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I'm aware from having become a victim of Computer/Satellite Behavior Modification, that you gentlemen are the two of the leading architects of the program. I've figured out, for example, that remote viewing occurs through computer/satellite telemetry.

My only interest in this matter is to survive. The persons who control the technology have quite rightly informed me that my present position in a Computer/Satellite torture and deathcam is due to the nature of their greed and extremism, rather than my faults as an individual or sins as an individual.

I recognize that the 'shielded rooms' which you utilize for these experiments are somehow penetrated by the focused telemetry. Perhaps it's absurd of me to hope that someone will care what happens to me; but Einstein, Szilard, and others, cared what happened to the folks at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The torture inflicted upon me is something too macabre to contemplate in words. "There are ways to keep the satellite surveillance focused upon you until you die. Die, traitor. Fascists are killing you." This brain-to-brain transmission interrupts the composition of my letter, and it indicates something of the nature of the computerized transmissions to me. I imagine you have knowledge of the technology which does me this damage.

XXXX The secrecy behind the nature of the XXX "ESI" XXXXX phenomena has been revealed to me through a long program of psychosexual torture.

I'm aware that ELIPT is capable of penetrating shielded rooms, etc. I've got no idea whether the penetration occurs through a technique which neutralizes the function of the shielded room, or whether it occurs through some penetrating power endemic to the wavelength itself.

It's possible you could help me survive by letting me in on a device which will protect me from the computer/Satellite telemetry. I have a plan.

I've written a letter addressed to you gentlemen, and Laurence Robert Finneo, which I mailed two days ago.

Jacob Bronowski called for a democracy of science, rather than an aristocracy of science, as he held the sacred soil of Auschwitz in his hand on the last of his television series, The Ascent of Man.

My entire life is mutilated everyday with aerospace technology. I cannot procure your sympathies through any technique of communication within my power.

Perhaps you will be amused at the thought of me in death, as the computer/satellite behavior modification police forces are. It's a historical fact that aerospace technology is being used to kill people.

The aristocratic deception in the National Security clearance demonstrates to me the lack of likelihood that you will help me. The scientific elite have chosen a wise course. I cannot accuse you of anything.

As I strive to make my prose cohere, the telemetry tears at my mind until my complete standstill. My powers of communication are blasted apart. My vocabulary is stymied, my paragraphs are splintered and slanted.

My entire self as a person has been based upon my high linguistic aptitude since I was 4 years old. I've been thrown into the gutter at the age of 34 years old, at times completely unable to speak coherently.

As I ask you to help me, I know you will consider it too risky because of the potential liability and the problem of agency. It seems you must let me die, or take longer growth time that you could be curing my behavior in order to be sure that I am not a threat.

I will never endure Computer/Satellite Behavior Modification. For over one year, I've gone into the streets to attempt to get help, and I've got none. I would ~~xxx~~ be compelled to commit suicide immediately were I not able to try to escape everyday.

Nothing I can say will move you. I can only ask your help.

The present system of control over me forces me to try to escape through means ~~xxxx~~ which could create some sort of scandal. It's possible that ~~xxxxxx~~ I can never make a significant break-through to gain credibility and ~~xx~~ technological protection. ~~Nxxxx~~ Nevertheless, I have no desire to continue the attempt to publicize the existence of Computer/Satellite behavior modification. I do so only at great strain to myself, since ~~xxx~~ be my telephone calls are cut off, my behavior is cut into smithereens. I do not ~~xx~~ know whether I can mail this letter to you and expect you to receive it, since mail with my relatives is cut off and disrupted in random fashion.