

The Adventures of Don & Carol Croft – Parts 71 – 80

Episode 71

An Alien Presence Beyond Moscow Mountain

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<http://educate-yourself.org/cn/adc71alienpresencebeyondmoscow03oct03.shtml>

Oct. 3, 2003

October 1, 2003

I was wondering why everything seems so peaceful around here, assuming that just because the German Illuminati scheissvoegel who were planning our demise have left our town it doesn't mean that The Old Villain has conceded victory to Carol and I, locally ;-)

By the way, Laozu Kelly and I drove up to the mansion/barracks last week to check up on them and, sure enough, the only vehicles we saw were a tractor and an old car, which probably belong to the caretaker. Generally, extremely wealthy people don't allow a tractor or a junker to be parked beside a mansion.

Homeland Red Cars

Two months ago they had a fleet of brand new, red SUVs. By the way, if you're in the US you may find that the Homeland Security Abominations who follow you around on your 'gifting' missions in red cars are the psychics. These turd knockers all seem to think they're invincible.

Don't let any of those rats follow you, by the way. If you haven't stopped them doing that by now, why not? Make them afraid of you! It's the only way to get their respect.

A huge military convoy converged on Laird State Park last week, so we're going to go disable the new underground base there today. That park is located just beyond Moscow Mountain, which is actually a long, very high, east-west ridge at the end of the Palouse Range that forms the northern boundary of the valley we're in. I bet they thought we wouldn't hear about their activities there but I overheard one of the postal clerks saying that there were helicopters flying all around her house, which is close to Laird State Park, and the only places they can stick these bases is under land that will never be excavated or mined privately. The State Park is surrounded by the St. Joe National Forest.

Carol's daughter encountered the military convoy during the time the postal clerk reported seeing all those helicopters, so we simply put two and two together and Carol paid an astral visit to the new underground base last night.

Think globally, Act locally

Some alien reptiles had established their own little underground base in Emida, north of there, apparently in the late 1800s, before the whites even got here en masse, and Emida has a reputation for weirdness that can only be explained by an inordinate level of reptilian DNA in the locals' blood. The nearby Coeur d'Alene Indian tribe nearby also has a lot of lizards in it.

Carol and I boxed the predatory reptilians and their huge ship underground a couple of years ago, soon after which most of them chose to join the nice reptilians in Florida (we removed the HHg temporarily to let them out) but the Homeland Security Abomination lately expropriated the HHg that we'd put in their surface portal and those witless jerks have apparently made a pact with the now-liberated alien predators not dissimilar to the way the American OSS liberated the mafiosi in

Sicily in 1944 in order to make the Mafia work for the CIA a little bit later on. Mussolini was about to execute them all, which is why Patton went to strategically useless Sicily first instead of invading Italy.

Carol and I assume that they set up that new base in order to have an operational center dedicated to erasing her and I. It feels nice to be wanted.

She and her two grown kids drove fifty miles to Emida last night, armed, and found that the HHg that we hid there had been removed after some feds were seen riding around in white SUVs with blacked out windows in that area lately. She laid a lot of TBs around there but we need to get back there and especially to the new underground base and kick some Homeland Security Abomination and alien A\$\$ shortly.

I clearly saw one of the reptiles last year there, by the way, after I'd removed the HHg to let some more of them out. They move REALLY fast! After we shut them underground some of them wanted to abandon the predatory lifestyle, so we arranged for the nice reptilians in Florida/Bahamas/Cuba/Yucatan to take them in. There were only a few incorrigibles left, so we just left them underground, cut off from their food source (animals and people).

I love this stuff. I wasn't at the point where I was getting bored, but I was pining for a little 3D action.

I'll let you know what transpires.

October 3, 2003

Emida

Yesterday, I took over fifty Towerbusters and four holy handgrenades, plus a bag of thirteen TB flubs (some of the resin was improperly catalyzed) to the stretch from Potlatch, Idaho (north of Moscow Mountain) through Emida to finish what Carol and I started two years ago.

Since I wrote the first part of this piece earlier this week Carol went to Emida to lay a line of TBs along the road by which the old alien ship had been secreted. She put one down ever mile for a distance of 13 miles from the Indian Reservation, ending at Emida. The ship had moved after the feds removed the holy handgrenade that trapped it under ground, so this was designed to create an initial energy barrier.

She visited the home at the end of that road in Emida who are the unconscious conduits for some of the trouble we've been getting. I'm not going to mention specifics in this case but suffice to say that one of Carol's family members have been compromised by this family's activities.

The mother in this family is often seen in two places at once and is overheard speaking with her sons even when the sons are at work and in school. The sons are heard to participate in this discussion, which is actually telepathic but heard physically by bystanders. Reptilians typically communicate this way and many people in Emida have enough reptilian DNA that they don't apparently think twice about doing this.

Another common feature in Emida is that they often enter a house without opening the door. This is the feature that allows reptilians to move their ships through hyper-dimensional portals which you and I would not see even sense standing on those spots. The portals are difficult to create, which is why closing their native hive portals takes them out of action for so long.

The Sound of Silence

The village's commercial center is a single café. Linda Kingsbury, Carol's close local friend, fellow reputable professional psychic and confidant and her son once stopped at that café a few years ago and were astonished when the occupants became silent when they entered and remained silent until after they'd closed the door behind them. Before and after, they could hear a lot of voices through the closed door. She and Carol, not long after that, independently found the portal that the big ship was getting in and out of its cavern through and a couple of years after that, Carol and I closed that portal.

Everyone in the area considers Emida exceptionally weird. The general assumption is that this strange behavior is from inbreeding but in fact it's because of the inordinate number of near-purebred reptilians among the population.

Anyone who's traveled a bit probably has been to a small town or village where inbreeding has handicapped a lot of people. You might see some six-fingered hands and tiny adult heads in that case but NOT any evidence of widespread high psychism and psychokinesis, as is commonly seen among the people in Emida.

The strangest part, to me, is that these folks consider all of that normal and obviously don't even consider that the rest of the population is not like them.

Carols' ex in nearby St. Maries, Idaho went to high school with the mother of that household and never mentioned her to Carol, who moved to St. Maries when she was already an adult. The high school in St. Maries is small enough that every student knows every other one. The kids from Emida were pretty well ostracized by the rest, so it's not surprising that their 'gifts' would not be appreciated instead of feared in the overall madness that characterizes the social dynamics in most public education institutions in America.

Laird State Park

Last weekend, when Carol's daughter encountered the large military convoy entering Laird State Park, just north of Moscow Mountain, we weren't aware that this had anything at all to do with the presence of that big ship under Emida and lately I've been assuming that they were setting up a new base of operations to take Carol and I out. I wasn't being egocentric; the regime have been making one plot after another to kill us since we first made a cloudbuster almost three years ago, which is why I started publishing my reports in the first place. Notoriety on the internet, even on a very small scale, is one's best protection these days.

Carol went to Emida, which is twice as far from here as Laird SP, on a sort of reconnaissance mission three days ago, with an HHg for the reptilian mom (she graciously accepted it) and some gifts along the road for the reptilian controllers.

Local Reptilians

The modus operandi of the local reptilians is mainly to feed on the life force of the locals. This is a gradual, parasitic process so Carol wasn't in any danger. They regularly abduct others in order to implant devices that will ensure closer access to the person's energy.

It's SO important not to hate any of these entities! I can't stress that enough. I'm a little distressed at the 'new xenophobia' centered on native reptilians. We're all like Marco Polo now among the Mandarins these days, folks. Just like with 100% humans it's advisable to exercise a little

discernment and realize that no sentient specie is intrinsically bad and all are potentially capable, at least, of spiritual progress toward our common Maker.

For example, when Muhammad appeared among the Arabs it was common for people to slay an infant daughter and throw the body into the foundation of a new house as a 'blessing,' and mobs could easily be incited to commit mayhem through a little 'media' influence (clever, recited poetry). With a little guidance and exemplary behavior of the Prophet and His followers these Arabs very soon became the planet's civilizing force, restoring ancient knowledge and personal freedom/responsibility and subsequently even bringing poor Europe out of its Dark Age. One of the reasons I stress the importance of personal faith (religious or otherwise) is that it's through faith that 'Satanic strength' is 'transformed into Heavenly Power.' This is a scientific/spiritual process and in the emerging paradigm one may no longer distinguish science from spirituality. Dr. Reich knew that but in his day it was still impossible to express this simple truth without paying a heavy penalty to The Old Villain.

As I mentioned, most of the crew of that ship turned out to be friendly after we drew some clear boundaries with them.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

Nobody, human or otherwise, is likely to 'give' you respect because most sentient beings, certainly including humans, don't have a conscience. We have to demand respect when disrespect has been demonstrated. We do that by drawing boundaries. This can take a rather proactive form, which is why we've had to develop the Powerwand and other devices.

If you're a person who has a conscience you're going to have to work smart if you wish to exercise it's expression because The Old Villain, who's an interplanetary 'entity,' (thoughtform) by the way, is mandated to destroy people of conscience whenever they express their convictions. The trick, folks, is to enjoy the tussle. I bet nobody ever told you that. When we consider that all such struggles are for the benefit of our spiritual growth, we may stop seeing them as threatening or repugnant. Here's where personal faith plays an integral role. Any fool can be 'good' as a hermit but the real challenge these days is to express one's goodness publicly and confidently.

Back to yesterday:

I asked Carol where the four HHgs should go. I dowsed the number using a pendulum in one hand and a Succor Punch in the other, as usual, so I had no doubt that I was taking the right number. She said to put two by Laird State Park, which is the a surface entry for the new base under Harvard Hill, and one at the top of the pass over Harvard Hill, and one past Emida, which is at the bottom on the other side of Harvard Hill (it's actually 6,000' Bald Mountain, in the St. Joe National Forest). She said to put the sticky TBs in the bag in the Palouse River next to where her daughter saw that bunch of camo-clad feds get out of their white SUV fedmobile last week. It's a couple of miles downstream from Laird SP.

The Federal Bureau of Brazil Boys

I didn't encounter any feds until near the end of the gifting mission that day. On the way to and from Laird from the highway (two miles) there was only one house and in front of that, across the road, was a boss fedmobile with the characteristic array of little antennae sticking up from the roof of the cab (they're quite thin and small, so you need to get pretty close to see them), but nobody was about in the vehicle or outside the house. The state park had been closed for a week or so and a locked gate was across the entrance. The large Boy Scout camp next to it was also abandoned.

On the way north from that side trip, I stopped at the requisite spot and tossed the sticky TBs into the little river and then the HHg, at the pass six miles further uphill. No feds drove by from either direction, so they obviously didn't even know I was there yet.

I continued laying Towerbusters every mile along the highway, past Emida, and tossed a couple into a very polluted pond beside the road by the village itself. We'll monitor the status of that pond. We cleared a the similarly polluted stream that runs through our town with a few TBs last summer-it took two months in this case to turn the water transparent. I took the first right hand turn after that and drove along a gravel logging (US Forest Service) road, leaving TBs every mile, until I got to a locked gate six miles ahead, on a ridge overlooking Emida from the south, and left the remaining HHg there.

The first fed accosted me as I turned off the paved highway and onto that road. Carol told me that he instantly recognized me right off and was quite angry. That's why he shouted at me, I guess. There was no other traffic on that road. Generally, you take your life in your own hands if you venture onto a logging road while there's any logging going on because those log-truck drivers drive like they're possessed and there's only one lane. It's more like a train track than a road on those days ;-)

Carol had told me that when she left her body to look at what she'd done with that line of TBs around Emida a few days before, she saw a huge, predatory (to the bad guys) orgone serpent rising up from that little pathway, so I was making a sort of orgone Medusa's head for the reptiles and the feds that day.

In the receding paradigm, shifting alliances allowed inveterate enemies to temporarily join together to destroy a common enemy. What we're finding is that this is no longer feasible or even necessary. Carol, after astrally visiting the new underground base, learned that they'd been planning that one for a year and it was designed to be an outpost for monitoring the old reptile 'colony' in Emida, not to snuff her and I, though the latter had lately become a secondary agenda for them. My purpose yesterday was to disable both of those factions' ability to do harm to humanity. Are you familiar with Phil Schneider's story about the time he guided a Delta Force contingent to a similar underground base? He was the only human survivor of that assault and was left there by the fleeing offworlders to die. I have the video in which he poses with the hand with the missing fingers over the huge scar in the center of his chest where one of the reptiles shot him with an energy weapon.

Isn't it nice that none of us have to encounter the bad guys quite like that? We don't have a clue about why the feds took away our HHg that was holding the ship and the remaining crew trapped, but of course it's always an exercise in madness to try to get into the head of any predator, human or otherwise, so I'm content to leave that riddle alone for now. The only problem that caused for us was some personal disruption, which is why Carol and I made those little trips this week.

After I did that logging road, I did one more with my remaining six towerbusters. This one led directly out of the village itself, toward Bald Mountain, which sports a huge new deathforce array, by the way. No doubt my ministrations yesterday have neutralized all those towers. Why do you suppose it is that The Old Villain insists on marking most of its underground facilities for us with these obtuse erections? ;-) Priapus has nothing on The Old Villain.

Not surprisingly, the very last towerbuster got tossed at mile six, which was marked by a locked gate across the road.

Let In The Clowns

Right after I got back to the village I was tailed by a fedmobile. This must have been a newbie because he was stupid enough for me to easily see him. After I pulled over to force him to pass me, I used Doc von Peters' global cloudbuster artillery barrage on him through my Succor Punch, which I always leave turned on when I'm on a mission. He raced ahead, out of sight around a turn, and then I saw his empty vehicle parked by the road just after that. He was either lying down in the white SUV or was in the bushes, making a mess ;-)

On the way over the Harvard Hill pass I encountered six or seven more fedmobiles, each of which got a friendly wave and a complementary artillery blast from me.

The last fed, and the most persistent, tried to follow me onto US95 on the way south to Moscow Mountain's pass and then home. I made him pass me and then immediately blasted him, after which he pulled right over to let me go by, then stupidly tried to follow me again. A mile later, when I got to the US95 intersection, I indicated a right turn. He put his left turn signal on and when I turned left in front of him, he turned left after that and immediately parked by the side of the road ;-). His face looked kind of funny, I thought. I guess he hadn't heard about my little highway pastime. This is a lot more fun than counting Volkswagen Beetles on road trips, folks. You should try it! You'll have the opportunity if you go disable some deathforce towers. I've been in rural areas on my gifting missions at times and seen three fedmobiles with me in Four Way Stop intersections. Really! Back then, I didn't know how to blast them. Now that I can do that I rarely see them nearby any more unless they're particularly frustrated and angry.

I forgot to mention that I saw four reptiles yesterday: three in Emida and one on the other side of the mountain. I saw them as fast-moving uncharacteristic shadows in the sunlight. I know they were mad as hell, but because I had my Harmonic Protector on I didn't feel any of their animosity. The mother in that household is often seen moving about that way. Carol and her son saw her do that when they were in her house a few days ago. They can't attack you if you're not afraid of them, at any rate. All predators are that way.

~Don Croft

Episode 72

The Universal Nature of This Project & New Opportunities/Insights

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<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc72newgiftingproject28oct03.shtml>

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We're finding that there are health benefits which go along with the 'preventive maintenance' of hitting predators who insinuate themselves into our field of vision, both physical and psychic. After we started busting up their new entropy transmitters a couple of years ago we began getting poisoned whenever we left town and at times even when we were at home. I think this is how they gradually eliminate their enemies these days so that it doesn't look like murder. If you look at the uncharacteristic obesity and pallor of folks like Phil Schneider and Preston Nichols I think you're seeing the effects of the poisoning. Of course, those guys didn't know about zappers. Any zapper on the market will mostly disable these poisons, apparently, which is why we wear them constantly when we're on missions.

The terrific liver/kidney/immune tinctures we got from Doc von Peters take the cake for blasting that stuff into oblivion, though. We'd been searching for years for some boosters like this because, between early 1999 and the middle of last year every breathing person in North America, Europe, Australia/New Zealand and South America was grievously poisoned by mycoplasma from chemtrails; not once but almost daily. This gradually wrecked the kidneys/livers/immune responses of millions of people; hence the 'fibromyalgia,' 'chronic fatigue,' and various other new endemics of chronic illness.

When the number of cloudbusters apparently reached critical mass in these regions the chemtrails' bioweapon components apparently stopped working and most people spontaneously recovered a reasonable level of health soon afterward. The ones who didn't recover can now recover by getting any zapper on the market and by using these tinctures, or something equivalent, in order to get their kidneys, livers and immune responses back up to snuff again and therefore stop suffering. There are lots of claims for healing products out there, but in fact the bottom line, for us, seems to be to kill the pathogenic organisms with electricity while re-establishing the healthy functions of the kidneys and liver, mainly, at least in relation to the massive poisoning that we all experienced from chemtrails' biological weaponry for at least three years. There are other causes of illness, of course.

Apparently, 'phase two' of the biological warfare component of the chemtrail program was to have been the genocide kicker because without beating down the immune responses of the masses of people in these regions, most would only get a mild dose from these otherwise deadly diseases in phase two, which will now never happen. Notice that the media whores aren't talking about anthrax, smallpox or any other of their master's biological weapons any more. They're not talking about it because they've abandoned that agenda. Nor did the engineered 'epidemic' that started in Toronto [SARS] ever spread as promised. There are lots and lots of encouraging signs of failed Illuminati agendas now, and more coming shortly.

Doc von Peters (pres@fnun.edu), our intrepid cloudbuster associate in Chattanooga, Tennessee, probably has a better understanding of how the secret police's poisons work on gifters, but why not just make them leave you alone instead? We found out that as soon as we started hurting the feds who came into our purview (The Operators seem to want us all to notice these sneaky bastards) we started getting healthier and had more vital energy. They can't poison us if they can't get close, after all. We'd been injected (in crowds) and sprayed, even on the highway, more times that we could count. We don't even go into a theater, shop, restaurant or terminal any more without first looking for the fed stalkers and hurting them. A stitch in time saves nine and it's kind of fun, like hide-and-seek.

A nice feature of having an orgonite device on the body all the time is that the psychics can't access you easily and they then have to get you into their physical sight first in order to get into your head. It gets pretty easy to make a predatory psychic in a crowd. It's kind of like smelling farts, but a little subtler. Steve and Celine in Montreal are really good at this, as are many others in this informal network. Jesse, in California, can make them twice as well as I can and I do so more than adequately.

Messiahmews may wish to comment on her recent progress toward vital health at some point, as this also relates to applying a firm hand to the secret police psychic interlopers.

Part of the safety that Carol and I enjoy is very likely due to the reputation we're apparently earning among the unlawful federal police and espionage agencies. I call them all Homeland Security Abomination, but in fact they're all still separate agencies, having completely failed to

learn to love each other as they were all ordered to do by the Illuminati. The CIA and FBI, after all, have traditionally engaged in bloody pogroms against each other since WWII, having derived from two different factions within this unlawful US Gov't. I think the US Treasury Department is the only federal agency that's lawfully allowed to have police, but of course we no longer have a functioning US Treasury Department.

Wanted: Executive Director (fabulous retirement plan included)

Our intel shows that the latest deadline for merging all of these horrible organizations into the Arch-Horror, the fascist, would-be bloody Homeland Security Administration, is next March. This was supposed to have been accomplished over a year ago but Carol and I, and apparently others, keep erasing the appointed bosses of HSA. We did another one last night. This is why you keep hearing new names for that position, folks.

They're always human, by the way. Rumsfeld, the WWII Nazi General's clone in the White House, who at one point was spoken of as the 'new boss' of HSA, was, in fact, not the boss and he's a figurehead/puppet on a short leash and not entirely human, apparently. See how quickly they shift the pieces on their board when nobody's looking? The media whores are generally lying more than ever before and they don't even bother to transition from one lie to the following, contradicting one any more. Am I the only person who sees this? What can one say about somebody like that, who probably also cheats at chess? ;)

For all the talk about the 'reptilian menace' the obvious is rarely stated, which is that no reptoid can seem to master human behavior and they certainly can't understand the human psyche. How is it possible for anyone like that to so thoroughly brainwash so many unpredictable humans? This probably explains why Carol and I always find reptiles like Bush, Queen Elizabeth and Idi Amin in subsidiary positions in the predatory world order. They're more like guard dogs which get to eat the victims of their masters as a reward for their obedience.

The Draconians are a lot smarter and seem to know us, but of course they can't participate in the slaughter directly until/unless the world regime manages to desertify the planet. The entropy matrix needs to be a lot stronger in order for the Draconians and other predatory species to even exist here in 3D and they seem to know that they've already lost their bid.

As we can all see, the trend toward desertification has been reversed and as more and more people make and buy cloudbusters, this healing trend will increase. The meek are inheriting the earth, finally, and it's not even being done in an 'organized' way at all, which is the sweetest feature of this grassroots effort. Any bit of organization can be influenced, still, by the world regime.

Here's something to think about: after the imminent fall of this regime, the internet will no longer be overrun with disinformation agents and agent provocateurs. All of them are on the payroll and there are thousands of them—mostly paranoid potheads who feed on doubt and anger from others. The reason I don't get exercised by the anathema and slander that gets aimed at Carol and I from other forums (we don't allow that on EFF) is that it's all free advertising. 'The meek' are characterized by refined personal discernment. Truly humble, responsible people feel instinctively repulsed by agent provocateurs and these are the balanced folks we want to associate with, not the still-sleeping, politically correct PJ minions who actually believe that this incessant slanderous flatulence is 'opinion.' As I said, watch these deluded, unhappy fools run for the hills or turn into decent, sober human beings as soon as they no longer get their drug money from the International Monetary Fund.

New York, Los Angeles, & a German Grayshirt with Riding Boots

While we were busting up predators last night, Carol took a peek at possible upcoming federal terrorist campaigns in November and saw one being hatched in New York City again. She said they were planning, yet again, to hit Los Angeles, but that there's no longer enough of an entropy matrix left in LA to pull it off, thanks to Cbswork and associates. Without all that dead orgone entropy to slow people's minds down and instill paranoia 'the masses' simply can't be manipulated into accepting martial law. The regime knows that if they can establish martial law very well in one big city they can quickly spread it to throughout the planet. They also know, though, that this is no longer likely to happen now that our network has disabled many, many thousands of their entropy transmitters around the world. They just don't have enough thugs or trick, non-nuclear mass-destruction weaponry to engage in a global guerrilla war. They need to keep the atmosphere reasonably healthy in order to even live underground so they won't nuke us all. I'm sure you've noticed that all their underground facilities depend on surface infrastructure.

The entropy zone that envelops NYC is still largely untouched, though. Carol saw that the latest histrionics around Rush Limbaugh are essential components to a planned mass murder event there in a few weeks but we can't figure out how, unless it relates somehow to Rush's fascist image. I sent a blast to and through Rush and Carol saw it go to a draconian, an SS general and a gray-uniformed UN would-be military bigwig with riding pants and boots, which she'd never seen before. She told me that these two guys were Germans at the top end of the Illuminati dungheap, so that tells me that the world regime is now desperate to initiate martial law/genocide, which right now would only mean a long guerrilla war which they'd eventually lose. Always, before, when they wanted to blow up a lot of innocent people, like in Oklahoma City, Waco, Kuwait, Panama and New York they left these plans to their chump US military and secret police lackeys.

We stopped the nancy-boy SS General's heart with only a couple of blasts and the UN guy went down a little easier, but I tried something new on the Draconian:

Squid/Spider Parasites

When we first got busy last night we needed to get those squid/spider parasites to leave the body of a teenager whom we know whose life was being ruined by them. This is the first time I got a clear psychic image of these creatures. Since they had no animus toward me (they really seem to hate Carol because of what she did to them in Ireland) I invited them into my own body and all three of them left the teen and entered through my breath. I don't think anyone's ever invited them in before ;-).

I sent one each to a couple of the human predators last night--I don't remember which ones--and the last one to the Draconian. These squid creatures seem to have their own agenda apart from the predators in the world order. Carol says they relate to an almost arthritic condition in some of the earth's tectonic plates' junctures and were around long before humans and reptilians were. Lately they've been interfering with a few people who are healing the earth grid, which is probably why we're even aware of them.

Energized Water

What we're seeing now is that Laozu Kelly's discovery of the use of energized water in orgonite may be the key to dislodging these ancient parasites and blasting the entire earthgrid into total vitality and fluidity in the process. What we're all seeing is that only a certain number of grid points may need to be gifted with these special devices in order to release the entire grid from the parasites. I think the human parasites, including the Illuminati, are the main problem, still. Until a few months ago, I'd never even heard of this squid/spider species but several psychics around the

world spontaneously reported interacting with them since August, when Carol first angered them in Ireland.

Kelly had told us that he'd boosted Steptoe Butte's vortex to maximum vitality with one of his treated towerbusters, but Carol was gone then and I don't sense energy well enough to see that confirmation. Kelly is energy sensitive and we've found him to have integrity when it comes to doing this work, so I didn't doubt his claim. A week later, he put similar devices on nearby Moscow Mountain in two vortices and the next day a huge, anomalous thunderstorm formed right over those two spots and was gone two hours later. It was surrounded by blue sky and obviously formed from the center outward. There was my visual confirmation for Kelly's claim ;-)

A couple of days ago we drove past Steptoe Butte on the way to see my kids in Seattle and Carol said that what Kelly was seeing there is entirely accurate. The energy from the vortex went out so far that she couldn't see the end of the field. We'd busted the massive array and also the nearby nuke that powered it and the vortex reached a pretty good state of health after that but what Kelly did was exponentially more powerful. It remains to be seen whether a water/orgonite device, alone, will achieve those effects because, so far, all of the vortices that Kelly did this for were ones that were previously gifted by ordinary orgonite. This includes Mt. Rainier, Mt Shasta and Sedona, by the way. Kelly puts his money where his mouth is; in fact he does a whole lot more than he says, unlike me ;-)

When Kelly and I were gifting the local satanists' last remaining murder ritual site on Tomer Butte last week we could see Steptoe Butte on the way to and from the vortex and Kelly had a hard time looking in that direction because it was so 'bright.' He'd seen the new dead orgone field on Tomer Butte a few days before that and we got some help getting onto the private property there to do the deed. They had cleared some forest near the top of the butte, on the far side from town so that nobody would see the bonfire, and there's a huge burn pile in the center of the clearing which Carol says contains the bones of several victims. Kelly, who grew up on a dairy farm, noted that clearings are never made for grazing unless at least one end is open because otherwise the cows would wander off into the woods. Also, there was no fence around the clearing as there were around the pastures, lower on the butte, that we crossed in order to get to the pine-forested vortex near the top.

Kelly and I had recently driven up to the German Illuminati mansion not far from Tomer Butte to see what was happening there and they'd all left. The only vehicles we saw in the fancy drive were a farm tractor and a jalopy.

I guarantee that the Satanists in your town are killing innocents and otherwise helping the world regime with their plans to kill us all off. You really ought to go stop their fun, as we did here.

The marvelous part of this, for me, is that anyone can produce these water/orgonite devices. He had experimented with a variety of energized waters and found out that simply passing a teaspoon or so of distilled water through a crude, copper coiled tube, then mixing it with the water-based resin produces results that are just as dynamic as when he used some very proprietary water for which some incessant, unfounded claims had been made in another venue.

In the short term, I want to get this proposition out so that we can do some global experimenting. I'm taking a few of his treated HHGs to Africa shortly for the major grid points that we'll be able to access in Uganda, Rwanda, Kenya and Lake Victoria. We'd been quietly experimenting with the use of energized water for several months and Kelly's the one who made the breakthrough.

I never mentioned this, but when I first met Kelly back in April he offered to do some healing work on my lower abdomen. I demurred a bit until I got to know him a little better because his completely unaffected behavior puzzled me at first. Kelly's redefined spontaneity for me.

The fact that he lives ten miles away clearly indicates the fine hand of the Operators to Carol and I.

I agreed to the healing and sat in a chair in the middle of my living room while he danced around in a sort of tai chi fashion, spoke and sang in a language I'd never heard before and gesticulated toward my lower abdomen off and on. It felt pretty good and this certainly kept my attention but I didn't have a clue what he was doing. Carol wasn't around that day. Kelly told me he didn't fully understand what was going on, either, but he was obviously conversing with other entities during the session.

