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

PASSPORT TO PARANOIA
CROOK FRIGHTFULNESS:Rediscovering the World's Weirdest Book

JOINED AT THE HIP
CHANG, ENG AND OTHER FAMOUS CONJOINED TWINS
STRANGE TALES OF HOMELAND SECURITY

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

On 23 May 2013, British newspaper the Guardian published an article headlined “Obama to Bring US Drone Programme Out from ‘Legal Shadows’ of the CIA.” The truth is that these drones were ushered out of the shadows long ago, at least as early as 2003. I know this is true because one of my best friends since high school has been stalked unmercifully by several of these prowling death-machines since 2003, and this blatant terrorism continues in the year 2013. So sit back, my friend, and listen—because I’ve got a rather strange story to tell you...

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

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

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

Lee had the goggles—three or four of them, at least—stored in a trunk. Dion, perpetually buzzed out of his mind, didn’t think there was anything odd about any of this until he saw the Department of...
Defense logs appear on the kid’s laptop one evening (18 July 2003, to be exact), which is when the seriousness of the situation dawned on him.

“Hey, you can’t turn that on in here,” Dion said. “They can track that with satellites. They’ll be here within seconds.”

Lee just waved him away. “That’s bullshit. They can’t do that.”

Dion and a bunch of other people watched as the kid scrolled through a whole series of files marked TOP SECRET and ABOVE TOP SECRET. The file names were so technical-sounding Dion had no idea what they meant, but they seemed to be a field journal written by a team of intelligence specialists stationed in the Gulf.

Lee opened some of these files and laughed while pointing at a file marked TOP SECRET blueprint. Dion couldn’t even recognize it.

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

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

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

After an entire week of being interrogated, Dion refused to finger Lee for the crime of being in the event of his arrest in prison (he’d been in and out of jail since he was a teenager, mainly due to his unshakable addiction to heroin). It was simply against his nature to cooperate with the authorities in any way, whether those authorities were cops on the beat, Homeland Security agents, or NCIS neo-Nazi storm troopers.

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

LEFT: Upon resuming communication with Dion Fuller, the author found these flyers about “gang-stalking” littering the sidewalk directly outside his apartment building.

Perhaps Dion had been driven into madness by the constant harassment.

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

Naturally, I thought Dion was suffering from some sort of meth-induced paranoia. But then the situation escalated. He claimed groups of people were parked outside his apartment, watching him. This surveillance involved at least a dozen different vehicles.

I told him, “Listen — snap photos of all those license plates, or just write down the numbers, whatever you can manage, and read out the numbers to me over the phone, okay?”

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

A FOOD FIGHT WITH THE FEDS

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

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

The situation grew crazier and crazier. Dion began putting to the test the question of whether or not these perps were tailing him. At one point, this military-looking dude followed him into an AMPM convenience store, where Dion purchased a 32-ounce Slurpee. Halfway across the street, Dion spun around and yelled, “Hey, you little son of a bitch!” and tossed the Slurpee in the man’s face. Now, most American males would instantly freak out and growl at a) at a 32-ounce Slurpee being tossed into their face and b) having their sexuality questioned in such a blunt manner. This gentleman did absolutely nothing at all. He just acted like a robot whose power source had been shut off.

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

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

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

On another occasion, two of these perjohads were on the side of a wooden fence just outside Dion’s kitchen window. They wouldn’t leave. They just stood there for hours, staring at him. So, on a whim, Dion mixed up this concoction of Teriyaki sauce and rice and flour and salt and taffy and honey and a bunch of other crap. He stirred it up in a bowl until the stuff congealed into this weird black gloop, dashed outside, and tossed the contents of the bowl over the fence. Now completely covered in viscous slime, the two perps were running...
away, screaming, towards the Ralph's supermarket located across the street, but neither of them did anything to Dion in retaliation. It was as if they had been ordered not to engage with their "target" - no matter what.

FROM STREET THEATRE TO GANGSTALKING

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

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

If Dion didn't start out crazy, I thought, perhaps he had been driven into madness by the constant harassment. A close friend and I began performing intensive research. I discovered that everything Dion had been describing was also being reported by other people. Apparently, this game goes way back. The investigative journalist Walter Bowart describes these harassment techniques as far back as 1978 in his groundbreaking book "Operation Mind Control."

I managed to get in touch with Bowart, and it was he who directed me to a website called "raven1.net" where I found a brief article entitled "All About Street Theatre" (www.raven1.net/articles.html) by Eleanor White. The article described, in exact detail, almost everything Dion had undergone during the past few months.

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

It's terrorism, pure and simple.

TERRORISM, AMERICAN-STYLE

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

This was Dion's brilliant plan: he'd heard, on the Pacific Beach grapevine, that it was possible the night vision goggles had been sold to the Hell's Angels so the bikers could use them in smuggling drugs over the border. Dion thought he could offer his services to the NCIS to retrieve the goggles from the Hell's Angels (as long as the NCIS would give him a nominal fee, of course).

When Dion told me this, I said, "Dion, they're just going to think you've had the same thing to eat, and now you want money for them. They're going to think it's a shakedown."

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

The perps barricaded him with electromagnetic non-lethal weaponry the night before the scheduled meeting. I was on the phone with him when objects began flying around Dion's head. Through the phone, I could hear plates and glasses and knick-knacks crashing and exploding. He was scared, and I had never heard Dion scare before. But then again, military-controlled police officers were attacking him. How would that make you feel? (Later, I learned from Walter Bowart that these sorts of weapons are referred to as "acoustic bullets").

