze it into some useful format. Most of the time looking at the minds of appointed officials didn't net real intelligence anyway—all it netted was propaganda because that is what they liked to read and fill their minds with. So, the Russian and Chinese remote viewers looked mainly at the minds of the knowledgeable middle level experts and technicians—that was where one could find the specifications on the weapon's systems. But even simpler than that was just to order that weapon's system from the manufacturer and have them send their productive representative out to your country to explain to you how to use it. The specs always came along with it. They weren't always correct. They usually overstated what the weapon could do, requiring them to be tested again. If you wanted to know how the weapons performed in real world fighting, you could go to any battlefield and look. Battlefields are rarely secured against spies—they are too big and chaotic. So, anyone could go and collect the evidence for most weapons systems in use. It was a matter of putting in the effort, if you wanted the information. Secrecy was an obsolete concept in intelligence, like the concept of an atom after Einstein came along. One simply could not find a single secret or a single atom that had ever existed or stayed that way. People who believed that something could be kept secret or held onto were seriously deluded about how the world work and doom to fail as a result.

I decided that I could bypass viewing that top official's mind, at least for now, and talk to my boss again about that ban. I made that decision in my bed at about 3 am. I was exhausted. It had been a long day. I briefly assessed whether I could have escaped any faster. Maybe I should have talked for two hours and then taken questions. It would have organized the answers to the questions better. But then again, some people wanted to leave after an hour. I resolved to ask the JCS whether they wanted longer or more frequent briefings and drifted off into sleep. It was not restful sleep. My mind went back to viewing that sector of the Iraq War in my sleep. I was that sector again. I had tried to convince the generals of a simpler way to secure the sector, instead of using the usual search and destroy methods. I wanted to cry as "my bodies" in Iraq had the "killing fields" of the search and destroy methods applied to them yet one more time. I knew that what was happening was wrong. I knew that the US had a duty to arrest the insurgents and try them in court as criminals, not wreak mayhem over the landscape and population night after night. But getting them to do it was another matter. I did not have the authority to order them to act as responsible policemen, not as death squads. You could give them the names of the insurgents to arrest and where to find them at a specific time, and they would still go in and flatten the whole town, most of the time. Not always. Sometimes, just sometimes, they would use some restraint like a man who has just had sex can refuse the advances of a beautiful woman. It was just about as often that I could get them not to commit mayhem on an innocent populace. If I could get it to happen every 11<sup>th</sup> time that I recommended it, I counted myself lucky.

About 2 hours later, I got up and went to my office in the nearby apt. There was a frantic message for me from a general at the Pentagon written in large bold letters across my computer screen. It said, "CALL ME—NOW." I picked up the phone and

called him, waking him up from sleep. He was disoriented a moment and started to ball me out and then really waking up said, "Thank God, you called!" It sounded like he was pulled on his clothes by then. He put the phone down a moment and said a few words to his wife and then moved to another room with his portable phone. Suddenly, I got a picture of him on my screen, and I smiled back at him. He was in his bathrobe, a beautiful one that looked like it was handmade by his wife. I complimented him on having a good relationship with his wife and then we got down to business.

His problem was a direct result of his not having attended my briefing and not being in synch with what was happening in that sector. The Pentagon had decided on plan 2, not plan 1 as he had expected, and had forgotten to tell him. His sector was adjacent and being affected in a way that he didn't understand. It was as if all the insurgents in Iraq were pouring into his sector and overrunning it. That was not so far from the truth, but it was only about 35% of the insurgents from the adjacent sector. It was a simple breakdown in Pentagon communication. It didn't take a remote view like me to see that. But since I had been asked to call him, I gave him advise on how to handle that sudden influx of insurgents. I recommended that he intercept them before they got into his towns and hid in them, and suggested locations to do that at. But the military being slow to move, he did not succeed in getting his troops out there in time. That was the history of the Iraq War in brief—operations that killed lots of civilians but failed to arrest insurgent. The insurgents just hopped like fleas out of the way of the claws of the foot of the dog trying to kill them. They had their own spy networks and methods to know when the lumbering giant of the US military was coming in their direction.

I went back to bed for an hour. When I got up the sun was up. The air outside was crisp and I could see my breath as I got in the car to drive back to CIA. By the time I arrived, it was close to 9am. My boss was waiting outside of my office door for me. It was not a good sign. I had never seen him do that before. It was one of those exceeding improbable events, given his status in the CIA. I asked him how long he had been waiting. When he said, "About 10 minutes, I saw you drive up.", I heaved a sigh of relief. But then he hastened to add, in rebuke "I have been waiting for you for 2 hours!" A wave of foreboding of doom swept through me. I had forgotten that I had promised to put on a conference with him all day today starting at 9 am—a conference on counter-intelligence, on how to spot and stop terrorists before they strike! I had forgotten because I had said that a month ago, and with the two wars going on in my mind that was like a year ago in terms of the wear and tear on it. I had assumed that his secretary would remind me the week before and then the day before. She knew that I was a space cadet when it came to dealing with day-to-day realities at CIA. My mind was almost always in another part of the world. The whole drive into CIA, I had still been viewing the Iraq War and the unfolding events. In my embarrassment over this oversight on my part, I apologized profusely, than gave him a kiss on the cheek, and taking a deep breath in of much needed confidence said, "I am ready to start."

"Dressed in that?" he asked incredibly.

I looked down at how I was dressed. I was still in my khakis. I had slept in them without thinking twice about it. They were one continuous wrinkle. "Oh", I uttered. "You go start the pre-ambles and I will change and be right down to the auditorium."

"When?" he asked anxiously looking at his watch. It was 3 minutes to 9.

"In 5 minutes", I asserted.

"I'll wait", he said. "I am not letting you out of my sight. Who knows who will waylay you on the way down and make you late."

"But I am never late!" I said irritably.

"Today, you may be," he said flatly.

I stepped inside my office, changed in a jiffy and was out again within about 2 minutes. As we stepped in the large auditorium that was packed almost to capacity, I smiled—the clock had just starting moving again from its 9 am position.

Glancing at his watch that said 9:02 he said, "That is not fair".

"Everything is fair in love and war", I demurred.

He gave a wonderful pre-ambles. He was a natural when it came to public speaking. Jokes rolled off his tongue easily. The one he told this time went as follows:

The devil sent a spy into Heaven to see if they had better food than in Hell. When the spy did not return, he sent another. When that one did not return either, he sent a third. But when that one did not return, he said, "That proves it—Heaven has a better chef!" The devil went into Heaven to see who it was. When he got there, he saw God in the kitchen cooking. Shocked the devil said, "And here I thought God was a man all this time and He is a woman!" God, turned towards him and said, "Not really, I like good intelligence, and am willing to cook it myself".

There was a hearty round of laughter from the intelligence insiders. I laughed too. Then contrary to my usual serious presentation style, I told a joke as counter-point;

"Two men were walking down a road to the sea. Neither one of them had ever seen a sea before and they were speculating about what they would see. The first one said, "Since a sea is made of lots of water, we will see row upon row of tea cups filled with water." The other one said, "No, no, it is salt water. In the place of some of the tea cups there will be saltshakers. The first one said, "But that makes no sense, the salt should be in the water." "Just so," the second man said, "the water should be in the sea, not in tea cups." Just then, they arrived at the beach with the sea stretched out before them with a boat on it. The first man said, "We were both wrong. The small white grains are on the bottom, the water on the top, and the tea cup is floating on top!"

No one laughed. So, I adlibbed another line. "And the tea cup was flashing an SOS signal". About half of the men burst out laughing. The others looked dumbfounded. My boss was one of them, he turned towards me and asked me, "Why is that funny?" I looked down at my feet and didn't answer. Then I hastily launched into the presentation. At the break, another high CIA official took my boss aside and asked him "Didn't you see the flashing red light when you started to tell your joke?" "No", he admitted. "Did I say something wrong?" The official looked down uncomfortably for a moment. My boss was his boss too and he wasn't sure how to tell him. Finally, he blurted it out, "We are airing this conference live—across the sea—to the land of tea cups—Britain. Tony Blair is watching from Buckingham Palace! Don't you remember that we told you that would be the case? That was what she was trying to clue you to." "Oh, no" my boss let all the air drain out of his lungs as he suddenly understood the implications. "Oh, no? the Queen!" "Yes," the other official said, "You just burned Tony Blair—badly. All this week he has been telling the Queen that the intelligence on going to war in Iraq was "solid, as solid as rock salt."

After the break, my boss looked glum. His confidence was deflated, like a sailing ship without wind in its sails—in the doldrums. He was supposed to say a few more winning words and maybe a joke to introduce the next speaker. He wasn't up to it. I gave the introduction. I skipped the joke—no one was in a mood for one anymore by then. The implications had spread through the audience—the emperor had no clothes on. The justification for the war had just slipped a notch in the mind of someone who mattered—the Queen. It did not look good for the CIA. The bragging that the CIA had cooked the intelligence on purpose had just turned into an intelligence disaster in US–UK relations. Tony Blair later called my boss and yelled at him on the phone for almost 2 hours. There was nothing he could do except listen patiently and apologize profusely. It was that kind of day. As soon as Blair got done with him, the Bush administration started in on him. Cheney gave him a verbal drubbing that made Mohammed Ali look like a light-weight puncher. Much of it was not fit to print. That evening I rubbed my boss's back for almost an hour, and tried to put his mind and ego back into a useable state. He was an able administrator. He was not responsible for all the policies made above him. But ? . And it was a big but?

I didn't speak to my boss about that ban on remote viewing the mind of that Pentagon official that day. The timing on the question was bad. I wanted the ban lifted, but that was not the right day to ask. That evening I held my boss's hand, lit and fig. I needed him to be able to function the next day. I needed his good administrative skills above me to get my work done. Having him replaced by a poor administrator, with undoubtedly the same Bush administration policy, would only make my work more difficult. Maybe the brake that I could apply on the killing in the wars was only marginally effective. But that was the margin I had to play with and I wanted to use it, not lose it. I felt sorry for my boss. I felt sorry that he had thought it was right to cook the intelligence. I felt sorry that he was so spiritually blind not to understand that his action was causing the death of innocent men, women, and children in Iraq. And I felt sorry that he was worried more about whether he had ruined his career than about the state of his soul. That was the state of almost everyone at the CIA, from that Native American painter, to its analysts, to its operatives. They were suffering from a spiritual blindness worse than color-blindness. It embarrassed me that they couldn't see it. But

then they could not see war zones, or Heaven or Hell, from a distance either. They couldn't look back in time and see Christ on the cross and the love he had for them. They couldn't feel the suffering of the wounded in Iraq and they could not save themselves from hurting them and themselves in the process. Like small children who do not understand why they should share their toys with others, instead of steal the toys of others; they had tantrums when they were corrected. They sometimes even tried to kill one, if one pressed them.

I was not as good a listener as my boss was. In fact, it could be that I was a terrible listener. I viewed listening as an intelligence gathering method to try to get to the truth of the matter. So, I was impatient when I listened to people, because I felt that I could get to the truth much faster by viewing God's records. Some people called that the Akashic records because the Hindu's were among some of the earliest seers to write about them. Everything that had happened already was recorded there in painful detail; every action of every crime ever committed, down to what the criminal had been thinking. Even his subconscious motivation was recorded in it, though he was unaware of it himself at the time.

Because I had much work to do, I started viewing the Col. Eiffner question while I was rubbing my boss's back. Partly it was in self-defense in case he asked me again about it. And partly it was because I considered it the least important of my pressing work to do. In my view, it was thus suitable for doing while I was engaged in occasional conversation with my boss. The reason I didn't give the Col. Eiffner question high priority, at least not yet, was because I didn't see that he had access to secrets that the Russians would want. So, then what difference did it matter if Col. Eiffner was working for the Russians? We was not fighting the Russians. The battles in Iraq and Afghanistan were not going well enough that the US was a credible threat to Russia at that distance away. It was not like the US military was under an able commander, like Napoleon, or even a second-rate commander, like Hitler. It was not as if it were about to storm into Russia in a blitzkrieg next month, or even next year, or the year after. Under the current US "commander-in-chief", the well-funded most powerful military in the world was badly mired down and unable to run a credible occupation in either third war country. The Nazis in WWII had been able to run occupations to consolidate their gains before moving on to taking the next country. Both the British and the Russians had failed to occupy Afghanistan and ground their power into the ground in the process of trying. The Muslims that allegedly attacked the US in 9-11 were Saudis, and it was not necessary to target a country to target Bin Laden. So, starting the US invasion of the Middle East in Afghanistan was a curious choice. It appeared to be an irrational invasion, for irrational reasons, without any military intelligence used before launching it. At least Hitler had been a corporal in combat in a war, even if he was not a real general like Napoleon.

The next phase of my investigation of the Col. Eiffner question, was looking at how he came to be suspected as a Russian mole. One of his Lieutenants, Lt. J. had suspected him and reported him to the Pentagon for investigation. It was thus important to assess Lt. J.'s entire life as well, to make sure that he was not a Russian run mole himself, framing his colonel to take the heat off of himself. That was a surprisingly frequent dodge for moles. To assess if someone was a mole, I reviewed their life to see what they had done that could be used to blackmail, coerce, or bribe them. One could

have a mass murder whom the Russians could not blackmail because he lack a conscience, or because the only people's whose opinion he valued were dead already. So, one had to look to see, does this person have guilt over a specific action that can be manipulated by others. Does this person have people or groups, whose opinion he values enough that he wants to hide the truth from them? Would his actions get him in trouble with the law or the military or his "gang", unit, or social group, if they were exposed? How much effort has he gone to in the past to hide things from them, because that is the best predictor of whether he could be blackmailed. Does he have specific people in his life that he loves enough that threatening their well-being could be used to control him? Or would he be willing to be bribed by money, gifts, sex, and favors? Such favors could include getting back at people he hated for him, including killing them or helping him do it. In short, one has to look at the entire emotional, moral, and spiritual life of the person to see how their loves, hatreds, fears or greed for money, experiences, or items, or even ignorance could have been used against him. An intelligence agency used its vast resources to make such assessments before it decided what ploy to use to snare and control their agent. Usually, an intelligence agency took a few weeks or a few months to make such an assessment. Once that assessment was made that agency writes an op to make contact with the person. Thus, I would also be viewing, who met with that person.

In the course of a day, the average person has about 30 conversations long enough to have been enough to threaten, bribe, or coerce them, and about 10 long enough to blackmail them. A professional can do the former in the length of time a person is in an elevator, and the later in the amount of time that a person is in a bathroom stall doing a number 2. He can do that from the next stall without the agent ever seeing his face or hearing his voice. He can slip a photo of the agent-to-be in an act and the name of his boss, his woman, or his mother paper clipped to it. Along with it can be a sentence or two about what he has to do in order not to be exposed. The op is likely to include a way of assessing the agent-to-be's agreement to do that task. It might be as simple as asking for him to leave the bathroom first, without trying to find out whom handed them the paper. Most novice agents want to bolt anyway. It may only be in retrospect that they realize that they "agreed" without meaning to. Because it is hard for an assessor looking for a mole to be sure that they did not overlooked any such meeting, intelligence agencies look at the total picture. What use could the opposition make of such a person? How easy would it be to control them? What method of control would they likely have used? Given that method of control, would the likely contact person be male or female? Who might that contact person be? Is there evidence of money, gifts, etc. in the possible agents possession that he didn't get by legitimate means?

Because when I view, I feel like the person I am viewing, I will report on his life by writing about it in the first person. You can make your own assessment as you read. You can also think about how an intelligence agency could gain control of you, and whether it would be hard or easy for them. With that in mind you might want to make some changes in your life to make yourself less vulnerable. Warning; becoming less vulnerable to blackmail by ditching your conscience is likely to leave you friendless and in jail. I do not recommend that as a way to deal with the lesser evil of having an intelligence agency breathing down the back of your neck.

## **Chapter 2:**

The life of a US military officer Lt. Johnston under Col. X who will become the man who reports Col X may be a Russian mole in Chapter 4. But this chapter is about the remote viewer looking at his life in toto to assess his motivation in reporting Col. X. It will be written in the first person as Lt. Johnston and include the story of how he married his wife and the birth of his first child, a girl.

I was born in a small Missouri town of barely 300 people. My own relatives formed almost a sixth of those people. So, there was nothing I could do in that town without it getting back to my parents. I had absolutely no privacy and no leniency for my bad deeds. My father was an angry, disillusioned man, who beat me black and blue almost every other week. He was not drunk when he did it. He reserved his drinking for afterwards, to drown his guilt over what he did to me, and my mother. I was an only child, at least until I was 6 years old. He did not lift a finger against my mother, but he broke her heart in forcing her to watch him beat me. He was a cruel man. My mother could stand it to see my bruises later, she was a nurse. But she positively could not stand to watch him beat me hour after hour with the leather insole of his right shoe. You would not think that that small piece of leather could cause a child to cry his heart out. You would not think that small piece of leather could cause black and blue marks on my back and bare buttocks as I lay prone on my bed. It couldn't except for the frequency and fury with which he applied it to my skin as a child. My mother would stand as far away as he allowed her, at the doorway 10 feet away. Only once, did she come and hold my hand when he beat me. I treasured that moment for years. I treasured that moment of tenderness my entire life, at least until I was with my first woman when I was 16.