From that day, though, my colon has been operating as God intended and that hadn't happened since early childhood.

The Andromedan Connection

Kelly and I took some of Linda Kingsbury's classes and this was his introduction to a lot of the metaphysical basics for understanding and working with the body's own subtle energy fields. Before he met us, his only brush with western metaphysics was a brief stint in freemasonry several years before. I think he was astonished to find that there is something, after all, to all that mumbo jumbo in the Lodge ;-)

In one of the classes, Linda was discussing how channeling only occurs through the throat chakra, which is why there's no discernment or participation for the channeler, and Kelly said, 'What do you think of this?' and began rapidly speaking the language I'd heard him speak during my healing session.

Linda told him that, when he did that, golden energy was pouring straight down into the top of his head and coming out through his throat. She felt that he was expressing a higher aspect of his own soul. Right then, I said, 'Kelly-do this when Carol's around; I want her to translate!' and he did that a few days later at our dining room table.

Carol said his higher aspect is Andromedan and that he was then giving himself instructions for building a device that will help him more fully integrate his heart and mind. A week later, Carol had left for Ireland and Kelly and I drove to Spokane to start getting the special materials for the device. I'll leave it to him to expound on that.

Laozu ('grandfather') Kelly had told us that some Chinese students had befriended him when he was a young mathematics instructor at the University of Washington in the 1970s and that he's made several trips to China with them since then in relation to their own enquiry into energy work. I met one of these friends when he came to visit Kelly and of course this man has a cloudbuster now from Kelly's hand. They like to have him along on their trips to Asia because he can sense the energy so well and at one point, in Taiwan, he had the opportunity to spend several months with a master healer. That's when he discovered that the language he'd always spontaneously spoken was also spoken by some of the adepts connected to that institution in Taiwan. One woman who had been a popular movie actress, but had given that up to devote her life to healing and service engaged Kelly in a long discussion in this language. She spoke it consciously.

I keep coming back to the universal nature of this project we're all engaged in. I'm going to Africa again shortly because I feel strongly that the nature of the energy we're all working with will find a fuller expression there and Carol and I no longer have any doubt that the Andromedan race has given us orgonite and inspired the development of the related technology until now and they seem to resonate particularly with Asians, though the initial impetus for disseminating this information is obviously in the purview of the white race.

For three years, Carol and I have been trying to get to Yucatan because on the first day of our 'mission' the day before the fall equinox, 2000, we got clear instructions to visit the coast of Yucatan within a short distance of where I'd gone aground and disabled my sailboat right after the hurricane there in October, 1996. There's no way to get there without having a boat, as it's many miles from the nearest road. The first thing I did after that initiation in 2000 was to get my ocean boat up to snuff in Texas and Florida so I could get to Yucatan again but it clearly wasn't supposed to happen then, as I had another nautical misfortune while attempting to heal the wounded vortex east of Bimini, in the Bahamas. We made the first orgonite cloudbuster right after my failed attempt to get there by sea.

I'm only now starting to see why - that's the last piece of the puzzle rather than the first one. The red race's role in this unfolding global project?

Did you think that all I cared about was stopping murderous predators' hearts? ;-)

Gifting Mission

Now that we're discussing the Bahamas again I want to announce that Kenny Rudzinsky, who just got a job on a cruise ship that plies the waters of the Bermuda Triangle between the Bahamas and Bermuda, wants very much to gift the entire area, including the accessible vortices, and he's given me permission to announce his intentions and also his inability, under the circumstances, to make the devices in a timely way. This is my formal call for donations of towerbusters and holy handgrenades, which Kenny will dutifully place in designated spots on land and at sea along the route through the wounded energy triangle. See how the Operators work when they want a certain job to get done expeditiously? Our only responsibility is to respond to our instincts, as Kenny did when he offered to do this and as I hope you will when you send him the devices.

Contact me at terminator3@turbonet.com if you want to contribute materially to this project and I'll connect you with Kenny, okay? The orgonite vendors will get full, appreciative public credit for their donations, of course, from Carol and I. This is a really big earth-healing opportunity, because the Illuminati seem to have a lot invested in keeping this area messed up. One of their top fake gurus led a group of new age chumps to that Bimini vortex shortly before I went there and while their announced intention was to heal it the result was obviously that the chaotic, destructive energy there was a lot worse than before they had done their crystal ministrations at the behest of this fake holy man. Since new agers and other brainwashed masses can't discern their way out of a wet paper bag, generally, they probably sincerely believed that they were helping ;-)

~Don Croft

Episode 73A
The Source of the Nile and Budhagali Falls

[Editor's Note: Episodes 73A-C were written by Dr. Paul Batiibwe who accompanied Don Croft & Georg Ritschl on their adventures in Uganda. According to Don, this is Dr. Batiibwe's Internet posting debut and considering the caliber of these narratives, I think he should become our regular contributor & correspondent from Uganda. What's your opinion?...Ken Adachi]

Episode 73B: Our Journey to the East on 28th November 2003

Episode 73C: Kizira at Budhagali

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc73AsourceofNile19nov03.shtml>
 Nov. 19, 2003

19 November 2003

The day after their arrival in Uganda on 16 November, Don and Georg had swung into action. Each felt they should visit the source of the Nile ASAP, so I joined them in nearby Jinja in company of Dr. Rashid Kayiwa and we rode to the spot at the edge of Nakabule (Lake Victoria). The wide, swift river abruptly fell 500m from the lake to begin its 4900km journey to the Mediterranean Sea. The falls were mostly submerged when Owen Falls Dam was constructed a few decades ago. Unlike other major rivers, the Nile is very wide and fast-moving at its source.

My father remembers hearing the rumbling sound of the mighty falls in Jinja, 6km away, more so at night. A rainbow had spanned this entire area for most of the day.

Not far downstream a bridge and, later, the dam were built. When the bridge was constructed in the 1950s a large herd of hippos were destroyed before the project was completed. It's said that a lot of human sacrifices had traditionally taken place there as well. Don and Georg had thrown a few Etheric Pipe Bombs from the bridge, which is just upstream from the dam.

Owen Falls Dam is responsible for submerging a very large spring near the previous waterfall at the edge of the lake. The dam, which is just north of the bridge, is responsible for the near-total submergence of the falls.

The actual starting point of the river is a little debatable. Very close to an island in the middle of the stream is a large, now-submerged spring, hence the debate. Burundi, which lies along the lake's southeast shore, is also said to be the location of the true source of the Nile before it empties into this inland sea.

We hired a large, motor driven canoe to take us all through the fast current to the small island, which lies at the lake-edge source of the Nile. Georg gifted this site with a 'stielhandgranate,' which is an etheric pipe bomb stuck into a towerbuster.

Immediately, we all felt changes ranging from a slight unexplained dizzy spell, in my case, to a full surge of energy in Don. "This is a very powerful spot, very powerful!" Don declared. Kayiwa and I tossed etheric pipe bombs downstream as we went back over the swirling water.

Close to where we landed is a commemorative bust of Mohandes Gandhi. Some of his ashes had been cast into the Nile at this spot in 1948.

Don felt that the Illuminati and voodoo societies were thereby exploiting this good man's legacy and personal energy, so he dowsed for an appropriate response, then threw one of Laozu Kelly's uniquely powerful, energized-water HHGs into the river not far away.

We then proceeded 6km downstream to Budhagali Falls.

Budhagali has always been a primary ritual site in Uganda's magical traditions and my wife, Hilda, and I had also celebrated the first birthdays of our two children here. One of nature's most useful moulds can be found here, incidentally.

The Nile calmly spreads quite wide before accelerating to a violent speed over the beautiful falls.

The government of Uganda is now bent on submerging these falls in the name of development, by constructing a dam. Damn! The last time I was here with my family I had come to take as many startling still photos as possible in case the dam is to be constructed and I have to say goodbye to this mother of all creations.

Don insisted that I choose the locations to gift and we walked first towards the upper part of the falls. I had Don toss one of his etheric pipe bombs in and within five minutes, thousands of bats flew up from the nearby bushes. He intimated that perhaps the spirits of sacrificed people had been released by the upsurge of life-force from the gift and that the bats were an outward symbol and a confirmation of our success and of course we, the less 'superstitious,' bought that half - half

At these falls are young men who earn a living by swimming into the rapids. Another man, a cripple, dances while ascending a vertical, freestanding wooden pole about 6metres high. I must say watching them can be breath taking.

Kintu, one of the swimmers, offered us a show for a few dollars. As we were unable to throw an etheric pipe bomb sufficiently far into the stream, we hired him to carry it to the middle of the lower falls and release it at a certain spot.

The moment he dived into the upper falls, Don told me that he has sensed earth spirits near the place I'd chosen to have the EPB released. By now, Kintu was in the lower falls, raised his arms and threw the healing device into the water, somersaulted and began swimming to the rocky riverbank.

Lo and behold, the same bats, which had returned to their sleeping places, again flew out over the falls en masse. This was no longer a coincidence or superstition. A psychic ought to tell us what happened, because I have noted Don is still quite unsure, most times, about his own abilities.

Another confirmation occurred. For the first time I appreciated the changes in the skies that can happen after some significant gifting. . A huge cumulus cloud formed and, atop the billowing mass, white, horizontal fumes were being released by what Don said is a typical Lemurian space ship. Other unique cloud formations were seen, too. Some almost formed Dr. Reich's orgone symbol.

Paul Batiibwe

Episode 73B***Our Journey to the East on 28th November 2003***

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc73BjourneytotheEast28nov03.shtml>

Nov. 28, 2003

On today's trip to the Tororo District, near Kenya's frontier with Southeast Uganda, we escorted our friend, Sam Okurut, who helped Georg to reconnect with Credo Muttwa in South Africa a month previously, to visit his father's village.

We traveled by road from Kampala in our Secret Supporter's offroad vehicle. Along the way, as usual, we dropped TBs whenever one of us felt like it and we frequently detoured to disable the more remote transmitters. Kakira Sugar Plantation and Refinery, for instance, which lies halfway between Kampala and Tororo, felt real bad, so we tossed several tower busters along the way, after turning north from the tarmac highway toward a large transmitter. As we got closer, we saw that there were several other towers that we hadn't seen and they were all in the middle of a large, depressing settlement that is connected to the big refinery.

The small band of orgonite warriors, including Dr. Kayiwa, Georg, Don and Sam, had spent the night in a hotel in Iganga, just east of Jinja (the large town that lies near the headwaters of the Nile River) and I joined them for the eastward trek the following morning. Seeing that a very few of the more remote transmitters were located on mountaintops which were surely inaccessible to even our intrepid Land Cruiser, we discussed the viability of using large, remote controlled model aircraft in the near future to reach such targets, which Don had already begun tentatively experimenting with at home in the USA.

I offered to chauffeur the little squad, though I'm not a fan of 'kick and push' and prefer the comfort and convenience of automatic transmissions. We gifted a stretch of highway in the vicinity of Nakalama, about 5km east of Iganga which had been notorious for motor accidents. Don noted that the exceedingly strong, tall barbed wire fencing on both sides of the road along that stretch was reminiscent of some underground bases in America and is uncharacteristic of any fencing that he'd seen in Uganda and there were some suspicious-looking ponds inside the fenced, apparently deserted areas.

The locals don't know what takes place here. Some villagers say that this property belongs to an internationally well-connected tycoon and was meant to be a horticultural project, whilst some others believe it to be a fish farm. For us, it just felt bad, so we gifted some of the ponds with etheric pipe bombs. There's something very satisfying about hearing that special splash!

From a distance, southeast of Nakalama, we saw some hilltop towers worth neutralizing. We made a right turn but couldn't see an obvious route. After a reminder that the truck was designed for cross-country we made our way a little thru the bush till we reached a graded gravel road. By passing heaps of dug up murram blockages we reached the furthest tower first. To our surprise there was a much shorter, mean looking tower with enormous drums, entirely painted sky-blue. We hadn't seen this until we got quite close to the more obvious, tall red and white transmitter. This is one of the lesser known, but gravely heinous GWEN TOWERS! See Ken's website [www.educate-yourself.org] for a fuller description. I was so outraged that if I'd had a spud gun I would have 'inadvertently' shot a tower buster right into one of these huge drums!

This monster, along with two 'cell phone' towers (see Ken's site) were almost sharing the compound with Bugiri District Administration offices and a workshop/residence for handicapped people! These GWEN sites are worth observing for any radiation related illnesses amongst these officers and workers. All we could do was to generously gift the environment here in the interest of healing both the locals and the environment. One of the TBs rolled right in front of the Administrative Office. Hopefully some one has picked it who at best would just throw it into the bush or keep it in a near by house. We often hand these to curious children and ask them to keep them in their homes.

We happily continued to wend our way to the east. The streams running below the highway received gifts irrespective of half naked bathers and onlookers, and so did the many towers. Like in any war, some ammunition didn't hit the target, but there's no such thing as wasted ammo in this campaign.

Kibimba Rice Plantation, a little further east, is a beautiful, private, commercial scheme and was the recipient of several etheric pipe bombs.

All along our route, unique clouds with long, finger-like projections were seen forming in our path and the HAARP whiteout which had previously covered the sky ahead of us, receded farther east as we moved and busted more and more transmitters. Don said that he had not seen this phenomenon until very recently during other long-range tower busting expositions in his own country.

An enormous, solitary rock became visible as we finally approached Tororo town. On top was an array of various types of towers. I was told that a helicopter was used to ferry the construction materials to the top. Georg [orange shirt ;-)] placed an HHG near a hedge at a point as near as we could get to the transmitters on our circuit around the small mountain. As there were some onlookers, we posed for a group photo in order to conceal our intentions there.

We drove along further around the rock and saw a very large cave. Don said that such a cave in a geological feature like this is surely a powerful vortex and must have been an important ritual site since time immemorial.

Indeed we found inscriptions, apparently quite ancient. Like any good visitors we left a 'gift' or two to honor the place. Don's gifting spot, at the back of the cave, was full of disturbed bats, so he considered it safe to leave something there.

I now agree with Don that Georg is quite energy sensitive, something which Georg does not admit easily. After gifting this huge vortex, Georg experienced pleasant sensations in his feet and legs to the extent that he requested to delay our departure so he could relish it longer. Such sensation are similar to what people feel when about to astral travel. Georg has made and tossed orgonite-based devices at well over one thousand towers in Southern Africa. He is a good friend of Credo Mutwa, the renowned Zulu shaman and historian. For all the good he has done, Georg has come under repeated attack by Illuminati psychic predators in concert with African voodoo practitioners. Thanks, Carol, 'Cbswork,' and Don for seeing this earlier in the year and acting on it before Georg expired!

Immediately after we gifted the cave, large cumulus clouds and swirling, spiral clouds began forming over the mountain, which strongly suggested that our gifts were well received.

We headed along a rough track to Sam's father's village, 15km further east, near the Kenya frontier. The traditional settings of these scattered agricultural settlements is something not to be missed.

Groups of beautiful, immaculately rounded, well groomed mud wattle huts, built and maintained by the locals, are unfortunately punctuated by corrugated metal roofs and relatively ugly, rectangular houses, belonging to sons of the soil who work in the cities, obtusely demonstrating their relative wealth. Large, extended families, easily accommodated by simply building more huts, are still characteristic of this part of East Africa. They're surprisingly cool, well ventilated and roomy inside.

We were generously treated to a traditional meal, including some delicious bread, made from sorghum, millet and cassava. For the first time, Georg ate sugar cane and he opted for the aggressive 'mudugavu' style, while Don chose the less manly mzungu method of cutting the cane into smaller, bite-sized pieces. Don had, of course, often eaten sugar cane in the first half century of his life.

By now, having completely disabled the HAARP, GWEN and entropy transmitter network across the most populous region of Uganda, from the Republic of Congo to Kenya, we returned to our homes in the west in anticipation of returning to Budhagali the following day.

Dr. Paul Batiibwe

Episode 73C

Kizira at Budhagali

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc73CkiziraatBudhagali29nov03.shtml>

Nov. 29, 2003

The gifting adventures made one of the rarest, incredible experiences for me since Don and Georg's arrival.. For some few months I had been working with a reputable psychic and healer, named Kizira. I was introduced to this unassuming man in a village, 12 kms from my workplace, by a female patient who had cancer of the breast, stage III. Kazira's wife was astonished at how he trusted me to the extent of sharing his own writings of his experience. These had been typewritten in anticipation of publishing a book.

Prayer is the foundation of his healing and psychic work and he feels strongly that we ought to pray directly to the Creator and not to or through Prophets, such as Jesus, Mohammed and Buddha, etc. If not, he jokes, "You get less than what you bargained for!"

Kizira heals while reciting prayers and says this ought to be adequate, but he's also a top-seed, well-seasoned herbalist.

I have referred infertile couples, who had failed to conceive with conventional medical treatment, to him and. I have proved them pregnant after just words of prayer, exorcising entities, and touch healing. I have seen sickly people flourish from these ministrations; I have watched drama unfold as he casts away demons from psychiatric cases who we've declared incurable. I have, indeed.

He communicates with trespassing entities and casts out demons while praying to the Creator. He's been looking forward to working with good entities to harmonize the earth. He calls them thru mediums, announces his intentions to them and helps them with some of their requirements.

If you've personally known a mature, competent psychic, you'll see that Kizira's abilities are very real. He is one. Don, who has known and worked closely with several powerful psychics, says that Kizira is 'world class.'

Kizira first establishes contact by either holding your hand, or touching the sick area. Sometimes he just raises his hand above you. He emanates a heat sensation from his hands, which tremble during healing sessions. Today, as intended two months ago, we escorted him to visit Budhagali, which is actually the name of the ancient entity who is responsible for the falls.

Kayiwa, Georg, Don, Kizira (with entourage) and I met in Jinja town and headed to Budhagali Falls.

At the entrance to the park, I asked the gatekeeper where Mandwa Budhagali, the 'official' priest for the site, could be found and was told that he uses an island in the middle of the falls to conduct his rituals but that he rarely goes there any more. Mandwa Budhagali has a national reputation as a Satanist, by the way, and is the center of a very large scandal involving human sacrifice deep under the falls themselves, involving many of the nations wealthy people, which has lent a new twist to the term, 'nouveau riche.' inquired where mandwa Budhagali (the 'official' priest) could be found. I was told that rarely does he ever go to the island, a place where the previous priests used to perform the rituals. I was further told that the priest now works from home, a walled off compound with a dark green gate which we had just passed.

Meanwhile Kizira had 'asked' and was told that we should just proceed to the island and get to work. Don and Kizira felt that the Mandwa was not actually important and is rather just used by more powerful, hidden people as window dressing.

At the entrance to the area, which is a National Park, we were requested to pay for the two bazungu (Don and Georg) and six badugavu (the rest of us) before we were allowed to visit this sacred natural site.

We got into large, hired canoe in turns of threes as there were only that many lifejackets, then took turns crossing to the ritual site: a small island in the middle of the turbulent Nile, just downstream from the lower falls.

Two of Kizira's sons and a daughter brought along drums and Nabikokola, who volunteered to be the medium, had brought along her little grand daughter from her home near Entebbe. Don volunteered to hold the baby during the session.

We all climbed the island's path to a small clearing, where a round, traditional wattle and thatch hut was built to accommodate rituals.

Kizira prayed to God.

"Praise be to the almighty Creator of the universe! I categorically affirm that nothing in this world is greater than You. Hear and answer my prayer; let Budhagali come thru so we can talk". Pause...He repeated the prayer while raising his hand in the air. Pause. "Budhagali, it is me

summoning you. Hurry up and come and tell us where you are and how you have been. Budhagali? Budhagali, where are you? We are your visitors!" pause.

"Boys let do some drumming while we praise the Creator."

Amid singing praise songs and drumming, Kizira roared, "Budhagali I hereby command you to appear here, NOW!"

Silence.

The body to be used by the entity remained occupied by its owner, Nabikokola, unchanged.

Kizira's eyes roved around as if he were searching for something, then he looked straight at Georg, waved his finger and said, "I cannot detect the entity. It seems that he's no longer here!" Georg wondered aloud if our previous gifting had expelled Budhagali from the place, but I told him that Budhagali is a good entity and that something else had caused him to flee.

We all agreed that Kizira should hide a Holy Handgrenade on the premises and then try to contact Budhagali again. After doing so, Kizira restarted the prayer and requested the entity to come through Karikokola.

Within a minute of praying the body started performing a welcome dance to the rhythm of the drumming, but decided to keep silent, as though he were unsure about us. He walked away with Kizira following, trying to inquire what is wrong. He returned, fell to the ground and started sobbing with emotion. After a time, Kizira asked if any of us had done wrong. To this he replied, 'No.' To me this was wonderful; an endorsement that what we are doing is right.

Kizira inquired about his current location.

"I stay far away in the hills." He answered.

"Where, exactly?" Kizira sought for a clarification.

No answer...

"Tell us where exactly you are located so that we can come and visit you whenever we feel like it."

.

Silence...

Kizira assured him that we had come to his rescue and asked Budhagali who had been doing harm to him and to suggest other sites where evil was being done in Uganda.

"I don't think you will be able to fight my many enemies," Budhagali said with profound sadness.

We reaffirmed our commitment to help. Kizira then allowed him to return to the hills and asked him to come whenever called or else allow us to visit him in the nearby hills.

He then called Nabikokolo back to her body. She came back and cheerfully joined the game Don was playing with her little granddaughter.

Suddenly I saw Kizir lift his foot as if to pick off some biting insects and he exclaimed, "Ho! there are jiggers here" Nearly everybody except Don and Georg scattered to find a safe place to remove our sandals and pick off the jiggers. Falling short of scatter, checked their feet and removed these insects.

Tunga Penetrans (jiggers) have to get into an animal's skin, preferably a human's, to complete their lifecycle wherein. The fertilized females' bodies then swell and burst, releasing hundreds of eggs. While in the skin they irritate and cause discomfort to the host. We carefully eject those using safety pins. Goerg, who wore a pair of closed shoes, claimed a zipper can do away with them. Well knowing how much discomfort they caused I didn't want to experiment on myself. Kizira's children helped Don with the removal and he asked them to help their 'Auntie,' Nabikokolo, who was then sitting down. But she withdrew her feet covering them with her traditional inner garment. She wore this sad, elderly stare.

I then realized that Budhagali and Nabikokolo were now sharing the body at intervals.

Wow!

We helped 'him' walk to the beach and into the boat. While our ferrymen paddled the canoe across the powerful current, Budhagali kept looking around like someone who hadn't been there in a very long time. We helped him to disembark at the riverbank, and then helped him into the Land Cruiser, which was brought very near. There, the grand daughter did not recognize the grandmother, though she sat on her lap!

After paying the boatmen for their services, I engaged them in a conversation to find out what they know about Budhagali. They said all they know is Budhagali was compensated by the government agents planning to construct the dam here and that the entity had relocated with the 'priest' to his home near the road junction to the falls, where he practices.

Kizira shook each of boatmen's hands in thanks and said, "Each of you will know, by tomorrow morning, precisely what happened here today."

Before we set off Kizira requested that we pray. Budhagali tried to get out of the vehicle to join the prayer, but I advised him to participate while seated.

At the end, Kizira blessed everyone who was present while raising his hand and then, while holding our hands in turn, he asked us each to 'Obey God,' and asked the Creator that each of us get whatever we ask for.

I bade farewell to my dear friend, Georg Ritschl, who flew back to his family and career in South Africa the following day. He had asked me to shorten our farewell, as he becomes quite sentimental.

I asked Don, "What next?"

He replied, "Well, I'm going to go to Kiboga and hang out with Kizira for awhile!"

I was picked up in Jinja by my wife and daughter and we returned to our eastern home in nearby Iganga, where I have carefully resorted to not telling this story to any one, lest I pass for a lunatic.

Episode 74**Proud To Be a Mzungu**

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc74proudtobemzungu02dec03.shtml>

Dec. 2, 2003

Actually, I'm proud to be an American, but 'mzungu' is the regional term for any Europoid like myself. It's not derogatory at all and apparently the word is used similarly to the way western cultures use the term 'ET.' I love it when little kids here run up to me and say, always genuinely, 'Hello, Mzungu-how are you?' I sort of feel like a visiting spaceman, as not many Mzungus are seen in these parts. A black person is 'mudugavu,' by the way.

I've wanted to visit Uganda for most of my adult life, ever since learning from some expatriate American friends, who lived here before Idi Amin's well-funded rampage, about the gracious, talented, witty, culturally rich and resourceful people here. Winston Churchill had named this country 'The Pearl of Africa' during his visit here after World War II, and while he may have been eligible at the time for hanging due to his war crimes, his compliment was right on the mark, I can tell you.

During the course of this monologue in several parts, I'll introduce you to four of my Ugandan friends/teammates who have been instrumental in facilitating these very productive efforts on behalf of orgone and zappers, both preceding and during my too-brief visit to this wonderful country. Certainly not least, you're probably already acquainted with Georg Ritschl, who accompanied us during the first two weeks of this East Africa gifting exposition.

Dr. Paul Batiibwe, who has, ten minutes ago, frankly told me that he can't figure out why I'd want to mention him at all (I told him that I'm no more worthy than he is, so 'Please don't worry about it.') may be considered the clinical, overall scientific component of this team and is currently my host and the coordinator of the field-testing work for three crowd zappers. He routinely 'gifts' with Holy Handgrenades, Towerbusters and Etheric Pipe Bombs during his travels whenever he encounters deserving sites and has been working extensively with Kizira, who has reluctantly agreed to let me refer to him as a 'witch doctor.'

I'll have an awful lot to say about Kizira, of course, and the unique working relationship he has with Dr. P. He's one of those very rare individuals who have fully committed to applying a rare, composite gift of healing, high psychism, courage and exemplary spirituality, not to mention a profound knowledge of an extensive regional herbal pharmacopoeia. Under the circumstances, I was unable to come up with a more descriptive reference for Kizira than 'witch doctor.' My hope is that I'll be able to purge that term of the old Hollywood and dime-novel connotations that incite apprehension ;-). You can't conceive a more gentle soul than Kizira's.

Dr. Rushidie Kayiwa is the fellow who laid the groundwork for our visit and made it possible for us to get right to work. This very well rounded, well-traveled (he's fluent in English, Arabic, Finnish, Swahili and a host of regional African dialects) and well-connected physician has consistently astonished us all with both his resourcefulness and his power of friendly persuasion. Nobody ever, apparently, taught Dr. K that he has limitations.

He was the first to greet Georg and I at Entebbe International Airport after one of his close friends, who prefers to be referred to as our 'Secret Supporter' had us ushered past customs. 'Secret Supporter' had been regaled by Dr. K with tales from 'The Adventures of Don and Carol

Croft' on www.educate-yourself.org and obviously wanted to see our tricks firsthand. Dr. K had previously given our very open-minded and inquisitive Supporter several zappers, which were subsequently distributed these to trusted associates and relatives in the upper echelons of Uganda's establishment who had then gotten profound healing from diverse maladies in a short time.

Georg Ritschl of www.orgonise-africa.net graciously joined me for the first sixteen days of our multinational orgonite/zapper initiative and after our first night in Uganda we made for our Secret Supporter a couple of cloudbusters, then we got very busy busting towers the very next day, using our host's side yard as an orgonite factory for the ensuing two weeks and, of course, keeping him fully updated on our progress.

German Georg is a towerbusting fury on two legs and he also heroically participated in Uganda's mainly unregulated (by western standards, at least) traffic 'system' throughout. He rather reminds me of the cartoon character, The Tasmanian Devil, in fact, since he rarely stops moving and planning. Thanks to his tireless efforts (and the use of an intrepid 1978 Toyota Landcruiser, compliments of our magnanimous and curious Secret Supporter) we busted essentially all of the HAARP and entropy transmitters from Congo/Rwanda to Kenya in less than two weeks and deposited the two cloudbusters in key positions in Kampala and Kisoro. Kisoro is the district that lies in the southwest corner of the country and includes a small population of gorillas and some borderline-surreal, jungle-clad towering volcanoes and dizzying roadside vistas.

After the final round of busting, last Friday, the equatorial skies over populous Southern Uganda are now uniformly pristine again. It's always refreshing to look at white, billowing cumulus clouds in an azure sky rather than the sad aerial constipation that's come to characterize the skies over most of the world's population centers since the northern hemisphere's autumn of 2001.