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

This was the only time Lita ever admitted that any of this was actually happening to him.

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

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

Clearly, the meeting hadn't gone as planned - for either side. They stepped up the attacks that night. Everything grew worse and worse. They started using holograms to make it seem as if there was a shadowy hand pointing a gun at Dion's skull while he lay in bed at night, trying to sleep. His leather jacket slithered across the floor for a few moments, then collapsed, inanimate again.

His neighbours moved out, one by one, and were replaced with new ones who were not at all friendly and acted like Pod People from a 1950s science-fiction film. Optical camouflage technology was used to make the inside of the apartment appear to be larger than the outside, like Doctor Who's TARDIS. Dion's friends came over one afternoon and actually noticed this themselves. "Say, Dion, is your apartment growing?" This wasn't just a product of Dion's imagination. Before this, Dion had been a fairly down-to-earth person, sceptical of outlandish conspiracy theories.

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

At this point, around February 2004, I went him about $500.00 to buy a used van and get
the hell out of San Diego. Lita told Dion not to let the city, even though she claimed he was not under arrest and was free to do whatever he wanted. After all, this was a free country, wasn't it?

ESCAPE FROM SAN DIEGO

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

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

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

Eventually, Dion drove all the way to Winona, Kansas (one of the smallest cities in the state) where he met two country boys whom I spoke to extensively on the phone and who were both freaking out about the "flying saucers" that were following Dion around. According to Dion, these two good old boys had picked him up off the side of the road after his van broke down and saw the drones follow him all the way to their ramshackle house located in the Middle of Nowhere, USA.

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

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

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

MEET THE INVISIBLE MAN

In 2005 Dion phoned me out of the blue and told me that he had stumbled across this website describing a form of invisibility technology like the optical camouflage technology he had experienced in San Diego. The man who invented this technology is named Richard Schowengerdt. I studied his website and noticed that Schowengerdt claimed to be a 33rd degree Freemason and a member of the Scottish Rite in Long Beach, California.

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

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

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

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

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

At this point, I asked Dion to tell Schowengerdt his story. At first Schowengerdt seemed very sceptical, until Dion mentioned the bit about the mirror – and the fact that sometimes the invisibility technology wouldn’t work quite as it was supposed to and the perps would appear as these flashing auras, little points of light, sort of like what some people experience when suffering from a serious migraine. Schowengerdt leaned forward in his seat and said, “That’s exactly what it looks like when it’s not done properly!” The mirror effect, he explained, happens because of the optics involved: They’re putting a screen over the people wearing the camouflage suit, but not the mirror itself. Schowengerdt concluded that the whole reason they were doing this to Dion was to perform real-time experiments in controlled conditions, to see what aspects of the technology did not yet work correctly.

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

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

**UFOS OVER THE LOST COAST**

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

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

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

DAVID HAMBLING asks whether technological gangstalking is already a scientific possibility

While the phenomenon of gangstalking is not new, accounts by "targeted individuals" (TIs) take on a new plausibility when the exotic technology opposing them really exists.

However, a more detailed look at their claims about actual technology is needed to make a proper assessment.

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

A 1998 US Army report suggested the effect had potential as a non-lethal weapon, vividly described by one headline writer as a "Telepathic Ray Gun." By 2008, the technology was sufficiently mature for the design of a system called ME magnetic (Mop Excess Deterrent Using Silent Audio) to disperse crowds by beamling into their heads.

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

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

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

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

The weapon that has most captured the public imagination is the Active Denial System, an actual working non-lethal beam weapon that causes pain from a distance of hundreds of metres. Intended mainly for crowd control, it looks like a large satelite dish mounted on a truck. The dish projects a beam of millimetre waves (short wavelength microwaves) that quickly heat up the target's skin. This creates a burning sensation so painful that no test subject has ever been able to withstand it for more than a few seconds. A "resist effect", similar to the one that makes you reflexively pull your hand out of a fire, forces you to leap or scramble out of the two-metre beam. The pain ceases immediately.

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

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

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

NOTES
3. www.uw.edu/podl/HSN41a/white_paper.pdf
the local rednecks whipped out their rifles and began firing at the ominous craft. A rumour spread through the area that the farms would soon be raided by the FBI or some other government agency. One day, a local resident spotted two “agents” camped out on a nearby hillside; the “agents” appeared to be spying on the farmlands below with a pair of binoculars. (The sunlight glinting off the binoculars gave them away.) En masse, the local farmers ran up to the hills with their firearms, intent on blowing the intruders into bloody shards. The “agents,” or whoever they were, scurried away like panicked vermin.

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

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

Perhaps the appearance of these drones in the area is merely coincidental. After all, the US government would naturally have an interest in keeping that part of the country under close scrutiny due to the amount of illegal substances growing there on a daily basis. But the reaction of the locals suggests otherwise. According to them, such bizarre activity has never occurred in the valley before. That is, not until Dion arrived.

It could be that whenever a “flagged” individual enters a zone of possible interest (like an anti-war rally or the marijuana capital of the world), the robot spies and the invisible dwarves are wound up like toy soldiers and frognatched in for the purpose of monitoring said individual up close and personal, just to see what the target’s up to. But if the surveillance techniques of the US government are this omnipotent, how does any terrorist ever get away with committing a crime, no matter how large or small? How is it possible that thousands upon thousands of taxpayer dollars are being spent monitoring a harmless, 40-year-old freak who’s living in his mother’s back yard while real terrorists and miscreants are allowed to roam freely in and out of the United States at will?

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

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

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