Then I forgot my mother and put her out of my heart, as a distraction from my carnal pleasures. Whenever I thought of her while I was with a woman, I lost my erection. I think that was because I knew she would not approve of my having sex outside of wedlock. In spite of my father's brutality to me and later to my younger brother, she was always faithful to him and spoke well of him. That was as true in private as in public. If ever there was a loyal wife, it were she. But I think that my father was also faithful to her and that I was the first womanizer in my family. I had left my home town at age 16 for a girl's wet spot. That was how old I was when I ran away from home; ran away from my father's beatings and my mother's enduring—all love.

The girl that I first had sex with was a loose kind of girl. She said up front that she was sleeping with four other guys at the same time. She was shameless. But so was I. I didn't care that she was a slut. I just wanted to have her—as much as I could. I didn't use any condoms, or anything. I was a little backwards. I thought—nothing can hurt me. That fling lasted two weeks, the disease lasted a month. I did not know that I had it until I went to join the Army. It was the Army doctor who took me aside and told me that I would have to get treated and then apply again. He wrote down the name of a local doctor in that town of about 30,000 where the recruiting office was. He wrote it down real clear like. But that didn't help. I didn't have the money. It took me two years to get the money and to get desperate enough from my down—and—out life before I got back to that recruiting office without a disease. During that two years, I spent my nights in the bars and my days in the fields picking crops like a blackie. And here I was a white boy. My mother would have cried, if she had known. But she didn't. It weren't until I was in the Army that I wrote her. It was only when I got to Iraq. Real lonely. I weren't

lonely like that in the States. But that being in a foreign country hit me really hard. It was like I had died and gone the wrong direction. Not that I was ever religious. No, not like that. I had only been in church a couple of times in my life—the funerals of my relatives. My mother went but didn't make me go. I think that she went every Sunday to have an hour by herself without her husband and kids. Other members of our family had been religious, like my grandfather on my father's side. But it didn't mean anything to me, except death and I already had enough of that in Iraq.

I hated boot camp, but I liked being in the Army and I liked to kill. I was good at it, once I got the hang of it. It was easy for me, easier than picking crops. I think that was because at the end of the day I felt like I had accomplished something important for my country. I felt proud of myself for doing a good job for the US Army. At the end of each day, I carved another notch a stick for each person that I had killed. I was up to 29 by the end of the first month. Then I gave it up. I had run out of room on the stick. That made me a little sad. It was almost like I had lost my reason to live. There was nothing important that I was accomplishing anymore. No matter how many Iraqis I killed, there were more where they came from. It caused me to have an identity crisis. I wasn't sure who I was anymore. I was afraid that I was becoming my father—because I was cruel like he was now. That really frightened me. I went to see the chaplain. I needed someone to talk to about how bad I felt inside my skin. But it didn't help. He said that God forgave me but I didn't feel any better.

About the third month in Iraq, I managed to pull out of my guilt over killing people. It happened after I raped this young girl. She was maybe 12. I felt bad about it all night, until I told my buddy, Chris. He told me that it was natural to kill and rape and that was why girls had them holes in them. That helped me. He helped me get over my hang-ups. After that, I had no restraint. I just did what felt good. It made life real simple. If I saw something I wanted, I took it. That got me in some trouble when I got caught once, but mostly nobody cared. One just had to be careful not to steal from the guys who would beat you up if you stole their personal stuff. Everyone was stealing girly magazines, because we didn't have any girls on the base. It was only when we went on the war path, got ourselves painted up, and went on a mission, that we got laid.

I got VD again, bad, real bad. The doctor said I would lose my dick, if I wasn't more careful. How can you be more careful when you are raping Iraq girls that you can't talk to and ask who they have been with before? Chris figured it out for us. He said, "No more sharing the girls. When you get done with her kill her, so nobody makes a mistake and uses her a second time. Pick them young, young enough that it ain't been natural to have been used yet by an Iraqi. Shit, how young was that? We guessed that was about age 8, but that wasn't always true. Some of those girls had been deflowered real early before we got into town. Maybe Iraqis abused girls too. Using Chris's rules, the VD rate went down in our unit. The doctor said we were doing better. We didn't tell him how and he didn't ask. Some men in our unit would use boy's holes, if they couldn't find girls. Some even, if they could. I wasn't no pervert. I didn't do them dead either.

When I got my first real leave, I went home to see my family. My mother didn't recognize me. I was her firstborn son and she passed me coming out of the grocery store

and didn't even know it was me. She was shopping to cook for my coming home dinner. She was expecting me, but not until the next Greyhound bus came through town. That really hit me hard. I went into the alley beside the grocery store and sat down in it and cried. I didn't remember ever crying before in my life. After sitting in that alley like that for 15 minutes, one of my uncles came by and recognized me. He was cool. He sat down beside me and called me a veteran and said that he knew what that was about. He had been in Vietnam. He told me not to worry too much that time made the pain better. Then he got up and walked off. He blew his brains out with a gun later that same night. I guess it was seeing me like that that did that to him. It spoiled my home coming. Not that day, the next. And then another funeral. I couldn't take it, I split without even saying goodbye to my mom. I felt bad about that for about 10 minutes. By then I was a pro at letting go of feeling bad about what I had done. It was just too painful, if one did it any other way.

I went back to the base early from my leave and got hazed for it. I should have gone to a bar and waited. I didn't want to get laid. I didn't have it in me anymore. It was too much for me to have to talk to a girl, even to figure out a price. All that made sense to me was playing war games, or sitting on a bed. I would just sit there. I don't know why. Maybe I was trying to stop the world and get off. Maybe I was trying to push the off button on my mind and feelings and that was the best I could do. One day I sat on the wrong bed and got beat up for it—a broken jaw. Here I make it through Iraq without any injuries and here stateside—a broken jaw. My CO, Col. Eiffner, said that I did it an purpose not to have to go back to Iraq with my company. He said that I should have know that sitting on that soldier's bed was going to do that to me. How was I to know that? He was a big man too—6 ft 5. That was why the CO said that I should have known. But big and mean don't necessarily go together. My father was mean, but he wasn't big. He was my size, 5' 8" with brown hair like mine. His eyes were blue, mine were brown.

I didn't even enjoy sick-leave. I sat on my bed and cried most of the time. My mother and my aunt came to visit me one time. They took a day and a half bus ride to see me. But I told the doctor I couldn't handle it. He understood. I didn't let them come up to my room to see me. I waved to them from the window 3 stories up and then sent them away back home. Then I laid down on my bed and cried some more. I wished that I was dead. I knew it was wrong to send them back that way. I just couldn't do any different. I was too torn up inside. I don't know what about. I couldn't put my finger on it. The doctor gave me some pills to take but I didn't take them. I ain't no drug addict. And I ain't going to start down that road. I had a cousin who did that. He never pulled out of it alive. He was found dead under a combine. It was said it was an accident. It wasn't any accident. He turned it on to go slow and laid down in front of it. It chewed him up real bad. That wasn't an open coffin on that day. No way. His mother found his body first and it destroyed her too. She never recovered. She lived out the rest of her days in the mental hospital. Some people said that meant that we had mental illness in our family history. But, geez, if you seen your kid chewed up like that you have a right to be in a hospital with mental problems—that is just natural. Those drugs that hooked him were not mental illness, they were drugs. They were bad drugs. I am not that stupid to start taking them. I'll stick to alcohol, when I get well enough to start drinking again.

My CO, Col. Eiffner, was mean to me when I rejoined my company later in Iraq. He gave me the worst assignments—cleaning johns, carrying the heavy water pails, and doing guard duty. He was always riding me, saying I had to make up for all the chores that I should have done for the unit while I was off on sick—leave. I didn't think that was fair. It made me want to kill him. I thought about how to do it for two days and then gave it up. I gave it up because my buddy Chris was killed. I didn't see it. He stepped on a mine. There wasn't much of him left to bury. I saw the body about 20 minutes later, in the same position. Everyone just walked around it. I did too. I didn't feel anything special or nothing. It was just more body parts. Nothing to get upset over. I seen them before. One night, a bunch of guys had put a severed head under the covers next to me while I slept. When I woke up, I had my fingers in its hair petting it like it was a girl's piece of fur between her legs. When I realized it was ? well, I let out a scream and ran around the base naked for about 10 minutes like a maniac. I think that I was trying to outrun the experience. I played the trick back later on the guys that did that to me. One guy I put a severed penis in his bed, the other guys severed fingers. The CO got pissed and told us to cut it out. He gave us this really stern lecture on conduct unbecoming and threatened to have us court—martialed if we did it again. He was a real dead beat. Nobody like him. Like nobody. Even his mother didn't like him. She was alive but never wrote him or sent him packages. My mother sent me a care package every month and a nice letter from home. Boy, do I love my mother. All the guys respect me for having a mother like that. It gives you status in your unit when people send your packages and letters. Everyone feels sorry for those that don't get them—personal like. It means that you are a loser. I was glad not to be one. I was lucky to have a mom alive the loved me even when I couldn't do right by her.

After my buddy Chris got it, I was without any special friend in my unit. We get new guys in, didn't help me any. I couldn't bond with them. I had lost the art of it. They would say Hi and act friendly. I would brush them off. I knew I needed a friend. I knew that they needed one even worse—to stay alive. But I just couldn't do it. Something in me wouldn't let me get close to anyone anymore. I became a total loner. I even drank alone in crowded bars now. Nobody picked fights with me even. I wasn't home inside. There was nobody inside to pick a fight with. I was like a zombie going through the motions of life. That was how it was for me. Nothing mattered to me anymore. I killed and raped like a machine without any feelings. I didn't even enjoy it anymore. I was already dead inside, like a stone statue on Easter Island that I saw in a National Geographic magazine.

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That was as far I got in my viewing that night on this subject. I had a lot of tasks to attend to. I fell asleep with my clothes on at my boss's house, utterly exhausted. When I woke up four hours later, I got out of his bed, removing his head from my shoulder, and got back to work. I used his computer. I knew that he wouldn't mind. It connected to the Pentagon just fine. I liked working in the middle of the night when things were relatively quiet in the US. They were anything but quiet in Iraq. It was like all hell was breaking loose in that sector that I had given most of the briefing on. Plan 2 had back—fired and was spinning out into one of the dreadful futures that I had said was the likely consequence of that plan. It wasn't spinning out into the worst possible future

for the path, but the second worst—the one I had said was the most likely one. It was playing out like a déjà-vu for me—like a bad movie that I had already seen and did not want to see again. I knew that the next choice point in that future was about 3 days down the road—that was the first point at which I might, just might, be able to get the generals at the Pentagon to change course. Until then, I was like a mother watching her son drink. There was nothing that I could do until he hit bottom and wanted help. I was getting questions piling up in my voicemail asking me what to do about that sector. I ignored them and turned my attention to questions where my answers might make a difference.

A couple of hours later my boss woke up with a hangover. He was not usually a heavy drinker. I kept on working while he attended to his headache and ate breakfast. He brought me some breakfast and sat it next to me without interrupting me. I wanted to kiss him for his kindness and consideration. He was a really good man, a better person than I was, if you were sitting in front of him. People he couldn't see, he had no compassion for, they were not real people to him. I was almost the opposite. Anyone who didn't interrupt me or call me, I had sympathy for. It was those that took up my personal time and attention that annoyed me. With my students it was easier. I told them that they couldn't take up my time with their questions, but that I would answer all their questions without them asking them. It was easier for me to give the answers without having to listen to their misstatements of their problems first. Since they felt a need to state their problems, I asked them to write them down and seal them in an envelop. When I taught, I had them line up with their envelopes in hand. As they passed me their envelope, I viewed what their real problem was and gave them a clue as to how to fix it. They had to take that clue and use their viewing skill to "unpack" the clue. Once they did that the problem got solved. They could do that from home just as well, or anywhere in the world. If they intended to get an answer from me, the clue appeared in their mind instantly. It was due to the spiritual principle, "Seek and ye shall find". I didn't have to be awake or paying attention—it was automatic. I had the faith that God would answer their prayers, and that faith was enough to make it happen. Many of those men did not have any faith in God. They had mistaken faith in my ability to answer their questions. That was what they, had so that was what I used to get them connected to God's answers. Some of them figured it out, when they were ready to they did. The only difference between me and them was that I was certain that God would give me the right answers every single time. I knew that God was infallible. I not only knew that as a true—false flimsy truth. I let it predict my behavior. I let it "run my life" as much as I could. I was far from perfect. I was just a sinner. But I had some faith and I used it.

About 8 am, my boss offered to drive me back to the CIA. It was then that I realized that he had driven me to his house and that I couldn't easily have left in the middle of the night. That panicked me a moment in retrospect. I didn't like feeling "trapped". But I got over that feeling and accepted the ride back. He chatted cheerfully all the way back and this time I tried to improve my patience by listening. At least with half of my attention. As soon as I got back to the CIA, I drove myself over to the Pentagon. I knew that the critical problem was about to hit bottom in another sector, and that if I were in the war room at that moment that I had a chance of shifting the future for that sector to be about 15% better for the next 2 years. It was not a huge improvement, but it was for a significant amount of time and I didn't want to miss it.

When I got to the War Room, the crisis was just cresting like a Malibu wave about to curl before crashing down. Generals looked up as I walked in. One of them said, "When she shows up, it means that this is going to be worse than we thought." Another said, "Well, at least some of the time that we need her she shows up." Someone else tried to ask me a question about that other sector I had given the briefing for. I said, "Sorry, I am just here to deal with the problems in this one sector right now." Then I launched into a 20-minute briefing on the recent history, the current situation, the 3 best plans that they had to deal with it, the likely consequences of them, and my 4<sup>th</sup> option. At the end, one of them said, "You are beginning to sound like a broken record." I retorted, "Your war plans are the broken record, driving my briefings. Change them and you can hear something different." Then I walked out without answering questions. It was a bit rude of me. When people did not follow my advise, they got my cold shoulder. They had not followed my advise on that last sector even after I spent over 2 hours answering their questions, so this time I didn't answer any. That was the only way I could get any results out of them. When they were desperate enough for advise, they realized that if they wanted my advise that they would have to follow enough of it for me to take the trouble to give it. I did not require all of it to be followed. I was not a dictator. God allowed people to have freewill and do what they liked and I followed suit. But anyone who didn't follow my advise at least 15% of the time, was likely not to get their calls to me returned or get any of their questions answered. I was not into spinning my wheels for nothing. Most people at the Pentagon pretty much figured out the rules that I played by. Occasionally, I out and out announced them. I was not being coy with how I operated. I just didn't see any reason to repeat myself overly often.

As I was getting into my car to drive back to the CIA, a young officer came running up to me. He saluted briskly to butter me up and then asked me to come back inside to answer the questions of a 3 star-general. Technically that general outranked me and could order me to do that. But other generals that had tried that had found out that all my answers to their questions afterwards were "I don't know", until they corrected their attitude. I was responsible to the soldiers on the ground and the civilians too, in how I used my time. I didn't let people waste my time. I carefully looked to see what was the best use of my time, and was ruthless in enforcing others not to abuse it. Thus, I quickly checked by viewing, whether it was the best use of my time to go back in. I then told the junior officer, "Sorry, tell the general no, but I will quickly answer one of your unstated questions because I can see you are about to make a serious mistake. Tell the girl you won't marry her and break it off with her. It would be a bad marriage for you. If you want a wife, in two weeks go to this address and ask to speak to Janice Helmeer. She will make a fine wife for you." He quickly jotted down the information and I was off.

The general called and left his question on my voice mail. I did not call him back. It was not the best use of my time. Not that day and not the next one either. It was Sunday afternoon before it was the best use of my time. That was the first time that he would hit bottom with his problem and be willing to seriously consider changing course. So, I called him at his golf club and to give him my recommendations. He was put out that I had not called him earlier. He chewed me out for answering his aide's question in the parking lot, but not deigning to answer his for three days. I listened about 30 seconds and then cut him short. "Sir," I said, "I gave your aide 30 seconds of my time

in the parking lot without his bothering me with a question. I gave him those 30 seconds to prevent him a lifetime of misery by marrying the wrong girl. And he took my advise and broke it off with her. You sir, have taken up more than 30 seconds of my time and not gotten any benefit last time, nor the time before, sir. Why should I call you to accomplish absolutely nothing, sir?" He was a bit taken aback by my tirade. He was not used to having subordinates treat him that way. He didn't say anything for a moment. Then he asked surprisingly calmly, without his former temper at me, "Why did you call me now then?" I replied very softly so that he had to strain to hear me, "Because, sir, I admire your integrity in caring for the welfare of the soldiers under you, and I think that you will now want to take my advise after the number of them you just lost" He gave an involuntary start and said, "What do you mean?" So, I told him what had happened in the area of his responsibility in Iraq in the last 2 hours. He paused and then asked me if what I said was true. I said, "Call the Pentagon to confirm it and then call me back." "No," he said, "You are hard to reach. Tell me what you want me to do differently and then I will call them." I laid out my plan. It was an op to get rid of some corruption underneath him. That corruption was bleeding the strength of his troops—it was drug running and taking up their time in a variety of ways—from moving drugs, to selling them, to using them. He took notes as I spoke because the op was a bit complex and the timing of it was important. At the end, he thanked me and apologized for not correcting it the last two times that I had brought it to his attention and told him what to do about it.