There are no chemtrails to speak of in Africa, except the intermittent, half-hearted ones they've lately squirted out over Johannesburg, South Africa, in beleaguered response to the good job that Georg and a few Afrikaaner associates have done to severely insult the extensive HAARP and electronic entropy network throughout much of Southern Africa.

Kampala, the Capital of Uganda, is built on a procession of lush, verdant hills at the north shore of Lake Victoria and on each and every hilltop the disgusting, parasitic World Order has erected HAARP and entropy arrays. If anyone wishes to go to Africa or to any other lovely, remote area in order to escape the debilitating effects of the World Order devil-worshippers' deadening new electronic matrix he would be grievously disappointed (unless he moves to Uganda, of course).

When we got here the skies over Kampala were mostly whited out by local HAARP transmitters, which push atmospheric moisture up above the altitude where rain happens, as we've seen elsewhere. Dr. P's cloudbuster is located a hundred miles west of Kampala and, of course, no cloudbuster is likely to disable the whiteout-we have to bust all of the local HAARP transmitters to get that happy result-but it has been raining sufficiently in Kampala regardless of the parasitic, global scheissvoegel, thanks to his effort.

The nice thing about doing this work in Africa is that there's so much vitality in the land, water and atmosphere that it must surely take two or three times as much energy from these unsavory Illuminati techies to get even minimal ugly effects in the sky, and those effects are usually localized, at best, in Africa except around Johannesburg, where there's apparently enough human misery and electronic/industrial molestation to maintain some pretty ugly skies for periods of

time, in spite of Georg and friends having busted all or most of the towers in the metropolitan area by now.

My heart surely goes out to Georg, who periodically develops new methods for busting a big, blue hole over Jo'burg, only to see it get covered over again within a few days by the obsequious whiteness as HAARP regroupes from his latest assault. Thanks to his efforts, though, we have a new range of orgonite 'weapons' that we can deploy against the enemy of humanity. I'm particularly fond of his 'Stielhandgranate,' which is an etheric pipe bomb whose orgonite end is embedded in a towerbuster, and his prototype Orgone Howitzer, an orgone techie's delight.

Many of the lakes and rivers in Uganda are now graced with some of Georg's offerings. The stielhandgranaten feel awfully good to throw, by the way, though one is left with a slightly nagging feeling that it would have been more appropriate to 'pull the pin' first. His 'Orgone Howitzer' may be the proper antidote to the remote HAARP and groundwave transmitters that are still plaguing Jo'burg and Pretoria. Stay tuned to www.orgonise-africa.net and to <http://eff2.proboards21.com> for further reports on that, of course.

As in the case of Vancouver, Canada, perhaps, most of this incessant urban whiteout that occurs in spite of extensive gifting of urban HAARP and entropy transmitters may be getting accomplished by a combination of underground facilities (Extremely Low Frequency ground wave transmissions, sans towers) and scalar transmissions from remote HAARP arrays. This, in fact, apparently causes the Illuminati to overextend their reach in this case, which presents us with some intriguing opportunities if we're willing to exploit them.

Dr Paul Batiibwe had constructed East Africa's first cloudbuster six months previously and that had perhaps forestalled a severe drought and famine which had apparently been slated for this region. Due to the vitality here it only takes a minimal effort to cancel the worst effects of the World Order's atmospheric/electronic rapine and plunder. Dr. P did that on the eve of the equatorial June-July dry season, which then turned into a wet season. When Georg and I landed here in mid-November we were treated to such brilliant hues of green that it came close to hurting our eyes. I'd never encountered this phenomenon, though I'd traveled extensively in tropical regions.

Carol and I had busted all of the new HAARP and entropy transmitters that we encountered during our travels in Namibia two years ago. The Illuminati had then just initiated their ugly, global display at the time, so I'm sure that we were only seeing the first of their efforts in that region and there hadn't been enough of the new transmitters on the ground for them to have established the high-altitude whiteout that you and I have come to know so well where sufficient transmitters are still functioning in close proximity to each other. I bet you enjoy wiping that hideous crap from the sky as much as we do. Could you have conceived how much fun this would be before you ever heard of towerbusting and cloudbusting?

Another feature of Africa's vitality is the ease with which one can accomplish 'sky sculpting' with an ordinary cloudbuster. We had a chance to play around with that near Kampala in our host's side yard with the two CBs before we planted one, upright, in his garden and delivered the other one to a garden in Kisoro District.

In this case, I followed Dr. Reich's recommendation to point a CB near an existing cloud in order to draw rainfall from that direction. I did it toward clouds that were in a downwind direction in order to demonstrate that rain can be gotten that way and I kept the other one pointed over Kampala in order to suppress the still-existing whiteout until we finished disabling the

nationwide, east/west HAARP network after our visit to Kisoro. Our host was quite impressed and I felt like some kind of wizard, though I slyly didn't let on that this doesn't work as well in my country, where the more-sluggish, ambient orgone matrix still needs a lot of healing and revitalizing.

Before I left home, I got kind of fat because Carol had warned me that East Africa is a place where tasty, nutritious food is scarce. She was right in her assessment, at least, regarding the nearby section of neighboring Kenya, where she'd spent some time in a pestilential area in 2001, demonstrating the crowd zapper in a village clinic.

What she couldn't have known is that the difference between that little area and this country is quite profound. Whereas she was literally restricted to her cramped quarters after sunset due to the prevalence of aggressive, violent, male voodoo terrorists ('night runners') and that locale was generally ravaged by a combination of near-genocide by the World Order, HAARP drought and the residual fear-based magical traditions, an army of homeless, starving AIDS orphans and rampant illiteracy, Uganda, although essentially identical in terms of natural resources and climate, has a longstanding tradition of good family relations, mutual assistance, self-reliance and literacy, which is probably why it has survived a series of British-instigated, bloody dictatorships with general magnanimity and confidence. I've long felt that the Illuminati are jealous of the Ugandans, as they apparently were of the Biafrans, hence the destruction of that progressive Nigerian community by the Illuminati's bloodthirsty, rapacious proxy Nigerian regime there in the early 1960s.

I must say that I've rather been in a glutton's paradise here, because while the traditional foods in Uganda are delicious, varied and filling, I'm actually losing weight without having to exercise. I actually feel bad for Carol and wish I'd had to suffer here at least a little bit for her sake. I'm hoping that my recently acquired taste for fried locusts will get her past some of this. No, they don't taste 'like chicken,' they rather remind me of roasted pumpkin seeds.

By the time Her Royal Highness, the scaly Whore of Babylon, had thrust the similarly cannibalistic Idi Amin Dada at the peace-loving Ugandans, gave him a trunk full of blank checks, an unlimited supply of bullets, a huge walk-in freezer for human meat, and a full array of the latest torture implements, the western world, fortunately, was no longer willing to condone genocide in Africa, so that syphilitic, brutal psychotic and former British Army Sergeant Major, was unable to fulfill his genocidal mandate from the City of London.

AIDS, which is, of course, yet another deadly Illuminati bid to reduce the Africans to a 'manageable' population, is far less rampant here than in neighboring Congo and Kenya, by the way.

In frustration, after President Yoder Amusement's grassroots 'Movement' successfully supplanted the most recent, well-armed and limitlessly financed proxy-monster head of state here in 1986, the banker trolls in The City of London immediately and drastically devalued the Ugandan Shilling in a desperate bid to destroy the Ugandan economy.

Right now, the Illuminati are arming and funding a rebel army in Sudan which is terrorizing the less populous northern part of Uganda and thereby forcing the government to divert funds from infrastructure to defense.

Of course, the resourcefulness of the Ugandan people is pulling them through even this crisis. What I'm witnessing here is an economy that stands teetering on the threshold of rampant

prosperity, having absorbed the worst that the out-of-balance World Order has to offer without plunging into the hopelessness, cynicism, self pity and drug addiction that can be seen in so many other nations, including mine.

All we have to do now is disable and imprison the Illuminati and their culpable minions and then the whole world will prosper. It seems like a simple task to me now, sort of like zapping tapeworms into oblivion with microcurrent. There's really no reason for us to fear parasites.

Georg noted that Uganda, like France, has mainly its agriculture on which to base prosperity. As we know, France was nonetheless in a position to defeat the British Empire at the same time that the Americans declared their independence and Great Britain has always based its economic empire, even to the present day, on undermining targeted social structures and then consuming the natural resources of these otherwise-productive economies, just like a tapeworm does inside the human intestinal tract.

I wonder if you can conceive of a capital city that has only two stoplights and requires a four-wheel-drive vehicle to navigate most of the side streets. Due to an almost complete lack of funds for national infrastructure, there has been very little Public Works construction done here since Museveni ousted the last of the Illuminati's leeches from the Presidential Palace. As with Hitler, Stalin, Mao and Roosevelt, the Illuminati routinely paid for extravagant public works in order to buy loyalty, reminiscent of the Roman hierarchy's use of 'bread and circuses.' The Ugandans didn't buy into that scheme, obviously, and are now paying for their hard-won but precarious freedom.

What struck me most dramatically about traffic in Kampala is that while cross-town traffic is slow, it nevertheless works and everyone seems to abide by unspoken 'traffic laws' which include a sufficient dose of courtesy, and one will find very few dented fenders and miraculously few wrecked vehicles. I wonder what it would look like here if the Illuminati had been able to addict sufficient numbers of Ugandans to alcohol, heroin, cocaine and pot, as they've been able to do in most other countries.

Dr Kayiwa, who has placed his bid for the Presidency in 2006, laments the lack of traffic signs and cops in the Capital, but I observed an old Persian proverb to him, 'The peacock is always happy because it never looks at its ugly feet.' I hope to convince him that problems like this are mainly symptomatic of a beleaguered economy, not essential ones at all.

He's rightfully proud of his countrymen's resourcefulness and adaptability. There simply isn't much that these craftsmen can't make from available materials and they like to work outdoors, so a ride through town is a treat for the eye and for one's incredulity and an astonishing display of a wide range of fine manufactured products.

I risked catching a lot of flies in my mouth the first few days here as I witnessed the way goods are moved along on locally-manufactured bicycles, which double as taxis and cargo haulers throughout the country. Farmers even get produce to market by alternately pushing heavy loads uphill, then coasting down the other side. I saw one fellow carrying a bed frame on his bike rack. Altogether, the load stood 3 meters high but the fellow weaved in and out of traffic as though he had no load at all. As a fan of the surreal and the near miraculous, this place is more fun for me than Disneyland.

Another feast of new experiences went along with our tower bursting efforts through the muddy side streets and hillsides of Kampala as Georg guided the Land Cruiser under the able navigation

of Dr. Kayiwa. Everywhere we looked, there were food crops, busy, energetic people, friendly greetings, chickens, goats and even small herds of dignified traditional cattle, which are called 'Nsagala,' which means, 'walks with grace.' I'm going to try to figure out how to get a pair of their horns home. Our American Longhorns would be consumed with antler-envy at the sight of some of these specimens headgear, which rises dynamically up and twist around in a way a little like my treasured kudu horn from Namibia does. The longer horns reach almost two meters in length.

Along the way, Dr K let us know which neighborhoods have reputations for voodoo (human sacrifice, just like what the Illuminati do!) and then we heavily gifted those few areas as well as the ubiquitous HAARP and entropy transmitters. I was happily able to point out to the Doc that actual cell phone transmitters were very small and mounted on inconspicuous poles in strategic spots throughout the city. He had naturally assumed that it required a billion dollars' worth of fancy, new, military-style towers in order to operate the cell network. I bet you did, too ;-)

Thanks to a combination of Providence and Dr. K's fancy footwork (not necessarily in that order) Georg and I were treated to an unending stream of networking connections here for the zappers, which is what half of our visit has been about.

The team's plan for zappers is to establish a demonstrated reputation for this simple tech's easy ability to cure a wide range of endemic diseases, including AIDS, yellow fever and malaria, and to meet the subsequent continent-wide demand for affordable variations of this effective device. Uganda is the natural choice as a starting place in Africa because of its relatively free press and the innate ability of Ugandans to fend off Illuminati-backed disinformation campaigns and sabotage efforts. I wish we could take full credit for this happy state of affairs but we were obviously all guided into this position by the entities who may be referred to as The Operators (ever standing by ;-)) and this is probably just another evidence that 'the meek are inheriting the earth.'

Also, of course, I'm shamelessly fond of saying, 'You heard it here first!'

I need to tell you about the birds here. In Namibia, Carol and I saw what I think is called a 'greatest bustard,' which is a crane-like bird that stands about four feet tall and has a wingspan of around 8 feet. When I saw that big creature take off along the road in the Kalahari a couple of years ago I felt like I'd seen a UFO. These giant scavengers fly in flocks above Kampala, riding the updrafts almost to the level of the clouds.

There is also a specie of falcon which resembles one of our peregrines back home but it uses its tail as a rudder and rarely 'banks' during turns, though is very skilled at fast aerobatics when a group of them vie for territory with the big local ravens, which have white 'torsos' here, sort of like they are wearing T-shirts. Along with all that, there are many types of colorful, tropical songbirds, magpies, and swallows which have pointed, instead of split, tails. You probably noticed that your new cloudbbuster attracted a lot of songbirds and raptors and I invite you to imagine that process tripled here.

Perhaps the most refreshing aspect of Uganda, for me, is that I'm not being dogged by that plethora of anal-retentive MI6 and CIA agents provocateurs and pavement artists. This reminds me that I'm no longer being plagued by the dirty-dozen payrolled dissimulators who used to footnote all of my comments on the public forums I participated in before Mark Davey courageously set up 'Ethereic Freedom Fighters' for us all on <http://eff2.proboards21.com> last summer. I bet you also got tired of seeing their little bits of excrement every time you went to dip your ladle in the public punchbowl, so to speak.

As with so many things westerners do these days, this schizophrenic assumption that free public discussion is possible with the participation of paid agents provocateurs is a little like the way fundamentalists assume that they can be holy by 'going to church' while engaging in spiritually-degrading practices during the week. Nothing short of universal censure of bad behavior and resolute refusal to allow espionage and mind control in public forums will stop these agents from destroying viable discussion groups. Do you think that your own courtesy and long-suffering will help them 'see the light?' Has it done that even once in the two and a half years that this network has been growing worldwide?

As with families (if you're in any western country's dysfunctional social milieu you may think I'm speaking Chinese or Navajo by now) dissension and character assassination have to be stopped dead if any group of people is to enjoy free public intercourse and for every agent provocateur that may be induced to leave the fold, there are ten more who are ready to take his/her place who are more clever and resourceful, as we've seen, so it's the principle of discord that must be overcome, not the individual paid, largely witless but persistent chumps that are thrown at us by the Illuminati.

We're all ready to demonstrate that our emotional ages correspond to our physical ages, don't you think?

Most of the folks around here learned this basic social lesson before they got pubic hair but my own alleged head of state displays the fact that he has the emotional age of a toddler. Even I was shocked to learn that he refers to Africa as a 'country,' by the way ;-)

Don't be abysmally ignorant like him and also, please stop excusing others' bad manners and general sabotage in public discussions! I guarantee that until you do that, these mind-numbing Bazungu will continue to dominate and subvert every single, otherwise worthwhile thread.

I've suggested that Makerere University, a very fine school here in Kampala, send some cultural anthropologists to the USA and the UK to study those cultures and then determine ways to help these beleaguered but mostly well-meaning bazungu to overcome their centuries-old mind control protocols and neurotic prejudices. I already knew that Africans look to the Americans and the British to provide a little historical perspective about political and economic freedom.

Short of that, our own Dr. Kayiwa had spent several years practicing as a physician in the USA, Iraq and Finland and has developed some fine observations which may well contribute to a nationwide synthesis of the best aspects of western, Middle Eastern and East African cultures in his ongoing political/social efforts in Uganda.

Since your internet attention span is probably similar to mine, I'll end this article now, but I haven't done much writing since I got here, due to previously limited computer access, and I've got an awful lot of things to report which will follow shortly, including some rather magical firsthand experiences. My heartfelt thanks go to Dr. Paul for letting me use his laptop this morning while he's at work. I was fairly rupturing from the need to write some of this down before I forgot something essential and my short-term memory is not very impressive.

Don Croft

Episode 75***Busting It All Up From Kampala to Kisoro***

Adventures of Don & Carol Croft Index

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc75bustingromkampalatokisoro07dec03.shtml>

Dec. 7, 2003

I realize that the following report is out of sequence, since I started writing about my Uganda experience in the middle of it, so please bear with me.

As Dr. Batiibwe and I mentioned in his illustrated article, Georg and I didn't waste any time getting to work when we got here in the middle of November. Every other time I'd visited a tropical country before it was with the understanding that everything was going to go slower than what we're used to in the west, so I was surprised to find that the opposite was true here. Not only were we given immediate, enthusiastic support by our host, Secret Supporter, but Dr. Kayiwa personally ushered us around Kampala the following day to expedite getting materials for the clouduster and both he and Dr. B arranged logistics and provided new opportunities for us, with generous support from The Operators, of course.

There are no Home Depot stores or even department stores in Kampala and whatever you need comes mainly from wholesale merchants who have the means to import goods through neighboring Kenya by truck. It's definitely a seller's market here. For the cloudbusters' materials, we paid three times the cost I'm used to paying in the USAir costs a hundred bucks to fill a gas tank here, too, so all the driving around that Georg and I did pretty well made up for the fact that our lodging was usually provided and restaurant meals are inexpensive.

Here's what happened in the two weeks between our arrival and the events along the Nile, a few days later, that Dr. B and I recounted a few days ago:

I left Spokane, Washington, the same day Carol and Linda did on their way to Florida, but my next two nights were spent in the Salt Lake City airport and on the South African Airlines plane from New York to Johannesburg, via Cote Ivoire. A year before, after busting Washington, DC's satanic grid with a hundred pounds of BBs, resin and WalMart crystals, I'd spent the night in Baltimore's airport, where some long couches are provided for weary travelers, so I was a little miffed to see that SLC only provided uncomfortable seats that seemed to me like pews with chastity belts. I did manage to steal some sleep, though, in both situations and being in Africa again was so exhilarating for me that the jetlag (it was 11 time zones away from home) didn't slow me down too much.

Georg Ritschl met me at the airport in Jo'burg and though we'd seen each other's pictures it took us a few minutes of standing and looking around before we recognized each other. I think he changed his glasses and he'd thought I was shorter ;-)

Foiled Snatch

Right before that, while retrieving my luggage, I'd naturally assumed that the secret police would be fooling with at least the cardboard box full of aluminum particles, crystals, knives (gifts that I'd traded for from Dennie the Swordmaster) Laozu Kelly's exquisitely boosted water-resin Holy Handgrenades and a blanket. Miraculously, the box had apparently been unopened by the American Gestapo.

Sure enough, I looked around while I was waiting beside the luggage carousel and spotted the box about 50 meters away. Someone was in a fast-moving line, trying to check it in at an airline ticket counter. I walked over and told the fellow that this was my box and he vigorously protested. I said, 'Hold on-I'll show you my luggage ticket stub,' but while I was rummaging through my shoulder bag he'd disappeared. I knew it was mine, of course, because it was well bound with a characteristic rope which was tied in a Gestapo-discouraging Gorgon's knot and they'd even put a shiny sticker on the lid in Spokane which noted that it was approved by the TSA. I had assumed that the American Gestapo were simply told not to mess with the box because it was to be stolen at the other end. Georg had already planned to bring plenty of metal and crystals to Uganda, just in case.

Orgone & Metal Detectors

I assume that you have as much fun walking through metal detectors as I do these days. If you've been using a Terminator zapper or worn a Harmonic Protector for any length of time you, too, will be able to walk through them with all your metal on without setting them off. . The orgonite in these 'worn' devices turns your body into a sort of orgone capacitor and strong orgone temporarily disables those walk-thru metal detectors. I love the looks on the Gestapo faces when I do that and it makes the requisite, formerly humiliating body search with a hand scanner worthwhile. Carol and I always get our tickets marked with the 'POSSIBLE TERRORIST' stamp, of course, so whenever we show up the Gestapo feel like they're finally earning their pay. I bet they otherwise feel like the TV 'Maytag repairman,' since there are no terrorists in America except the CIA and other unlawful alphabet soup cabals. I'm sure you know that they never stand in line at airports.

Georg and Friederike provided some gracious hospitality in their suburban home and we all stayed up way too late but we made it to the early flight to Entebbe in the morning with time to spare.

Lake Victoria looks pretty small when you see it on a map of Africa but when we were flying over the middle of it, I was wondering, 'How come we're flying over the Indian Ocean?' I swear there's so much to Africa that it might qualify as a planet.

Entebbe Airport, Secret Supporter, & Dr. Kayiwa

Right after we were whisked past Customs at Entebbe and ushered into the Executive Lounge to meet our Secret Supporter, we walked past Dr. Kayiwa, whom I instantly recognized and hugged. I hadn't seen his picture but there was something about that big smile of his that left no doubt at all in my mind ;-) I don't know if you personally know any enigmas but Dr. K will always remind me of the Great Sphinx-more about that later, of course. A day with him is bound to expand anyone's personal horizons. If it weren't for his resourcefulness, networking skill, and logistical help, I probably wouldn't even be here. 'Multifaceted' falls short as an adjective in describing this complex character, as you'll see.

If you haven't dragged out your dusty World Atlas by now, shame on you! Uganda lies along the north and northwest shore of Lake Victoria. The rest of the lake is bordered, clockwise, by Kenya, Tanzania, Burundi and Rwanda.

HAARP

Most of the urban population of Uganda lies within a few miles of the lakeshore, so that's where most of the HAARP and entropy towers are, which is why we got such tremendous results from plowing through them along the highway. If HAARP was really a beneficial global program to 'save the environment,' they would have built the arrays uniformly throughout the planet,

including the oceans, instead of putting them mainly in densely populated areas and a few atmosphere-moisture choke points, don't you think?

Remember, though, that the bad guys always overbuild, so it's not a bad idea to overgift.

The most pressing need at first was to bust all of the towers in Kampala, so Georg and I got busy with that on the third day. We'd done some sky sculpture for Secret Supporter right after we made the two CBs, which absolutely delighted him, and while we were doing the dirty resin work we also made a bunch of 3oz towerbusters for town. I'd brought along four WalMart muffin pans for that, which I'm leaving with Dr. Paul Batiibwe, the resident, already accomplished, orgonite flinger. Who can account for what may be considered precious in any culture? Those muffin pans are worth an awful lot to us here.

My first few nights in Africa were a bit of a challenge because my jet lag pretty much forced me to go to bed before ten o'clock and our host loves to stay up late and converse. I had never experienced a midnight dinner before I came here. Fortunately, Georg only moved across one time zone and he's a gregarious, pleasant and very intelligent fellow.

Kampala

On day three, Dr. Kayiwa joined Georg and I and guided us through the deeply rutted side streets of Kampala in order to reach the city's successive hilltop arrays. Georg marked every single disabled tower on his GPS, just like he's done throughout Southern Africa on his gifting campaigns. He'd told me about that in an email but until he showed me a printed image of a map of his region with all the busted towers, I didn't realize how impressive that recording method could be.

Unlike in America, where most of the hilltop arrays don't have any power lines going to them and underground nukes' characteristic dual cooling ponds are apparent wherever you are, when you go to these Ugandan arrays, you usually hear big generators running in the fortified shacks inside the barbed wire compounds around the towers. A few of them have massive power lines feeding them from the commercial grid itself, which I'd never seen in North America, except when the occasional urban entropy transmitters are located on the high tension power transmission line towers themselves. Judging by the bundles of massive shielded cables at each tower site, these transmitters use a LOT of electricity, sort of like having one world-class radio station transmitter for every couple of thousand people. Doesn't this strain your credulity as much as it does mine? Cell phone towers, indeed!

In Kampala, the biggest arrays were in the middle of hilltop military installations. In these cases we simply 'vectored' the gifts around the perimeter of the bases. The ease with which we all neutralize even the most fortified, hidden deadly paraphernalia reminds us that the world order is actually quite defenseless in this emerging paradigm. Why not exploit the opportunity and just insist on having these Illuminati gangsters and their wise guys arrested right now? Your county Sheriff has that authority and you probably elected him in the first place. These gangsters' criminal records are clear as a bell, thanks to the typical criminal's penchant for wanting others to know of his exploits.

Where I live, the Illuminati like to put their entropy towers on the grounds of schools, hospitals, office buildings and similar places where a lot of people, especially children, are close by. I don't think the Illuminati like kids, unless they're 'properly cooked,' as W.C. Fields said.

We had most of Kampala 'liberated' in a day but the skies further east, over the source of the Nile and the adjoining jungle area, were still whited out, perhaps mainly by rampant voodoo activity, and we were to shortly see that there was some apparently scalar effort from remote HAARP arrays to mess up Kampala's skies again. That only cleared up for good when we finished off the remaining HAARP arrays to the east and west.

We'd made two CBs at Secret Supporter's because one of them was to be delivered to Kisoro, where an important person wanted to see some sky sculpture firsthand and we jumped at the chance to get a regional CB network set up. Dr. Batiibwe's CB in Kiboga and Secret Supporter's in Kampal would soon be part of a triangular network

Smog wasn't a major problem in Kampala, as it is in Nairobi, even though many of the vehicles throughout East Africa are smoky diesels and nearly everyone cooks on outdoor charcoal or wood braziers. Carol told me that the smog in Nairobi, which is on a plain, is even thicker than Los Angeles' was prior to Cbswork's and a few others' Herculean gifting efforts in and around the LA Basin. I just figure that Nairobi's an unhappy place compared to Kampala. Human misery generates dead orgone, therefore smog, and I don't see a lot of misery in Kampala. Even the goats and the lovely, traditional Nsagala cattle grazing in the neighborhoods look content and robust.

The Road to Kisoro

We traveled to Kisoro and had the opportunity to have share halfway there with a Ugandan resort owner and architect, which was nice for Georg, who is also an architect and was impressed with the fellow's artistry, skill and style.

Going west from Kampala, which is pretty much in the center of the stretch from Zaire (Congo) to Kenya, one sees a variety of environments relative to the changes in altitude. Until very recently, the region midway from Kampala to Zaire (pronounced, 'Za-EE-ray,' here by the way) was quite arid, but now it looks as green as the formerly desert hillsides around Los Angeles had become by last winter and spring.

After that, one goes back down to an altitude that supports the lush vegetation that Kampala enjoys. Lake Victoria is over a thousand meters in altitude.

The real jaw dropper, for us, was meandering along the dirt highway on the near-vertical mountain sides as we approached Kisoro, which lies in the southwest corner of Uganda in the presence of G'hinga, the soaring, live volcano whose top is usually concealed in a gorgeous, ever-morphing lenticular cloud, far above the level of the drifting cumuli.

If I were a fan of Wall Street, I'd buy stock in a Surreal Tourism agency because as soon as curiosity seekers learn how rich this country is in unusual, mind-boggling sights they're going to stampede to get here ASAP ;-) I suppose I could buy and sell Surreal Estate here if I had any money.

The mind falters, too, at the sight of the terraced fields that extend thousands of feet up the sides of these mountains, most of which are very, very far from the nearest road. I'm told that much of bordering Rwanda resembles Kisoro.

Dor Vibes

I must say that on the way to Kisoro we encountered our first hostility in Uganda. We noticed that a few of the folks by the roadside in a small area gave us dirty looks and a young boy actually threw a rock at the car before fleeing into jungle, unsuccessfully pursued by the driver. That

simply reminded Georg and I that we'd need to do a little roadside gifting through that area on the way back, which we did.

There is a neighborhood in Kampala which has a reputation for human sacrifice rituals, Dr. K told us during a towerbusting excursion there, and, sure enough, we saw some pretty unhappy folks there and so flung out several TBs. Dr. B told us about a similar area along the road to his western home in Kiboga, but we'd already gifted that area because it felt so crummy. His car engine had simply stopped in that area a couple of times, though there was nothing mechanically wrong with it. The only time Carol and I experienced that phenomenon was on a remote road in Yellowstone National Park right after we'd neutralized one of the I AM Fellowship's human sacrifice sites. It's pretty creepy when that happens but at least we all know that we're getting the job done.

Sky Sculpting

When we got to our Kisoro host's place, we immediately planted the CB in his garden and started watching the sky, which had been partially whited out by HAARP rape. Immediately, a blue hole formed overhead and an immense, proper lenticular cloud appeared on the edge of the hole, right next to G'hinga. Whether you believe, as I do, that these phenomenal clouds almost always accompany and conceal Lemurian and Andromedan ships, they're nonetheless a common sight that commemorates anyone's orgonite expositions.

Gorilla Tours

There are a string of very green volcanoes in an east-west line here. G'hinga is the easternmost and also the largest. Rwanda owns the southern half of that one and Uganda owns the northern half. Most of volcanoes further west are in Zaire. There are some mountain gorillas that live in that region. While we were in nearby Kabale a few days later, we saw a big, rugged open truck with some tourists in it who were heading for some social intercourse with gorillas. For \$200 you can go meet a gorilla family, which is a pretty good deal, I think. At some point maybe somebody will arrange foreign tours for the gorillas. I'd love to show them around Idaho.

The East Africans are fond of the big TATA trucks from India. These last about twenty years on rough roads and are affordable & have a lot of carrying capacity.

After an evening of very pleasant company with our Kisoro host, a son of a chief, who also prefers to remain anonymous, and his raconteur friend, Father Joe, a delightful Ugandan priest who had traveled a lot, Georg and I rested in preparation for a shoe leather tour of Kisoro the following day.

There are some lakes in that region which we wanted to gift but most of them are inaccessible with a vehicle. Six kilometers from our host's place we were able to toss a couple of etheric pipebombs into the end of one of those lakes, though, and it was fun meeting and talking to folks along the way and shaking hands with a hundred or so curious children who greeted us with, 'Hello, Bazungu-how are you?' which was likely the only English they knew prior to going to school. We hiked about twelve kilometers that day.

That evening we were introduced to some of the local doctors, who were keenly interested in having a clinical crowd zapper, thanks to our hosts' glowing reports. I arranged for one to be delivered there the following week.

The Kabale 'Bitch'

The next day, Georg and I went to Kabale to do some intense gifting in an effort to neutralize 'The Bitch,' who had been making plans to erase me for about a month.

Kabale is also near the Rwandan border and it's where the road to Kisoro branches off from the paved, main highway. Big trucks from Mombassa, Kenya's seaport, go through Kisoro to get to Zaire. Most of those are flatbeds, carrying metal containers from the ships themselves.

A month or so before I left, 'Cbswork' had warned me that the Illuminati dung-hoarders had already arranged for me to be killed in Uganda. Their plan was centered around the efforts of a Ugandan woman with salt-and-pepper hair whom Cbs had clearly seen astrally. Carol saw that this witch had a lot of support from British MI6 and we got busy with the problem. Oddly, Carol learned that this witch, though very competent, never saw my hits coming. We apparently erased the two male Ugandan killers she had enlisted and also several murderous British and UN espionage middlemen but none of the mayhem we caused among these killers would weaken The Bitch's resolve. This was clearly her project and it was mainly perceived as a territorial struggle by her, apparently, rather than a power play, which is what usually motivates the Illuminati themselves.

I continued to slam here periodically [Powerwand], right up to the time we went to Kabale, which we came to assume was her operational base and present location when we were there. Nothing at all seemed to slow her down, though she obviously had a long history of killing in her resume.

We stayed in a hotel on the edge of town and the following morning Georg and I walked up to gift a hillside array in that part of town (on a college campus) and to generally get our bearings. There were two more arrays in town, which we could see from this elevation and a lake not far away. After lunch, Georg rented a small motorcycle to get them all expeditiously in preparation for going after The Bitch, both of us assuming that she was getting a lot of energy from these transmitters. We both had a sense of trepidation and the fact that President Musaveni was to visit Kabale and deliver a speech the next day sort of reinforced our impression that The Bitch was here. The Operators usually work this way, moving us gifters around like chess pieces and if you've ever gotten a sense for this on your own orgonite expeditions, you know exactly what I'm talking about and can more easily relate to this bizarre account. If you can't relate to what I'm telling you, just read this as a fantasy if you like. I don't mind.

Georg is a very level-headed guy, not at all anxious by nature, who keeps a healthy dose of skepticism but he told me that as he was coming down from the last, highest array in town, which was spread out along the ridge of the tallest mountain there, he felt distinct trepidation, which probably accounted for a fall from the bike that resulted in a pretty gruesome 'road rash' along his left arm and left knee. I have to say that I wasn't too surprised when he then showed up in our hotel room looking like he was 'in the wars.'

He washed and dressed the wounds, but quickly left again to toss some stielhandgranaten into the lake, four kilometers away, while he still had the rented motorcycle. He was pretty tired when he got back, partly because the motorbike stopped working halfway there and he had to walk the rest of the way. The level of gas in the tank was low enough that driving up a steep hill halfway to the lake had left the fuel intake exposed and no juju in this case ;-). He did rightly have a sense of accomplishment, though, and of course he used one of his zappers after that to prevent infection.

Trailing the Mzungu Signal

The day after that, President Musaveni was in town and there were armed soldiers everywhere. We determined to look for The Bitch and gift her into oblivion if possible and as we were getting ready to go, the electricity fortuitously went off in town. I grabbed my zapchecker and turned around until I got a signal, hoping that wherever she was might be giving off a strong signal. Georg's view of her gray uniform led me to assume that she worked around some powerful electronic stuff that was powered off the grid. Of course, a modern satanic practitioner in Africa (or anywhere else) is likely to make use of evil mzungu magic, which is based largely on electronics. We'd busted all of the HAARP and entropy towers, so nothing else in town should have been putting out a signal.

It turned out that I got a consistent signal from exactly the same direction that my pendulum had indicated a little earlier. It was coming from a part of town that we hadn't visited yet (right after that, the power came back on) so we headed off in that direction, having to take quite a few turns along the way, guided mainly by my pendulum at this point.

We walked past a large boarding school and the pendulum indicated that the source was right on or under the grounds of that walled facility. Soldiers were stopping everyone who walked through the gate in order to check for weapons, so this was apparently where the President would be speaking and people were lined up there, waiting to get in. We'd just gifted a rectangular pond, by the way, which seemed like it could be used for an underground nuke. We were later told that there are a lot of caverns under Kabale.

Assuming we would have to gift the perimeter of the large school grounds, we walked on, but when we turned the corner, we saw that a gate had been left open further down the street, so we walked through that one and continued to follow the pendulum and zapchecker. In the middle of the facility was a spot that was over the center of the energy field, according to both the zapchecker and pendulum, so was perhaps directly above The Bitch may have been the Ugandan witch that Credo Muttwa had told Georg was controlling Zimbabwe's President and, perhaps, several other African dictators.

I'd already learned that the most gruesome satanic stuff in Uganda takes place underground, probably on account of the reptilians' involvement.

We then walked out past the guards at the front gate, who were still busy scanning for weapons. I bet they'd have had a hard time wrapping their brains around our orgonite weapons if we'd tried to take them in that way ;-)

Operator Cover

Georg and I immediately felt a sense of relief (after I got an intimation that The Bitch had sent more killers to look for us the previous night, I locked the hotel room's door). We found an internet café later in the day and I'd gotten a note from Carol expressing concern about not being able to locate me the night before and I told her that the Operators were probably concealing us then, for our own protection. We experienced something like that a year before, when we eluded the NSA for the first time on our way from Seattle to pick up the CLOUDS OF DEATH video from Cbswork in Los Angeles. That was the only time Cbs didn't 'see' us coming. I don't think he'd ever experienced such a gap in his super-psychic skills before, but of course when The Operators want to hide us, they hide us from everyone, not just from the otherwise omniscient NSA, with their army of top psychics, satellites and spy networks.

'I'll Be Back'

Carol later confirmed that The Bitch was dead at that point, but the reptilians or somebody apparently reconstructed her not long after that. It was an awfully good coup, regardless.

By the way, the day before, Georg and I had a visualization session and he saw her in a gray uniform (typical secret-UN/Homeland Security Abomination costume these days) and also saw a tall Egyptian man in an expensive business suit with her. It was apparently easy for us to erase the Egyptian, so he must have been an all-human ritual killer, perhaps directly involved because of what we'd done at the headwaters of the Nile. There's a prominent Egyptian bank in Kampala, so maybe he was somehow connected with that.

I think The Bitch is part reptilian. She's awfully durable. I got the instinct impression that we can at least terrify her now, which means that as long as I'm breathing, I'm winning. Carol and I will get busy with her when I go home; meanwhile, I've asked Doppelgangster and Mr. Skull to pay her a courtesy call.

A couple of days ago, I asked Kizira to look at the situation and he told me that I won't have any more trouble in Uganda, even if I go to the war torn north. He's a really good psychic.

Georg rented the bike because we didn't drive from Kampala. We did manage to get rides from new friends to Kisoro, Kabale and back and, having marked and gifted most of the locations of the HAARP and entropy transmitters along the way, we gifted the ones we missed on the way back.

It's a good thing we didn't have to ride buses, since they really pack you into these African buses and it would have been hard to do much proper gifting that way. Have you given any thought to how these countless thousands of towers can be used after they've all been dismantled by proper governments pretty soon, as the Russians apparently already did in their country?

In the next article, I'm going to tell about my visits with Kizira in his village and to relay some of his personal accounts of visions and circumstances that led to his present career.

Don Croft

Episode 76

Hanging with The Witch Doctor

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc76hangingwithwitchdoctor07dec03.shtml>

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Dr. B and I already wrote about the experience with Kizira at Budhagali Falls, but I've visited K three other times and learned a few things, both by observation and from his instruction. I want to show you just how universal human faith and spiritual guidance are and to share a glimpse of a bit of Uganda's spiritual tradition.

I first met Kizira when I was still at home in the USA. I clearly sensed his presence while I was working in my garage one day in October, a few weeks before I came to Africa. Dr. Batiibwe had told me by email that Kizira was in the process of checking me out. His own initial contact with Kizira came right after Carol and I had suggested that he look for a reputable traditional healer in order to expand his own resources as a medical doctor who applies alternative healing methods. Dr. B had long been interested in alternative medicine and had adopted many of these modes,

including electromedicine, colloidal silver, nutrition, herbs and ozone therapy, in his capacity as chief physician at Kiboga District Hospital.

His initial meeting with Kizira last July came through a personal introduction by a patient of his in a distant village who had cancer and had been to see the healer. Sadly, that woman died not long afterward because her husband forbade her to get the treatment she needed.

Kizira gave me a bottle of his herbal cancer cure, by the way, which I'm going to pass along to William von Peters, the cloudbuster network's very reputable naturopathic physician and homeopath, for his consideration when I get back. One of the things I hope to see developing from my visit here is a close collaboration between my Ugandan healer friends and von Peters.

After several visits with K, Dr. B became better acquainted with his own spirituality/sensitivity and also was able to witness Kizira's skill and range of knowledge in the use of healing herbs and foods, which he uses as an adjunct to his ability to heal with prayer and touch.

Many doctors here talk about working alongside traditional healers, but Batiibwe was never satisfied with just talking, which is probably why we've come to be such good friends in a short time.

During his 44 years, Kizira had attended a Muslim primary school, been a fishmonger, a guerrilla fighter (under the command of now-President Musaveni) and a furniture maker but in 1995 he began his present career after asking God, in desperation, to indicate the path to his own destiny. The next morning he woke to find a small, intricate diagram on his forearm, in a pattern suggestive, to me, of a Chinese calligraphy or crop circle. The marking was very light compared to his surrounding, pigmented skin.

A series of visions followed and, perhaps not wishing to be considered insane by his neighbors, he moved to Kenya to begin practicing his new healing art. His mother was a traditional healer, so he was no stranger to herbal and psycho/spiritual practices but she disowned him after he rejected her traditional reliance on local deities in favor of a reliance on one Creator. The first thing he tells visitors is to stop praying to anyone but the Creator of the Universe, as reliance on anyone else guarantees a diminished return for one's efforts.

Things didn't feel right for him in Kenya, though, and he recognized this as a sign that he needed to take a more difficult path, so he returned to Uganda, where he was guided to buy his present plantation, about 12 km from Kiboga near the highway to Kampala. After he moved there, he had series of visions that confirmed his decision.

During these waking visions, the surroundings disappeared and he got clear instructions about how he was to conduct his affairs.

After healing a few locals, rumors began to spread about him, most of which were unfriendly, and at one point someone from the government approached him with an offer to pay him for his psychic abilities on their behalf, which he apparently declined.

As you probably know, at least from my accounts of my work with similar psychics/healers in the US, the spiritual struggles of gifted people are essentially no different from yours and mine and they're perhaps even more tightly bound by Universal Law since they work closer to it while they're in the supernormal state, so reward and retribution, which are the universal means of assisting spiritual growth, are a little more immediate for them.

Kizira is wise enough (unlike me) to realize that it was only a matter of time before his genuine love for people would dispel these rumors and that's mostly come to pass by now, though some gov't people seem to feel a little suspicious, still, which is to be expected, I suppose. Fortunately for Kizira, the gov't here isn't much aligned with the Illuminati and, while their intelligence-gathering ability is quite impressive, the intent of their policing isn't the complete eradication of personal freedom, as it mostly is in America and some other formerly free countries, sad to say.

Georg and I met Kizira on an overnight trip to Kiboga during our first week in Uganda. Dr. Batiibwe went with us to make the introductions and told us that before he (Dr. B) knew that George would also be coming to Uganda, Kizira had seen us both arriving in a vision, referring to Georg, then, as a younger, taller man, which he is.

Dr. B was a little trepidatious about the meeting, as Kizira had never had a pleasant experience with a mzungu before. That apprehension was quickly dispelled after the introductions, though, and K was his usual, gregarious, confident and outrageous self in no time.

After sampling some of his herbal concoctions (nothing he makes is harmful) and a fine dinner of fresh beans and sweet potatoes, two of Kizira's young sons began playing drums, his wives and other children arranged themselves in a chorus and Kizira led some songs which he'd received in visions. After the proper atmosphere had been established, he went in turn from Georg, myself, Drs. K and B and Dr. B's father (a retired national gov't official), who was visiting Kiboga, and held our hands, then our foreheads and told us a bit about our destinies. It's probably not appropriate for me to mention anyone else's message, but he told me that I need to work on using the power of my utterance to defeat my enemies, which are quite numerous in America and desperately want to kill me these days. It's been quite a vacation here for me, I must say, and all those Illuminati dung beetles and their murderous Homeland Security Abomination flunkies seem far away right now. I think I needed a little break from those jerks.

While Kizira's in his psychic mode, his hand trembles. This now also happens to Dr. B when the process is happening. K always praises the Creator and asks for his help before attempting any psychic efforts, which I think is awfully nice.

After our Budhagali trip, he explained some of the energy dynamics that were involved there. According to his reckoning, there were extraordinary, individual humans in ancient times who came to be identified, after a period of integration in the next world following their physical deaths, with certain power spots and people came to call these places by the deceased, extraordinary individuals' names and propitiated their memories according to the exemplary lives that they had led, so in places like Budhagali Falls where the 'guardian spirit' was a benevolent individual, rituals were performed which honored that aspect. In places where the namesake's lifework was essentially evil, evil acts were performed to perpetuate their living example.

The reason we performed the ritual on the island in the Nile by the falls is that in recent years, the site had been subverted by murderous voodoo practitioners, in conjunction with government/corporate plans to build a hydroelectric plant a little further downstream. Apparently, the bad guys knew that they needed to banish Budhagali from the falls before they could gather the power to submerge the falls with the new dam. It remains to be seen whether they'll now be able to construct the dam, of course. If more electricity is needed, there are surely other sites along the Nile that can be as easily dammed if the gov't rather insists on not using existing free energy tech and the further downstream one goes, the fewer people will be displaced by a project like that.

By the way, several 'developing world' governments, including Costa Rica, have made tentative plans to establish free energy technology but I think everyone's just waiting for the first one to demonstrate that his/her nation won't get peremptorily nuked by the City of London's leg breaker, the US, for having the courage to put this already-developed technology to work on a national scale. Of course when that happens, the trolls in London won't have a leg to stand on any more, so to speak, since all of their hegemony is now based on already-obsolete petroleum. I personally hope that this pioneer tech will emerge in Uganda. I notice that the CIA and MI6, the only terrorist organizations on the planet, don't have much of a stranglehold on this gov't as they still do in Costa Rica and also in the rest of Africa.

To say that African culture is characterized by any specific practice or belief system is misleading. As a reputable anthropologist once pointed out, this continent is a veritable cornucopia that can be used to prove or disprove anything at all based on the practices of a given culture or subgroup and calling it 'African.' Hence the plethora of anthropologists who visit here to substantiate their own particular personal dogma and philosophy.

To illustrate his point, the author had visited two African cultures, which I believe are in Uganda, to document two societal extremes and take the wind out of the sails of the small army of fake-science western anthropologists. The folks in one culture are intensely impoverished, selfish and abusive and the author noted seeing a blind man, who had snatched a piece of rotting meat from a carcass that some jackals were dining on, being then overwhelmed by people who fought each other for the putrid scrap, leaving the poor guy in a bruised heap. He gave another example of a nearby culture in which everyone seems to share responsibility for the community's overall material and emotional well-being and where everyone was happy to look after the needs of children, no matter which family they belonged to. I think most African cultures fall somewhere in between those extremes.

Kizira had asked me to teach him to do some that our network do, so I took him a crowd zapper, a Terminator, some of Carol's Harmonic Protectors and one of her prototype Crystal Harmonizers. I made a cloudbuster for him there and while I was working, he told me some more about his life and work. By the way, I'm in Kampala now, at Dr. Kayiwa's house, and last night it began raining heavily here around midnight and continued, more lightly, until 2PM, an hour ago. There was some lightning in the beginning of the storm but no wind, which shows that the cloudbuster on the other side of town is doing its job in Secret Supporter's garden. The previous rainstorm, a few days ago, was briefly accompanied by a strong, localized wind, which of course is typical of any thunderstorm where a CB isn't present or up to speed.

As I was riding to town from Kiboga with Dr. B in the hospital van yesterday, we both felt a little dismayed by what looked like some HAARP whiteout all the way here but what we were apparently seeing was some intense orgone buildup in the atmosphere in advance of this phenomenal rain. I hope to find out if it rained similarly in Tororo, by the Kenya frontier, as it had been quite dry there when we visited last week.

I want to find out if Kizira's CB had something to do with this phenomenal rainfall. I suspect that what we thought might be HAARP whiteout was rather just the complete saturation of the region's atmosphere with moisture-bearing orgone, instead. As I've said before, organite gets a lot more bang for the buck here in Africa.

As we were driving through K'la on the way to Dr. Kayiwa's house, Dr. B candidly admitted to me that he'd felt discouraged after reading some of the material from our detractors, but that after

that, he decided to just go ahead and make a cloudbuster anyway last May. I let him know that the two popular websites he mentioned are strictly CIA efforts, after all, and that a good way to test whether a site is for disinformation is to check our energy after visiting it, compared to our energy level after reading bonafide, informative websites. Invariably, we feel discouraged and even hopeless after absorbing some of the disinformation while we feel buoyed and inspired when we've read the real stuff. Of course, if the disinfo sites didn't pepper their efforts with liberal amounts of factual, even cutting edge information, you wouldn't be interested in them in the first place. The CIA has plenty of news we can use.

Since Kizira's CB is apparently in a vortex and only 12km from East Africa's very first CB, in Doc Batiibwe's Kiboga backyard, we may have just experienced some turbo-boasted rainmaking. I had a hunch that K would take to cloudbusting quite easily and perhaps show us a few tricks, as Cbswork in Los Angeles regularly has. I felt a little bad for all those Kampala craftsmen who weren't able to put their wares outdoors this morning, especially the guys who make all those stuffed, upholstered couches and chairs which they perhaps display by the roadside partly in order to have room to work.

I can easily relate to Kizira's cosmology but I have to admit that my mind failed to grasp the benefits of polygamy that he tried to convey and he seems to want to have a following, which I feel is contrary to a mandate of service. I chalk that stuff up to human nature, though, and meanwhile he's doing a lot of people good and is a gracious host.

I, too, have had three wives, after all. I just didn't do it all at once and it's always felt that, to me, it was enough of a challenge to do justice to one woman. Fortunately, I finally found Carol, who loves me because of myself, rather than in spite of myself and doesn't freak out every time I express myself but rather seems to actually enjoy my cutting fringe orientation. I surely do love her back the same way.

Considering the realities of female sexuality, it would be more logical for women to have multiple husbands, as Mark Twain pointed out (that book could only be published posthumously-another case of a fellow ahead of his time ;-), using Catherine the Great, with her regiment-sized bed, as an illustration. There's a really cute Brazilian movie about a peasant woman who came to have three husbands that you might enjoy seeing. I forgot the name of it.

Of Kizira's thirteen kids, several of them are energy sensitive and/or psychic (as are two of his wives) and the rest seem to be well adjusted (that's an awfully queer term, now that I see it on paper) and they're definitely friendly and confident around strangers.

I got a guided tour of his plantation, which he'd managed to get to a state where much of the family's food is simply picked from trees and vines. This region's got a fruit, for instance, that you'd need to pick up correctly in order not to dislocate your back. It's called a jackfruit and grows in a towering, gorgeous, broad-leafed tree and resembles breadfruit, of Captain Bligh fame.

It weighs about thirty pounds, though, and, unlike starchy, bland breadfruit, is filled with bite-sized pieces of tasty orange, sort of waxy, fruit that reminds me a bit of tangerines and apples.

Some folks who know him are perhaps justifiably disturbed by K's polygamy and his disinterest in money, but I have confidence that none of this will stand in his way very much, since his main focus is on developing his healing and psychic gifts. More money and living space will probably smooth over the difficulties he and his wives are now experiencing and both are on the horizon, apparently.

What I've discovered from my own network-building efforts is that some people expect me to be their version of perfect and a few of those get pretty nasty with me when I don't meet their expectations. To hell with them, of course; I'm not doing this to get anyone's approval, nor do I want a personal following (here, the humor of the Operators is obvious, since I've got a near-neurotic hatred of sycophancy and I prefer to spend most of my time with my wife and alone rather than relating to people in 3D) and I've noticed that my most vigorous detractors are not doing much to refine their own characters at any rate, nor am I making any personal claims. . I wish there were some way I could detach these few lazy but noisy louts from our network and attach them to some of our Hitler-wannabee detractors instead ;-). Maybe I can do that with utterance, as Kizira promised I will be able to do.

I think that everyone who craves leadership should immediately get saddled with a dozen or so of these backstabbing sycophants, don't you? There are many ways to make this world a brighter place, we're finding, and these methods don't all have to be pretty.

Life really isn't like a Disney movie. When one assumes a level of commitment the way Kizira, Kayiwa, Batiibwe and I have one gets fairly swarmed by reactionary people who feel that their personal, lukewarm paradigm is threatened. The nether reaches of human nature dictate that having our personal paradigm challenged can be more severe than even a threat to our physical bodies.

Dr. K was nearly killed when a motorist ran him down a month and a half ago and Dr B was repeatedly sickened by energy attacks since he started advocating electromedicine. I had assumed that Dr B's attacks were poisoning. Some may have been but the latest one, which delayed our Kiboga visit by a day last week, were, according to Kizira, the result of a personal energy attack. I talked to him on the phone when he called to say he was too sick with 'flu' to travel the next day but after I blasted his attacker through him he recovered quite quickly. I then administered Dr. von Peters' excellent 'Drainage Clear' homeopathic formula and Dr. P's symptoms were gone entirely shortly after that.

Kizira is curious about how he might be viewed by Americans and he told me that African's minds are behind Americans' because Africa is less modern. The fact that he rarely sees TV or movies and doesn't read much American or European literature shows me how pervasive this misconception is here. I told him that, actually, any child in Africa can quickly absorb modernization but the minds of western people are actually retarded because they mostly don't know anything about their true, spiritual natures, which Africans generally understand better. He seemed to get it, because he grabbed my arm, held it to his chest and laughed uproariously.

Dr. Kayiwa has the TV on as I'm writing this and it's on a station which plays a lot of MTV-style music videos from Kenya, which is pretty cool, as it has a lot of traditional dancing mixed in with African pop music. People often fall to the ground in trances even in these party situations. I may be taken to a regional initiation ceremony this week, by the way, in which mediums are used, so stay tuned ;-)

The night that Georg and I got here, both Drs. B and K showed up at our host's house and they wanted to know what our agenda would be, so that they could know better how to assist us. We told them that, aside from busting up the HAARP and entropy network and making a few CBs, we'd rather just have them arrange an appropriate agenda for us, instead, since they'd already been doing famously without us, after all. They've done very, very well with that task since then, as you can see.

If you've ever watched movies or videos of mainly African, Latin-American magic rituals from Brazil, Haiti, Cuba, etc., you see the use of mediums who go into convulsions after dancing to drums and chanting and this seems to be characteristic around here. It's not seen as unusual at all and I don't think anyone's faking. My expectation that African spirituality relates mainly to emotion (water) has been abundantly confirmed.

By the way, Kizira told me the other day that Budhagali is doing just fine now, which surely must have surprised K. I might sound a bit like a crazy man right now by confidently saying that Africans will be at the forefront of this orgonite work and related, soon-to-come free energy tech because you probably never heard anyone talk about Africa that way, but please remember that you heard it here first. I was rather shocked to find that many Africans have bought into the notion that 'progress' is still associated with 'white.'

There's an old Persian adage that the folks on the mountaintop are the first ones to see the dawn. Convincing the folks in the valley has always been a challenge. Or maybe I'm just fooling myself. We'll see. You must admit that I've at least put my money where my mouth is, since I'm here mainly to see whether my hunch is correct and it's not cheap to come here, nor can we easily afford it right now.

There are two English-language newspapers in Kampala. I was astonished to find that not only does the press here appear to be genuinely free, but that the psycho/spiritual stuff is reported along with the political and business news. On the day we arrived, there was a front-page story of the intense voodoo activity under Budhagali Falls, for instance, which is how we 'knew' that the falls would have to be a primary target.

The reason I never read newspapers in America (except THE IDAHO OBSERVER, and a few other alternative publications) is that they're clearly simply formats for mind control protocols and lies.

If I were addicted to sensationalism, I'd focus more on a recent article that described the successful disruption of a courtroom by two poisonous snakes and a bird. It was a trial of a district official, charged with corruption, and the consensus was that he'd arranged for some voodoo intervention on his behalf.

I watched a political scandal unfold here in which some cabinet officials were being accused of corruption. Yesterday, President Musaveni contributed an article in which he not only agreed that the accused official was culpable but that the accused had lied about his active participation in the Resistance, which Musaveni had led since 1971 until their victory in 1986. I had wondered whether the President's main challenge, after his military victory, was to find enough trustworthy people to conduct a proper national government and to move Uganda toward its first Constitution-based regime since its colonial days. The simple fact that he doesn't have his public critics assassinated, as is done in the USA, weighs heavily in his favor, as far as I'm concerned.

As I get to know Dr Kayiwa better, I'm feeling more and more confident that he represents the emerging political paradigm here. Though he's known wealth and privilege and has traveled extensively in the world, he lives quite humbly and loves to talk to everyone he meets. I've known some rare individuals who only reveal their accomplishments as conversational footnotes rather than waving them like banners and you need to be with these people over an extended time before you get a clear picture of their past accomplishments because they basically don't like to talk about themselves. This is how Drs Kayiwa and Batiibwe both are.

Kizira, by contrast, is sort of like a peacock. As an African psychic healer and teacher, he has to exhibit confidence and even aggression and this is in order for him, certainly. He's engaged and defeated enemies astrally just like Carol and I do, by the way, though he doesn't focus on that the way we do. I found out that his enemies here are not as murderous as ours are at home, though, as he said, 'My enemies are your enemies.'

I guess I'm still absorbing the implications of how 'politically moribund and spiritually bankrupt' our western cultures have become, based on the prevalence of profound mind control, organized murder and mayhem that western governments now foster and/or allow. It seems to me like the US, Russia, England, Italy and Germany, under whose collective political shadow all the other nations essentially found themselves by then, sort of got flushed down the toilet of cultural viability by the middle of the twentieth century. Since nature hates a vacuum, I'm looking to Africa to pick up civilization's torch now. This can be done without a struggle.