It was only when men died from it by losing an important engagement that he acted. They had died from it before. They had been incompetent in battle or missing altogether from battles before. None of that registered as important in his mind, until it affected the actual outcome of one of his battle plans. He cared about his battle plans and whether they succeeded more than he cared about the lives and effectiveness of his men. Yet, he was one of the Pentagon's best generals. He had personal integrity and personal honesty. He had been trained wrong at West Point. They had trained him in how to write battle plans and win battles. They had not trained him to value each of his men as the only way that he had to win. They had not trained him to love them as himself. They had not trained him to put the welfare of others first. I called him at the golf course on purpose. He had put his own pleasure before the welfare of his men to go out there that day. He knew it as he got in his car to go. He hesitated because he intuitively knew that he was needed at the Pentagon that afternoon. Then he over-rode his intuition to go play golf and paid to play 16 holes when he arrived. It is an easy mistake for generals in the US far from the battlefield to make. It is a mistake that the troops suffer from. The troops go without food, and even without water for hours and even days, while they desperately need it. And the generals in the US do not even correct it. They know it happens. They know it in their heads, but not in their hearts. That knowing does not move their action, does not increase the probability of it getting corrected. Their drive trains are broken—their hearts and minds live in different universes and do not make effective contact. They are "good" people going to church, and their actions are killing people through neglect.

I skipped ahead 3 days to tell you about that general. Now I will return to where I was in my story. When I got done with my brief visit to the Pentagon, I went back to the CIA for a meeting. My boss wanted me to attend a meeting with him and other CIA

officials to do "damage control" in US–UK relations. The meeting, being urgent and having to fit into people's tight schedules was going to be held at lunchtime. I frowned when I entered the room and saw a top person from the Pentagon there. He was not a general and his presence at the meeting could only have been as an informal spy for the Bush administration. He was not too pleased to see me either. I had been complaining about his policies at the Pentagon for years. He was the chief architect of the shake and bake policies that killed civilians in large numbers in the wars, while doing little to the insurgents except making their numbers grow. He was not a stupid man. He knew exactly what he was doing and why. I knew too and that made him feel a little uncomfortable in my presence. Other person he was able to give that lofty, "the US is in Iraq to bring peace, freedom, and democracy to the MiddleEast". But that fell flat when he had tried it in my presence two years before and he hadn't tried it in my presence since. As best I could, I tried to enforce a "no lie" zone around myself.

What had happened 2 years earlier between us had occurred at the White House, in about Feb. of 2002. The war in Afghanistan had killed many Afghans but had not rounded up Bin Laden, nor netted any real intelligence to show that the Afghans had anything to do with planning 9–11. What evidence there was almost all planted there by the CIA. I knew that because the ops to do that had crossed my desk for their feasibility and I had tried to kill them. I had given my two thumbs down on them and they had been put in place over my head and over my objection. I did not approve of cooking the intelligence and lying to the US public. It was their sons and daughters that would fight in those wars and come home in boxes, on drugs, and soul–damaged past recognition. They would go as basically good kids and come home as mentally–unstable rapists and murderers. They would then end up, like after Nam, doing time in jails and as homeless bums unable to hold a job. [get stats from the book MIA or the internet] Of the about 1.4 million US soldiers that went through the killing fields of South East Asia, about 600,000 (43%) end up doing time as homeless down–and–outers and another 200,000 (14%) doing jail time. [What is the % that committed suicide and got PTSD or mental disabilities?]

Regardless of whether WWII and the Korean War and Nam were right to fight or not, the effect of sending so many men to do "lawless" deeds in vast numbers was the destruction of American society. Before WWII during the depression people were poor but stealing was uncommon enough that most people left their doors unlocked day and night. That is still true in most parts of Canada. But nowadays in the US people are afraid to let their children walk to school by themselves or play outdoors by themselves. They are afraid that they will be stolen by perverts who will rape and kill them. Their fears are not unfounded or irrational. The FBI refuses to release the statistics on the number of children reported "missing" each year. The figures are on the order of more children going missing each week in the US, than people died on the 9–11 or than US soldiers have died in Iraq over the years of the Bush administration. Sending men off to fight wars causes the deaths of innocent children in the US. Some of those excess deaths of children are due to the men beating their own children to death later. Some of them are due to them harming other people's children. And some of them are due to our culture condoning killing. And even more of it is directly due to the bad policies of the US government officials who kill others with neglect and even with their orders to kill. I am not telling you the whole truth of what I know here. I am afraid that you will shut down

and kill the messenger if I do. So, I have to be a little careful in how hard I press you as readers also. The ordinary German in WWII did not want to know that their government was killing the Jews. They were happy to load them on trains, to put them in the concentration camps, and then in the oven. But God, help you if you pointed out that they were responsible for doing that. Or that their failure to stop it, within the full power of their intention to do so, made them complicit in it.

Two years ago, that top official from the Pentagon, stood up at a White House meeting and said, "We are succeeding in bringing democracy to Afghanistan." Mr. Bush and Mr. Cheney and my boss was in the room at the time as well as most of the cabinet. I was the semi-outsider. It was not so often that I made it over to the White House in those days. I had immediately stood up, grabbed the mike out of his hands, and said;

"Before that stands as information to be quoted to reporters, I would like to remind everyone present that;

- 1) CIA studies show little correspondence between holding elections and their being fair representations of the will of the people,
- 2) the CIA has studied how to cause election to look fair without their being so,
- 3) the CIA is operating in Afghanistan,
- 4) and running many operations of questionable morality.

Until that changes, any claims that "we are bring democracy to Afghanistan" should be viewed with some professional skepticism, and treated as the Administration's presumption, not the CIA's."

That put my boss on a bit of a hot seat. Cabinet members had turned to him and asked him, "Is democracy making progress in Afghanistan?" He had waffled and said that it was too early to tell. One of the cabinet members had then asked me pointblank "Is democracy making progress in Afghanistan [according to your remote viewing]?" I had replied flatly and definitively, "No." and left it at that. No one asked me why or how to correct that. They had quickly changed the subject. The U.S. Administration had asked the CIA to install a puppet government for them in Afghanistan and the CIA was in the process of doing that and part way towards succeeding in putting ex-US oil company representative Hamid [check spelling] into power. That he ended up later more as the mayor of Kabal, and not as their puppet head in Afghanistan, was due to the US being unable to secure its occupation. Everyone in the room did know that the CIA was working hard to make their dream of a puppet government in Afghanistan a reality. They were calling my boss almost everyday asking him why it wasn't a reality yet. The answer was to pretend it was and call in more private propagandists for plausible deniability. They were lying up a storm to keep their balloons of self-deception and war afloat on hot air. I couldn't keep them from telling great whoppers. But to maintain my integrity and my accuracy, a gift from God, I had to unmask them. If I did not I was complicity in them and the deaths that followed them, both abroad and at home.

So on that day in 2004, it was not surprising that that Pentagon official got up and moved seats to sit as far away from me as possible. It was a rather futile move as the meeting as too small to need the use of a mike. His reputation was thus in no immediate

danger from my bodily proximity. Apparently, he did not understand military matters of how to assess threat and evade it very well. If he had, he would have kept his mouth immobilized to avoid drawing fire in his direction, not changed chairs. It was a little more than half way through the scheduled lunch meeting when I was fed up with listening to lies. 35 minutes of almost straight lies and deceptive tactics was about 34 and a half minutes longer than I felt I had a duty to put up with out of "common courtesy". When does common courtesy to listen politely turn into complicity that kills innocent people? I had been praying sincerely to God to know that the whole meeting. When that Pentagon official asserted that "The intelligence to go to war was good, we got there didn't we?", I knew that the moment had come. I stood up and said, "There is no doubt that we went to war. If being in a war, meant that that war was just, than there is not such thing as an unjust war. As we are in the middle of one, I suggest that we stop it, not continue it just because it makes money for many, including some of those in this room." Then against my better judgment, I started rattling off the dollar amounts that each person in the room had made off the wars in 2003. In the least egregious cases, it was a portion of their regular CIA salary based on how much their position was dependent on the wars for its existence. In the worst cases, it was direct war-profiteering and under the table oil-thievery with hundreds of millions of dollars pouring in. Perhaps it was the hand of God or merely their curiosity about others in the room that kept them from stopping me during my 8-minute rant. At the end of it, I scolded myself for the \$2.47 value that I had received from the war-candy bars that I bought at the Pentagon at discounted rates. A patriotic vendor had given them "for our boys at the front", but they never made it that far. A pentagon official had sold them to the vending machine concessionaire and pocketed the money. I reached into my purse, counted out the \$2.47, put it on the table, and walked out of the meeting. I got just outside the door of the conference room before I realized my mistake. They were not the correct recipients of that money. I went back in, picked it up and said, "I will have to sent it to a relief agency that treats civilians in those countries. Does anyone else want to join me in doing that?" A CIA officer, an old-timer at the CIA, stood up and said, "I would be honored to join you. I will go and prepare my resignation, effective immediately." We walked out and the meeting continued without us. I also wrote a letter of resignation and handed it in that same afternoon. I handed in to my boss in person as soon as the meeting was actually over at 4 pm and he came to scold me for "making an unpleasant scene". I was making an unpleasant scene? What was Iraq and Afghanistan? What were the bodies of the women and children wrapped in cloth and lowered into holes? What were the mangled bodies of soldiers, missing limbs? What were the homeless vets on the streets on cold nights in NY City in wintertime?

I handed my boss my resignation and asked him when he was going to resign? He looked acutely uncomfortable. It was a question that he had been asked more than once in that meeting by others, including that Pentagon official. It was a question that unnerved him. He sat down in the edge of my metal desk. The good quality desks at the CIA, like in his office, were made of oak. Mine let out an unpleasant metal squeal when he did that. I patted it gently and said, "There, there, it is going to be alright".

"Do you mean me, or the desk?" he asked.

I looked up at him startled, to see him there. In my concern for the desk's possible distress, I had forgotten he was in my office and the cause of it. I realized then that I needed to get more sleep and decided that I would finally be able to get some as a free person. I smiled and said, "I am free of all these difficulties now, because I resigned. As soon as you resign, you will be free of them also. What is so bad about that?"

"I worked all my life to get to this position", he said with regret. "I can't just?"

"You had a good long run." I replied, "What is there left that you have to do?"

"I don't know", he said. "It just doesn't seem like I should have to go."

"Well", I said standing up and extending my hand to shake hands with him as a goodbye, "Until you resign, good luck." Then catching that I was wrong again, I said, "Good luck, always." Then feeling that was not quite right because I had wished a person of the conqueror's class good luck but not their victims at the same time, I said, "May all beings have good luck, always."

"Why do you always do that?" he asked me. "Why do you always take your personal wishes for my happiness away from me, and give them to everyone?"

I was tired. I did not want to have to explain to him at that moment that my spiritual power, my inner sight and accuracy came from scrupulously treating people fairly. So instead, I said the wrong thing. I said, "I resigned. I don't have to answer your questions anymore—ever."

He was still sitting on my desk looking down at me. Tears were welling into his eyes. They began to drip down onto me. He made no move to wipe them away. He was too overwhelmed with emotion. I started to stand up to rub his neck. He put his hand on top of my on the desk, and said softly "Don't".

I waited. I felt like a cad for having cared more about my desk than his feelings. I sent my mind into Iraq to see what was happening. I was a girl of 4 lying on the ground. My belly had a long cut across the left lower half of it—about 6 inches long and 2 inches deep at its worst. I wanted to know if I would live. I looked into the future and saw that I did not. I would lie there in that position until I died two days later. My back was broken from a fall. The wall had come off the side of the building when the bomb fell. I had been startled by the noise and then gone to look. The edge of the cement floor collapsed under me. I fell.

I started to cry too and then to sob uncontrollable. He put his hand on my shoulder. "Promise me that you will stay as long as I stay." Taking my chin in his hand and lifting it so he could see my face, he said, "You know that I love you. Please don't leave me. I don't know what I would do without you here. I don't know how I could manage."

"I cause you so much trouble." I said, "I am always saying the wrong thing. When I open my mouth, and I don't even know what will come out next. I have no idea and no control over what I say."

"I know. I know." he said. "You can't promise to do any better, because that would be a lie, and you are not allowed to lie. Just tell me you will stay. You don't have to lie. You don't have to say that you love me. Just stay. Please. I am asking you, as a friend. Because I love you."

I didn't know what to say. He sat down on the guest chair of uncomfortable hard plastic and pulled me towards him so that my head rested on his shoulder. We sat there with my crying on his shoulder until the sun set and the room grew cold and dark. Maybe it was 2 or 3 hours. It was a long time. I let my mind rest in the world. I was Iraq and Afghanistan. I was Russia and the US. I was Nicaragua and Argentina. I rested in the bodies of the world, slept, and dreamed of better times. I arose and went to work in dirty mines, in dreary factories, in Nike sweatshops and Calvin Klein ones, too. I fitted small transistors onto electronic boards and ruined my eyes. I spanked my children because I did not have enough to feed them and felt devastated when they cried of hunger. So I gave them a reason to cry that I could understand. I could not understand why my country was so poor while everyone worked so hard in it. I raped girls in brothels after paying money to their owners that beat them and kept them enslaved for my pleasure. I ran vast empires of steel and concrete, and complained if my food was not served piping hot. I counted my changed accurately at every cash register in the world, as best I could. I ordered armies to attack towns and then called in the choppers to get my wounded soldiers out, while making sure that the civilians on ground had no medical care. I was the desert sand that the blood of children drained into. I was the slab of heavy land giving up crude oil as my gift of black tarry blood. I was the clouds, the smog over the cities, and the hole in the ozone layer. I was the Antarctic with my Penguin flippers hanging over the edge of the iceberg ready to dive into ice cold water while pretending it had to be this way. There was no other.

"Will you promise?" he asked me at long last, brushing my damp long hair away from my face as he held me. Time passed again in long waves, like a boat going out to sea on the swells of hope and the troughs of fear. Time passed seemed like it would promise me relief from my problems. It had never delivered.

"I can not promise", I said soft as a whisper that hopes not to be heard. Then feeling his hurt acutely as if it were my own, I hastened to add "But I can stay."

"Ah," he said, "That will have to do—for now. Maybe I can get you to promise later, if I send you downstairs."

My body instantly tensed up. I stood up and then, without even taking my purse or my car keys, fled. I got out to the parking lot before the guards grabbed me. "I have handed in my resignation!" I screamed at them. "We know", they said. "We have orders to hold you here." I went limp and lay on the ground. They could take me but they could not make me co-operate. I would send my \$2.47 cents in to the relief agency. I would become spiritually clean enough that they would have to let me go. I would. I

would, I asserted to myself as the drug that they injected into me by pneumatic gun took affect on my mind. Darkness flooded my mind, like WWII ships hit by enemy fire and sinking into the depths.

It wasn't all for nothing, my outburst at that meeting and my subsequent punishment for doing it—I got one of my bodies out of the CIA and out of the fires of Hell that day. That CIA old-timer who resigned—he got out—alive and well. I waited for him to pack up his office and leave. He took a long time. His car had just pulled out of the CIA's parking lot when I told Tenet that I couldn't promise. Maybe I would never be able to get myself out. But I could get others out and I did. I paid to get them out with my own blood and suffering. I paid by picking up my cross and dragging it another two feet towards my crucifixion.

They couldn't make me promise. I never once consented. Not once since I was 3. They could make my life a living Hell—they could not send me there. I refused to go to that destination with them. It was ever before my eyes, even in my sleep I was aware of it. Even in my drugged sleep. Even with their phallus in me, raping my body. Even with their threats in my ear. Even with my head held under water and the air hunger crushing the life out of me, I refused. I refused to go there with them. They would have to go alone. I would not be there to rub their backs, to hold their hands, to massage their egos back into shape when they were deflated by criticism. I would not be there and I would never promise to be there either—not for 35 minutes, not for 30 seconds, not for 30<sup>th</sup> millionth of a second. My soul refused and no one could make it change its mind. It was below the surface texture of words in the mind. It was my drive train and it knew where it was going and how to get there. It knew because Christ was leading it in the driver's seat. The Virgin Mary was seated beside him. She gently patting the back of my hand. "There, there, it is going to be alright." I was not in the car. I had no body that I could see. Maybe the hallucinogenic sedative that they injected me with had stolen it away.

Far in the distance above me, outside of black suffocation of the hood, I could hear a man's voice. It was a gruff voice, a voice mangled by constant lies. His soul was the color of blood turned black by coagulation after it has been left in a tube in a refrigerator for a month. His soul had no life in it. It had starved to death in a land full of food to nourish it. It had not seen the inside of a church for decades except to desecrate it at "midnight masses". His crosses were always held upside down, or buried underground with an American flag and a curse draped over them. He was a professionally cruel man. He was a man I knew, both inside the basement and out of it. I had seen him at the White House before. There was no doubt about it. Everyone there knew who he was. Most did not know what he did to little boys and little girls. Some knew and went silent afterwards. It was a profession silence—one ensured by photos passed under bathroom stalls, and threats made in elevators by undercurrents in the Musick. It was induced by terror without being able to put a face to it, or even usually a name. But that was not true for me. I knew the faces of my attackers through the darkness of black canvas put over my head. I knew the voices before they went through the computer's "mechanical identity stripper". I knew because I was those people, as much as I was myself. I listen to myself telling myself;

"You will obey me, I am God."