Arguably, Russia may be in the process of escaping this stigma, and perhaps China by extension, but as far as I'm concerned the jury's going to remain out on their case until it's obvious that they won't be suitcase-nuking those heinous financial trolls in the City of London in their own joint bid for some quick world hegemony. I don't believe that one form of tyranny is any better than another and neither Russia nor China are in a position to demonstrate the virtues of a Constitutional government yet.

So, you might ask why I'm moving all over the map when this article is about an African witch doctor. I guess the only thing I can tell you is that Kizira represents, to me, a global trend of general awakening and I'm doing my best to show you that. We're working on a scheme to take him to meet Credo Muttwa and perhaps to visit Carol and I in the US, since travel is a unique form of education and his innate intelligence will easily assimilate foreign experiences to everyone's subsequent benefit.

When Dr. B met Kizira the latter expressed, sadly, that he'd often felt very alone on account of his gift and he at least knows, now, that there are other folks around the world who, appreciate and value him, know what he knows and share his personal challenges and experiences and that has seemed to buoy his spirits and stimulate his voracious curiosity.

Don Croft

Episode 76B

Our Trip to the War Torn North

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc76BtriptoWartonNorth13dec03.shtml>

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Dr. Battibwe suggested that we visit the city of Gulu, in the north part of Uganda, to witness some of the problems here and, perhaps, to do what we could to alleviate some of that unhappy situation with some judicious gifting.

We'd tried renting a car but the insurance was prohibitive due to the Lord's Resistance Army (read: typical CIA and very bloody) activity in the vicinity of Gulu, so Dr. Paul graciously offered to drive his own car. Uganda's a relatively small country, but many of the roads are in disrepair, so

even a short trip can pretty well beat up an ordinary car. Doc Batiibwe handles his nice front-wheel drive sedan like a champ, though.

The LRA is headed by a scruffy, deranged, but eminently controllable fellow named Kony who apparently is supplied by the US and Britain with modest weaponry and just enough ammunition to keep the current Ugandan Regime from using needed revenue for infrastructure and services, but not enough to give Kony any decisive victories. After President Musaveni took over the government in 1986, the Uganda Shilling was abysmally devalued in a way that's become routine for any country, which insists on operating outside the parasitic mandate of the International Monetary Fund.

That's my assessment, at least, of Kony's situation and my Ugandan friends seem to feel that it has some merit. Kony abducts children and forces them to fight, which is the way Pol Pot and Ho Chi Minh (and all the other noteworthy Illuminati terrorist assets) operated a few decades ago. It wouldn't surprise me if the CIA has advisors who've learned directly from 'the masters' and now teach that stupid Kony these tricks. If you consider conscience an asset, you probably shouldn't work for American or British intelligence/sabotage agencies.

President Musaveni publicly supported, at least verbally, the American/British invasion of Iraq with the understanding that, in return, he'd receive some military assistance and, more important, satellite imagery of Kony's movements, but none of that has been forthcoming and I'm assuming that the Pres shouldn't trust any satellite data from the US at any rate. If you're an American and understand, as many of us do by now, that any promise from the alleged American government is worth considerably less than toilet paper, you can probably appreciate Musaveni's dilemma now.

He's cagey enough to maintain some national sovereignty for Uganda in spite of 17 years of espionage and even sabotage from the CIA and MI6. In one instance of economic sabotage, Uganda got an order from Cuba of a shipload of beans. Seawater had been pumped into the top of the cargo holds en route so that the beans were rotten when they arrived in Havana; typical CIA and/or MI6 tactic ('God save the Queen?' What the hell for?). Of course, those two espionage agencies are essentially the same agency, operated by the same old aristocratic families as any persistent gang of thugs, anywhere else in the world, is.

Musaveni was apparently a nominal Marxist during the years when he led a popular rebel army (The Movement) in the bush prior to his successful and relatively humane and bloodless coup in 1986, which was essentially the end of British proxy regimes here. I rather assume that he was simply playing Russia against Britain/US along the way. That used to take a LOT of skill and savvy. Most other Marxist rebel leaders who assumed power over nations have been notorious for brutality and suppression and after they took power the bookstores subsequently only sold books by Marx and Engels (like the Bible, everyone had a copy but hardly anyone read them) but I think the smarter ones, like Gandhi, Musaveni, Mandella and very few others, were simply being expedient and never intended to establish the full spectrum of International Monetary Fund-financed international socialism protocols which have repeatedly resulted in the laughable house-of-cards debacle that's known as Communism.

Don't get angry just because I referred to Gandhi as a one-time Marxist, please. It's best to leave emotion at the door when you come into my parlor, even though you must know by now that nothing I say should be taken as anything more than a personal opinion. If you've read any biographies of Gandhi or even seen that fine film from 1983 in which he was played by Ben Kingsley, you'll note that in the years he spent in South Africa as a young lawyer, before he discovered religion, he had organized a commune along the lines and with the terminology of

Marxist protocols. It's faux pas to call him a Marxist, of course, and I certainly believe that many early Communists, such as Wilhelm Reich, innocently believed that they were promoting a valid doctrine. Gandhi had obviously been free of affiliation with London-based, Marxist (Marx was financially supported by Lord Thomas Huxley throughout his writing career, as was Darwin ;-)) International Socialism by the time he'd resolutely decided that India must be free of the Whore of Babylon and Musaveni is no longer referring to his trusted associates as 'Commisar' or 'Comrade,' as he had done throughout the years that they were struggling in the bush and abroad.

If you believe that communism is anything but a creature of the Illuminati and fully financed by London and Wall Street, then you probably shouldn't be reading my stuff at all. Go do your homework if you don't want to bust a blood vessel, okay? All of that is clearly shown, ad nauseum, in public record during International Socialism's formative years in the first half of the Twentieth Century. You might not know, for instance, that the New York Times in 1918 quoted President Woodrow Wilson's frequent praise of the Bolsheviks as 'the modern day disciples of Christ,' and numerous accounts of that scoundrel, JP Morgan's, liberal financial support of Trotsky and then Lenin. When gold became relatively valueless after the Bolsheviks had plundered and then slaughtered millions of farmers and their families, food became currency by 1921, so the International Red Cross then began sending food to the Bolsheviks instead of gold.

Enter, shortly after that, the parasitic Illuminati 'businessmen' such as Armand Hammer, who got cheap concessions from Lenin that are still honored by the Russian government. Communism has only been feasible in societies that had never experienced personal freedom, per se, so it only got a foothold in still-feudalistic states like Russia, China and Cuba. The other 'conquests' of communism, as when Roosevelt and Churchill deeded and financed Eastern Europe's and China's submission to Stalin and Mao before WWII's end, were military ones, not social ones at all.

I've never seen such entrepreneurial spirit in a population before as I've seen in Uganda, though. I personally wonder where they all find the energy. It's inconceivable to me that any political agenda could stop that under the circumstances and Communism is absolute anathema to individual initiative, of course, and also destructive to the nuclear and extended family structures. Anyone who's spent even a week in equatorial Africa will appreciate the persistent vitality of family ties here.

Regarding the persistence of the spirit of individual initiative, note that even two generations of bloody, IMF-financed suppression in Hungary had failed to extinguish the entrepreneurial drive there and products from Hungary get top dollar (so to speak) in Europe these days.

By the way, I'm assuming that you already know that Communism failed simply because London and Wall Street stopped paying all of its bills in 1990. By then, the world had approximated London's goal of international socialism, which is another term for international wage slavery.

There's no political freedom without economic freedom, of course. Our hope is that the Ugandans will keep looking for more ways to finance their infrastructure through international barter, as it has on several noteworthy occasions. They successfully traded soybeans with Yugoslavia for a highway, for instance. They sent a shipload of beans to Cuba but CIA agents pumped seawater into the cargo holds, so when the beans arrived they were rotten.

I read last month that \$5 million in UNICEF funds was missing. My fond hope is that Musaveni diverted that to support the Army. I haven't seen or heard of a single instance of actual help from any UN-affiliated agency here, though there's a huge fleet of shiny, new, white 4WD vehicles with big, blue 'UN on the doors and lots of slick advertising for 'AIDS' subjects and nationwide

vaccination campaigns that no doubt resulted in most youngsters getting microchipped, at best, and many of them killed, at worst. I didn't see many of these expensive Illuminati/UN vehicles outside of Kampala or Gulu, thankfully.

Before we left the Capital on our trip, Dr. P and I went to Al Tarboush, the Lebanese restaurant in Kampala that serves mostly the Arab diplomatic corps, and feasted on hummus, tabouli, olives, salad, fresh pita bread and falafel (some kabob for the Doc, who seems to eat three times as much as I do and isn't fat) and there was so much food we made sandwiches for supper, too, and bagged them. I can't seem to pass up good Arabic food no matter where I am. There was a muzungu smoking a hookah in there, by the way, and I got to drink some head-exploding, traditional-style Arabian coffee. I really need to learn Arabic and go spend some time in one of those countries; maybe in North Africa, where they make sharkskin drums, by the way. The proprietors of the Arab restaurants I've dined in seem to really like watching their customers enjoying the food, which adds even more to the experience for me. Batiibwe told me he didn't know what to order so I ordered just about everything just to explain what it all is ;-)

The drive to the Nile (halfway point) was uneventful, except for busting up half a dozen towers and a couple of arrays along the way but some soldiers stopped us at the bridge over the Nile, which is occupied because the LRA threatened to destroy it. I bet the CIA/MI6 won't even give those butchers dynamite, though ;-)

The Nile is very wide and fast-flowing, even at its source, as I'd mentioned, and there are very few bridges across it on its way to Sudan. If Kony had managed to destroy this bridge it would have put some serious hurt on the Army, which was already plagued by a variety of logistics problems, including a fleet of worthless new (to them) helicopters, thanks to widespread corruption and sabotage by the IMF and its global legbreakers/backstabbers, the CIA and MI6.

The Doc had stopped within view of the bridge to take a photo of the falls, a kilometer upstream, and the soldiers, who had seen that, were just being prudent, no doubt, by stopping us at the bridge to interrogate us. Doc explained who he was and that we were going to visit a friend of his in Gulu; I showed them my passport and after a bit they let us move along. Doc sheepishly told me later that he'd told the soldiers that I'm a personal friend of the President ;-)

Those falls are reputed to be yet another ritual killing site and Doctor Paul was doing a little photo recon in preparation for our gifting effort there on the way back. We didn't toss an etheric pipe bomb over the bridge as we'd hoped to do, since the soldiers were watching us and had written us up in their little book.

We saw, on a promontory overlooking the falls, what looked like a small fortress and turret, and we assumed that this place must be involved in the rituals these days, so we were itching to get back there and take care of business.

We'd started out with forty or so towerbusters, some etheric pipe bombs and three holy handgrenades. Oh, and we still had a couple of Georg's stielhandgranaten. Those are my personal favorite, as they combine the towerbuster and etheric pipe bomb.

The road was pretty bad from the Nile to Gulu, probably because no road repair crews wanted to work where they might get butchered by glassy-eyed LRA devotees. Just like fundamentalist religionists elsewhere, the LRA drops God's name while perpetuating bloody, mindless atrocities on non-combatants, including children, just as the devout, Christian European-derived Americans

did to the mostly peace-loving American Indians all across the continent throughout the nineteenth century.

As far as I can tell, there's not a hint of actual popular support for this group. Rather, they've efficiently caused the evacuation of a large area of Uganda and even Sudan. I assume that the heart-dead CIA/MI6 operators are just using Kony as a proxy villain in order to allow their Illuminati masters to more easily steal the natural resources (newly discovered gold) of the region, as has been done repeatedly throughout the world but most especially in Africa in recent decades. Let's see if we can stop that. Stopping the Illuminati is my *raison d'etre* these days, as it ought to be yours if you would like your children to grow up and to keep your own head on your shoulders.

We didn't feel that we were in danger, though we encountered a lot of Ugandan Army patrols along the road beyond the Nile and all of the Non-Governmental Agencies' and UN's vehicles were flying big, gaudy flags from tall masts that are bolted to their front bumpers (speaking of surreal ;-) No doubt Kony has strict orders not to butcher any of these flagged IMF agents. They apparently only want him to kill Black African non-combatants and soldiers in a specific region of Uganda and Sudan. What are they after? Uranium? We'll find out, I suppose.

The sky was gorgeous all the way until just before we arrived in Gulu, where it was HAARPy. The lower atmosphere in Gulu itself was incredibly smoggy, though we couldn't smell any smoke and we approached from a downwind direction. I hadn't seen smog like that since before 'Cbswork' and friends had sufficiently disabled the Entropy, HAARP and satanic grids in the north half of the Los Angeles Basin last year.

The people in Gulu, which is a small city, were uncharacteristically glum and there was a striking absence of motor vehicles and even fewer of those Ugandan-manufactured bicycles than elsewhere ('Bata Bicycles-Any Road, Any Load!'). We saw an awful lot of people with crude wheelbarrows instead, toiling along the streets, wearing tattered shoes and clothing but at least not obviously starving.

The city had been prosperous before Kony/Illuminati's murderous agenda and was the economic center for a huge area of the country, which is mainly known for its fine cattle. There isn't a lot of cattle there now. The herders are traditionally nomadic and certainly prudent enough to know when their livelihood is threatened. Otherwise, the vast grazing range is so rich that any Texan would probably wet his pants with envy.

By the way, Dr. Paul told me that in recent years, some thugs had carried out a campaign of terror in Kiboga, where there has never been any support for Kony. The well-armed newcomers stole cattle while ambushing, robbing and murdering several cattle buyers and sellers. The locals had some guns of their own and eventually succeeded in ambushing, killing some and then capturing the surviving thugs, some of whom shared the same hospital ward with some of their victims, all of whom were under Dr. Paul's care. A cop came along with some Army ambulances and took the wounded thugs away, presumably to freedom. The general assumption is that the thugs were hired by the army, which is so seriously under funded that many of the soldiers whom we saw outside of Kampala don't even have leather boots or proper uniforms.

I'm telling you this so that you'll know that I don't consider the current regime angelic.

I must say that since Georg, Dr. Kayiwa and I thoroughly gifted the Capital there's been a spate of corruption-exposes, resignations and firings among the top brass and in the government itself.

By contrast, during the previous regime at one point, the house that Dr. Paul lives in while in Kiboga was used as an Army command post and captured rebels in The Movement were tortured, and then literally slaughtered in the brick outhouse behind the residence. Things are much better in Uganda now by anyone's estimate. Some folks pine for Idi Amin's regime, I must say, perhaps because, like Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, he was very well financed by London and prudently built up the country's infrastructure to solidify public support for his regime and didn't interfere much with Black Africans' business lives. When you are able to move away from Political Correctness, you can honestly see the good and bad aspects of any regime without feeling the need to toady, as all funded-university students in the west, and, sad to say, even in Africa, are taught to do to the Illuminati-favored-at-the-moment regimes. In Uganda's case, there are apparently agent provocateurs at Makere University, the premier school in the country, who are actively inciting violent opposition to Musaveni. He hasn't killed any of them, either, to his credit, though he's had to shake up his intelligence apparatus this week and appoint a new head, this time a very young man. It will be fun to see what happens next. The President's subtlety, sense of timing and resourcefulness amazes me no end.

The main problem that successful warriors like President Yoweri Musaveni have is that they normally aren't adept at governing, nor can they usually find enough comparatively honest people to assist them in governing, so they have to rely on whomever is at hand. In this case, and in that generation, the folks who are available and have managerial experience are remnants of colonial and proxy regimes. What I've witnessed here is that there's a whole new potential cadre of competent professionals who are more in touch with the nature of service work than the previous generation has been. This is true throughout the world, of course, not just here. The confirming quality of their orientation, to me, is that they're turning back to some of the time-tested, higher African traditions of government, which is based on mutually-empowering grassroots support, intertribal affiliations, consultation and consensus and starting to see the light at the end of the tunnel in terms of putting the alleged might of the western world in proper perspective, along with all the scams that are based on the previous feelings of resignation that had taken hold in Africa.

Who will have the last laugh after the Illuminati has failed, very shortly, to ruin the agriculture here, for instance? The power and wealth of any nation is its agriculture and by that standard Uganda and many, many other IMF-targeted nations throughout the world are obviously, to me at least, on the brink of rampant prosperity and true development as The City of London (the tired old present expression of Rome) continues to 'decline and fall.'

Musaveni seems to me to be an exception to the rule of a successful warrior, at least in terms of his mature ability to govern. Perhaps he adopted a strong mandate for himself before he decided to campaign militarily against the most recent, ruinous British-proxy regime here.

There's a national newspaper, THE MONITOR, which regularly criticizes his policies and especially the actions of many of his subordinates in the Army and in the government. He's lately responded by firing many corrupt officials and in some cases by even writing rational explanatory letters to the editor, which are then published. As far as I know, he hasn't had anyone murdered for opposing him in the press or in politics and I haven't detected any of the doublespeak or outright lying from him that characterizes politicians in the west. In the latter case, it's general knowledge by now that we can tell they're lying because their lips are moving, which is why I never pick up an American paper except to read some of the comics or classified ads.

I saw a picture of the US Ambassador to Uganda the other day. I wouldn't buy a used car from him. A white tie, black shirt and pinstripe suit would make him look like any Mafia don. None of his many jokes are funny at all to me. President Mugabe, the scourge of once-prosperous Zimbabwe, at least tells funny jokes. Western bad guys have no class at all by contrast. He offered, for instance, to send observers to Florida to ensure polling integrity there after Bush ('President Cujo') was unlawfully appointed President in 2000 by the US Supreme Court. Mugabe was widely known, by then, for his own vote-fraud shenanigans, which is what made his offer so funny.

Don't you think it's miraculous, as I do, that any nation these days has a shred of national sovereignty left after several generations of Illuminati rape and plunder in the 'post-empire' decades? My own country had totally and profoundly capitulated to The City of London (IMF is simply one of London's many masks, of course) by 1935, sad to say. The upside of that, I suppose, is that at least all elected US federal officials are now manifestly liable for capital punishment, having blatantly committed treason, especially because of their active and passive roles in enacting draconian, alleged legislation following the feds' destruction of the World Trade Center, for which the army of payrolled liars incredibly blamed a few swarthy Muslims.

The saddest part of this long-term treason debacle is that many Americans have become so brainwashed and submissive in past generations that they might feel inclined to just hug the traitors and tell them that they forgive them, sort of like how the jury 'compassionately' acquitted the teenage Menendez brothers (who brutally murdered their parents on a whim) because 'they were now orphans.' I kid you not!

Since the brainwash protocols that are now in place in America and Europe were derived from fundamentalist Christian brainwashing successes in the nineteenth century, though, which are obviously schizophrenic/psychotic, the downside of this fake, vacuous meekness is that in any given moment the brainwashing can degrade en masse and the former drones will then likely turn into an armed, vengeful mob when they realize how irretrievable their personal freedom truly is under the current, incorrigible American regime.

It's been said that it's too late to salvage this federal government but too early to shoot its leaders. In fact, thanks to the internet, all we really need to do to fix the problem is to prevail on a few elected Sheriffs arrest some of these traitors and the rest will probably play out in a lawful manner, including hundreds of treason trials in newly lawful courts throughout the land.

I don't want the army, other than perhaps some Constitutionally mandated militias, to get involved in this process. If we allow a mutiny to remove the traitors in Washington, DC, we may never return that stolen political power to the localities and states, where it rightfully belongs.

Let's set these Russian and Chinese troops that are billeted underground in the US free and help them get back home where they belong, okay?

Our aim is to ameliorate this potential mayhem that would be known as global martial law and to lessen the impact of the Illuminati's vindictiveness as they continue to exit the geopolitical stage during this fast-emerging paradigm. Anyone can see that Ugandans enjoy a whole lot more personal freedom than Americans do at this point. All they lack is economic freedom and, like France, this place is a potential economic powerhouse due to the industriousness of the people, the strength of their family structure and to the abundance & consistently high quality of their agricultural products.

Forgive my non-sequitur here, but yesterday, while Doc Kayiwa and I were riding a bus to the city from his suburban home in Kyaliwajala/Namugongo I saw a little café by the highway, called 'Monica Lewinsky's Joint.' Ugandans have a pretty wry sense of humor. I ought to stop and see what their specialty is ;-)

As far as I can tell, Uganda has more potential economic freedom than most countries because they've been more or less abandoned by the International Monetary Fund, who must have honestly believed that destroying the national currency was an economic death sentence. What cretins those banker/trolls have turned out to be, after all! They should have known that having survived a series of parasitic and even brutal proxy regimes since their independence in 1962, the Ugandans were not going to just roll and give up just because a bunch of Bazungu ruined their currency. This is still a bit of a barter culture, after all.

What does it take to succeed in this emerging paradigm? The old rules of excessive centralization, exploitation, subversion and suppression don't work well any more and those four approaches to 'governance' (I really hate that new word) are the Illuminati's entire stock in trade. Maybe now they can go find some planet where their tired old crap still works. I'll volunteer to pull the handle at the gallows if they decide to stick around to stand trial instead. Hell, I'll even pay my own travel expenses to have that happy privilege. Political correctness be damned. You can hug and forgive them all you want but in my view they need to be punished now, too.

Doc and I gifted all seven Entropy/HAARP towers in Gulu (how many refugees have cell phones, do you reckon? ;-)) and after the sun went down (no streetlights in that city) we did the other gifting work, which involved getting out of the car, in very private darkness. In Uganda, regular people are always watching, unlike in western countries, where the only ones 'always watching' are the fake-gov't spies who follow us all around on our gifting missions, or at least try really, really hard to. One of the HHGs, for instance, had to be placed within the main tower array, since it was obviously in a vortex.

We slept in a modest, very clean hotel room overnight after eating our sandwiches and chatting 'til nearly midnight. We dined at one of the hotel bar's tables. There was a young woman at the only table that had chairs available, so Doc asked her permission for us to share the table. At the time, I thought, 'Jeez, I hope she doesn't think we're coming on to her.' She seemed nonplussed but was obviously not happy about our presence.

He told me later that she's a hooker, which I missed entirely. I thought she was on a school trip or something and the only unusual thing I noticed about her was that she was mixing beer and Coca Cola in a glass. I'm such a babe in the woods. Doc B never drinks, nor do I. He got a bottle of water and I got a STONY soda, which is made in East Africa with ginger and some mystery ingredients and is really tasty.

By the way, after I told Carol that it was hard for me to understand my Muganda witch doctor buddy, Kizira's, praises for polygamy, she'd emailed me right back to say, 'Don't get any ideas; I don't like to share my men with anyone!'

Polygamy is lawful here, by the way, perhaps because there are so many Muslims. I don't cotton to polygamy but I think that's one more evidence that the culture is stronger here than the hypocritical PC protocols of the Illuminati are. Illuminati-asset moralists, for instance, advocate monogamy but bugger little boys.

When you go to Uganda, take along a 'Solar Shower.' This is an inexpensive, sturdy plastic bag with a short hose and shower nozzle attached. You can leave the full bag in the sun to heat the water and then hang it up to get some water pressure. I've used those a lot but I forgot to bring one this time. Most houses don't have running water, though folks keep them scrubby-dutch clean inside and out. Water's usually hauled from a communal pump, spigot, stream, lake or spring. One can take an entire bath with a gallon of water, including shampoo and shave, if one is reasonably efficient. Get used to the idea of hole-in-the-floor privies, too. There's a sort of athletic art to using those well and there's no question (I bear witness) that one is guaranteed better bowel function when one is constrained to squat rather than sit. I've known affluent people in America who have built platforms over their toilets so that the feet and kinetic excretory bits are on the same level. Westerners, culturally, aren't squatters but probably should be if the colon/rectal cancer rates are an indication.

My first encounter with this kind of plumbing was in Micronesia when I was seventeen. In that case, the floor of the privy was a series of bamboo 'planks' over a pit or lagoon, with the middle two planks missing. They called it a 'benjo,' which is the Japanese word for privy. The Japanese built some gorgeous, appropriate tech infrastructure when they 'owned' those lovely islands between WWI and WWII. The Americans tore most of it up from some xenophobic impulse and never replaced it.

An English guy rode trains all over the world and wrote a coffee-table book about his rides. PRIVVIES I HAVE KNOWN might be an interesting, commercially feasible pan-cultural study for somebody who's more erudite than I am. I've heard that the Ivy Tower crowd is happy to publish almost anything as long as it doesn't criticize the Illuminati or any of their predatory/parasitic agendas.

My second encounter was in South France, where public toilets, at the time, were characteristically a large, round depression in the floor with two raised, shoeprint-shaped pedestals in the middle. It's hard to miss in that case. These are probably a big challenge for drunks, though.

Folks favor masonry houses with metal roofs in this part of the world, though as you get away from the larger towns you mostly see traditional round, thatched huts that feel very nice to be in and are cool inside during the day. The best part is that the only real expense in building one of these is the doorframe and door, which may be considered optional at any rate. The government normally gives fertile land to refugees, even from other countries, in cooperation with the local hierarchies, which is an indication to me that the regime is sincerely interested in the well-being of the people.

There are still several thousands of yet-to-be-settled refugees from northern Uganda and even Sudan in large camps not far from Gulu and Lira, which is a similar-size city farther east.

The army 'barracks' that we saw between the Nile and Gulu were village-like collections of round huts every few miles along the highway and there are several larger clusters of close-packed huts around the city itself. These are largely built by professional people from the evacuated areas who do volunteer work while waiting for employment elsewhere. There are lots of homeless people around, too, of course, many of whom sleep on the hospital grounds.

Even under duress, it can be seen that Ugandans take a lot of pride in their personal appearance and surroundings. I'd only brought along one pair of long pants and a buttoned shirt (light traveler) and I know that by mostly wearing shorts, sandals and T-shirts I've caused my

companions a little social distress. Doc Kayiwa kindly shined my shoes, which are black, part-leather cross trainers, before he took me to a downtown government office earlier this week to answer questions from several movers and shakers about zappers and I'm sure that helped me make a good impression on them.

The next morning we went around to see if any more gifting needed doing, and Doc Batiibwe wanted to visit the hospital and do some specific gifting there. The smog was gone and the sky was normalizing by then. One of his associates, who had lived in Gulu for some time and is a doctor at the hospital (out of town at the time), told him over the phone on the previous evening that Gulu is always smoggy like that, so we're eager to get some follow up from him. Some of the gloom had dispelled, too, which is what usually happens after you gift a city with orgonite devices. After all, about half of the 10,000 or so new Entropy and HAARP towers in the Los Angeles basin have now been busted and 'smog days' in LA are very few and far between now, instead of constant as before. We'd used about 20 towerbusters, an HHg and an etheric pipe bomb on Gulu by then.

The hospital was built in 1938 and was in pretty tough shape. There was no shortage of trained staff, most of whom are volunteers from among the refugees (the gov't can't afford to pay them, but they were given land and there's plenty of food to go around), but of course the facility is overwhelmed in terms of other resources, including space. We met the head nurse, Serafina, who escorted us through the grounds and answered the Doc's questions. Serafina told us that in the maternity ward, for instance, prospective mothers are mostly consigned to reed mats on the floor and when there's a surgical emergency at night, the crowd of homeless folks who sleep along the covered walkways between the wards and the operating theatre really slow down the emergency personnel.

The only new facility we saw on the grounds was a blood collection and storage lab donated by the Italian gov't in 2001. Doc Paul said the supply and variety of blood stored there is impressive.

We saw huge warehouses full of alleged food on the outskirts of town, owned by NGOs affiliated with the UN, but I didn't see any evidence that the UN agencies come around the hospital much. I say, 'alleged,' because none of this stuff is very nutritious nor is it part of the traditional diet, which IS nutritious. My happy thought is that the usual way the UN uses food as a weapon in order to induce people to come to their camps isn't working entirely as they'd like, since Uganda is already loaded with wholesome food, perhaps thanks in small part to Doc Batiibwe's timely construction of East Africa's first cloudbuster last May, which caused the 'dry season' to have more rain than the previous rainy seasons.

Another weapon, in a dual sense, are the drugs supplied by the World Health Organization. In one sense, they're weapons because they're designed to kill or disable lots and lots of people and in the other sense, the WHO poison pushers want Africans to believe that 'If you wanna heal, you gotta come to US!!' In Uganda, at least, even the refugees adamantly prefer traditional remedies to WHO drugs and they don't hesitate to let these creeps know that. The way the WHO induces cholera and similar epidemics in refugee camps is to insist on pit toilets being dug without supplying any digging implements. They then loudly lament "The Africans' lack of any sense of sanitation," to the world. It reminds me of the way Hitler's and Custer's tale-tellers dehumanized their intended victims before herding them into those cattle cars on the way to the slaughterhouses.

Another UN trick in Africa has been to deprive refugee camps of water and then haul it into the camps in petroleum tank trucks with a large proportion of gasoline or diesel mixed with the

drinking water. The UN only pulled that stunt in Zaire a couple of times, though, since it was an obvious population-culling technique to even the slack-jawed Pajama People who stare at CNN. So, there we have it: The Ugandan government gives land to refugees and helps them keep their dignity and the City of London humiliates and murders them whenever possible.

You might still actually believe that the UN represent at least a shred of humanity, but most Black Africans no longer labor under that delusion. Dr. Batiibwe is preparing a report on our visit with the renowned Dr. Yahaya Sekagye and his PROMETRA ceremony with 300 fellow Ugandan herbalists and traditional healers, which is going to show you an astonishing 'other side' to what's happening in favor of real healing in Africa these days. I'll offer some comments after he's posted that illustrated report. Now that he's back on the job, though, he may not have time to do all of that.

He's the hardest working vacationer I know.

Since we've disabled essentially all of the HAARP and entropy transmitters in the entire country in the past month, it's pretty well guaranteed that the trolls in London will never get their cordial wish of famine for Uganda, thank God, and it's been raining daily for two weeks into the current 'dry season' here. In fact, some are complaining about the rain, as most of the roads are now muddy and the craftsmen and merchants, who work mostly outdoors, are feeling a pinch. I'm sure the farmers and herders are seeing it a little differently, of course. Perhaps somebody will get around to busting all the HAARP from East Uganda to Mombassa, Kenya's port city directly east of here. I think that will put another long knife in HAARP's African heart. We're going to spend a month in Southern Africa with Georg, savagely assaulting HAARP from that angle, too. Since Georg and associates have already done the lion's share of that, I'm going to make sure that my report won't seem like grandstanding, even though I managed to upstage Georg in many of the photos that Batiibwe took on our gifting missions.

I'm starting to feel a little like Freddy Kruger's higher-self expression or as Governor Schwarzenegger's imagined portrayal of the character, Hamlet, in re: HAARP in Africa- 'To be or not to be ... Not to be!' [Boom!]

This is also locust (grasshopper) season in Uganda, by the way, which is a good thing, since they're a food staple. Doc Kayiwa pointed out a nighttime locust harvest operation on Kampala's outskirts. There were several huge pieces of corrugated iron, expeditiously arranged, lotus-fashion, under an exposed halogen light attached to the top of a very long pole in the center. The bugs went to the light from every direction, were blinded and then fell to the metal, where they slid down into a collection trough. I'm a big fan of appropriate tech, aren't you? They get the big bucks here for cooked and raw locusts. They're very filling, by the way. If you're a muzungu, it's probably helpful not to think of what they looked like on your windshield last summer back in Kansas.

There were some French docs staying at the hotel in Gulu who were with *Medicins sans Frontieres* (Doctors Without Borders) and Dr. Paul noted that the name isn't entirely accurate, if you take intellectual frontiers into consideration. I didn't bother to mention zappers to them. I think that putting a big flag on your vehicle in that part of Uganda is like carrying a sign which says, 'We're just here to look good, so don't bother to ask for our help.'

Doc B conceived a trip to Lira on the way back and we turned onto the Lira Highway before we got to the Nile and traveled through a progressively more prosperous and pleasant region, though army patrols were still as numerous as on the road to Gulu. We bought some boiled peanuts from a vendor at the junction for about a nickel and that was a LOT of chow. One of Doc B's friends in

Kiboga had graciously told me how to prepare Bunyebwa, which is a delicious sauce made from peanuts ('binyebwa'), tomatoes and onions. I can't wait to try variations of that, using other nuts and vegetables. Some basil and garlic will be tasty.

If you're not big on eating meat, as I'm not, this is a terrific traditional source of protein and it tastes good with all the root vegetables and with matoke. I like the cooking bananas roasted or fried. They grow a lot of sunflowers here for the oil and for feed.

Right after Georg and I had arrived in Uganda a month ago the newspaper showed a gruesome front-page picture of LRA atrocities in Lira-thirteen hacked bodies. I guess the CIA is only giving Kony enough bullets to shoot the Ugandan and Sudanese soldiers with, so the butchering of non-combatants is probably a downside manifestation of Ugandan resourcefulness. That sort of thing makes me appreciate the courage of these small Ugandan foot patrols that we saw. Kony's Kids (snipers, too) go after patrols rather than fortified positions.

After an hour we reached the town, which is another large one with seven Entropy and HAARP towers. There are many more towers per capita in Gulu and Lira than there are in Kampala but I guarantee that there are MUCH fewer cell phones per capita in the two smaller cities ;-)

As in Gulu, there are very few cars or even motorcycles in Lira, which is the other Ugandan city which received thousands of refugees from the LRA/CIA/MI6 atrocities in Northern/Eastern Uganda. Unlike Gulu, though, Lira is very upbeat, lively and confident.

I've been to quite a few 'poor' countries and it never stops astonishing me to see the range of human responses to economic duress. I've come to believe that as we Homo sapiens get more and more adequate rain, we can sort out any level of misery in time. Thanks again, Dr. Reich, for showing us the path!

We busted up all the HAARP and Entropy towers and then had a traditional lunch. The ambience in the market-side café was terrific and folks seemed genuinely pleased and curious to have a muzungu around. Anytime you get more than two Ugandan's in a room is usually a celebration, I've found, and I've never been around folks who laugh as much as these do, though the more rural parts of the Bahamas is a close second, along with the Black Carib towns in Belize.

I had the middle part of a tilapia fish in a stew, which I ate with some rice and matoke banana paste, also some sorghum/millet/cassava stuff like we had in the Tororo village at Sam Okurut's dad's place before Georg flew home. Those are terrific fish with white flesh.

Before we got back to the Nile it was raining here and there in all directions, even over Gulu, apparently. I wish you could experience the phenomenally fast results that busting up the Illuminati towers in Africa gets! My heart still goes out to Cbswork in LA, by contrast, since they've had to use many thousands of orgonite devices and a score of cloudbusters to get the results that we routinely get here with twenty or thirty lowly towerbusters and an occasional Cloudbbuster.

Another reason I feel a little sheepish during this trip is that while the Illuminati are focusing so much of their attention and resources on what our network is doing in places like LA and the UK, we're sticking a huge pole right up their stinky backsides here in Africa and laughing out loud about it. They'd apparently considered Africa a done deal for them, in spite of their biological weapons' (including HIV/AIDS) partial, at best, success on this continent. Nothing's working right for them these days. Have you noticed? According to their published plans, the world's

entire population (mostly gangsters like them) was to have been three million souls by the turn of this century. That sure would have been a fool's paradise, eh? ;-)

Kizira is getting so much rain in his Kiboga district area that he's sheepishly put his new CB in the house to slow things down a bit. Everything he does is scrutinized closely by his neighbors and the government these days, since he's such a remarkable fellow. Don't worry-he loves that kind of attention the same way I do and he's a fighter/lover in every sense.

I'm sure (and he'll figure out) that this abundance of rain is simply nature's reasonably gentle balancing act and will resolve itself into a more consistent, regular pattern. At least there's no strong wind or excessive lightning, thanks to the CBs, nor is there any destructive flooding since the rain is now heavily ionized and so is absorbed into the soil.

I've been able to point out to my compadres here the conspicuous way that rainstorms now form overhead instead of moving in a frontal (windy) low-pressure system, as has been the norm since the Illuminati initiated their weather control (mostly rain suppression, cyclones, destructive flooding and desertification, of course) protocols in the 1970s, worldwide. If you're in an area influenced by one of the many thousands of orgonite cloudbusters, which is very likely at this point, look for very white, amorphous cloudforms, quickly building up into the atmosphere in the middle of groups of smaller cumulus clouds and keep watching. If you go around and bust all of the Entropy and HAARP transmitters within twenty or thirty miles, you'll more often see this happen. As far as I know, there isn't even an official name for this orgonite-induced, pre-rain cloud form yet. Maybe the two-dollar whores in the media will start calling it swamp gas or something-who knows? That won't likely happen until the word, 'orgonite,' wends its way to within easy striking range of these payrolled liars in the media, though.

When do you think that's going to happen? If you know by now what I know, you'll throw a little party when they start poo-pooing the stark evidence of our successes because then their free advertising will spread our network's obvious empowerment process throughout the world and generate a groundswell. I think the bad guys already know this and also know that mainstream exposure this network's success is as inevitable as sunrise and their own hemorrhoids.

The really cool part is that by then their entire army of paid, cynical liars will be powerless to discredit us because we've never sought publicity for our work from them and we've never sought compensation, let alone personal recognition or leadership. 'Untouchable' has acquired a new definition in our case. Ronald Reagan would salivate at the notion of our hard-earned Teflon.

Anyway, that sky-healing effect was happening all around us right after we busted up all of the HAARP and Entropy ugliness along both highways and in Gulu and Lira. There were NO towers between the Nile and Lira, by the way. That's sixty kilometers. There were also no significant settlements along that road and few army patrols, which tells us that there's no real threat left in that region by now.

By the way, these new towers become essential cloudbusters after they've been 'gifted' because the orgonite bits turn these dead orgone generators into healthy orgone generators. The atmosphere's net ambience is improved, so it's now better than if the towers had never been built at all. The Illuminati are now hoisting themselves on their own petards this way, at long, long last.

After our military encounter at the Nile bridge, we felt a little trepidatious about our need to toss a stielhandgranate the railing on our return. I spent several minutes pumping myself up and getting

ready for the toss and Doc B and I resolved not to look at the soldiers at the other end of the bridge.

Uncharacteristically, I tossed with all the force I could muster and it still hit the rail and bounced back into the roadway. Batiibwe quickly said, 'Can you believe that I saw that coming?' I believed him because intermittent prescience is a sign of awakening psychic abilities that often goes along with working with this new technology.

We nevertheless scooted off the road not far from the bridge and headed for the 'fortress' to at least to gift the obvious vortex by the falls with an HHg.

It was quickly obvious that no vehicles had driven along that dirt track for many months and at one point I had to shut my eyes as Doc B confidently and competently navigated a particularly muddy, rutty, steep stretch.

We got to the end of the road and could hear the falls, so we followed a path out onto a promontory and there was our 'fortress and turret.' It was nothing but a red-dirt bank on which a many-windowed brick hut had been erected for tourists (tourism had disappeared there several years previously, of course).

While I deposited the holy handgrenade in an appropriate spot nearby, just over the falls, Doc was looking at the activity on the bridge through the binoculars. I took a look, too, and saw a group of soldiers standing in the middle of the bridge where the etheric pipe bomb had come to rest and another, larger group congregating, with some military vehicles, at the nearer end, so we made a hasty but dignified retreat back along the path, hoping that they hadn't been looking at us, looking at them ;-)

Fortunately, a large commercial truck had just arrived at the bridge as we were turning back onto the highway and that was taking up most of their immediate attention, so we didn't have to deal with any interrogation and were free to drive back to Kampala.

The next incident of prescience for the Doc happened about an hour later, and he regretted not taking heed of this one, as it was regarding a noisy blowout at high speed, which destroyed a good tire and knocked part of his rear fender loose. I guess some CIA buttboy had skillfully cut that tire, the way the FBI did to us in Georgia last year. That's a common trick here in the US that's accounted for a lot of highway deaths.

Once, when Kizira was visiting the Doc at the hospital and after watching him work on the wards, K asked incredulously, 'Why don't you just use your third eye to see what's happening with your patients?' and ever since then Dr. Batiibwe has been experiencing bouts of high psychism ;-). It's been an awful lot of fun being around these two, I can tell you. Kizira never seems to fail to awaken some higher awareness in everyone he touches. He sure did that for me.

Dr. Kayiwa's been my host for most of the last half of my visit to Uganda. The fellow's a genius in ways that complement the other players' expertise and that probably rates at least an entire report. The problem is that he's shared a lot of confidences with me that are astonishing, even mind boggling, but prefers that I don't share many of them with others, so I'll have to content myself with reporting what we've done together and just a little of what he's done 'behind the scenes' to spread the good news of what we're all doing here.

You can imagine my internal pressure, since I'm one who loves to tell all as long as it doesn't harm anyone's valid reputation or insult anyone's character. I can at least say, with integrity, that none of the personal things that Doc Kayiwa has shared with me indicate anything but his own integrity and incredible resourcefulness. He's wise to play his cards close to his chest, though, since he's chosen a career in politics for the present phase of his multi-faceted life. I'll continue to do whatever I can to foster his highest interests and I love the fellow like a brother and hope he'll come stay with me in America as soon as possible. I know we can raise holy hell together anywhere. More to follow on that count, of course ;-)

Don Croft

Episode 76C

Participating in the Awards Ceremony of Traditional Healers

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc76Ctraditionalhealers15dec03.shtml>

Dec. 15, 2004

On the return from Gulu, I suggested to Don that we go and witness the handing out of Certification awards to traditional healers sponsored by PROMETRA (NGO for the Promotion of Traditional Medicine) Uganda the next day. By 9:30 am, Dr Kayiwa, Don and I. had gotten together. While Don and Dr. K were at the internet café, I had repairs of the front wheeler done and we sped towards the venue along the road to Masaka, albeit a little late. Masaka is a town about 120 kilometers west of Kampala. About half way there, a sign post showing PROMETRA Buyijja alerted us to make a right hand turn to cover the 4 kilometers on a murrum road. The more we moved along this road, the narrower it became until we sighted a pot with holes in it, mounted on a vertical cement slab bearing the names PROMETRA in front of round brick huts, still under construction, in the background.

Nalugoma

The route had reduced to a path at a point where a by-stander showed us an area we could park our vehicle in the bushes and followed him. We walked no less than 1 kilometer deep into a thick forest, on a soggy footpath, occasionally jumping over trails of safari ants, while listening to our guide's story. Apparently he was also a trainee who had just qualified. He told of there being an entity in charge of the forest and a water spring starting within, hence the name "Nalugoma"

All of a sudden, we were able to see the sky, and an open space with immaculately well maintained small gardens right in front of us.

"These are medicinal plant gardens, owned by the trainees," our guide told us.

Further ahead was a forest of trees, a bigger proportion of which were medicinal, and bore botanical nametags. Here is where the training takes place and the function to be held there was about to begin.

The organizers and graduates were waiting for the guest of honor, the Resident District Commissioner of that area.

An Impromptu Class

After signing in the guest book, we were welcomed by an elderly lady who offered to take us around the forest. That is when she recognized that I had been there before and she had instructed me on an earlier occasion about the medicinal uses of trees she was pointing out.

Looking at me she asked, "what medicinal value does this tree have?" Honestly, she'd told me the first time I was there, but I could remember neither the tree nor its uses.

Most of these trees are no less than 3 meters high. With most of their leaves forming the canopy above, it makes identification a little tricky. Well, she went all over it again and we ended up in the gardens, where things got more interesting.

Many plants had very unique uses ranging from luck, to relationships, to de-parasiting the body, to immune boosting, poison antidotes and body cleansing. We listened to the lady as others joined us.

Overall, the reported importance of the plants herein, appealed to at least one aspect of our group's pressing life challenges and needs. How I wish it were completely true.

Ability of Humans to Create & Direct

My psychic friend Kizira says humans have a creative ability. They can bestow upon any thing a force to carry out something on their behalf. For instance, a plant can be assigned the responsibility to treat a disease or even guard a place against thieves. An entity can be requested to protect a water spring, engage another entity, or another being. It can be directed to look for plants with certain curative properties. Water can be made to store a human intent. All of the above, amongst several others, can manifest by one making simple affirmations! Kizira believes that spirits in flesh (read human beings) have more power than those without. Seth, a one time non-physical teacher, ascends to this idea. Talking of water qualities, Hulda Clark Ph.D. now describes a technique of cloning treatments into water in the latest of her books, *The Cure for Advanced Cancers* (but enough of such diversions. Back to the gardens)

Dr Yahaya Sekagya

As what to learn seemed endless, our lesson was abruptly brought to a halt by the arrival of a flamboyantly dressed man, the brains behind this effort, Dr Yahaya Sekagya

A dental Surgeon by basic training, Sekagya conceived the idea of this project 11 years ago. He narrated that, one time while training for CONCERN Worldwide as a consultant in traditional medicine, he found himself in this forest, in which he got lost for three days and two nights.

Throughout the three days, the doctor continued, he did not eat or feel hungry and he neither feared nor felt cold. He spent the nights under a huge tree (*Ficus natalensis*) where he received the message that at that particular place was to be the training and treatment center for traditional medicine. It was then that I realized we were actually standing under that very tree.

PROMETRA Uganda

PROMETRA Uganda is an affiliate organization of PROMETRA International with its headquarters in Dakar-Senegal and whose president is Dr Erick Vidjin Gbodossou, MD.

I am impressed by the rising number of MDs acknowledging the need to supplement their training and practice with alternative therapeutic approaches.

Our intensive medical training emphasized the use of conventional drugs as the only mode of healing, carefully brainwashing the trainees into believing that all other options, are not real; or at best unproven.

Given their organized religion-based background, many MDs are quick to tell their clientele that traditional healing is satanic, unhygienic and uses concoctions whose dosage is largely guesswork. But it is this traditional healing, not conventional medicine, that has supported populations through all civilizations. The onset of conventional medicine has seen increased epidemics, diminishing life expectancy, and a diminishing of quality life years.

When practicing, many MDs get frustrated by the seemingly incurable diseases on the rise, by the lack of freedom to research into other possible treatments without support from the multinationals pharmaceutical firms. Research was carefully designed to be expensive.

I am glad that the doors to PROMETRA are open to all, including MDs. If my country had schools training naturopaths, I bet these physicians would get along very well with MDs.

If the indigenous African peoples were ever proud, they are no longer. The economic imbalance amongst the nations between the north and south divide has been styled in place by the currencies exchange rate. To me, the exchange rates reflect the quotient times the average quality of life, which in turn creates a huge difference between the two countries in question. Thus, currently Uganda's quality of life is 2000 times worse than that of America.

The organized religions introduced to Africans were done rather unfaithfully. They, together with the educational system that ushered them in, poured in endless feelings of inferiority amongst the natives, thus undermining the African's spirituality, which encompassed traditional healing. Up to now, white is considered superior and black is evil. What a chondray!

In the sub Saharan Africa, more than 50% of the population does not have access to modern medicines, in spite of the brainwashing that nothing else works. This couples with the ugly truth that the Africans' knowledge of their medicinal plants has been lost; being carried to the grave with each dying traditional healer, to create an enormous vacuum in health education. Is it any wonder that Africa has the worst declining health statistics in the world?

PROMETRA, developed a cultural and geographically specific training curriculum for practitioners of Traditional Medicine (the FAPEG method) with the hope that Western medicine and modern science will respect the age-old knowledge and wisdom of traditional medicine and indigenous science. They are looking at natural medicine as a means of development.

Health systems in Africa are always donor driven. The priorities the other way around are very wrong. Take malaria for example. It is still the number one killer in Africa, in spite of much media hype about AIDS. Little of practical knowledge is applied against malaria, beyond lamentations and procuring expensive modern drugs. On average, the number of times one falls sick of malaria in Africa is six times per year. A very conservative estimate of US \$1 per treatment, per episode, for a population of 22 million, leaves my country loosing US \$ 132 million to pharmaceutical firms annually to treat malaria alone!

There are well known medicinal herbs, shrubs, and trees that are effective against malaria and numerous other ailments that can grow almost anywhere in the tropics, even within the compound of ones home. The extraction of active ingredients often does not require more than boiling in water. Preservation largely depends on natural methods, like the drying of herbs in the sun.

If this knowledge was well understood by the well-meaning leaders of the third world, the costs of health care would be drastically reduced with lots of savings. This approach could cure most of the health problems of Africa.

The best of each style of medicine must work together in order to ensure that the health problems of Africa are addressed within every country, city and village. In the current world situation, it would be necessary to train healers and establish settings where healers can share their knowledge and reinforce their training. This is what PROMETRA is attempting to do.

The Ceremony

There was a brief drizzle that hardly interrupted anything as we walked back to the shade and inside the tent, below the "sacred" Ficus tree, which had been erected to function as a classroom.

Some of these shelters bore tags such as "class one" (for basic knowledge and identification of medicinal plants), "class two" (diseases and treatments using traditional medicines) and "class three" (for spirituality and traditional healing).

We were seated in front of a large group of trainees who were to be awarded certificates on this day. After self-introductions, I was requested to introduce Don Croft to the gathering in the local vernacular.

While waiting for the guest of honor, we were entertained by their own local choir and dance group. The group sang about the importance of traditional medicine, how it has helped heal many of the numerous chronic ailments plaguing the country, the need to stop discriminating against natural medicines and instead promote them, the advantages of TM, etc.

The chief Guest of Honor was delayed in her arrival because of the other functions she had to preside over that day. However, the programmed continued in her absence. When it came time to hand out the certificates, Don was called upon to act as the guest of honor for presenting awards. This was something he did admirably in spite being feeling visibly unwell. Don congratulated each candidate in the local dialect (I, of course, was fervently hoping that he would remember what to say).

The Resident District Commissioner Arrives

A bit later, we were joined by the entire entourage of the Guest of Honor, the Resident District Commissioner who is the representative of the President of Uganda in the district. Her entourage included the district security chief, assistants, and bodyguards. She apologized for being held up by other functions which included the district World AIDS day of celebration. In her speech, she paid glowing tribute to the role played by PROMETRA in promoting what is indigenous, citing that without Traditional Medicines, the protracted guerrilla war fighters led by President Museveni would have faced immense health challenges, at that time.

She pledged support for the organization. She delegated the responsibility of choosing the best garden to the security officer and me. A lovely garden, which was very well maintained, was chosen and the 'owner' was presented with gifts which included a goat and a hand lantern. Other gifts were then given to Don and the chief Guest of Honor.

In his speech, Dr Sekagya, the President of PROMETRA Uganda, talked of the achievements of PROMETRA in areas of herbal garden development, collaboration with other agencies, and sensitization of communities. He recognized the role played by various stakeholders in supporting

this organization and in particular thanked the FORD Foundation for their assistance. He cited funding gaps as a big restriction in realizing their objectives.

At one point, Don requested that a gift be given to Dr Sekagya. He received one of Carol Croft's creations, the Harmonic Protector pendant. Don said that he appreciated the Uganda government's openness to traditional and other alternate therapies, at least at the political leadership level. He described how the HP pendant works and its advantages. He wished all along that he had been able to take his gifted wife, Carol, along with him on this trip. I translated his speech into the vernacular and informed the listeners about some of the other neckies strapped round Dr Sekagya, which he had received as honors from various places in Africa.

The function was crowned with a bash of typical African steamed foods. We feasted till evening while chatting. I was mainly answering questions of the inquisitive security chief, who at the end of it all, was greatly amazed by Don's peculiarities and our unique view and approach to worldly issues.

Paul Batiibwe MD

Episode 77

What We Did About the US Special Forces 'Visits'

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc77USspecialforcesvisit19dec03.shtml>

Dec. 19, 2003

Some of us have been experiencing materializations in our homes by aggressors in the past year or so and I think Carol finally got some fairly hard data about this in an interesting way. The day I left for Africa, she went to Florida with our friend, Linda Kingsbury, for a week or so and one of their activities there was to be a dolphin swim in the Florida Keys. Linda's a psychic who's on Carol's general level, though her technique is a little different. They both felt something wasn't quite right with the fellow who drove the boat out to the reef that day and the confirmation came when he took them to the vicinity of a US Special Forces base that's used for underwater training.

Aside from the oddity of the fellow's focus, they didn't give it a lot of thought or attention and though the water was too murky for swimming that day, due to previous storms (shark danger) lots of dolphins came up to the boat and interacted with them.

They later visited the Dolphin Research Center which I'd written about almost three years ago when we lived across the road from it on Grassy Key. Linda agreed that the dolphins there are rather using that facility to research humans ;-)

After Carol got home, almost nightly visitations began to occur, even upstairs where our bedroom is, though only once did she see a 3D person. In that case he was at the bottom of the stairwell at the end of the hall. In every case she simply ignored them and blasted them until the visits ended.

Last night we had a hunting session because yesterday morning (we stayed in a motel in Spokane after she picked me up at the airport) we were 'accosted' by a plainclothes government psychic in Denny's Restaurant who was at a nearby table with five or six uniformed Air Force guys, presumably from nearby Fairchild Air Force Base.

Carol was the first to notice him, as my back was turned to that nearby table, so when she told me to look, I did so briefly, then said, 'Watch what happens to the guy,' and blasted him.

She said, 'His face turned red,' and we both had a good laugh.

He stared right at me as we left not long after that, and it was obvious that he wasn't afraid of me. I just figured that he was going to 'show up' later, so I didn't do anything else to him then. I've found that it's sometimes kind of fun to play them and let them think they're getting over on us. Have you tried that? They'd love to make this spiritual conflict as dirty as any other war, but why not have a little fun with it as long as war is unavoidable?

Sure enough, that guy was around astrally, last night, when we decided to go after the Special Forces would-be hitters and we left him alone as we did the rest of the thing, then I chased him down. Carol said he'd split after our first hit and he probably thought he could hide from us ;-)

I think I'm writing this more for the bad guys' sake than for you, as they hate it when anything like this is put into public record. It's just one more fun way of counting coup on erstwhile-hidden enemies of mankind and of life in general.

Carol looked for the top of the food chain in this bunch and of course found a guy in a gray uniform, so we 'put it on the big screen' and in a couple of minutes he was dead on the floor from a weak heart.

Then we focused on the US Army Special Forces Colonel (MK Ultra alumni, of course) who had taken his orders from this chump and then commanded the hitter-wannabees in our house, but all that happened was that he puked, which told us that he hadn't a clue that he was out of line and perhaps honestly believes that we're 'terrorists.' Most MK Old Boys never question their root programming after all, even in the face of their bosses' obvious predatory agenda, and not many folks have much of a conscience these days, anyway.

The five Special Forces visitors were the next targets and they, too, are just MK Ultra warriors who never questioned their objectives, so Carol went to work on them and found one who is psychic. I powered up her efforts and she got him to clearly see his own programming history and to see that we're not only harmless, but are two people who should be protected, not attacked. He then started talking to the other four about it, she told me.

She said that they had been told to exercise extreme caution in our house (!) so all that had happened, so far, was surveillance. She said they'd tried to be very quiet, so it wasn't an effort to simply intimidate her as previous 3D visitors from the Dark Masters had tried to do a year ago after we'd first discovered that we could hurt the people at the top of the predator food chain.

Carol feels that the significance of the tour operator (Special Forces guy) was that they needed to establish a physical link in the vicinity of the underwater base in order for them to get a reliable portal established into our home.

Linda had assumed responsibility for picking a dolphin tour before they left home and that particular business tour company was the only one that came up in an internet search. When they got there, they found lots and lots of established dolphin-tour businesses, so Carol assumes that the CIA was monitoring Linda's computer and ensuring that only this one tour company would show up in a search. I'm sure you've experienced similar hacker infestations by now.

I don't think we'll be bothered by this bunch any more, even without having posted this account, but it was probably leading up to a bloody hit if we didn't pay attention and take some action.

We wasted the latest head of the Homeland Security Abomination for good measure. Since the bad guys are addicted to centralization, this always seems to be a good idea for gumming up their genocide works in North America, at least, and they keep appointing murderous, all-human chumps for some reason, so it's hard to resist, anyway 8-).

Maybe the Illuminati, ever resourceful, have set up that job as a dumping ground for murderous, bureaucratic incompetents by now. I guess I'm happy to oblige, since in each case these new HSA bosses will no longer be brutalizing and murdering children and other innocents after they come to our attention.