"You will obey me, I am Christ in the driver's seat of your vehicle".

"You will obey me, I am the Virgin Mary, patting your hand and telling you the lie "There, there, it is going to be alright".

"You will always obey me, you have no choice. You never had a choice and don't have one now."

I wanted to put my hands over my ears, but I couldn't find my body or my hands in my drugged state. I wanted to cry, but the drugs allowed only fear as the ruling emotion of the mind. I wanted to scream, but no sound came out of my mouth. It was then that I realized that I was gagged, and bound with my arms painfully pinned behind my back. My left shoulder was disjointed—ah, that was where that pain was coming from. I smiled to myself—I was figuring out the puzzle of it. I was putting my pieces back together in the room. That must have registered on my brain wave pattern because "a medic of torture" came into the room and gave me another injection through my skin. My ship sank deeper into the cold waters and came to rest on the hard floor of the cold sea. I could see my many dead bodies floating inside it. I knew which WWII ship I was, and how I had sunk. I had a torpedo hole in my starboard aft. And another in my rear that had hit my oil reserve and exploded me. I sent my mind into the past and played out that battle in the Pacific one more time. I pretended that I was General Billy Mitchell seeing it 17 years in the future. I pretended that I would be able to stop it from happening. I pretended that my seeing was inaccurate and that the future could play out differently. Then I closed my inner eye in grief—I had escaped the drugs grip on my mind by going into another reality. I was General Billy Mitchell on his honeymoon, making love with his wife. I was not very good at it. My timing in romance was not good. I could see wars and understand them. But people were a mystery to me that I did not understand. My wife was softly crying beneath me but I didn't know why. I could not feel her pain. I could not withdraw and come back after she was healing up again down there.

I loved being General Mitchell. I loved shutting down my feeling the pain of the raped women in the world for awhile. I was not allowed to escape into inaccuracy for battles. But I was allowed to view General Mitchell and understand how he had gotten his success. Yes, I went on a honeymoon. It was almost pleasant. My wife did not understand my obsession with the war she couldn't see. She listened politely and took notes for me on what I said to help me later write it all down accurately. She accepted that I was "different". She accepted that I was a general with a duty to kill for my country. What she couldn't accept was that I wanted so much time for my work, even on our honeymoon. So, she set her not accepting it aside and helped me, like a slave helps a good master, to please him, while her heart bleed inside in silence and loneliness. It was the fate of many a woman. It was a fate that should have united them in protest. Instead, it divided them in competition for that rare moment that they could get of the conqueror's time.

I knew who my attackers were. I knew the name and SS number of every man who had ever raped me in the basement and outside of it. I knew it like I knew my own name and SS number. I knew it and was unable to forget a single one of them—it was not allowed. My accuracy was more important to the US war machine, then their fates. They too were expendables in the game of war. Tanks rolled off assembly lines. They

were not fixed at any rate that was meaningful—they were re-ordered. The cash went from taxpayer to Pentagon to Defense Contractor without stopping at "GO". The floodgates were always open. No policeman or GAO accountant kept an accurate accounting. "Take what you want. Stop when you like." Billions. Billions, unaccounted for. And [ add quote ] said, "What does it matter?" Yes, what did it matter that my patients in Los Angeles had to work two, and even three jobs, to make ends meet? That their children never saw them? That even their mother worked? What did it matter that they grew up motherless and had to join gangs of street kids to have a family? What did it matter that they arrive in ER's by ambulance after a 22 had ricocheted around inside their skull and left them vegetative in the Surgical Intensive Care Unit? What difference did it make that the medical resident couldn't see you for hours in the ER because she was still tied up treating the victims of the "Slow War on the Poor"?

I wanted to cry, but couldn't. They did not allow any time in my life to cry. They did not want my mind's wounds to heal. They only wanted there to be ever more of them. It was not essential to feel the pain of others to be an accurate viewer. They made me do it that way to keep my mind raw and always traumatized. They did it that way to make me tortured every day of my life—not just when I was in the basement of the CIA. They did it to be cruel because that was the only thing that their souls grooved to and moved to. They fed off of terror and cruelty like a demon of war and made wars to satisfy their lust for cruelty. That they did not know what was in their subconscious driving them was no excuse. They knew the orders that they gave. They knew the results. They saw the coffins return. They watched the killings live on war room screens the size of a movie theatre's and ate popcorn and drank sodas from the can. They liked the thrill of not knowing how the movie ended. My briefings had a damping effect, it put a ton of bricks on top of the flimsiest of suspense; they had heard how this flick played out already.

They couldn't keep me in the basement past 8 am the next day, not that time. My boss wanted me at a meeting, looking chipper and well dressed. He wanted to hear how the 5 plans to put the "cat back in the bag in the UK" would play out. Not just him, the same crowd of about 35 from the lunch-time meeting the day before. So, my torturers had to stop the drugs at 5 am, and pull the plug on my electrical torture at 7:45 am. Then their feces were hosed off my naked still hooded body with cold water. The door to my cell was closed again with clean fresh clothes from my closet at my bosses second house inside on a stool. I refused to move on the command to get up and get dressed and get back to work. The guards came back into the room and began dressing my limp body. By the time that they realized that they should dry it off first, my silk skirt was clinging to my legs. Its teal blue color ran and dyed the skin it touched. Its crisp pressing turned into wrinkles of every size like the face of an old woman regretting her age but unable to stop it. The custom made skirt bought by the war machine to dress its toy oracle in was ruined. The till rang up another \$883 dollar expense for the war effort. But it saved \$23.50 on the cleaning cost, a daily expense it otherwise paid for its false advertising in "bring democracy to the Middle East".

One of the guards rolled me off the table to try to teach me not to go limp. I fell and hit the cement floor with a heavy thud. Another guard took his pistol out and hit that guard over the head with it. He sank slowly, his weight ending up on top of me and

crushing me and my clothing still farther into disarray. My boss appeared at the door and asked "Where is she?" Then seeing the heap on the floor, he turned and walked out saying, "Give her another day's worth."

The four little red lights on my desk blinked all day. No one called the Pentagon to tell them not to try that it was hopeless. They just blamed me for not answering the phone, as if it were my fault that I was not at my desk as their slave that day. That is how they thought of it. "She can't handle the work load. She is cracking up. She needed a vacation day. So, the boss ordered one for her. Yeah, yeah, as soon as she is back, we will have her call you." No, they did not even make that much of an excuse for me usually. They just pretended that I was not calling back because I was too much of a snot to—because I didn't care about them and their problems. It was simply not true. I was not allowed to break out of the arrogant bitch role that they wrote for me. I was not allowed to have a role that others might care about me in. I was not allowed to act as a human being with feelings and care for them—unless I was specifically ordered to.

"You will treat your boss well."

"You will be a perfect servant to all his needs."

"You will make the bed when you get out of it."

"You will not call his wife anymore and ask her to come over and take your place."

"You will not call his wife anymore and ask her to go to the White House dinners in your place."

"You will only call his wife when he asks you to, to communicate his orders to her."

The next morning, the same meeting was schedule again. Now there were 7 possible plans. Those 35 or so men were eager to know how they would play out, if one of them was used. Again, the drugs were stopped at 5 am. Again, the electrical torture continued until 7:45. This time they dried my body off after they hosed their fecal remains off me. Again, they set the requisite clothes for that role on a stool above the sloppy wet floor. Again they closed the door and gave the orders for me to remove the unfastened hood and get dressed. I did not move. The clothes tumbled on their own from the hasty and precariously stacked stool onto the floor. A guard rushed in to try to salvage them. It was too late. The blue skirt had bled its color onto the white silk blouse and both were ruined. It was a \$57 dollar kickback for the skirt and a \$32 dollar kickback for the blouse directly into my boss's pocket. Tens of thousands of dollars in "my closet" at his house told the sang the same song of corruption time blues. I refused to pick out those clothes. I refused to try on the clothes at stores or when the personal shopper came to his house to see me. If they wanted my body measured they could do it while it lay limp and naked. I refused to be complicit in the war—profiteering by so much as taking a paper clip home to my apt.

Again, a guard shoved me off the table and I fell with a hard thud to the floor. this time he was not hit over the head by another guard. He had solved that problem of a new guard in on duty in the last 24 hours. That man was no longer alive. He had "suicided". There had been a little trouble getting that suicide to go right. His body could not be left in his apt for his girlfriend to find later afterwards—he was missing its head. The rest of his body was thus in the CIA's morgue waiting for a professional

forging of the autopsy complete with his earlier height and weight and eye color. The pathologist got the hair color wrong. What could one do? Good help was hard to get at the CIA these days. The data-entry woman was working two jobs to make ends meet. Her eyes had repeated a line and perseverated the blue. The pathologist had dutifully copied it into his autopsy report without thinking: Hair color—blue. The medical transcriptionist had faithfully typed "blue" in the box like a good technician. It was too painful for her to think about what she was typing. All day long, she typed up autopsy reports. She had to keep "an objective distance" and just type what the physician said. Some "rockers" did have blue hair and some CIA operatives playing the role of "rockers" in the drug trade, had it too. She had typed "purple" in for hair, and "fire engine red—streaked before". It was too much trouble for her to call him and ask for sure. She would have to wait on hold, typically for half an hour. That would ding her efficiency rating and then her pay. He should just be accurate, if he wanted accurate reports typed for him. After all, he was responsible for reading them over for errors before he signed them and sending them back for correction, if he found any. He never did, unless someone else read his report later and asked for a correction. Then he made any correction that they asked for, true or otherwise. They just had to tell him. He was paid to oblige and was happy to do so. He had no time to look for errors. What difference did it make anyway?

My boss did not come down to the basement that morning. He called down to ask why I was not on my way up yet—the meeting had started. He was told that I'd fallen on a wet floor and was "indisposed". This time, he did not repeat the "Give her another day of the same." He asked to be briefed in private on my resistance by one of my lead torturers and mind controllers. That would have to wait until after the meeting and no one knew when that would be. Without orders to work from, my torturers did not know what to do. They left me alone with the door closed on the wet floor, almost face down, since the guard pulling me off the table tried to make me land on it. For all that time they had been torturing me and trying to sleep deprive me of REM sleep to make my mind "soft and fragile. So the sedative hallucinogen was always combined with an amphetamine to prevent real sleep. It made for a dark terror that one couldn't escape from by sleep. But since I was off the drugs for 3 hours by then, I managed by force of will to send my mind to sleep. To do that in that kind of threatening situation, you had to give up caring what happened to you; whether you lived or died, whether you received injuries or not, and whether you even got out of that situation again or not. Giving up totally, everything but one's morals was the single path through that I had found. It was the path that God created for you, if you were willing to follow it. It was a path of utter safety and comfort in God's arms, even though it looked dreadful from the outside. There was nothing I could do about how it looked. There was nothing I could do about the rapes of my body, the electricity that seared through it into orifices, or about the feces and penises stuffed in my mouth or rubbed against me. I went "inside" at those times. Sometimes I viewed General Billy Mitchell. But more often I went against all orders and viewed Christ on the cross and merged my pain with his, to understand how to have a good heart in the midst of such suffering. And sometimes, I just failed and was a sinner.

It was early afternoon before my boss had time for that briefing. By then I felt refreshed. I also felt the urgent need to call the Pentagon about an impending crisis in Iraq in which 2 US soldiers and hundreds of Iraqi would die, if the Pentagon didn't change

course. Not they much cared but this case could involve some nasty publicity and that they did care about averting. Bad press could affect their battle plans and even whether they got to keep killing and getting rich from it. Since the clothes had not been removed from room, I put them on. There was a blue spot the size of a blue hibiscus flower on the white blouse in a corsage-like position. I knocked on the inside of my door and asked to use a phone to call the Pentagon. Getting out of my own problems and trying to help others was how I emotionally survived, if my fractured mind could have been said to have "emotionally survived". It was more like a piece of shiny beat up chrome fender in a junkyard. It couldn't be used for anything except as a mirror. Mine looked into the past and the future without much distortion. If something like a fender is distorted dreadfully like a Bonsai tree and yet is still a shining mirror in part of it, one can call it art and sell it for a good price as a "novelty"

The guards called up to the meeting between my boss and my lead torturer, a man in his 40's who was a body builder and got regularly mistaken for the Governor of my home state, Arnold Schwartanegger. They could have been brothers. Maybe they were. My request to be allowed to call the Pentagon brought a spirited argument between them. My torturer argued that I was not "broken yet" and thus could not yet be "fixed". My boss said, "She is back to doing what I want her to do" so let's not stop her from doing it. My torturer said, "You asked us to get her to promise not to leave the CIA." That was not really what my boss wanted. He wanted me to be his dedicated slave even if he left the CIA himself. But, he had been unable to say that upfront, so he had let the torturer say that was the goal without correcting him. He didn't want me to promise to stay at the CIA forever, so he finessed the situation and told the torturer that he wanted me released so I could get back to work. The torturers really had no choice at that point, so he called down and ordered his staff to release me and for me to report immediately to my boss's office. I went up to my office first to make the call to the Pentagon as it was time-sensitive. And then got a barge of criticism and questions from others at the Pentagon over the same line. I was still on that same phone call when my boss knocked on my door about 45 minutes later. Seeing me in those clothes, he ordered me to get off the phone and go change into something "suitable for your work in an office environment"! I did not get off the phone, I laid it down, and stripped off all my clothes in front of him. Then I said, "This is how you have kept me the last two days, and if it was good enough for you then, it will have to be good enough for you now." Then I went back to answering questions on that line. He backed out of the door, closing it quietly behind him. Then he had one of his staff go to his second house and drive back with a neatly pressed set of clothes for me. It was again that same white silk blouse and same teal silk skirt. It was "my uniform" at CIA and in my negotiation work for the US government. There was a stack of them in "my closet" at his house, about 20 high, and a suit case ready packed for me, ready for me to go out on a negotiation assignment. When I came to his house I was expected to put all of my worn uniforms in a hamper and pick up a stack of new ones to take to my office to wear later. I never once picked up even a single one of them from that stack to take anywhere. If he required me to wear them, he had to get them to me when he ordered me to put one on. I was not into moving "stolen goods" and I considered them stolen from the US taxpayer. But given an order to wear a set of them [or be tortured for refusing] I did the lesser of two evils. It was better to steal a thousand dollars than to order someone tortured.

When the clothes were brought in about an hour later, the CIA officer who brought them in did a double take of my naked body. No one had thought to bring me underwear or shoes, even. He said, "Boy, I guess, you really did need these clothes in a hurry, like he said." I was still on the phone, so I waved him to set them down. He closed the door behind him to screen my nakedness from the hallway. But he was on the inside of my office, not on the outside. Ignoring that for the moment, I started putting them on while talking on my phone dangling a cord. At one point, I asked him to help me and passed him the phone and told him to say into it what I dictated. It was a complicated battle plan. I was good at making them up on the spot, and in a pinch they often got used without further fiddling with them—then they worked well.

I was just finishing putting on my shirt, when my boss came to my door and wanted to know what another man was doing in my office while I dressed. Three security cameras inside my office, let my boss know in triplicate images on his desk what I was doing at all times. I didn't answer, I just kept on dictating the battle plan. "Oh," he said, "That is fine. Keep going." I then said, "Please listen to my phone line more. You have it as an option from you phone. Just hit your "Other line" button and then enter 46 and then hit enter." He pretended that he didn't know that. He listened into my conversations at least once a day for 5 minutes, and often up to an hour a day. Later, I would offer to tell him when I had an important call coming up so he would be sure to listen. But then it got to be a chore for him and he rarely did it anymore. The best part of it had been for him "playing spy" with me as his target. It was a bit like stalking prey. It lost its thrill when he knew that I knew and didn't care whether he listened in. I had nothing to hide from him. I was not "sleeping around on him". When I was raped in the basement that was hardly my fault.

The problems at the Pentagon were particularly bad that day. The soldier who would be killed in that possible future was a DIA officer that I had trained. I felt responsible for his welfare, in so much as it was my responsibility to wise him up to the realities of war. Judging from what I saw him do in this 42% likely future, I had not taught him well enough, or he had intentionally discarded my training advice. I will let you decide for yourself. His official role in the Iraq war was as a drill sergeant for "errant" soldiers that needed remedial "training". He was in charge of a brig, a prison for the US's "own soldiers", not an Abu Gharib prison for "enemy Iraqis". Nonetheless, orders from above in the Pentagon had blurred that distinction and the US was using torture against its own soldier, just as it had used it against American children in CIA–DIA operation MKULTRA since the 1950's. That meant that he routinely had naked hooded American men in his brig lying on cold cement floors. If they were lucky, they got hosed down once a day. Otherwise, they were lying in their own excrement with the stench which soared in the heat. The brig was, like Guantamamo, outdoor cages without walls or ceilings. There was an inside cell to show the Red Cross, with a bed with sheets on it. I never found a single instance in my viewing of it being used to house a prisoner. It was used by the guards to rape local girls in. And that was what the guards called it, "The rape room". They would say things like "Give me 10 [minutes] in the rape room with that beauty" as they walked through the local town. All they could see was how wide the black silhouette was, unless they were a remote viewer. My student was one. I had told my students the dangers of abusing their remote viewing skills as pornographic gratification. I had told many stories to drive that point home. I had even made them

view some of the consequences of making that mistake. I took my duty to do "informed consent and warnings" seriously. He had ignored those warnings and gone around telling other US soldiers what the woman inside those veils looked like undressed. He had gotten hooked on that like an addiction. He was losing sleep to being a remote viewing voyeur.