The reason this US Special Forces thing was a curious development for us is that in the past the bad guys mostly sent cold-blooded killers at us, not real soldiers.

The faulty bit of reasoning on their part was that people who aren't outright murderers are still susceptible to the same higher spiritual instincts which you and I are comfortable with, so they're all potential allies, especially as the outright satanic orientation of Homeland Security Abomination becomes more and more blatant to their leg breakers.

Commitment is a curious thing. In our brief history as a network we've seen a few people finally commit to either side of this conflict and once that commitment has been solidified, no amount of outside influence will seem to deflect the individual from his chosen affinity in each case, no matter what had transpired before or what they'd accomplished.

I can say without a trace of cynicism that this experience has been the single most astonishing, enriching teacher of the nature of humanity than anything else I'd ever been involved in.

As far as I can tell, one's capacity for selfless love seems to be the determining factor for remaining free of mind-f---ing entanglements with the other side and that's surely a function of personal faith rather than of any considerations of ethics/morality, the filthy shadow of which is surely 'Political Correctness.'

After we were done, I chased and pummeled that benighted CIA psychic until he was scared \$#! +less (Bravado doesn't count for much when you work for the bad guys these days ;-).

Now Carol and I need to focus more effort on getting rid of that damnable Federal Reserve Corporation. There was a setback last month as the primary radionics tower (the secondary is in our backyard and needs a new motor, which I now have) was, after nearly a year of operation, successfully removed by the bad guys, so now it's back to the drawing board to get another vortex-powered device online or to at least generate a vortex in the new location of the primary when it comes to rest pretty soon.

'God's time is the best time,' as the Germans used to say. I never can seem to help grinning at the notion that the bad guys think they're making anything at all happen for themselves and for their way-behind-schedule genocide agendas these days. It all backfires for them, one way or another, as far as I can tell, and by the time they reach the courtrooms and subsequent nooses that await them throughout the planet, they'll be pitifully deflated rather than having gone out with a murderous flourish.

Wanted: Aerial Gifters

Carol just traded her sporty little convertible for a Jeep, as it looks like we won't be getting an airplane soon, as we'd hoped. It would be so cool if somebody with means will use an airplane to 'carpet bomb' big, hard to reach underground bases and the primary mountain top arrays.

We'll focus on taking out underground bases for now with a 4WD vehicle, by default, as that's the bad guys' last redoubt in America. Others can take out the more obvious Entropy and HAARP towers where they live, as far as we're concerned. More and more are apparently doing that, so it's no longer our personal responsibility, as far as I can tell.

The day she drove it home from the dealer last week a cop parked behind it in our driveway (dead end street) and wrote some stuff in his little book. The license plate ('ORGONE6') wasn't even on it yet ;-) and Carol went out and gave the guy the stinkeye, so he drove away, pretending that he was 'just doing his job.' Chump.

The stupider cops here really do think we're terrorists, still. The feds go around to all the local cop shops in North America these days and use mind control protocols to jack up the newly all-black-uniformed cops' paranoia. Goebbels would have wet his pants with envy at this National Socialist achievement, no doubt, and at the apparent ease with which these FBI cretins get the cops to believe that there's a swarthy, turbaned bomb-thrower under every bush in town ;-)

It's a given that the townspeople in our town don't share this neurosis that the cops have. The many Muslims in this college town are treated very well, as they ought to be.

By the way, I found out that the Muslims in Rwanda didn't participate in the bloodbath there a few years ago. Nor, presumably, did the Hindus.

To Uganda's credit, the various religious factions in that country had resolutely decided to stop letting themselves be divided along those lines even before the British hurled Idi Amin at them all in the early 1970s. I dearly love true religious diversity in any culture.

Cbswork can probably round this Special Forces development out with some harder data when he's ready. We'll be visiting him ASAP for some confab, since it's been awhile since we were there and these northern winters are not much fun for us.

Having participated in essentially busting up the Entropy and HAARP nets in an entire African nation in the last month, I'm really eager to put the hurt on the underground base network in the southwestern US now, which isn't far out of our way when we go to Los Angeles.

~Don Croft

Episode 78

Treppen-whipped!

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc78steppenwhipped20jan04.shtml>

Jan. 20, 2004

Having talked and talked, for weeks, about using earthpipes to disable an underground base, Kelly, Carol and I finally put our money where my mouth is on Sunday, Jan 18, at Joseph, Oregon. Kelly (Laozu on the boards) graciously agreed to make the Earthpipe prototypes

[instructions to build an Earthpipe at bottom of this page...Ken] with Carol and I on Saturday in his terrific, heated shop in Pullman, Washington, and to accompany us to Joseph, Oregon, for the first field experiment the next morning. I'd mentioned that base a few times before and one of Kelly's friends had told us that he watched Air Force One come in for a landing there recently.

Really, the little runway in that narrow Oregon valley might accommodate a Learjet with a drag chute, but not a larger plane. We're assuming that the fellow rather saw one of those UFOs that are disguised as a big jet. After all, Carol and I have seen that happen several times where we live and these low altitude, silent, slow, steeply banking Big Jets with their landing gear extended couldn't have stayed in the air at such a low altitude, nor are there any adequate landing strips within thirty miles of here.

The DOR was quite dense, though, and the little tourist town near Hell's Canyon couldn't account for that. Eval (Knieval) was evident at one time there, but we didn't see much evidence of surface evil. The most obvious DOR characteristic was dense fog at odd altitudes against the surrounding mountains, which are gorgeous, by the way. Oregon's got a LOT of hidden treasures like the pine-forested Wallowa Mountains.

We sort of left it up to Kelly to call the shots. He'd never been to Joseph, though his late father, a professor at WU in Seattle in later years but a dairy farmer and populist in Western Washington before that, had been born in that little town. I sensed that his dad's spirit was present and Carol said he had more or less directed us to Joseph and wanted to help Kelly find the right places to put the six earthpipes. Kelly's friend had told us, last summer, that he saw Air Force One coming in for a landing around Enterprise, which is five miles upstream from Joseph, so we sort of assumed that the base was close to that town, but Kelly and Carol weren't seeing much DOR around Enterprise. As we approached Joseph, the DOR increased dramatically, then we saw the dense fog and we were 'In The \$#!+.'

We took the long way to get there from here. As it turns out, I had assumed that it was the only logical way to go and Kelly and Carol (who knew better) had simply chosen not to disagree with me. It took five hours and I kept saying to Carol, 'Is anyone peeking?' and she kept saying, 'No.' Carol only told me later that she wondered why I had insisted on taking the long way. I told her that I didn't know there was another way. Here's a prime example of the way my stupidity often turns into an asset: After we did the deed, Carol said a whole string of NSA skunks had been positioned along the shorter route to report our progress to the waiting stalkers in Joseph, but the NSA assumed that we weren't stupid enough to take the long route; so they didn't put any of their skunks along that much longer highway through Walla Walla.

A few days prior to that, one of Kelly's friends, Mike, had spotted a fed boss agent tailing Kelly in traffic. The agent was obvious to Mike because there were several tiny antennae sticking out of the big SUV's roof and all of the windows, including the windshield, were blacked out. NONE of those fed skunks are bold enough, any more, to follow Carol and I, so they didn't know which highway we were on as we were leaving Kelly's town. None of their psychics even tried to find us. They had to rely on a few non-descript pavement artists along the assumed route.

We probably would have been pretty naked to the NSA in and around Joseph if we'd driven the logical route, as none of our gifting locations had much cover around them. Of course, the little Succor Punch that we keep going in the car, 24/7, plugged into the cigarette lighter, stops the NSA from getting a non-visual electronic fix on us, even from satellites, and we savagely beat up any of their psychics who stumble into our path. Carol asked me if I ever feel bad for trashing

these psychic predators and other fake-government skunks. I thought about it a little bit and told her, 'NO!' ;-)

So, we drove into Joseph without any of these NSA jerks knowing we were there at all. We went around, driving the 2 foot long, 1 ¼" thick earthpipes into the nearly frozen turf wherever Kelly saw the densest DOR emerging from the ground and we never got spotted by a spook until we'd driven over to the airport to insert the last one. One of them was stationed there, of course, and there was only one paved road into the area.

He didn't see where we put it because we made him want to get to a toilet really fast as soon as we spotted him, but as we were turning onto the highway a few minutes later, having just finished the project, the local boss NSA spook cut us off, slowly drove around the front of our car and gave Carol (the driver) a smug look and a wave, then drove back to town the way he'd come. Carol had dreamt, the previous night, of possible danger for us there, so I was going to bring my pistol, but we had forgotten to buy bullets after our last shooting match. I figured that if we were going to get it they would probably be using a helicopter gunship or something, anyway ;-), as they'd have to put diapers on their benighted fat ninjas in order to get them close to us without embarrassing themselves.

Meanwhile, both Carol and Kelly saw that bright streams of orgone were shooting up from the locations of each of the earthpipes and the sky overhead was developing that characteristic blue hole in the dense DOR fog in several places.

We had a nice dinner in a Chinese restaurant in nearby Enterprise, Oregon, in preparation for the (three hours, it turned out, as opposed to five hours going there ;-), ride back home and the only surveillance in Enterprise was from a local cop who drove slowly by without recognizing our car in the restaurant's small parking lot. He looked pretty nervous, so I guess the feds had been screaming at him. Kelly had a nice chat in Mandarin with one of the owners, though the folks were from near Canton. It's fun going to Chinese restaurants with Laozu Kelly.

Analyzing the look on the boss skunk's face as he drove around our car a little earlier, I got the impression that he assumed that we'd failed this time and that he felt pretty pleased. Normally, after we bust up an underground base, the effects are so immediate, dramatic and comprehensive, that the feds all look fit to be tied right afterward. In Nevada last July, for instance, a boss NSA guy who looked like a weightlifter on PCP, even sat beside me, flexed his muscles and glared right at me in order to frighten me. Since I had a Harmonic Protector on I wasn't even aware that he was present. Ordinarily, I'd sense somebody like that from across the room even if my back was turned. Carol was sitting across the aisle and was astonished that I didn't notice him. She only told me about him as we were walking out of there, so I put our calling card on his brand new, white Lincoln Towncar's windshield as we left the building. That pugnacious, murderous jerk had parked in a 'Handicapped Parking Only' spot, of course, right by the entrance. 'Arrest that man, officer!' ;-)

Kelly, a long-time fan of German culture, told us that there are a couple of distinctively German kinds of humor: gallows humor and 'Treppenwitz.' 'Treppen' means 'stairs,' and 'witz' means 'joke.' The implication is that this sort of joke is usually gotten only after one has reached the bottom of the staircase.

The reason for the title of this article is that 'the joke' on the feds is that the underground base has most likely been completely disabled by now, two days after we did the deed, but they didn't see it coming until long after we'd left the area.

Kelly's going back to Joseph in a few days to make his own assessment. I'm not going to announce success, even though Carol's remote impression is that this has been achieved, because I want to get Kelly's regarded analysis of the relative level of DOR in Joseph before I can recommend earthpipes as a viable alternative to TBs and HHGs for busting up underground bases. Carol and I dowsed the parameters for the devices and also the number on Saturday. My hope is that this will be proven to work, since we need to bust a LOT of underground facilities in order to ensure that the Homeland Security Abomination will have no place to hide after we arrest the federal government for treason and get them to real, newly Constitutional courts of law throughout the land.

It took Richard (Dodeca) and ourselves about thirty gallons of resin during several sorties to disable two big, particularly heinous underground bases around Fallon, Nevada last summer. What we're seeing, based on last weekend's experience, is that we might have been able to do that with a couple of gallons of resin and forty or fifty Earthpipes and all in a day or two.

As soon as this new approach is found to be feasible, or as soon as a modified approach has been proven, Carol and I intend to get to Dulce, New Mexico and disable the primary underground complex west of the Mississippi, perhaps 'doing' a few other major bases in that interconnected network along the way.

Some predatory ETs were so upset by the strong effects of Kelly's first field deployment of an Earthpipe a few weeks ago that they broke the laws of nature and flipped his pickup truck right over on the way home. That's the thing that got my attention, by the way. Endorsements come in many forms in this network's campaigns, after all. Thanks, ET!

Underground facilities put out a lot of deadly orgone radiation (DOR). If there's no DOR, it simply means that nothing's happening any more down there. Homeland Security Abominations essentially 'can't breathe' without plenty of DOR around them. That's going to be their ultimate downfall-no place left for them to hide. Want to deprive these walking horrors-in-waiting of their sustenance right now instead of after they get a chance to attempt genocide?

It's easy and fun to do! There are no risks or obligations and no salesman will call!

Instructions for Making an Earthpipe

Here's how we made them, though the parameters are adjustable:

A two foot long section of 1 ¼" diameter copper pipe-be sure to allow one end to be clean-cut, otherwise the little flange that gets made by a pipe cutter will not allow the close-fitting orgonite plug to be inserted.

Get a quartz crystal that's at least an inch and a half long and about a half inch thick and coil a bare, 13"-long copper wire (should be thick enough to hold the shape of the coil) from the broken end of the crystal, which is the bottom end, in a clockwise direction, opening it out in a cone-shaped, upward spiral for the last few turns. The crystal should have a point on the top end.

Put some Saran Wrap (clear plastic polyester food wrap) loosely down into a 4" long piece of the same pipe. Press the wrap into the inside surface of the pipe so that you can get the maximum amount of orgonite into the mold.

Drop some metal in the bottom inch or so of the pipe, add the crystal/coil, then fill the pipe with metal, shaking it to get the metal to distribute evenly. Be sure to use metal [shavings] through which the resin will saturate, or else you'll need to mix resin and metal first and spoon it into the mold.

Pour the catalyzed resin [fiberglass resin to which the liquid hardener has already been added] slowly into the mold until it's full. When it's hardened and cooled, just pull out the organite plug and insert it into the 2' pipe, paying attention so that the top of the plug will be toward the top end of the pipe. We had to saw off a little bit of the cut ends of several pipes so the plug would easily drop in.

Hammer the pipe down into the ground in a place where it won't likely be seen. Kelly likes to hammer it all the way down so nobody can later see it or pull it out. Use a board between the hammer and the pipe, of course, so the top end of the pipe won't get distorted.

Both Kelly and Carol saw massive streams of DOR coming into the experimental earthpipes by his shop. It can only have come from deep underground. I think we absolutely have a winner here and that it will join the Towerbuster, Holy Handgrenade and Cloudbuster as a primary weapon in the organite arsenal, easily replicated and deployed by just about anyone on the planet.

~Don Croft

Episode 79

That Vrill Buffoon and Other Instruments

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc79vrilbuffoon29jan04.shtml>

Jan. 29, 2004

Everyone who goes to Africa these days sort of gets captivated in one way or another and if you haven't been there you're probably hoping to know what I'm talking about. I'll try to share a glimpse of that phenomenon with you now in a roundabout way. I was sorry to leave that continent last time but some pressing things at home demanded my attention/participation and at least I knew that my visit to Uganda was part of a wonderful process, involving our network, which began before Georg and I arrived and is still unfolding there.

Last week, I found out that Carol's second and my first visit to Africa, that time to Namibia (mainly to support and extend the organite and cloudbuster efforts that were started some months earlier there by Gert Botha), paid off handsomely in the form of abundant, soaking rain across the entire Kalahari and Namib Deserts for the first time in living memory and perhaps much, much longer. Georg in Jo'burg, of www.orgonise-africa.net, my recent travel companion, is mostly responsible for this happy development, though he's been helped considerably by Andy in Botswana and Trevor, also in Johannesburg, not to mention several people in South Africa, Zimbabwe, Lesotho, Namibia and Mozambique who have at least erected cloudbusters on their properties.

After a couple of years of laying groundwork with a dozens of cloudbusters, especially by Andy throughout Botswana (the Kalahari region), Georg and Trevor traveled to South Africa's Indian Ocean coast and disabled all of the HAARP arrays along the entire length of it in two separate journeys in December. That's obviously what opened the way for the moisture from the Indian Ocean to finally breach the former electronic barrier and reach all the way across the southern

part of that continent to the Atlantic at long last, assisted along the way by all those cloudbusters. Having turned those massive arrays into orgone generators with some intelligent distribution of orgonite, the resulting rain was likely a lot more dramatic and pervasive than might have occurred if the HAARP arrays had never been erected. This phenomenon of turning the parasitic machinery of the world order into our assets has been characteristic of this network since its inception 2 ½ years ago.

Before they did that, the Vril creep that I'd mentioned had been inciting genocide among the leadership of the newly elected communist government in Namibia. Enter 'Georg II' in that country, who asked the Etheric Freedom Fighters for help and support in his desire to prevent looting and massacre where he lives and now the world order's war against the people of Namibia is being undermined on two fronts: the new rain will bring prosperity to a drought-ridden land and orgonite will decimate the predatory thoughtform that's lately been generated by a brand new, Vril-inspired and London-financed murder machine.

'Vril' is the ancient, mostly German secret society that is apparently more hidden and more powerful than the Illuminati. Since there's next to nothing about them in public record most of what Carol and I, and a few others, are finding out about them is through astral investigation, but please bear with me and keep an open mind because I invite you to take a peek through our eyes at this in the context of a much larger pattern/trend.

We're operating under the educated assumption that the Vril facilitated the rise and fall of Hitler (Adolf Hitler was the primary impetus for socializing/enslaving Europe & North America and for creating the Zionist State), created and maintained the Montauk facility and other assets throughout North America and Europe, have very old underground bases and antigravity technology, even in Namibia and Antarctica and are likely an integral part of the Great White Brotherhood itself, which is apparently mostly Asian and Middle Eastern, otherwise. If you get a chance to read THE HITLER BOOK, some of the documented information in that book may make more sense when considered in this light, especially, perhaps, the SS' affinity for Islamic cultures. That book is a compilation of essays by reputable German research journalists on the phenomena surrounding Hitler and the continuity of some of these phenomena from the 1800s to the present day. Some of the German personnel throughout World War II at Montauk and in related programs are known to have worked for both the American military and the German military and, though the secret society which finances and operates Montauk has never been named publicly before, we feel sure that they are the Vril. This simple fact, demonstrated circumstantially by eyewitness accounts of reputable people, negates any patriotic or ideological considerations as 'causes' in that closely managed global calamity.

Since the CIA runs MK Ultra, the pervasive mind control program initiated at Montauk in the 1950s, one may safely assume that the Vril are a guiding hand, at least, to the CIA.

Until the same weeks in January in which all of that rain was soaking into the soil in the Kalahari and Namib the Vril were considered with awe by nearly everyone who knew the name. Surely that reputation was the integral part of how this pale, insipid German fellow was able to enthrall the leadership cadre of the predatory South West African People's Organization and convince them to do his bidding. Of course all communist organizations on the planet are only ever just one or two steps away from committing genocide and plunder, so I doubt they needed a lot of convincing. He probably relied almost entirely on the vestiges of awe that some Black Africans still have for European magic and apparent temporal might. After all, most folks in Namibia, black and white, have probably seen or heard about those shiny Vril flying saucers that emerge from under Spitzkoppe in the Namib near the highway that runs from Windhoek to the sea at

Swakopmund. I can assure you that these craft were harmless to us when we were there, even after we dropped some holy handgrenades on that underground base, though they were slightly annoying and deprived us of some sleep the following night..

Since the EFFers went to work on this jerk the SWAPO cadre, which is a creature/instrument of the City of London and so has no real leadership, have lost that sense of fascination because they can see that he's not only as humanly weak as they are, but has perhaps become laughably so since we've been hitting him with orgone. Right now, Georg II in Namibia is about to receive a shipment of orgonite devices from Georg I in Jo'burg and please keep sending him energy to steel his resolve, as he'll be in a position to thoroughly gift the regional SWAPO headquarters where he lives and that will likely start the domino-effect reduction of SWAPO that will show the people of Namibia just how absurd and outdated these foolish thugs are.

Along with those two trends in Africa, I became aware that 'Secret Supporter,' to whose gracious hospitality, wit, and vast experience Georg I and I were privy in Uganda for a couple of weeks, has come under considerable occult attack. I can't give you any details without breaking his confidence but be assured that he's not in physical danger. His cloudbuster base has been demolished and he's become the focus for some directed-energy retaliation that rightly should have been aimed at Georg and I if the parasitic enemy had any personal integrity. Secret Supporter wasn't deflected from hosting us even in the face of at least two other, much more heinous and graphic threats while we were there, so I'm quite sure that this hasn't done more than cause him a little dismay. Please send him energy in your special way now, through me if you have a hard time visualizing him. Otherwise, he draws on a considerably powerful organization for his own personal safety.

There are enough cloudbusters in Uganda to keep the very nice weather and ambience going and nobody will likely get to bust those up, of course, especially the one at Kizira's plantation ;-)

The fourth African trend in this context has affected Carol and I personally but I'm not even sure I'd call it a problem, at least for us. Somebody I love and respect gave me an object when I was there and along with the object came an entity and several 'trapped' spirits. The presence in our home was so subtle at first that we didn't catch it until Carol's psychic teenage daughter opened the top of the lovely basket and burst into tears. She told me that the emotion she felt was grief but that she didn't know why.

Carol and Linda looked more closely at the basket and saw a rather profound curse which was accompanied by a very powerful entity. Inside are the trapped spirits of several people who are apparently zombies somewhere in East Africa. The spirits are apparently being used to energize the curse, similar to the way that people are ritually slain during sexual orgies here in America, especially in the Bible Belt, to ensure that sort of continuity. I hadn't heard of zombie magic happening outside of Haiti but of course Haiti has a culture that is pretty much unadulterated West African, except for some political overlays from French freemasonry in their more nefarious occult networks. The present Bantu cultures of East Africa were brought directly across equatorial Zaire by West Africans many centuries ago.

Last week, after some of the EFFers started blasting the Vril jerk in Namibia, poltergeist activity started up in our house related to that object and Carol stuck the basket in the cold garage and tried various means to free the trapped spirits and invite the entity to leave. It even yanked an earring out of her ear during sleep after one of those episodes, which woke her up, and the ear bled a bit. This afternoon, after I had a sort of epiphany and then mailed the object to the CIA

Research and Development Department at Langley, Virginia, it even opened the garage door all the way ;-)

I'm the only one around here who had a feeling that the entity connected to the basket isn't necessarily bad. I rather felt a sort of kinship with it, though 'kinship' isn't an accurate word to describe my feeling. It's a little like my personal relationship with Mr. Skull, the quartz skull with mobius headband which I keep running all year on a 12v battery on a shelf in a closet for radionics exercises and odd jobs. Andy's making these on www.ctbusters.com in case you're curious.

Some people talk ad nauseum about 'karma,' and while I never doubted that actions, words and even thoughts generate consequences for better or worse I never quite liked the way that word has been used in western culture since it was introduced by British Intelligence's Theosophical mind control apparatus almost a century ago. It seems like 'karma' has supplanted the notion of 'grace,' and people who use that term gratuitously are pretty much guaranteed to have bought into an anti-passionate, off-kilter and faux-detached notion of how universal law actually works. I personally feel that the present, widespread use of this Sanskrit term is a brainwashing coup of the CIA/MI6, based on 'what worked' in the cultural conquest of India in the late 1700s by the City of London's agents there. How else could a few Limeys with muskets and bayonets in the noonday sun have subdued an entire subcontinent?

This simply points up the parasitic way that relatively few Europeans were able to subdue so many indigenous cultures from that time until the early 1900s. It's obviously now time for all parasites to be exposed to scrutiny, which is why you and I aren't lying in mass graves with bullets in our heads now, culled on account of our simple inquisitiveness into the present, not-so-hidden-any-more global tyranny. Even ten years ago you and I wouldn't have been allowed to develop this discussion publicly. People were being 'suicided' then by the CIA and their minions for doing what we're doing now.

I say, 'Thank God for the chemtrails and for the new HAARP and Entropy towers!' because without these very blatant expressions of biological warfare, rain suppression and mind control you and I would likely never have met and discussed, and even participated in, the end of tyranny altogether. I doubt that you and I would have otherwise had a glimpse at what personal sovereignty is really about, either. Anyone who easily destroys chemtrails in the sky and disables these horrible new transmitters can experience this personal sense of power and responsibility. The best part is that anyone can do these things.

For all the time I'd been saying that Africa holds some keys to our freedom I just had the strong feeling without actually knowing exactly why or how that will manifest but now I'm getting a clearer picture, based on what's transpired in the last two weeks or so.

Mainly, the Africans are going to show the rest of the world the true value of human emotion, simply stated. The reason that the world order has opted to murder them rather than to brainwash them is the fact that their minds are too closely connected to their hearts for brainwashing to have much effect, and the human heart has always been the bane of control freaks. This is why the Blacks in America are being subdued with institutional prejudice & the destruction of families by social workers, extortion by police and courts, hard drugs (sales rather than addiction, per se-they sell the dope mostly to whites who are rarely prosecuted) and institutional violence now instead of the political correctness, pot addiction, bread & circus, CIA-regulated popular music and new age sewage protocols that have worked so well for neutralizing and enslaving most white people until now with massive brainwashing.

Carol's European/Native-American/Gypsy style of magic is very good. Without breaking some confidences I can't tell you some of the more remarkable stuff she's done (all good and within the law, of course) but I was awfully impressed that nothing she did would budge the entity connected to that lovely basket and the more she did, the more the entity 'acted out' in our environment and against her, personally.

Both of us felt that it sort of ended up here accidentally, or at least not intentionally by the originator of the curse. It may have been intended for the person who gave me the basket or for whomever had the basket before that person did. That part's still unclear and I don't know if we're even supposed to have those details but the fact is that there's an awful lot of power behind it. We haven't encountered that much power even from the dark masters themselves in Asia who own the finance, insurance, gold, diamond and dope empires operated by their lackeys in the City of London. By the way, the gold and diamond bits of that cartel are mostly dependent on mines in Africa, which is yet another interesting connection that might figure prominently in the imminent downfall of the City of London and, by extension, global tyranny.

In Haiti people are chosen for zombification based on their past and present crimes. The witch doctor (they do much more than merely 'practice' ;-) is approached by representatives of a community and asked to deal with an allegedly culpable person this way. That witch doctor has to consider the consequences of natural law if an innocent person is zombified, so he does his best to determine whether the candidate is indeed culpable. The whole process actually approximates a lawful trial much more closely than do the far more corrupted court procedures in the United States under the Federal Reserve Corporation's present hegemony.

This sort of witch doctor may be more pleasant company than the average, duplicitous and parasitic American lawyer but he's probably not someone for you to consider inviting to your dinner party because he's sort of, well, 'raw.' The magic practitioners whom you and I know in North America, Europe, South America, Asia and Africa will only do clean work because they're motivated by whatever they can do to help people live happier, more productive lives, not just by fear of retribution for breaking natural laws. If you think that's a subtle point, you probably ought to keep your day job and not try to do magic responsibly.

When Carol first told me about the entity, I immediately thought, 'I wonder how we're supposed to use this opportunity to deflect this curse onto the bad guys?' She was aghast that I'd even consider something like that because she assumed that I'd collect some consequences, so I was content to let it ride. The poltergeist activity stepped up some more and I saw that she wasn't making it go away. I sort of instinctively knew that blasting this one wasn't going to do anything but make it stronger, so I just waited for an epiphany.

That happened for me yesterday. I woke up early with a knowing that the basket should go to the CIA at Langley. The delicious parts are that the CIA won't destroy something it can't comprehend (such as what you and I are doing) and that the visiting entity is perhaps hungry as hell for payback and perhaps even white meat right now ;-)

I see in that basket (in perhaps holographic form) the pent up rage of an entire continent at having been deceived by white exploiters, for over a century, into believing that white man's magic is more powerful than black man's magic. The Black Man's passion-based stuff is a great deal more powerful than the tired old stuff from Europe (the brand the CIA uses to deceive and hurt people, by the way), I can tell you. I knew that even before I met old Ouma Lahia in Namibia two years ago, so when I met Kizira I was already acquainted with the raw power of Mother Africa. Both of

those lovely people are examples of the higher expressions of that unspeakably ancient form of emotion-based magic.

Right now, the blacks in America are still living under that old stigma of subservience to the weaker, white man's culture, which is why our earnest black associated in Atlanta were so easily intimidated by the brutal, out-of-control FBI into dissociating with us last March (they took home plenty of orgonite which they'd made in our classes, at least). I wonder if these dark-skinned Americans will claim their birthright (personal sovereignty) only after a significant portion of the black population of Africa has done so. I rather hope that the Americans will show Africans the road to personal freedom and responsibility, instead. This would effectively end centuries of lingering slave consciousness here and my black friends in Atlanta were very clear in knowing that 'Blacks are the wildcard in America,' so I know that anything's possible with them.

After the Blacks assume their freedom, the Whites throughout the world surely will follow their example.

The elite of the white race and their self-policing, brainwashed minions (characterized best by their fanatical adherence to new age sewage protocols and by political correctness, I must say) fear passion, simply stated, and the only way you can get them to experience passion is to adroitly and kindly force them past that fake, smiling approximation of 'loving concern' and make them angry at you. To a control freak, anger is the only natural expression when any emotional response at all is awakened. A few of them can then learn the finer expressions and thereby progress spiritually from the infantilism that characterizes their form of leadership and conformity. We're actually experiencing this as an entire culture now in Europe and especially North America. Orgonite is a good vehicle for facilitating this process. If you consider that orgonite showed up right now because we're ready to move up in emotional awareness and in 'civilization,' itself it's not hard to see that other new technologies, including the internet and free energy, are also going to continue to play integral roles in eroding the old bastions of 'emotional plague' that characterize the receding world order.

I forgot to mention in the last letter that Messiahmews, Gaea and Roninyuki have formed a sort of triad arrangement for blasting targets and sending healing energy. They're using AOL Instant Messenger and all of them are developing confidence in their energy sensitivity and psychic abilities this way. I can't stress enough that the very best work any of us are doing is when we're able to synergistically combine our individual efforts with f other people and three is a powerful number for this work.

I really like the informal but effective nature of their interactions and I hope to hear about and from more and more people who have spontaneously formed these independent, cordial 'cell' alliances. Carol and I regularly work with Linda Kingsbury and Laozu Kelly this way, and now McGinty has joined us, bringing all of his innate skill and fabulous insights to the table. Since we all live within a small area we can get together often, which is terrific, but the internet allows such alliances to form from all over the planet and gives us all a fairly rapid way to disseminate information and stay in touch with each other.

That round letter in my name wasn't sent around to English speakers, by the way. It was sent around to people in Germany who have expressed interest in this work, I found out. Since British MI6 has dominated the German intel community since WWII, I assume that they're the ones doing this dirty work. It certainly fits their sleazy and stinky modus operandi. Please work on developing your etheric olfactory so you can more readily distinguish the stench of their fakery from the fragrance of actual communication from bona fide EFFers, okay? I'm glad I asked.

Stoneter and I will establish a dialog on Etheric Freedom Fighters designed to dispel any of the lingering sabotage that's lately been caused by MI6 agents, emailing to people in members' names in a concerted effort to sow suspicion and doubt. If you've gotten any of these ersatz letters, Stoneter and I hope to show you that it's not difficult to tell those from the real thing. For instance, I very rarely initiate correspondence (except for these mass mailings, which are always long enough to have obviously been written by me) and I never threaten or bully individuals, obviously, no matter how merciless I might be with a very few folks' persistent proselytizing of their divisive ideologies and dogmas.

The nice part of this unfortunate development is that the secret police rats in England who are mandated to shut down EFF are showing their hand more clearly now. This form of exposure is potentially fatal to parasites within the human body (zap the slimy little bastards into harmless proteins!) and a similar process awaits these criminals-in-government when the public clearly sees what they're doing ;-)

Similarly, Kizira let us know that an image of me showed up in front of one of his wives a couple of weeks ago and he knew it wasn't me. He told his wife to ask the image a question next time and if the image answers, then it's my astral form, not a fake ;-)

You can use a similar process if you ever get an email that you suspect isn't from me, of course. Parasites are as parasites do, please remember. By the way, I've been blasting these scheitvogels in my dreams-have you? We call this, 'working for the man every night and day,' (thanks, Ike and Tina) and I want you to consider that some of your dreams are more than just dreams now, especially when you 'feel' in them. Lucid dreaming is one of the happy results of sleeping near orgonite. Kristina Schepps is the one who made the first orgonite devices specifically tailored to enhance lucid dreaming and astral travel, in case you're interested in developing those talents. www.powerpyramids.com

Carol's going to monitor what happens with that basket from now on and I'll give you updates. I added 'Delivery Confirmation' to the package, so the wonderful, dedicated postal workers we have in the US probably won't let even the CIA take that box before it gets delivered to those vapid, passionless scheitvogels at Langley ;-). We know that FedEx, UPS and Airborne Express would be eager to prostrate themselves before their corporate masters, the CIA, and hand that box to them before it even left town if I'd chosen them. I never use commercial carriers for that reason unless I have no other option. There was a CIA guy standing beside me at the counter at the Post Office before we'd even finished the transaction ;-). because the P.O. is in the little federal building here in town and every time we go there (we have a mail order business) somebody gets alerted by the guys watching the monitors. I made him first, then Carol recognized him.

One of the postal clerks is a big fan of www.educate-yourself.org and follows our adventures there. The others wished me well in Africa when I left. One of them wears a Harmonic Protector. The feds hate the fact that the postal workers like us ;-)

I somehow knew that the African entity would have to go with the basket. He didn't want to leave and when I asked Carol to look at a sudden small pain in my back after we got home from the P.O., she said it was a cord thrown by the entity in his last effort to anchor himself in our home. I patted the spot and said, 'There, there-It's going to be okay and you'll have plenty of fun at Langley with your new playmates,' then the pain stopped. If the CIA scheitvogels freak out and burn the basket, I win! If that entity turns a respectable number of those baby-killing Satanists into shuffling, drooling, heavily sedated schizophrenics or even stops their miserable hearts, I

win! I'm betting that they'll remain true to form and not destroy something this potent before they can encompass it. Those bloodless, skulking satanic relics of Europe's ersatz past glory will NEVER understand African magic, of course.

On another note: Police Chief B. and his crew are kicking FBI butt now and cleaning up their town with orgonite already. Thanks so much for helping them out at such a crucial time! Those two local FBI pukers' Homeland Security Abomination masters were lining them up for some pretty heinous stuff. We just found out that Chief B's primary offense was to create a friendly and mutually supportive relationship between his police force and the community. The feds want all cops to consider the community their enemy and vice versa and the feds pay most of the bills for local police forces. His standing up to the federal baby eaters came later and was apparently the last straw for them ;-)

The chief and his lieutenant, along with their families, have now disabled their implants and are zapping away the effects of the latest biological aerial assault and will be doing that for the rest of the police force shortly. They've all got Harmonic Protectors now, too. I need to interest them in setting up a cloudbuster, as they're not within range of any of those in terms of destroying the biological weaponry in the chemtrails. There aren't many places like that left in North America because the range of a CB for this is quite far.

~Don Croft

Episode 80

'No, Rainbow Moonbeam Maypole, Earthpipes Aren't for Smoking'

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc80earthpipesnotforsmoking10mar04.shtml>

March 10, 2004

Carol and I drove to California via Oregon, loaded with Earthpipes to bust an underground base or two at the end of February. Along the way, we visited Cbswork of cbswork.com in Los Angeles and participated in filming an interview/demo video about cloudbusters and the work that Etheric Freedom Fighters is doing. Then we visited Death Valley, where we apparently shut down an ancient Draconian underground base (I'm going to be sketchy on the details because we narrowly missed getting arrested by a bunch of federales there, right in the middle of the project ;-Luis Santacruz graciously agreed to accompany us from Portland, Oregon, to the really nasty U/G base in the coastal mountains west of the city where three local men had been murdered by Illuminati mercenaries last fall. We like to involve our fellow warriors whenever possible and we also like to have witnesses, especially energy sensitives like Luis. He's a very good driver, too, and has a rather unique personal background and genealogy in Mexico. I just made an obsidian Succor Punch for him as a token of our appreciation. He told us that the Aztecs valued obsidian over gold because the black mineral represents the sun. So, I had to make one of these and have Carol check it out. The first thing she said was, 'Don't point that thing at me!'

I'd dowsed that thirteen of the modified Earthpipes would suffice for that base, which is big and networks with several other new West Coast bases. When Laozu Kelly, Carol and I did the base under Joseph, Oregon, in January, the two-foot length of the pipes was appropriate because the soil wasn't stony but I realized that it wouldn't always be possible to get 2 foot pipes into the ground, even with Laozu's mighty arm, especially in desert areas or most of stony Texas, for instance. As always, our aim is to make the basic devices as universally appropriate as possible and we've seen that it's better if the pipe can be hammered all the way into the ground with the

orgonite plug in the top end. I'm now making the Earthpipes thirteen inches long, with an inside diameter of one and a quarter inch. The orgonite plug, which I cast in short pipes lined with wax paper, is five inches long. Remember that if you use BBs the plug won't shrink, so you won't likely get it out of the pipe without a massive struggle.

I normally make Towerbusters and Holy Handgrenades rather casually and even crudely, but for some reason I felt it was important to make these plugs more carefully, considering the range that they may be called on to affect. Carol had made it clear that only certain crystals are appropriate, so we dowsed some that were at least one inch long.

We drove to the base without incident and Carol had Luis and I determine where to put the EPs. I deferred to Luis, actually, because he had a good sense of where the DOR field was. The nice thing about finding these bases is that anyone with some sensitivity can pick up the perimeter of the base by how nasty it feels when he/she drives into it.

There were only two suitable roads that traversed the base itself, so we pretty much spaced them out along the V-shaped twenty-mile stretch.

As we were driving away, we saw two confirmations of our success: a big blue hole formed over the base in the coastal cloudbank and some fedmobiles turned onto the side road that we were just leaving on our way back to the city. I got the sense that they knew they were too late to do or see anything, but were just driving out there to shut their boss up. 'yaddayaddayadda...Better go see if you can catch the Crofts in the act. yak, yakkity, yak, blah, blah...'

As we were finishing, Carol started looking underground and told us that the nastier non-human tech and buggery there, which is what the bases are built to facilitate in the first place, were all shutting down. Our theory is that the bases serve two main purposes: 1) to have an environment where reptilians and predatory offworlders can interact in 3D with human cohorts and victims, and 2) for the vast hordes of the two-legged rats of the occult world order to hide in the event of global calamities, which they would desperately like to initiate, and/or in case humanity wakes up from these jerks' fancy confidence scam, which is what's been happening lately. Using earthpipes is far more elegant and humane than just flushing them out with big hoses, don't you think?

Right now, rense.com and all the other CIA disinformation assets are haranguing their casual visitors and devotees about an upcoming alleged calamity (pick one of many). This isn't unusual, except that I think they're being a little too strident this time because the last dozen or so imminent-calamity warnings failed to materialize altogether and instead of getting worse, things are generally getting better now, thanks to a number of factors, including what this network is doing. Note that Professor Sitchin is apparently ashamed to even show his face in public these days ;-) since last spring's debacle.

As we see it, the only calamity in the offing is the gradual, continuing rising of the ocean as the ice caps keep melting from the bottom up. That's going to erase the real estate value for everything that sits up to a couple hundred feet above the old sea level, I think. Not even the present earth axis shift is having a perceptible bad effect and none of the huge objects that are apparently being regularly hurled at earth by Draconians since August 1998 are reaching their target. Earth is awfully well protected right now.

One of the signs that things are getting better is that Alan Greenspan covered his scabrous old butt in front of Congress by saying that the Fed has 'too much power' and that 'It's Congress' fault.'

Can you believe our good fortune? This is the first time that any felonious Fed chairman has tried to save his worthless carcass in front of cameras.

Consider this: when the fed fails and/or is dismembered, perhaps this year, all bank-based debts will be automatically cancelled. How different will your life be when you own your house and car outright and all of your other bank debts will be forgiven? How will it be when all business loans are forgiven? What will the local, state and federal governments do when those debts are cancelled? Grieve? I don't think so.

It reminds me of the old Mosaic Dispensation's Jubilee, which was a terrific, humane periodic antidote to civilization-destroying usury. The folks like Sitchin who are to-the-bone determined to scrap all religious heritage, except the fake occult/mystery kind, neglect to mention that the patterns for the social and spiritual progress for humanity are laid out clearly in subsequent revealed religions. The grossly unlawful Fed survives only on usury and scamming, of course, and the most bizarre part of this scenario is that they aren't 'lending' anything to us at all.

In fact, all of the gold from Ft. Knox and even most of the gold from Czarist Russia, which had literally represented the real wealth of both nations, now resides underground at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, a stone's throw from the World Trade Center, with which it shares a primary earth vortex. They've never lent any of that stolen gold to anyone, nor can anyone but them touch it, ever, according to the European confidence scheme that Congress and the US Treasury Department fell for in 1913 and London's arch traitor, Roosevelt, consummated in 1935 by giving all law enforcement agencies and courts in the US to those unspeakable European gangsters and their American sycophants like Al Greenspan.

You might think I'm digressing now, but this expressed thought is in line with the subject of underground bases because a few committed, reasonably resourceful people are already disabling a large number of these 'impregnable strongholds' now, just as a few of us are destroying the ritual-generated thoughtform that has hypnotized Americans into believing that it's okay for a European corporation to thoroughly enslave and undermine the United States of America. What we're doing on both counts reminds me of how the Germans bypassed the massive French army's Maginot Line in 1939, though of course we're just wading right through these parasitic, occult rats' underground and above ground 'Maginot Line' without suffering at all and they can't do a thing to stop us, obviously.

Etheric Freedom Fighters is just coming out of a two-month long, massive assault by the CIA and MI6. Most in our modest global network have experienced some rather intense psionic and EMF assaults; we've all been fairly swarmed by a sizeable army of CIA/NSA/MI6 hacker rats in the British Isles, Canada and the US; more than a few of us were poisoned in various ways and all of us are treated to artificial nightmares whenever we forgot to properly shield ourselves during sleep; three or four people were shot at close range by non-lethal (thankfully) poison darts by invisible assailants; a couple got into bizarre car wrecks but were fortunately not seriously harmed; in the past month there has been massive interference by the 'high end' predatory offworlders, who apparently already know they've essentially lost this war; we even found a new species of offworld predators just since blasting for our new towerbusting friend, Zeke, in Singapore. Three people are reporting seeing these snake-like entities now, so we're pursuing some leads that may uncover that an ancient oriental snake cult may be the Illuminati's preferred occult control medium in that country. Pretty cool, eh?

During the recent vigorous campaign against EFF, McGinty developed his Cannon and became so proficient at using it in our home that absolutely no predator will even approach the house any

more. Those new, vicious snake people had to content themselves with lurking in the adjoining meadow the past few nights and bothering the quail and pheasants, for instance. It was the nighttime bird noises that alerted Carol to take a look out there ;-)) otherwise we'd probably have been unaware of them. McGinty had sliced and diced several persistent Draconians in our parlor a few days before that as some Lemurians, Andromedans and an Atlantean looked on with approval. Not long before that, even these fine folks fled when Ryan cranked up his weapon. The Lemurian who visited Carol in the restaurant and suggested the specific space-originated mineral (\$50 for a little chunk of that stuff!) did us a tremendous service because if was after putting that little stone in the end of the cannon that the Draconians fell to McGinty's ministrations. That's what Carol clearly saw, at least, and young McGinty, who's a budding energy sensitive and psychic, was able to at least perceive it. It's kind of nice not to have to contend with the nightly visits by noisy Great White Brotherhood's ninjas and rude, persistent offworlders any more, I can tell you.

A year ago, after we discovered that the new Powerwand could consistently stop human predators, dead, I felt kind of desperate to get many of these into the hands of effective people as soon as possible because the campaign against us was much more severe then and we were actually facing the possibility of defeat and even murder. Some of us around the US have some peculiar scars from what happened to us during the night of December 18, 2002, for instance. The latest campaign against us all, though far more vigorous, was quite underwhelming compared to that one and I feel fine about a more leisurely distribution of the latest weaponry because I'm sure by now that we're not going to lose or even suffer at the hands of these previously-powerful occultists and murderers who used to be in charge of our planet by default.

In the past weeks, Dennis Griffin, who teaches a variety of martial arts and trains regularly with several oriental masters, had come out of a period of intense, prolonged meditation and training with a Chinese swordmaster and then immediately and passionately conceived an orgonite 'sword' with the intention of taking out specific predators in the occult global hierarchy. We're working with him now so we can learn the parameters of his project and I'm hoping that he can train a few people to do this useful work. The energy from his weapon is precise, powerful and subtle. Carol lost track of it after it went through Zeke to his tormentors in Singapore. Zeke's able to sense when someone's blasting him (it feels like a rush of pleasant energy that flows from the crown to the base of the spine) but Carol said he wasn't able to tell when the energy of Sensei Dennie's focused efforts went through him to his assailants. I'm going to share more with you about this genuine and unique swordmaster in coming weeks and I'm sure he'll be happy to offer his services to anyone who needs them. His email address is sensei5555@yahoo.com.

Carl Koch in Phoenix has apparently developed a next-level healing/meditation tool that he'll continue to keep us posted about.

Mark Davey and I started Etheric Freedom Fighters seven months ago with the clear intention of raising a spiritual army to fight global tyranny. If someone had told me early on that Sensei Dennis and McGinty would shortly drop out of the blue with brand new weaponry, ready to go, it may have strained even my credulity but there they are, folks. Carl Koch in Phoenix may have something along that line but we need to see him in action in order to know more clearly what it's about. He's apparently got a strong mystical bent and that can work for us in interesting ways, since the occult world order is founded on Mystery Babylon concepts.

Without having planned it, this army now has effective artillery, infantry, intelligence and cavalry (commandos?) and Grid willing, soon, even an Air Force if Carol and I can afford to get an ultralight this summer ;-)) It may be argued that Kenny Rudzinski is the EFF Navy at the moment,

since he's gifting from a cruise ship, where he works as a musician when he's not tossing organite overboard in the Caribbean.

If you're reading this and have a seaworthy boat (I'd do it with a proper sailing dinghy, without hesitation ;-), in Southern California, could you conceive laying a north/south line of little Etheric Pipe Bombs, forty or fifty miles out from the California coast pretty soon, at least along the coast in the vicinity of LA? That's where the inflight-refueled spewplanes make chemtrails all day and all night. Lovely and witty 'Pickles', a founding member of the Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project (LAARP) sometimes gets bummed out at her home and workplace in the vicinity of UCLA, a couple of miles inland from Santa Monica, because that incessant, offshore-generated chemtrail whiteout doesn't often disappear until right after it passes over her and we'd dearly love to make her daily skies radiantly blue with intermittent, puffy white clouds, which most of the 20,000,000 souls in the Los Angeles Basin are now seeing whenever it's not gently raining. The frequent rain, by the way, is generated directly overhead, so the 24/7 chemtrail activity off the California coast, obviously spewed out with the intention of maintaining drought ;-), is not only ineffective but provides a stark contrast for anyone who bothers to look up and consider how exceedingly lovely and rejuvenating the Los Angeles atmosphere has become in the past year or so. That unparalleled accomplishment by LAARP is the direct result of their having gifted many thousands of towers and putting up around 30 cloudbusters, not to mention hundreds of miles of highway gifting and disabling an occult, satanic artificial grid that dates from the late 1800s, when the entire area was mostly desert.

The best confirmation this time was the fact that the Cbswork family are just about entirely free of active surveillance and harassment. That rather shocked me. One military chopper tried to fly over, but we all blasted the snot out of the crew and they turned around and fled. After we arrived, an apparently jury-rigged transmitter on the opposite side of the valley aimed some nasty stuff at us, but a single blast put that one out of commission and apparently angered a lot of frustrated folks deep under that mountaintop array, according to what Cbs saw. Ordinarily, there were various aircraft flying over that house every five minutes throughout the day and probably the night, too.

By the way, I think those fed cops in Death Valley would have had Carol and I with our cuffed wrists behind our backs in the backseats of a couple of their jeeps pretty quickly if we hadn't told them how LAARP had achieved that obvious success in LA and also how we were in the process of making it happen in Death Valley itself, where rain's been so abundant that we're seeing green grass growing there now. The last time we went there everything was so bone-dry and dead that it was unsettling.

I think some very mean-spirited people in three piece suits and gray Homeland Security Abomination Nazi garb, underground at Langley and Ft. Meade got pretty furious that these cops were inclined to genuinely appreciate us by the time we'd finished talking with them ;-). Carol said she felt sure that this was to have been the CIA's golden opportunity to get their hands on us at last at last.

When the three vehicles had first pulled us over those crouching, trepidatious federales looked ready to just blow us away if we sneezed. I actually like cops, as Chief B and Lt. C, our towerbusting, Succor Punching, Homeland Security Abomination spurning police associates can attest. Those guys are doing great now, thanks to you! We've now got the FBI thugs, who tried to frame these two genuine heroes, watching their own cowardly backs now, as it should be. I hope to Grid that our two police friends will someday soon have the distinct pleasure of arresting these

felonious FBI jerks themselves and bringing them to justice in newly Constitutional courts. I'd love to ride along then ;-)) and perhaps run the siren.

The trip through the enormous San Joaquin Valley from Sacramento on the way to Cbswork's lovely new home in LA was gratifying because the dense smog was entirely absent from that agricultural area and it felt pretty good for the first time in our personal experience. That was mainly achieved when Reno Richard (Dodeca) and ourselves disabled two massive HAARP arrays at either end of that valley at about the same time, last April. Gifting the two major north/south highways and organizing a lot of the irrigation waterways and reservoirs has also contributed to this success, of course, and we'd love to fly along the foothills and peaks at either edge of the valley and bust all of the HAARP and Entropy arrays before long if someone doesn't beat us to it. Carol and I even busted that particularly nasty base under Lake Berryessa last January. We did that one the hard way-no Earth Pipes!

Somebody we know may have already disabled the base under Dulce, NM. We'd made a sort of pact with that person to do Dulce in two stages in order to offset the opposition and take them by surprise on the first pass, but that person apparently just finished the job (more on that later) A couple of the psychics clearly saw that the Dulce base is abandoned now. Also, there's some evidence that we're not the only ones intent on erasing these bases, as one of the psychics told me he witnessed a military battle underground while our cohort was apparently doing the deed with Earthpipes on the surface right overhead. Maybe there's a mutiny going on in the US Military right now, after all. If so, you ought to follow your instincts and start busting the U/G bases near you ASAP in order to give our brave soldiers a distinct edge over those Illuminati/Vril mercenaries (Russians and Chinese?) and their predatory, non-human allies. After all, if we can do that in the US, the rest of the world will reap the benefits of our efforts.

I realize that the Earthpipes represent a sharp departure from our methods because, after all, most of us can't tell when they're working the way we can all tell what's happening after we bust a bunch of towers and/or put up a cloudbuster. These activities are still essential, of course, but it probably wouldn't do you any harm to just go stick a few earthpipes in the ground at your nearest U/G facilities, right? You'll probably get at least a passable 3D confirmation, after all, if you'll grant my humble request.

Here's one way you can get immediate confirmation for an Earthpipe deployment: if you're bothered by incessant noise that comes from underground, push one of these babies down into your strawberry bed and see what happens!

Stacie in North Carolina had a dream vision in which an American Indian walked around and pushed earthpipes into the ground with his mocassined foot in a triangle pattern, so Carol and I have adopted that method as an apparent force multiplier. We love to hear about other folks' instructive visions and insights. I particularly appreciate Stacie's vision because the red race had been assigned guardianship over the earth, according to very ancient Hopi traditions. The whites have guardianship over fire, the yellow people: air, and the blacks: water. See why I want EFF to reflect these demographics instead of just being another exclusive club for white people? If you're a Europoid with race prejudice you need to get past that now because white man culture is rapidly losing its hegemony these days and no amount of 'circling the wagons' will even slow this inevitable process down.

When we got to LA, Cbswork had his studio ready to go, including lighting, a fancy camera and expensive editing equipment. Some professional friends of his had been there the previous day to help him set the studio up. We arrived before noon and by suppertime all of the footage had been

shot. Once again, Carol and I experienced an even more profound appreciation for the depth of this fellow's genius and commitment. The finished product will be a sort of companion piece to CLOUDS OF DEATH and will include an interview with Carol and I and a cloudbuster-building demonstration.

After a couple of months of my hemming and hawing, I was treated to a full explanation of the subject of the Sylphs' frequently expressed approval of our network around the planet by creating specific cloud shapes from an amorphous new cloudform. I can now say, honestly, 'I Get It!' and you can see and contribute photos of these frequently-seen signals on www.cbswork.com which is a sort of clearing house for recorded atmospheric phenomena related to our global healing network.

What's in a name? Carol calls them 'Angels' and I consider them to be a contingent of 'The Operators.' You might call them 'Mary and Jesus,' 'Ram,' or 'Lady Fatimeh,' and who's to say you're wrong? I bet some of your own higher-grade ancestors are right up there with the rest of the benevolent entities who guide and protect this network and the rest of humanity. In Equatorial Africa and elsewhere it's believed that historical human figures of merit, spiritual maturity and achievement were given guardianship of certain sacred, natural landmarks, much as we consider the work taken on by individual elementals. African culture is more ancient than European culture and I discovered that there are some powerful subtleties there that whites might find impossible to fathom.

Carol and Cbsork have convinced me that the Sylphs, in particular, are an unbelievably ancient earth-based race of entities who no longer require physical bodies, sort of like some of the ethereal, blue Pleiadian healers whom Carol and I have had the pleasure of encountering.

This film effort, plus Mark Davey's timely moving of the EFF board, now <http://boards.ethericfreedomfighters.com/eve>, to a private server, is in advance of orgonite reaching humanity's mainstream awareness soon. I'm seeing the most recent debacle among the rats at Langley, Ft. Meade and Tavistock (their absolute failure to dampen the ardor of EFF's efforts in the past two months) as a clear signal that the path is now clear for us to move right out into the world and speak openly about our work without having to contend with sabotage or subterfuge very much.

We visited with Ken Adachi in an incredible oriental market and restaurant complex in Orange County for an afternoon and had a grand time sampling the cuisine and finding some excellent ginseng and other Chinese products that can't easily be found elsewhere. Ken looks terrific, by the way, so stop worrying about him. He's got plenty of grit and determination and nothing the occult rats can do will stop him from keeping his site up and vital. We're really proud to count him as a personal friend and fellow warrior and the fact remains that most of the folks in EFF came to it from www.educate-yourself.org

The concerted attacks that we've all experienced lately closely followed the 'grand opening' of this project in Germany, by the way. Markus Emmanuel in 'Confederatio Helvetica' deserves a standing ovation and much more for having husbanded this process and the almost complete absence German-speaking agents saboteurs on the boards bodes well for the rapid dissemination of this work among that very significant populace. I suspect that the justified resentment of the German people toward Washington, DC, and London is so profound that it's awfully tough for the CIA and MI6 to find enough sociopaths and malcontents there who would accept pay for destroying well-intended consultation and research in Germany ;-)

I wish to God we didn't have to plow through the hundred or so paid British, Canadian and American agents and their unwitting egoistic and drug-addicted dupes on the boards in order to maintain at least a semblance of supportive consultation and progress over the past three years but there's no such thing as bad information and most of us can now smell subterfuge like \$#!+ on a shoe and deal with it decisively as a result of this incessant exposure to hired sociopaths and addicts. Mark and I have only had to ban two or three agents since the first of the year. Their complete inability to breach EFF's wall may be another reason why their employers chose to launch the latest, desperate psiops, EMF and poisoning campaign against us.

The occult world order has pretty much thrown up its taloned hands in despair of stopping any of us. Can you feel it, too? That's not to say we've won; just that we need to press our advantage and do our part to bring these predators and parasites to justice in a timely way so that humanity can have proper government for the first time in recorded history. Stop fretting now and just exploit this golden opportunity! Who would ever have imagined that an entire predatory world order would be brought to its knees with several thousand 25-cent devices thrown down in the vicinity of towers? Sure, it's not as romantic as the French Revolution, but the effects are a whole lot more durable and we're not chopping off any innocent heads ;-)

Future interview:

' So, how did all of you people bring down that ancient, powerful occult world order?'

'We mainly did it by littering.'

~Don Croft