In particular, there was one married woman of age 24 in that town whom he had noticed. She was a seamstress. They had no children. Her husband was a carpenter who worked for a US contractor on reconstruction projects. He had a wonderful sense of humor and was good at telling jokes. The Iraqi sense of humor is a little different than an American's. Here is a joke that he told on a construction site;

A cleric was praying to Allah. It was in the early morning, before dawn, before the first cry for prayers from the minarets. His prayer was, "Allah, please guide my camels to the best watering holes as I cross the desert today. I have to go see my wife's brother. She says he needs my help." Suddenly, the voice of Allah appeared from an opening in the Heavens and said, "Don't go!" He then prayed to know why not. He prayed for two days. Then there was a knock on his door. As he got up to open it, he heard the voice of Allah from the Heavens say, "Your answer arrives". When he opened the door, he saw his wife's brother standing there in front of a camel loaded with building materials. He told the newcomer, my wife said that I should come see you because you needed help—I was just on my way. The brother said, "Thank Allah, you are here. Now I can leave these things with you." As they were unloading the camel, the cleric asked the brother, what are you going to build with all these bolts, nails, and power tools? The brother said "Nothing, I just want to store them at your house." "Why?", asked the cleric mystified. "Because the Americans have a lot to hide, and needed my help to hide it. So instead of loaning them my camel that would have died under their lack of care, I told them I would store these things for them for as long as they need." "But long will that be?" the cleric asked in alarm. The brother replied, "Don't worry. They don't need these things back. They just like to steal, even nails and bolts. All they need is a fall-guy. They asked for a Muslim cleric."

The 24-year-old wife, was a devoted daughter to her parents who lived next door to her, a fact that the remote viewer never bothered to ascertain. He was only concerned with how her body looked. She went twice each day without fail to her parent's house to help with their meal preparation. Both families ate together at the parent's, before and after her husband's work. Since she was barren, her family still considered her rather more as a child, than as an adult with her own responsibilities in life. So, they imposed many chores on her, which she accepted without complaint. One of those chores was to take water in a can to an elderly neighbor in his 80's. He was an old man, his family had been killed in an attack by the Americans—all of them. His 5 children, his wife, and his 8 grandchildren all dead in an attack on a single day. Most days that she brought him water, he complained that her husband was working for the Americans. She held her tongue. Many people in the town refused to speak to her at all because of her husband's work. They considered him a "collaborator" though they didn't have that word for it. Literally what they said was, "He is of a bad mind". It didn't mean insanity. Culturally, it meant a mind consumed with greed. When they saw fat people, they said the same thing of them.

That DIA officer was of a bad mind. He liked to watch that 24-year-old wife remotely while her husband made love with her. They were passionate lovers and very loving with each other. That was what he did not have in his life and needed. He had plenty of sex and rape. But he didn't have anyone looking at him with adorning eyes because he wasn't doing anything adorable with his life. He was like a mangy cur humping everything on sight. If he couldn't hump it, he wanted to pee on it, in a kind of primitive "mark my territory" routine. So, he was going around and peeing on the US prisoners under his care, adding to their misery. He should have been making sure that they were neat and clean. But his orders were to "reform them through sexual humiliation". It was used in MKULTRA and in CIA and DIA interrogations as a way of "breaking people's will". When people feel badly about themselves they don't feel that they have a right to have their own opinions. Then they cave into other people's wishes. Sexual blackmail is based on that principle. It does not give lasting control of a person. It is an unstable intelligence tool even in the best of hands, because a person can get out of it by becoming immoral, or not caring about the loss of face involved. It is an immoral intelligence tool, as well as an unnecessary one.

This DIA officer wanted that girl's adorning eyes on him while he made love to her—that was his fantasy that drove him to kill and rape her in "the rape room". He lured her there by saying that her husband had been arrested and was in his prison. It was not even a prison for Iraqi, but she did not know that. In great distress, she followed him to the prison's rape room, expecting to find her husband inside. Once he got her inside it, he told her in broken Iraqi, in gutter language, that unless she had sex with him, she would never see her husband alive. But that if she did, he would release her husband and she could go home with him immediately afterwards. She did not look at him with adoring eyes but with eyes of terror. For 2 and a half days, he went into that room hoping to have the experience he wanted with her. It never happened. He raped her. Other soldiers raped her. No one brought her food. She was near to death from dehydration when I realized that even though I also was a woman being raped half way across the world in a locked cell, that I did have the skills to save her. What I didn't have was the will to live. She wanted to live. I used my compassion for her to give me the reason to live.

I understood that I would be able to help her, when I viewed her support network. The DIA officer had not analyzed the likely consequences of his actions. He had not done a "flak" analysis. He had not viewed the likely futures that awaited him if he followed his immoral desires in his bad mind. The girl's husband had gotten that job as a carpenter because his uncle was an important person in the Iraq government and had pull. The uncle cared about his nephew and had already proven that he was willing to go out of his way to help him. When the wife disappeared, the husband immediately went to the uncle and asked for help in finding her. Because of the American occupation and the misdeeds that the American had been committing in Iraq, they both suspected that the Americans had abducted the wife—she was a beautiful woman without even stretch marks on her body. By the time I viewed the situation from my cell, the uncle had complained to the US State Dept. and filed the equivalent of a missing person's report with the US military. The US military had already told him that the wife was not being held in one of their several prisons in Iraq. The uncle was not a naïve person. He knew that all of the US prisons were like Abu Gharib and that women were regularly raped in them [add references]. He also knew that many women raped in them were not officially listed "on

the books". He suspected the worst; that his daughter-in-law was being raped in a US prison and being kept in a US prison for her looks, regardless of why they originally picked her up. It was a common story in Iraq—missing women never returned to their families. But many later did re-emerge from those prisons—scarred for life. Many committed suicide so great was the social stigma of their rape at the hands of brutal men. Certainly, no one could accuse those women of dressing provocatively or acting seductively in public. The fault lay entirely with the men. Or almost so. Some of the fault in this case rested with me. I had taught that DIA officer how to remote view and I had not made sure that he did not abuse that gift from God to do evil with it.

When I was tortured in the basement, I searched my mind to try to discover what I had done wrong that got me there. Until I had the answer, I remained limp, no matter what happened to get a chance to figure it out. As soon as I really understood, and how to correct it, I was able to get out of prison and torture again. It was like finding a light switch and turning it on. I had glimpsed that possible future the week before, that that DIA officer would rape that woman. I considered it important to stop. I made a mental note to myself to figure out how to do that. But I had so much on my plate that I had not gotten back to that question. That was a mistake on my part—a very serious mistake.

The CIA had been torturing me for 50 years several times a year to keep me mind controlled as one of their MKULTRA slaves. Thus, rationally there was nothing I could do to prevent my torture. The US government was very big and powerful compared to me, in spite of all my bluster. My seizing on this fault in me, from that point of view, was just deluded hope born of being unable to except the helplessness of my position. Instead of feeling powerless, it could feel safer to feel guilty and try to correct one's faults. For 50 years, I had tried that. It was a good thing to try. It made me a better person. If you are being beaten already, at least you can pretend it is for a greater good. It doesn't have to be true, to be useful in helping you. It has a utility. It can prevent you from committing suicide. It can get you out of your shell to help others, even when you feel there is no hope for your own situation.

When I called the Pentagon, I asked to speak to that DIA's officer's CO. They patched me through to him in Iraq. I then explained to him the situation of that 24-year-old woman and my responsibility in her suffering. He didn't know that the CIA had just tortured me a day and a half. If he had, he wouldn't have helped me. People only help those in the conqueror's class, not those in the underdog's class; unless they are Christ or saints. He would not have helped me as a torture survivor. He helped me because I was my boss's darling. My boss could help him, if his actions pleased him. A torture survivor could not help him, so being selfish as most people are, he was going to ignore such a person, if at all possible. America is made up of people so selfish that their ancestors stole the land from the Native Americans and killed them off while speaking with forked tongue. It is a nasty little fact that people don't like to think about. Still less do they like to acknowledge that US foreign policy has always been that way and continues to be that way to this day. Those that recognize the fact, make it into one of those self-justifications like "Of course, the intelligence was right, it succeeded in getting us into this war". Just because a man has stolen money from his boss every day that he worked, does not make it right. It doesn't mean the crime will never get punished. And it doesn't mean that continuing to do it is desirable or inevitable. Mother Theresa said

that we are all required to be saints, and she was right. So was Christ that we should help the poor and downtrodden. Failure to do so was a sin. What was more to the point for most people was that they would end up suffering if they didn't correct that sin and please the really powerful person, God. My boss was not God. Of that, I was sure. Nor the voice of my torturers claiming to be God. Those people had selfless left in them as the reason that their drive train fails—God does not.

That CO was good enough to immediately order the arrest of that DIA officer and make sure that 24-year-old woman was promptly returned to her family. He personally called the uncle and apologized for the fact that the US military had not thought to look for her in a brig. The fact that she was found in a room whose sole purpose was to provide a secluded place for US personnel to rape Iraqi women, was not mentioned. In truth, that room was rarely without at least one Iraqi girl locked inside it. As soon as one died, someone said, "It is your turn to go into town and get us another one." They used them until they died of rape and a neglect of their human needs. One had managed to become a favorite for two weeks running. Then one of the men got tired of her and put a bullet through her temple. The corpses were thrown in a trench about 30 feet away and more dirt thrown in on top of them. It was like what the Nazis had done in WWII. In the Vietnam war, the CIA assassinated and tortured to death 20,000 to 40,000 civilians without charges or trials. That included many girls that were raped to death—their crime was to be pretty enough to tickle someone's fancy. Most of the men were not remote viewers. They picked out women to lure back to rape based on different criterion. The men could not agree what the criterion should be. But they did agree to rape and share the women.

What follows is a bit of an aside, but it is relevant to the issue of whether I was responsible for not preventing that woman's rape before it happened. A US general on the JCS, once asked me if I knew which plan of the generals would actually be used before I gave my briefings. He asked me that at a JCS meeting. He wanted me to say that I did know and that his battlefield plan would be the one put into use next and thus there was no need to consider the other plans on the table. I did not want to answer his question and wiggled out of it. He then pigeon-holed my boss and demanded that he investigate that. He wanted me to secretly submit my opinion as to which would be chosen before I started my briefing. My boss agreed to that without asking my opinion on that first. He gave it to me as an assignment. Of course, even if I got it right a certain number of times in a row, did not mean that I would the next time. Nor did it mean that I could accurately foresee the future. I could just mean that I was persuasive in how I laid out the plans of the generals and got them to pick the one I thought they would pick. My "best guess" was not read until after the generals made their decision each time. I did it for 40 briefings in a row and then I stopped. No one asked me to continue it—they did not like the results. They liked a lot of chaos and uncertain in their world views. God knows the future that would result from each plan. He also knows which one will actually be chosen each time, as far as I could tell. Most of the time, I knew that there was a better way to do things. I also knew that it would not get chosen.

During WWII there was a man named Peter Hurkos, in Nazi-occupied Holland [check] who fell off a 4<sup>th</sup> floor scaffolding and hit his head. When he came out of his coma, he was psychic. British intelligence heard of it and within days had a man at his

bedside to ask him questions. Peter saw that he would be killed by the Nazi's shortly and he was. He was a very good psychic, the kind that could walk into a room where a murder had been committed and tell you what happened, which door the murderer left through and immediately start tracking him. He worked on some famous police cases, including the Boston Strangler. He sometimes tried to warn people to get them to avoid accidents. He said that it never happened that something he saw in the future could be prevented—if he saw it, it happened later—invariably.

Fort Detrick remote viewer, McMoneagle [check SP] stated in one of his books that there were people with the equivalent of black-belts in karate that could change the future. If you have a good plan, that plan could get chosen. That certainly feels like contributing to a new future. On the other hand, it might not have actually changed the future—God might have already known that you would come up with that plan or that way to "fix" the future and that it would be chosen or work. It is a bit like the question in physics of whether something is a wave or a particle. The result to the experiment many depend on the mind of the experimenter. If one believes that the future is fixed and unchanging on a given day, it may act that way. Whereas the next day, one might believe that the future is flexible and you can change it, and on that day you might see the future shift from 100% likely to do one thing to 100% likely to do another. The important thing is to listen to God deeply and follow his advice. Then it is like the serenity prayer;

Lord, help me to change that what I can change for the better,  
Help me to accept what I can not,  
and grant me the wisdom to know the difference. [check wording]

I had many experiences in which it was my subjective feeling that I changed the future. Sometimes people even agreed with me, though not necessarily for the right reasons or because they knew. But many times I felt helpless to change things, even when my well-being and the well-beings of others depended on it. Judging from the results of the 40 "best guess" study, I knew with great accuracy when my attempts to intervene with what I considered a better plan would fail. I always made such an attempt. I succeeded in getting my plan adopted about 20% of the time. It was not a great success rate. It was better than nothing. In the 40 study, I never once was wrong in judging whether my intervention would be rejected. Maybe I had a vested interest in acquitting myself for my failure to help more people, and the study was a self-fulfilling prophesy. And maybe it was just a phase in my life when I was discouraged. Or maybe the CIA's programming and mind control of me worked to hobble me to prevent the war machine slowing down. That is what I really believe but I have left it for last. I was unable to save myself and others, not because I didn't try, but because my subconscious was against my will stuffed to overflowing with such non-sense as:

"Your boss is God, and you will serve him perfectly."

It was enough to make a thinking person throw up. It was also enough to stand him up, night after night, as often as humanly possible without getting tortured again. He did not love me. He did not know what love was. It certainly was not torturing someone into obeying you. It was not torturing them into getting you to look up into their eyes with pretend adoration in their eyes while you had your way with them. All that you

would see was terror in those eyes, no matter how much you pretended to see love. No matter how you pretended that it nourished you, exactly the opposite was true. Using other people destroys the relationship and destroys the conqueror worse than the victim. The victim suffered at most a hundred years.

People look at fossils. I look at them in the rock walls in Galway. Those shelled creatures lived for only a very short time in geological history. The rest of the time since then is an extremely long period of time. Had they been suffering that whole time it would have been very hard on them indeed. What could possibly be worth suffering intensely for so long? People take Novocain to avoid pain in the dentist's chair for even an hour! And that pain—localized in the mouth is not great compared to whole body pain for even an hour. Those who are headed in the wrong direction should consider that Satan does not supply Novocain, not even for an hour to a localized area of the body.

When people buy a car, they give it some real thought. They investigate the pros and cons. They take it for a test drive. They buy insurance on its engine to make sure that they do not even have to suffer the inconvenience of merely taking it in for repairs. Well, not quite. They still have to take it in for the repairs. All it saves them is the worry about paying for the repairs. They know that the insurance costs more than the repairs on the average. They are paying extra not to have a minor worry. The worry that people have in Hell is infinite by comparison. It is more than the worry of a man on death row without pain. It is more than the worry of a man being tortured to death. It is more worry than you have had on your worst day. It is far worse than the worry that anyone has had on their worst day on this planet.

People hiked over high mountains in Switzerland and in the Himalayans to escape torture from the Nazis and the Chinese—even in the snow. The young Karmapa was one of them. If people will go to so much trouble to escape the risk of torture that lasts less than 100 years, why do you not take enough trouble to escape from even worse suffering for so very much longer? Do you hate yourself that much?

Is it that hard and that painful to humble yourself before God that you can't do it? Even if you did not want to bow down to a personal God, you could still improve your disposition and stay out of Hell by reforming your behavior. You could do that as a Buddhist, or as a secular humanist. It is not your concept of God that is the determining factor. Many people have misconceptions about God. Your behavior is crucial. The problem is that without using God or Christ, or saints, etc. that you have no way to purify your sins. That is like never being able to wash your body, your clothes, or brush your teeth. It is far worse than that actually. It is more like never being able to get your boss to forgive a mistake you made at work, and then suffering with his chronic disapproval. One could even be unemployed the rest of your life because he wouldn't write you a letter of recommendation. It is much worse even than that. It is like sleeping with another woman and ruining your wife's love for you and then having to live in an extremely unhappy relationship the rest of your life. Asking for forgiveness and being able to receive it is the single most important thing, even in your worldly relationships. So, having a being like Christ in your life that can remove your sins if you sincerely apply to him is the single most important thing in one's life. That is because the forgiveness you give you extends into time as far as you can imagine. It is not just for

100 years. It is the most precious gift that anyone can give us. Much more precious than even the gaze of an adorning wife who really loves one. Christ's loving eyes are on us always, through thick and thin. He never divorces us. He is never angry with us. Or impatient with us. He is only kind and gentle with us. Why want my bad disposition underneath you looking up at you for a short time, when you could have true love caring for you without interruptions? How could you not want yourself to be loved? How could you not want yourself to be forgiven? How could you not want to be happy? Are you so unimportant that it doesn't matter what happens to you? Christ doesn't think so, so why should you? Suicide is never the answer. It just takes you to much worse suffering. Committing suicide is like trying to fix your car breaking down by walking into a prison to be incarcerated the rest of your life so that you don't have to ever deal with a car problem again. It is worse than that. It is like going to the dentist to have all your teeth removed without anesthetic, because you have decided that you don't want to have to be bothered to brush your teeth every day. It is worse than that, it is like having your teeth pulled out every single day of your life because you refuse to let Christ's love into your heart when you desperately need and want love.

It makes the Virgin Mary and Quan Yin weep to see you turn away from accepting the love you need in your life. It is almost more than they can bear to see. Give love a chance. Don't turn your back on true Love that will never betray you or desert you. Let it into your heart to nourish you deeply. Rest contentedly in it. That is possible in all circumstances, including torture, if you but let it in.

What greater love is there but that a man gives his life for another? And what way is there that is better than to give your life not just to save the life of another for a 100 years, but to save his soul for eternity?

While I was being tortured in the CIA's basement that time, I was happy in the knowledge that I was able to save the soul of that single old-timer at the CIA. What a difference that made to his future. An eternity of Hell, changed to an eternity in Heaven. What better gift could there be? What better gift could I give to myself? For a day and a half of very hard torture, I got something of lasting and infinite value. The angels cried tears of joy in Heaven.

I needed certainty in my ops because I did very difficult things in them. I needed to know that my self-sacrifice would pay off—so God granted my prayer for certainty of result. I always knew what the tradeoff would be before I made my choice. I looked at the torture first in detail and I looked at the results for others, until my heart made its choice. It did not always say Yes. Not everything in the world was on my plate to fix. God in His Love truly did not give me more to do than I could handle. God, did not demand that I do these difficult things. Sometimes he asked me if I would, then it was up to me to decide. I was never sorry when I said Yes. But sometimes, I said no. I do regret saying No. Each no I said, I regret deeply. It was an opportunity that I missed out on to please God and myself. It is a missed opportunity that I can never make up, even though God forgives it. Please, Lord, don't let me miss anymore of my opportunities. Please don't let me miss the satisfaction that I could feel from doing my best all of the time!

When I ran out of my office that night and left my purse and car keys, I did that on purpose. I knew that I would not get them back from the CIA's basement. I ran out so that I would be in the basement and not at those meeting on how to cover up that the intelligence was cooked even in front of a single person. I did not want my soul to suffer from the complicity. I never did end up attending another one of those meeting. The 35 or so men made a choice of what to do without my predicting the results. I knew what decision they would make before I ran out of my office. I knew that it would be a bad one. There was absolutely no chance that they would be honest with the Queen and end the war then. They lied to her some more. They pretended that they had cooked the intelligence to protect her reputation and her honor. It was a lie that she swallow that will lead her to Hell, if she does not correct it. I believe that she can now. I believe that she can stop being complicit in the war; that she can stop choosing to believe the lies of others. I hope she will do so. The time is right. Such an opportunity does not come everyday. It may only come once in a lifetime. How sad, how few opportunities we actually have to change our lives and save ourselves from disaster.

Think about all those people that died on the Titanic. Their lives were cut short by a decision that was made in a few short interval of their lives, probably less than a few weeks. It was only the moments in which they made that decision that had the chance to prevent that horrible tragedy. In all the years before that and all the time after making that decision there was really no opportunity for them to make a different choice. Opportunities to avoid disasters are hard to come by—it is best not to waste them.

I regularly chose hard torture over complicity with evil plans. It was that important to my future happiness, not to be complicit with them. Remaining silent can also be a form of complicity. Many innocent people can die as a result of one having a duty to speak out against a war, and failing to do so. Who has a duty to speak out against a war that is not purely in defensive? Really everyone. But certain people have additional responsibility based on their position. The Queen of England is one of them. Her son is another, as are her grandchildren. Royal families have royal responsibilities that cannot be ignored without being derelict in their duties.

It was no possible for me to get right back to viewing the Col. Eiffner case. There was more work at the Pentagon. The Pentagon asked me to do an emergency briefing without having time to prepare. They gave me 45 minutes to show up at the Pentagon War Room and the drive over there took 20. I needed food. I hadn't been fed in the basement and hadn't had a real meal since I didn't remember when—maybe the week before. That dinner that I had had with the Pentagon general when I told my boss that I couldn't eat with him, consisted of my watching him eat while I gave him the information that he needed. My regular side was always in a panic about food without knowing why. To her subconscious, she was repeatedly being starved without understanding why. She was frantic to eat, in case it happened again later that day. She had no clue what was going on. I went down to the CIA's cafeteria and wolfed down some food. A lower level CIA official came by to pump me for some information to look good in a report he was writing in the hopes of getting a promotion. I ignored him and ate. As I got up to leave, he acted all hurt and insulted that I was not answering his question. I said, somewhat cruelly, "They don't pay me enough on this job, to answer the question of every jackass in this place who interrupts my viewing for a critical

Pentagon briefing. Soldiers are dying in Iraq, due to poor and faulty CIA intelligence. I suggest that you keep that in mind and throw your report of lies in the trash, before it kills anyone else." The man was practically in tears as I walked out. But he did go back up to his office and pull the lies out of his report. He knew which lies to pull out. He had put them in. He was going to waste my time and then say he had had me "review" his report for accuracy, so the lies could not be blamed on him. I didn't appreciate people trying to use my accuracy from God to try to put forward lies that lead to more deaths to be offered to Satan as a sacrifice.

When I got over to the Pentagon, I was officially 2 minutes late, but they still weren't ready to start their meeting. One of the JCS was missing, a chronic spastic colitis problem. He was still in the john, and I was asked to wait for him before starting. That gave me a few more minutes of viewing time, by refusing to answer questions yet. We started 8 minutes later—it felt like a lifetime later for me. I now had a clear grasp of the situation in Iraq that they wanted me to talk about. It was not confined to a sector. It was mainly a 4-of-12 sector problem. Most of the war at that time was being fought in those 4 sectors and so they were asking really for a briefing on all of the war that they were actively fighting at the time. The problem as I was told it was that the insurgents were "re-grouping" and preparing for a counter-attack. That assumed that the insurgents were an organized fighting force and could coordinate their efforts. That was not true. The insurgents mainly frustrated Iraqis working in small groups to try to protect their town or village. When they were pushed out of by the US they usually returned as soon as they thought that it was safe to do so, usually in 2 to 8 months. While they were out of their home region they often did not continue fighting, or even planning to fight. Mainly they relaxed and tried to figure out how to make a living. They did not treat Iraq as a country that they were loyal to and trying to defend. They only viewed a radius of about 50 km around their town as their region—a far as a camel could have ridden in a day. It was a feudal society in many ways, not a modern state as Westerners are used to thinking about things. Thus, intelligence reports originating in the Pentagon and the CIA were often wrong, because they were made with the wrong culture assumptions. Ones that seemed reasonable to the men who made them—often unconsciously. This assumption that the "insurgents are going to 'counter-attack'" was just such an example. The insurgents did not think in terms of military strategy; attack, and counter-attack. They thought in terms to how to protect a local area by making it militarily costly for the US to hold it. They felt under siege by the Occupation Forces and expressed their frustration at it by hitting back as the whim hit them. That whim hit them when they had been unfairly treated. That happened usually whenever the US tried to secure its grip on an area. The US did not act fairly when it acted, and any intensification of its efforts resulted in more injustice and more resentment and intensification of frustration and hitting back. But to call that hitting back, "a counter-attack" was completely unjustified. It was like calling a person jerking their arm out of the way when you try to draw blood from them, an act of sabotage. They were not trying to sabotage you, they were trying to survive and the US was not allowing the Iraqi civilians to survive as non-combatants. They were forcing them to become combatants to survive. The US's actions were fueling the insurgency and the civil disruption and unrest, not calming the waters. That was great for the weapon's manufacturers and those stealing money from the reconstruction coffers. Carlyle Defense Contractors, owned originally by Bush and the

Bin Laden family was making a killing off of killing. And the soldiers and the Iraqi people were biting the dust in agony, maimed for life as a result.

I started my briefing, which lasted 2 hours, with an overview of what had happened in the war since I had last briefed them. One colonel interrupted me to ask why I had not briefed them earlier, at a time that was clear from the history would have been appropriate. I replied, "Ask the DCI, I do not set the policies of the CIA. I do not even obey them well enough to please others." I finished the review and then went into discussing the current plans on the table. No one ever told me what those plans were, I just viewed them like everything else. Sometimes I presented them as they would later be finalized, so that people didn't waste my time by telling me about revisions that they had made which I had already taken into account. In this case, I went a little beyond that by about 5% and presented each one in its finalized form with a 5% enhancement from me. I had decided under torture that I was tired of getting no benefit from my hard work, 80% of the time, and I would now get at least 5% each time. The generals did not stand up and say, "But I would never think to do such a clever thing in my life". They simply took credit for the extra cleverness that I had added to each plan. One wouldn't think that a 5% increase in cleverness would be noticed but it was. It was just no one was willing to challenge it. It could make one very unpopular if you said, "General H., couldn't have been clever enough to do that", when the change was a modest one. So no one did. It was those extra 6 minutes at the beginning of the briefing that allowed me the time to figure out those extra 5% on 5 options on the table. In order to ensure I got the 5%, I presented the top 5 plans, not my usual 3. That made the briefing longer, but no one complained. The room had over 100 men in it. It started at 4pm and ended a little after 6pm. I hoped that people would rush off to dinner. That was not the case. They wanted questions answered and it was past 10 pm when it broke up. Men who rushed out to go make a decision as to which of the 5 plans to chose, had rushed back in less than 30 minutes later. At 10 pm, there were still over 50% of the original men left. The JSC asked to me stay at the Pentagon overnight and I had no objection. I asked them to call my boss and let him know. They said that they would but never did. They were afraid the he would order me back to the CIA and that they wouldn't know when I would get back.

Nighttime at the Pentagon was daytime in Iraq and many people in both locations had chronic jet lag symptoms due to the shifting of schedules to communicate by video conference calls. I had an office of the Pentagon and had a cot in it, both to remote view from and to sleep on, as the need arose. But in this case, the generals felt nervous and didn't want to let me out of their sight. They asked me to bring my cot down to the main War Room, and before I had time to say yes or no, sent officers to move it. I had a long history of viewing and answering questions from my cot in the war room, and people sometimes teased me it. They said that I was "the only general that fought better lying down than standing up". I never intended to be a general. I never intended to be a remote viewer. I was drafted and enslaved into it. I was a slave regardless of what clothes I wore. I was not free to resign. So that night I made that a little clearer to the Pentagon generals, I said that if they wanted me to stay in the War Room overnight, they would have to cuff me to the cot. They happily obliged. I did that because I knew that they had not called my boss as they had said that they would, and that he would not be pleased that I did not return to the CIA or to his second house.

He had bought a \$25 million jail to house me in—some called it a mansion. When you are not free to leave, it is a jail. No amount of interior decorating or paint can change that. I preferred to have the truth of my situation be clear. And I preferred not to be tortured, if possible, for trying to help people in Iraq—on both sides.

As events unfolded, the Pentagon officials were very glad to have me chained in the Pentagon's War Room that night, instead of having me chained in the CIA's basement. They even gave me bathroom privileges with Pentagon guards accompanying me to the ladies's room and standing outside of it until I emerged. I felt morally embarrassed by how much better I was being treated as a Pentagon War room prisoner, than the Iraqi women were being treated in US military prisons. They were getting the same kind of treatment that I had gotten in the CIA's basement, every day, without getting out because they were too useful to leave in a basement. So, I have a bad case of "survivor's guilt" as I viewed that night. I was warm, clean, and relatively comfortable. I have had clothes on. And I had had a real meal that day. I wasn't even thirsty. In short, I was much, much better off than the many woman prisoners that the US raped and tortured on a daily basis in Iraq. I made a mental note to help them ASAP. I didn't have time that night. I was kept busy trying to prevent the US military from mauling Iraq. It was acting like a bear that was swatting at a beehive and upset that it was getting stung in the process. The bear thought it had a right to the bee's honey, the bees did not think so.

About 3 am that night, I fell asleep. I was woken up about 20 minutes later by a DIA officer in a panic. He was almost screaming at me, "Get up! Get up! The worst has happened. The worst [case result that you mentioned] has happened!" I had known it would. I had known it for a long time. It was not news to me. But it would be 5% better than it would have been otherwise. I had gained that much in the torture chamber. I had purified that amount of those particular sins of the world by merging with Christ's pain on the cross. I pretended to be surprised—there was nothing else that I could do. I had predicted that result as the most likely result and still they had chosen it. I had clearly stated that there was a 54% chance that Bush, Jr. would use a nuclear weapon that night, if they did that plan. It was not the first nuclear weapon that a Bush had used in Iraq. The depleted uranium was being used regularly, it was still a third of the radiation of regular radiation. The US had been using "dirty" radioactive weapons in Iraq since the first Iraq War. It used bombs that did not make mushroom cloud shaped tell tale signs. They were not conventional nuclear weapons, they were new variants that they could "pretend" were not war crimes. They were war crimes. They were destroying the planet. They were destroying the human genome. They were destroying the human race and its intelligence. They were destroying the future of humanity to put a feather in the cap of Satan.

In truth, most of the JCS knew that Bush, Jr. was planning on during that that night which is why they wanted me at the Pentagon War Room and didn't think twice about what it would look like to others to see me handcuffed to the cot there. They didn't intend for anyone to see that. But in the excitement of the moment, they broadcast an announcement from the Pentagon to the British. They warned them to turn off their radiation collection stations that analyzed air borne contamination over England. They expected the radiation levels to soar to 16 times the "acceptable" background radiation

levels. They asked they to turn it off for 48 hours and then ask the US government again before turning it back on. Why did Bush, Jr. do that? The surface explanation was to "send a message to the insurgents that you can't hit us without us hitting back harder." A nuclear weapon with a half-life of damage of 4.5 million years is not a message, it is an assault on humanity that doesn't end in even our 100<sup>th</sup> generation's time. The timing of the message was an important Satanic calendar date. It thus did not appear to be a message at all but a ritual of death and destruction. In fact, it was not tied to any plan. I made that same prediction of 54% chance of that catastrophe for each of the 5 plans. Part of the reason for having 5 plans discussed in the briefing was to 5 times warn against that specific likely consequence.

The Queen of England saw the Pentagon broadcast live. She heard the message that the US was requesting the radiation sensors over England by turned off and she saw me handcuffed to that cot in the war room. The Queen of England has a clear and present duty to protect her citizen's from radiation fallout. She has a duty to speak out against the war in Iraq to the full extent of her authority. Unless she is a prisoner who is gagged physically by her captors she has a duty to speak out. I spoke out at that Pentagon briefing in spite of being tortured less than 24 hours before with the pain still fresh in my mind. The British POWs in WWII were courageous even while prisoners of the Nazis and Japanese. Britain has its freedom and the health of its citizens to protect. It can't just let the US nuke Iran now without it itself getting the fallout. It can't pretend that it doesn't know how much radiation to expect for a single one of those new-age nuclear dirty weapons. The Pentagon was wrong in how much radiation levels would go up over England. It was off by a factor of two. The radiation levels went up to 31.2 times as high as the high as the "acceptable" background radiation level. And that "acceptable" background radiation level, was not a safe level. It was a lie to begin with. It was not "acceptable" to human DNA. It was "acceptable" to men paid under the table to lie.

The radiation levels did not go back down to where they were before that in 48 hours. It was 2 weeks before they even got down to 1.8 over the dangerous "acceptable" level. It was 27.6 days before they fell to that dangerous "acceptable" level. They never returned to where they had been before. It was a crime----a war crime that affected the entire world. It was not even the first time. Bush, Sr. had used nuclear weapons in Iraq War #1. I am not talking about conventional weapons that spew radioactive dust out over the landscape. I am talking about a 3<sup>rd</sup> generation nuclear weapon that heats the ground to turn it into a thin crust of lava on the surface because it is so hot that it melts the rock. It actually burns the rock. I saw that myself in Iraq War #1; I was ordered inside Iraq to repair the phone line so that Bush, Sr. could continue lambasting his ex-business partner Saddam Hussein on the phone. The novel nuclear weapon caused wide pillars of dense black smoke where a town had once stood. But the nuclear weapon that Bush, Jr. tried out that night on Iraqi civilians was different still. It burned even hotter and sent a column of white smoke and flame up into the air the width of a town of 20,000. The flame was caused by the combustion of the atmosphere--it was that hot. It caused the CO<sub>2</sub> to combust instead of be left behind as a by-product. The amount of light was enormous, more that white phosphorus burning. The town of 20,000 that disappeared off the map was north east of Baghdad in a mountain valley. Some people over the mountains from it claimed that they saw the village burning through the intervening mountain. They were correct. The radiation penetrated the mountain like an X-ray

penetrates bones to show a fracture of one. For a brief moment, direct radiation rays went through the mountains and the people who looked at it through the walls of their houses were blinded. That is what the CIA reports that I later read on it documented. Blindness caused by radiation going through a quarter of a mile's worth of mountain rock. The number of cancers from that single explosion that Bush, Jr. set off that night in a "fireworks display" mood, will exceed a million over the next 100 years. The figure to be more exact is 1.2 million extra deaths from cancer in the next 60 years. That is worldwide. The dust spread far and wide. Only about 40% of those deaths would be in the immediate region that saw the blast reflected off the atmosphere. That is, 60% of the deaths would occur outside of the Middle East because so much of the radioactive isotopes ended up airborne or deep underground. Let me make that perfectly clear—this was a radically different type of nuclear weapon. It was designed to leave less radiation in the top one to two inches of soil, than the old ones did. In theory that meant one could go into that area more safely later. In practice, it meant that the whole world was much more unsafe to live in, not just that local area.

The Pentagon screens in the War Room played the sat images of the bright flash for a few seconds before it fried the satellite's camera up in space due to the intensity of the light. Other parts of the satellite were damaged as well, from a "power surge" caused by the transmission of the bright image. There was even damage in the Pentagon's war room circuitry itself due to that off-scale satellite input. But that says nothing of the human costs and the cost to animals, plants, and the environment for millions of years. It is enough to make the Virgin Mary cry. The ground in that village was seared into lava 6–8 inches deep on its surface, not the couple of millimeters to couple of centimeters of that Bush senior's nuclear weapon encrusted the ground with. That lava like material is still there. It will only be a fourth as radioactive in 9 million years. No one has even attempted to bury it under the 8 feet of cement that would be a minimum requirement. At least the Russians tried to clean up after Chernobyl. They didn't even cause that on purpose. But the U.S. Administration did cause this on purpose. Even after being warned by many scientists and remote viewers what the consequences would be.

The Pentagon's War room was a noisy place to try to remote view or sleep in even in the midst of conventional types of war. But that night it was especially chaotic. I gave up efforts to sleep and spent the next few hours viewing. Towards dawn, I got a little sleep again, and then the janitor came in with his floor cleaning machine and asked me to clear out. I went to the cafeteria, but my head down on my arms and cried. I still had my handcuffs on, but the janitor had figured out how to fold the cot up and release the cuffs in the process. No one cared about keeping tied up in the war room anymore. The explosion was over, the movie had ended, and most of the officers had gone home to bed. I was still crying about 20 minutes later when the war room was back "in business again" because the janitor was done. Morning report would start in a few minutes. I would be expected to give a briefing, since I was "in-house". I tried to care about what I would say. I tried to review what I should say. Nothing would come to mind. My mind was blank, like an erased blackboard, dusty but without significance. There were no thoughts in it. It was usually a quiet mind without a lot of extraneous debris in it—not like the chatter of most people's minds. I had a CIA designer mind. It was only allowed to think what the bosses wanted it to think. If it wasn't being asked a question, it was not supposed to talk, not even to itself.

As I lay slumped there, a general came up behind me and put a hand on my shoulder. "There, there," he said consolingly, "I'll get those handcuffs off you." He thought I was crying because of them and in that position to hide them. I let him. I didn't want to talk about the souls circling into Hell that night that I had been praying for. I didn't want to talk to him yet about the dark stains in his aura that he had gotten that night from his rejoicing in the use of that weapon to kill 20,000 people as if they were ants in his house. I didn't want to tell him that I was crying because the Earth was that much closer towards annihilation of the species on it, including the human species. I just want to have a few minutes to myself. So, I told him that the handcuffs could wait, but that if he would be so kind as to bring me a cup of coffee, I would be grateful. He hurried off to find the key to my handcuffs. The Pentagon didn't want me to give the briefing in them. They wanted to pretend that I was not a slave. They wanted to forget that they had been part of the impetus behind my being tortured regularly to try to keep me too traumatized to resist them. They wanted to ignore their misdeeds and go onto the next exciting adventure—the next war crime that they could commit and get away with. He hurried back with the key and unlocked the cuffs and hid them in his pocket. There was no time for me to get anything to drink before he ordered me back into the War Room. I was its one regular prisoner of war. I had to sing for my masters or be tortured out of sight if I refused. I was in no mood to report on the slaughter that they had accomplished the night before. They put me up at the podium and I refused to speak. I went limp onto the ground. They were going to have to torture me to get a report out of me. And by the time that happened, they would be on to wanting other information out of me. I refused to be complicit in that nuclear explosion by as much as opening my mouth and giving them the satisfaction of hearing about their new darling of a weapon. For a moment, they ignored me and then pretending that I had "fainted", a couple of MP's carried me by my arms and legs out of the room.

I swam in a sea of drugs. Blues and greens played across my mind like a vast sea overhead. When one opens one's eyes underwater, if one was on mescaline, one might be fascinated by the experience and in wonder. These drugs were not like that. They were designed to be maximally unpleasant hallucinogens—designed to make you have a "bad trip", so bad that you would do anything to get out of them. The CIA had given children LSD for up to a year in adult doses, just to say what would happen to their minds. They found out. People do not do well when their minds are raped. It is one thing to consent to sex and be able to stop it whenever you like. And another thing to have it forced upon you against your will. It is the same thing with even so-called pleasant recreational drugs, let alone ones that cause intense anxiety like you are about to die. The vast ocean above me was pressing down on me like a flood wall of water. The colors were obliterating my consciousness and killing it. They were not friendly in tone, they were malicious, like ocean demons hitting you with the tails of whales to knock you out. There was nothing that I could do about it. I surrendered to the process and became the killer whales of blues and greens. I was expanding outward. I was growing through the walls of the Pentagon and its war room screens in the next room. I was growing through hallways and offices, and then I was bigger than the Pentagon and part of me was outside of it. When I got expanded out to the CIA's headquarters, I realized that I had work to do in my office—much work, dire work. I snapped to attention in my mind, and found myself in my office standing behind my chair. I sat down in it and reflexly called the

Pentagon about a problem in Iraq that I saw needed to be corrected immediately. I called into the war room. The officer answering recognized my voice. He said, "Wait a moment" and went to look for my body in the next room. Then he came back and pretended he had expected me to call. He just wanted me not to hang up on him. I outlined the problem I saw. It was in a sector distant from the nuclear test the night before. Soldiers were approaching a village to do the regular "shake and bake" on it. But they had the wrong village. They were lost. I had a chance of saving that village of 2,500 people and I took it. It would take them time to regroup. They would lose a day's worth of killing in the process. He listened politely and wrote down the information. Then he cleared the order I wanted given with his and my superiors, and then he faxed in over to Iraq. Only after that would I answer any questions that he put to me. By then I had a line of officials in the war room waiting to ask questions. One general when it got to be his turn asked me if I would come back and give the briefing that they had missed. I asked him what day it was. I honestly didn't know. He told me. Only two hours had passed since I "fainted dead away". I told him that I would be happy to give it as long as the nuclear test was excluded from it. He agreed without consulting the other brass. I knew that would be a problem for me. I told him that he would have to call my boss and get approval first. Faced with that bottleneck, he then cleared my restriction on the type of questions I would answer with the other generals. Once they agreed, then I had a CIA driver take me back over to the Pentagon. When I got to the war room, they were ready for the briefing. One officer handed me a fresh uniform. I went back into the room my body had been drugged in to put it on. Remembering the drugging, I slumped to the floor under the influence of the drugs again. But when that officer came in to see what was taking me so long, I managed to snap to again into a personality free of the drugs. Then I finished putting on the clothes, and came out of the side room. I strode confidently up to the podium and began briefing in my normal brusque manner. It was a military style that I had adopted to fit into the war room. It had nothing to do with who I was as a person. I was not allowed to be a person with my own identity, preferences, and needs.

The situation in Iraq that day was dreadful. It was usually dreadful. Children were dying from lack of clean drinking water. Infants were getting sun burned from not having a roof over their heads or trees left standing to rest in the shade under. Mothers were dry of milk from terror and unable to breastfeed their children any longer. Young boys played in the rubble and land mines blew off their legs, or killed them, or merely blinded them from the shrapnel. Refugees were fleeing and dying in the heat as they crossed the desert without water or vehicles. Parents were distraught, missing children that had gotten lost in the chaos of war, while fleeing for their lives trying to outpace the tanks.

Politicians in DC were sitting smug in their offices, having eaten big meals. They had stood before full closets on plush carpets after hot showers, trying to figure out which expensive suit to wear. Secretaries fussed over them bringing them coffee with just the right amount of sugar and milk. Assistants screened their mail and put reports on their desks in just the right spot on their desk to not upset them. Phone assistants dialed the phones for them and waited on hold for them. Their every whim was met. Their physicians attended to the clipping of their toenails if their toe so much as hurt or had a trace of swelling or redness along the side of the nail. The politicians claimed the war "was going well", was "being won", or was "making money" for the shareholders,

depending on the person on the other end of the phone, while their staff prompted them on what to say with oversized cue cards.

Generals studied maps filled with colored symbols that assistants typed on computers to move according to their orders. Satellite analysts circled the target that had been hit, while others sent back into the war room those that had been missed. And young officers used to playing video games with live targets picked out new possible targets and sent them up for approval. And when their wasn't time for them to be reviewed, well,? what could you expect—this was WAR. People die in wars. And they did. Without so much of a trial as Saddam Hussein for show. They died without charges, without evidence against them, without counsel, and without a stay of execution that they could even apply for or a sentence that they could appeal. Children of age two lay dying on broken cement. Pregnant mothers were raped because they had holes in their bodies and soldiers had no control after the war corrupted their moral restraint. And unborn children aborted spontaneously from the violence of war that cut off their life force.

So, when I got up to start speaking at that debriefing I had to use some filters, because the war was not to me what it was to others. They always had their filters on. They didn't even know that they had filters on. They thought that they knew what the war was because they had the figures that they wanted in front of them. That morning I had trouble getting my filters to stay put where I tried to put them before I opened my mouth. I started out pretty well, but pretty soon I was describing what was happening on the ground just a little too accurately. And then I really lost it and started talking about the people on the ground as real people, like what state and city those wounded boys were from, and how many children succeeded them and how they were when their daddy died. I was about ten minutes into this reality style when a Pentagon official interrupted me and asked if I could please?He wasn't finishing his sentence so I looked over at him. He was crying with tears streaming down his face. It occurred to me then that I had given a lot of the briefing with my eyes closed because the drugs had made my vision weird. When I looked out, I saw that a lot of the men were crying. I had touched a raw nerve. I had told the truth in a way that had broken into their hearts. I wasn't quite sure what to do at that point. I closed my eyes again and groped my way past the stunned silence into words again. They came gushing out of me, the life histories, the hopes and dreams, of the wounded on both sides. What made them tick, what drove them into action, and how their lives have been changed by the war. I spoke that way for two hours before anyone interrupted me again. When I opened my eyes I found that the war room was packed to standing room only. My mind had been off in Iraq and I had not noticed. One man was filming, usually I would have noticed something like that as a well-trained spy. I had been oblivious to everything, including the social consequences of what I had done. After that one man interrupted me, people drifted away in silence like at a funeral. No one expected me to answer questions. The man interrupting me had done so because I looked so uncomfortable and he wanted to tell me it was ok for me to change my position. I wasn't aware of being uncomfortable until he pointed it out. I had a sweater on that had fallen off a shoulder and was strangling my right upper arm. My right hand and forearm had turned gray, then bluish, and then swelled up to about one and a half times normal size. I was used to enduring pain and injury. There was rarely anything that I could do about it, except ignore it. So I had used the default option of

"put up with it by ignoring it". People were rather upset about it. They didn't mind the CIA torturing me in a basement for days, or the Pentagon handcuffing me or drugging me in a side room, as long as they didn't have to see it or think about it. They didn't want anything out of the ordinary to happen in their world. People were dying in Iraq because others decided to "target" them—that was normal and acceptable. But a woman forgetting to move a limb to make it comfortable, now that was abnormal and unacceptable. After that there was talk about whether I should ever be let back into the war room again. The informal consensus was no, but it didn't last past lunch time. I was served food in the General's cafeteria, just like before, as if nothing had happened. I had to eat with my left hand, the right hand having attention brought to me, refused to quite complaining of the pain in it. I had someone else cut up my meat, a thin slice of roast beef smothered in gravy that tasted more like papier-mâché paste than anything else. But the color was right, so I gave in and ate it.

Alas, I have not written down correctly what happened at that briefing, or the ones before it. The Iraq War was undergoing particular upheavals at the time. Civilians reading the newspapers were unlikely to have noticed the phases of the war and the problems of each phase. But good remote viewers should be able to make a moment of a war as recognizable as a human's day with specific events, texture, and moods. I have failed you by omitting that. I did it because I didn't trust you not to hurt me. I didn't love you enough to give you my vulnerability to destroy. Yet, at this moment, with God in my heart, I am willing to love you that much, even though I know you want to hurt me with your disbelief and judgment of my life—at least many of you. When I write, if I allow myself, I know all the people who will read what I write, or even just hear about a section of it. I know them like I know myself with my own thoughts making the judgments. It is possible to write to satisfy them all and answer all their important questions as one goes. But I have not been doing that—I have been holding out on you—because I was afraid. When people are not afraid they share what they have with others and make parties that delight everyone. When they are afraid, they hoard and make announcements trying to force others to give them still more. They smile falsely, wearing expensive clothes and speak only about themselves if they can get away with it. I know, because I have been there a lot, including on these pages. I have withheld much of the Truth from you out of fear and loathing. Please, forgive me. I have been wrong. I did not know how to get the Lord back into my heart. I needed the prayers of other people to help me. I went online last night and asked for prayers to be said for me at a few different website including [www.prayerapostolate.com](http://www.prayerapostolate.com) and [www.sacredspace.ie](http://www.sacredspace.ie) and today I am feeling the presence of the Lord's Contentment strongly. May everyone have such an experience. One does not have to be religious to try it. Many people get on roller coaster rides without being dedicated to them. I feel a bit overwhelmed by the experience. My regular side is not used to loving people so much that she is willing to walk into torture to help a torturer with his hangnail, so that he will be a tad kinder towards those he is tormenting night and day. It is a strange feeling to love others so much one would endure anything for their sake. It is not a worldly experience. It is not a finite transaction, like I will do this much in order to get this much back or even accomplished for others. It is beyond comprehension. It is a bit like being "in love" and being willing to give everything one has and one's whole life to another to serve them, not out of lust, but out of respect for who they are—even one's enemies. I don't usually respect my enemies in my regular state of mind. Instead I think of them as incompetent,

stupid, and evil. But that is a reflection of my judging mind that takes its own point of view as the only reasonable one—it is—for me! It is not for others. What is reasonable to a person depends on their goals, their experiences, and how they are embedded in their agencies, families, and business relations. One can be perfectly correct that the way to fight a battle on the ground in Iraq is to only arrest the insurgents and not antagonize the rest of the village. But if you are afraid of getting a bullet in your back if the war-profiteers you have to report to don't like the way you right a battleplan to expend lots of bombs, tanks, and equipment, then you have a different "take" on what to do. Then even if someone like me comes along and says that there will be fewer deaths of US soldiers if the police model is used, you ignore it. You ignore it or give false reasons why it is a bad idea to do it that way. You do it to save your neck. Other men will die because of your lies and corruption. You will be miserable. Maybe later you will be sacked or killed anyway. But for a little while, at least so it seems, you have managed to stay alive. The War games that Pentagon generals play in remote acres on bases are not so deadly. It is what happens in the war room that determines whether they get castrated or sodomized when the full moon rises over the Pentagon again. About 40% of the Pentagon generals are missing at least one testicle—no anesthesia. It is enough to cause them to write war plans that kill soldiers and refuse to approve those that don't.

Now, I have said it, like that black young athlete that said in the days after Katrina, "Bush doesn't like black people." It was a little too plain, not to stick out like a sore thumb. But that was the Truth. There were more inconvenient truths than just that the corporations and the consumers are destroying the planet. I wasn't the only person in the Pentagon's war room being sexually tortured. Please Lord, may they all rest safely in your satisfaction, no matter what happens to them. Please Lord, may I lead them all to safety. May I rescue all of the prisoners, with and without the barbed wire on fences, with or without the lies in their minds that they were forced to swallow while passed out from pain. Please Lord, grant us immunity from pain and from the demon lies planted in the mind.

The war was in Iraq at that moment was focused on consolidating the occupation of a sector NorthEast of Baghdad. Insurgents were using the hills and the villages in that sector to flee the fighting in Baghdad. They were able, if they chose to, to then return to Baghdad and attack it like David with a sling shot against the Giant Goliath. Few did. Most fled and hid—thankful to have escaped with their lives. The line between an insurgent and a refugee was a thin one. Most of the people that the U.S. Administration wanted labeled as insurgents were refugees who had taken a weapon with them as they fled. Most had no intention of ever turning around and aiming that weapon at anyone, let alone at the US military that stood posed to wipe them out—taking a whole village in the process. The villagers were afraid of the fleeing refugees, not because they were causing disturbances or stealing. But because whenever the refugees came, the US usually bombed again "at their earliest convenience". The Pentagon's favorite strategy was to bomb along the routes that the refugees had taken as they fled Baghdad. They would flee for a while across the rivers to the NorthWest, thinking it was safe. The bombs and artillery would slaughter them, spreading red blood across the bridges, the roads, and up against the foothills. The moaning wounded usually had no one to take care of them. The Red Cross's Muslim branch the Red Crescent, would get bombed by the Pentagon as soon as they showed up. The U.S. Administration argued through its spoke's man

Rumsfeld, that the Red Cross might be saving insurgents. That was true. But the argument was like going down the streets of the capital in El Salvador shooting every tenth teenage boy because they might be communists. And the CIA and US military had funded and trained the El Salvadorian military and police and they were the death squads.

Rumsfeld was just repeating US foreign policy in yet another location. As a foreign policy it was worse than a failure—it was a disaster. As a war–profiteering scheme, the US wars in Vietnam, and then Angola, and Nicaragua, were great successes. The US taxpayers paid money to stem the "imminent attack" from the Boogeyman in countries, far away. Then the politicians mainlined the funds into their personal bank accounts in an orgy of creative "financing" through off–shore banks. (see Al Martin's The Conspirators about the Iran–Contra era scams to steal from the taxpayers in the name of "a necessary" war. Those wars were only "necessary", like heroin is necessary to a drug addict. The US policy makers refused to get treatment for their addiction to war. An addiction is a behavior of doing something that is harmful to oneself

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### **Chapter 3:**

Now the remote viewer looks at the interaction of Col. X and Lt. Johnston and the men under Col. X. She is looking to see whether Col. X. is actually loyal to his men or setting them up to be killed in an upcoming battle.

### **Chapter 4:**

Covers the actual event that leads Lt. Johnston to report Col. X as a possible Russian run mole. It also covers the remote viewer's panic as she discovers that she must intervene immediately to prevent the men being "sacrificed" in that battle.

### **Chapter 5:**

This chapter develops the life of the remote viewer and the difficulties at the CIA and Pentagon and turf wars as she tries to save the men without yet being able to prove to anyone's satisfaction whether Col. X is a gung–ho American willing to risk the troops for a good cause, or actually just trying to get them killed to boost the numbers dead in the war as a way to undermine US morale.

### **Chapter 6:**

The battle goes forward before the remote viewer is able to convince the CIA/Pentagon to stop it. Men die—it is a bloody battle—one of the worst in the US's engagement in Iraq. Lt. Johnston dies in it and it is quite possibly direct retaliation from Col. X, given the specifics of the circumstances. As this chapter ends, the Pentagon wants to blame Col. X as a Russian mole to explain away their culpability in not preventing the deaths.

### **Chapter 7:**

Maneuvering at the Pentagon to frame Col. X as a Russian run agent. This includes planting evidence against him by special forces. It also includes a visit to Lt. Johnston's wife to by a Pentagon official to frame the dead Lt. as the way that Col X. got messages from the Russians, but it is subtly done and some readers may miss the meaning of that touching gift to the bereaved widow—an honor bestowed ironically by Col.X. At this point, the intelligence sophisticated reader may begin to suspect that Col. X is a fall guy for a Russian mole, Gen. Y on the JCS, higher in the Pentagon who is the one that actually gets the Kremlin's messages to Col. X if such messages are real and not just plants to frame Col. X.

### **Chapter 8:**

This chapter is the remote viewer's moral dilemma as she begins viewing the motives of the Pentagon officials framing Col. X and reports her findings to her boss at the CIA, whose identity is not clear.

### **Chapter 9:**

This chapter is about the grief of the men in Col. X's unit and their trying to deal with their feeling of betrayal while preparing for and then fighting their next battle. Another one of them important to the story line, a buddy of Lt. Johnston who is pushing for an investigation of his death, also dies in this battle. The unit retaliates against the helpless Iraqi village at the end of that battle to hit back at a foe that they can't see—their helpless frustration.

### **Chapter 10:**

Machinations inside the CIA to try to bury the findings of the remote viewer and sweep everything under the carpet again. The welfare of the troops have been betrayed in not getting to the bottom of whether Col. X is run by the Russians to lose men in battles unnecessarily.

### **Chapter 11:**

A dramatic moment for Col. X as he comes to realize that he is at the center of an investigation as to whether he is a Russian run mole and his surprising action in response.

### **Chapter 12:**

A final scene that starts with a JCS meeting in which Col. X is honored as a hero—now that he is dead and his battle losses no longer need a better explanation. But a general objects to this sudden switch from having been told that he was a mole to a war hero, and in the end with the remote viewer sitting in on their meeting the real villain responsible for those excess US deaths is revealed—perhaps to the astonishment of some of the readers.

The thing that I am refusing to look at is the actually story. I am refusing to look because there is a rape scene in it that I am avoiding. The fighting in the town in the first scene is specific. It is not just any war. This is specific real people, doing specific real things and one of those things is a specific rape. It is not drastic, it is banal. But it is blocking me. Sanders, call him pvt Sanders for now, pushes the girl onto the ground. He

has a moment to decide whether he has time to rape her. Two men run past him on the right and tell him to hurry. He decides that means Do it but hurry. The girl is young, about 11. She has two braids and is awkward, gangly almost small woman sized, but not developed. She is clueless and frightened. She thinks that he wants her money. She tries to get some out of her pocket while she is sitting on the ground. He pushes her arm out of the way with his machine gun. She panics and tries to get up to run. He lets a blast of his machine gun fire off to the left of her. He is not aiming at her, but the fragments of ricocheting cement hit the back of her leg and she looks stunned and over her right shoulder to see her leg. He pushes her backwards onto the ground again from her standing position. She now understands what is about to happen to her and looks hard right and towards the wall and tries to back away from him. He is on top of her fiddling with his fly. The two guys come back to get him to come forward. He says "Help me hold her." So the two guys hold her down, one on each side of her with an arm and a leg each and then finding her a little too big for that they complain and tell him to pick them smaller next time. Then they switch to one with the arms and one with the legs. He is on top of her and there is not much to see. When he is done a moment later, the two say "hurry up". And start to leave. Then seeing he hasn't shot her yet they come back and tell him to shoot her "thems the rules". She looks up at him to say, but? He sort of can't and they tell him "you did her one way, now you have to do her the other." He still hesitates and one points to her bloody leg and says you already shot her once, so do it again. With fright on his face, he sprays her with machine gun fire and the three run off, stage right distance.

Text Scraps—ignore

Many people were fooled by my multiple false fronts, which I changed like many a good spy did, according to the needs of my circumstances. That changeability made others unsure of my loyalty.

Being part Quaker in my spiritual affinities, I listened in silence for God's guidance. I hoped that I listened well. I eschewed make-up, high-heels, painted fingernails and time-consuming female habits. I aimed for a look of "19<sup>th</sup> century nonchalance"; fitted bodices and full long skirts of raw silk of teal color. My negotiator role code name was "Blue Skirt". Even the Queen of England addressed me that way when I had briefed her on the MI6-CIA clashes. I tried to kill clashes and negotiation stumbling blocks as well. The CIA had used me as a behind the scenes negotiator in intelligence and nuclear weapons settings. I had been the CIA's representative to talks with Gorbachev and the Head of the KGB, Kryuchkov, on how to get to a single intelligence service in Germany after the Fall of the Berlin Wall. Then a few years later, on assignment at the United Nations in Geneva, I worked on reducing nuclear missile arsenals in the US and Russia via SALT I and SALT II. In the 1990's and through 2004, I was the sole CIA negotiator in sensitive US-Russian intelligence-sharing negotiations. The CIA trusted me because I drove hard fair bargains and enforced them. I was not a "sweep the difficulties under the rug" kind of person. I was more like a person who came in to stir up a hornet's nest in order to get the bugs alight and then finesse them to re-settle into a better pattern. There was no doubt that I had made enemies in the process. If I were found floating in the Potomac, no one would be surprised. No doubt it would be ruled a suicide, even though I would never do such a thing. It was against my religion as a radical pacifist. Some

people thought I took Christ's teachings a little more seriously than was healthy, for myself or the defense industry. Some people jokingly teased me that they were counting on me to shut the CIA and Pentagon down the day before the Second Coming. They wanted to be able to claim they had "given that all up" to get into Heaven, but saw no other way to actually stop sinning by working there.

Images of men dressed in black sweatsuits and black ski masks wearing mirrored glasses at night flashed through my mind scenarios of car parks, of elevators, and of garages, like the pages of the CIA's Yellow Pages of Dirty Ops being flipped through. I didn't have time to sort through the images into "likely" and "unlikely" scenarios to worry about. I didn't have time to assign them each the proper probability of their coming true, as a good analyst should.

moles shot in the dark, not charged and tried—they wanted the days of trials to be over and not mar their afternoon worries. They were tired of worries. They were tired of investigations. They wanted to kill the bastards they labeled as "terrorists" without having to prove that they were. They wanted to lock up whomever they wanted and throw away the key. They were impatient men. They were men who preferred the effectiveness of "buying" judges to kill the rule of law, instead of having to "buy" the judge in each case, man by man. They wanted the names of those to kill in Iraq and beyond and nothing else to mar their afternoons.

"Might Col. Eiffler be a Russian agent?" Was that a leading question? Was it a leading question that had nonetheless to be asked because the fate of the American people was at stake? The Ames and Walker cases started normally enough with evidence that secrets had leaked via defectors from Russia. Then the search was on to find the mole.

Perhaps I was a "fallen woman" and could not accept that in myself. Perhaps the explanation was even more complex than that and I

. I left stains on the minds of men, deep stains. I regret that now that I am older and perhaps a bit wiser. The only way that I can really prevent that is to avoid men altogether, and I try that harder and harder as time goes on, because I realize that I am a bit like C4 explosive—a tad unstable, and explosive by nature

Someone needed to advise him that the KGB had not cared enough about him to give him a fighting chance as a spy, and that he was destined to die of that, if he did not correct his allegiance. I wanted to give him a second chance to choose again without the rose colored glasses that the Russians had put over his mind.

The night before I had been at my desk until 11 pm, until my boss had ordered me to go home. But I wasn't getting caught up. I was getting further behind. And now this, "Might Col. Eiffler be a Russian spy?" Did I attract questions like that to me? Yes, I had to admit I did. I liked counter-intelligence work and I had been involved in Russian affairs at the CIA my entire life. If only I had time to look into the question properly, I was sure that I would be able to figure that out—given time—time I did not then have, time I could not foresee ever getting because of the wars.

So far in telling you this story, I have spared you the unpleasant and gory details. But at this point, in order to tell you the story honestly, I have to stop coddling you and treat you as an adult. I hope that you are old enough to handle the realities of war. They are, like the movie "Saving Private Ryan" often quite brutal and unsavory. The situation that moved me to leave the torture chamber and get back to work was one that I had started viewing the week before. It was showing up on my inner sight screens as possibility, partly because it was so gruesome and I am not a light-weight by any means. It involved a dog, and lovers of dogs and people can safely skip to the beginning of the next paragraph without losing the main story plots. This is an optional story aside—perhaps mainly for the intelligence professional with a "need to know" the truth about the current wars.

## ***Appendix A:***

### **Excerpts from *The Seventh Sense* by Lyn Buchanan:**

"This book is a personal account of the many changes in my life and in my belief system as I was trained and gained experience as a 'psychic spy' for the US military? .CRV (Controlled Remote Viewing) was designed for finding hostages and missing children, solving crimes, spying on people and countries, determining the plans and intentions of political, military, and business leaders." Pg. xiii

"Controlled remote viewing is a natural, psychological, and physiological process that is very tightly anchored to the real, hard-core physical world around us." Pg. xiv.

"You may argue that the "psychic sense" is not a scientifically accepted paradigm, but recent research——mainly that done in conjunction with the US military's 'psychic spying' programs——has established a well-documented and firmly founded basis of proof of the existence of mankind's 'psychic' ability. If any scientist, by reason of his/her own personal belief systems, objects to the inclusion of this concept, I would suggest that he/she go study the latest findings. They are readily available." Pg. xv.

"After more than seventeen years being a psychic spy for the U.S. government, teaching more than 300 students, and doing studies and research on facets of the human mind which allow us to deal with things greater than ourselves, I find very little that surprises me anymore." Pg. xvi.

"One of CRV's strengths is that, when preformed properly, it can find information that cannot be gained through any other means. An often overlooked strength is that is is also capable of finding information that can be gained by other

means, thereby giving you confirmatory information. A CRVer will often pick up on some aspect of a target that is, say, debated by two or more eye-witnesses.

Another strength is CRV's reliable and often amazing accuracy. To everyone's surprise (mine included), the military's CRV unit had the highest accuracy rating of any of the intelligence community's vast array of intelligence gathering tools. That includes such awesome tools as "spy in the sky" satellites, aerial photography, and even agents on the ground. The CRV method can produce information about a target site that is about 90 percent correct. We have many police departments and other agencies who are overjoyed when a process [like torture] produces information that is only 10% correct. They are ecstatic about CRV." Pg. 86.

"That brings up a danger, however, which some consider to be another one of CRV's drawbacks. As viewers build this virtual reality, they will often buy into it. This is a phenonema very well known to people who deal with electronic and computerized forms of virtual reality, you tend to forget it is virtual, and start believing it is completely real. Then, just as a hypnotist can convince you that you have been burned, and a burn will appear on your skin, things that happen in the virtual reality begin to have real world effects. These results can be physical, mental, or emotional?.The viewer may begin to identify with that person [the target] so strongly that the viewer loses all sense of self." Pg 88.

From the chapter The Perfect Session:

"Every time I have had a PSI (Perfect Site Integration), it has been on a target of great interest, one that could induce me to give-up my hold on the physical reality around me and totally buy into the mini-virtual reality of the CRV session?. The target, though I didn't know it at the time, was a simple picture clipped out of a travel magazine. It was a photo of a town square in a tiny Swiss village high in the Alps?.I had received [psychically] about ten pages of information on the target, enough to realize that it was a small town in a place with extremely clear air, bright sunshine, and mountains all around, when suddenly, the PSI experience took over. I looked up from my worksheet at the monitor, but the monitor was not there. Instead, I was looking across a cobblestoned street to see a man and his son coming out of a building. They stopped on the sidewalk and began to talk. A sign on the building clearly identified it as the Bank of Switzerland. I crossed the street to meet the two. When I approached them, I could hear them speaking Bayrish, a southern dialect of German. I spoke to them, but they did not hear me or see me. Since I speak German, I began listening to their conversation. The father said that they had time to go to the store.

The two men walked to their car? I climbed in and sat on the folded convertible top. About that time, Paul, my monitor, asked me a question and broke the "spell" of the PSI experience?.I slipped back into it. I found myself still perched on top the back of the rear seat. The man was just pulling out of the parking lot. I looked across the street, past a central town square. There was a very ornate fountain in the square with some tourists and an elderly couple sitting around in on benches. As he drove further, I looked up at a street sign and read the name of the street. But there was something nagging at the edges of my attention. Paul was calling me again, trying to get me to wr5ite something down.

My awareness came back to the viewing room. I made a quick sketch of the fountain and wrote down the street name, then slipped back into the PSI experience.

We went about 8 blocks. I looked at each street sign and mentally catalogued the street names. I watched for any outstanding stores or sights along the way. Paul was calling me again, and I returned, wrote down what I had seen?I was getting ready to slip back into the PSI experience when Paul asked, 'Am I irritating you?'

Oh, no! A direct question! A direct question requires an answer that has to be provided by the viewer's conscious mind. It interrupts access to your subconscious. The monitor should never ask a viewer a direct question. I stopped viewing and answered. The access to the PSI experience was broken and the session was over.

Paul told me that I had hit the target. He pulled out the feedback picture of the town square, and in its middle was the same fountain that I had sketched. The feedback picture did not have anyone sitting around the fountain, but the benchers were there. I evidently had visited the site location instead of simply viewing the feedback picture. There was no way to get feedback on the street names, the train station, the location of the bank, or any of the other features that I had described. But, because of my sketch and the German names and the fact that I said the location was Swiss, the session was considered a success.

Months later, the session was still eating away at the back of my mind. I knew that there must be some way to get feedback on the details. Finally, I wrote to the town's tourist bureau, asking for information about the town and a town map, if possible. When it arrived, I got the most pleasing reward anyone could get for a CRV session. The map not only showed street names, the location of the town square, and the train station, but also showed the location of the businesses of the map's various sponsors. One was the bank. Another was the department store. Although I had misspelled many of the street names, they were unmistakably the right names. The bank, department store, train station, and town square were where I had described them. Although the map that I had sketched during my session was missing several streets, it was essentially a correct rendering of the parts of the town through which I had ridden on the back of a VW convertible one warm, clear, beautiful day in the Swiss mountains." p149–152

The Perfect Site Integration experience is the pinnacle of Controlled Remote Viewing, and it is a very rare occurrence. All in all, I only had nine PSI experiences during the eight and a half years I was in the military unit, and only four or five since. ?But PSI experiences are that rare. Many viewers had a single PSI experience throughout their whole viewing careers.

Interestingly, Ingo Swann discourages remote viewers from having a PSI experience. The reason, he says, is that when you are having it you can't report back. ?[According to their way of doing it] You get summaries, not details. Pgs. 154–155

Now I use it to help find missing children. I also do sessions for corporations to help them in their business planning, R&D work, financial projections, and executive decision making.