

**Identifying
Spies
And
Infiltrators**

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Spies and Infiltrators

There is a great deal of naïveté amongst the left concerning undercover police officers and professional infiltrators (e.g. CIA, FBI, DIA, JTTF, etc). Nowhere is this naïveté more glaring than on IndyMedia where self declared cop watchers photograph “undercover cops” and out them online. My goal is not to disparage such efforts. There is utility in outing undercover police officers and infiltrators. What I question are the heuristics (i.e. rules of thumb) that are employed.

Overwhelmingly, there is a myth on the left that ordinary looking police officers are used as undercover agents. Consequently, naïve leftists imagine beefy white guys with crew cuts as the primary form of infiltrator. The thinking that goes into such a heuristic is, at the best, shallow. I know because I have been photographed by a leftist, who later became somewhat of a friend, under the false belief that I was a police officer, a false belief I quickly dispelled.

Making things worse, I have identified an individual that attempted to infiltrate my group. Not only was this individual well outside the “beefy white guy with a crew cut” heuristic, but acted as a “cop watch” photographer for IndyMedia. His specialty was to photograph real leftists that met the heuristic and then “out them” online, thereby bad jacketing real leftists who just happened to be beefy white guys. The individual in question was a teenager using the online name Veritas. Since I have confirmation from an undercover cop posting as an anonymous harasser that this teenager worked for him, I can only deduce that he is a member of some organization of youth closely associated with the police. Most likely, he is a member of the Police Explorers.

It makes sense for the police to choose individuals who do not fit the physical type of the policeman when recruiting or assigning infiltrators. While the police are not known for their intelligence, even an unintelligent person knows that infiltrators should not look like infiltrators. In fact, infiltrators are usually the least likely candidate to be an infiltrator. This practice is ubiquitous in clandestine work. Terrorists do not choose individuals

fitting the description of the public conception of a terrorist and task them with carrying bombs past airport security, the CIA does not use men dressed in trench coats to go into deep cover at universities, and the police do not, under most circumstances, use beefy white men with crew cuts to infiltrate organizations. When such men are deployed, it is only because the event which they are monitoring is too large to use their preferred infiltrators alone (e.g. large demonstrations).

The intent of this pamphlet is to open up the eyes of leftists to what real spies and infiltrators are like. The cues to their identity and purpose are not physical – they are behavioral. It is the behavior of an “activist” that should alert you, not their appearance. Yes, sometimes appearance does play a role, but when it does it usually takes the form of an exaggeration of the appearance of a typical activist. The police go overboard, not under-board when they err.

Due to my political work, I have probably worked with more infiltrators than I am aware of. I have suspicions about various contacts I have made over the years. The cases I mention here are not based on mere suspicion, they are based on evidence. I have left out all cases where infiltration was merely suspected.

A Beautiful Spy in Taiwan

My first confirmed encounter with a spy was during a business trip to Taiwan. I was sent to Taiwan with a small group of fellow business associates. We were there to demonstrate an artificial intelligence system to the Taiwanese military.

I brought with me, in my luggage, several books written by Bertrand Russell. The flight to Taiwan and back was long and I expected to spend much time reading. At that time, I was involved in the antiwar movement countering the first Gulf War. I was a member of a Trotskyite organization (I became an anarchist two years later).

While in Taiwan, I lived for the first part of the trip on a Taiwanese military base. My passport was confiscated, I lived in a special guest quarters on the base and I was shuttled around by the Taiwanese military. Towards the end of the trip, we had some time off. Our passports were returned and we went to Taipei to spend some time enjoying the city. I had with me a Canadian coworker, my boss and the president of the company. The president of the company was Taiwanese and his family had an apartment in Taipei. We stayed in his family's apartment.

On our first free evening, my Canadian friend and I went to a bar a few blocks away from the apartment. Just after sitting down, a beautiful Taiwanese woman entered the bar, sat at a table alone, and made flirtatious glances in my direction. At that time, I was married to a Vietnamese woman. I had no desire or intent to cheat on her.

After a few minutes, the woman came over to my table and asked if she could sit with me. I pulled out a chair for her. She ordered a drink. She told me that she overheard us speaking English and that, as she is a student studying English, she could not resist the opportunity of getting some practice in.

She asked us about why we were in Taiwan. We explained to her the reason for her trip. She then began a conversation that is a perfect example of the kind of dialog that spies and infiltrators use.

To my amazement, she told me she was lonely and didn't fit in well in Taiwan. She said she was a "revolutionist" and a lover of philosophy. Her favorite philosopher, she told me, was Bertrand Russell. The typical hormone charged male, in this situation, would be delighted with the convergence of interests. "What a find!" he would think. However, one would be best advised to think more deeply. What is the probability of a beautiful Taiwanese woman, fluent in English, dropping into a bar just moments after an American enters the bar that just happens to be a revolutionist and fan of Bertrand Russell, the same as the American she immediately chooses to sit down with? My guess is that the probability is somewhere around zero. This was no coincidence.

Nevertheless, I had a great time with her. Had I not been loyal to my wife, I could have gotten laid, though no doubt blackmail photos would have been produced and utilized.

She and I spent the evening together, in that bar, having a long and interesting conversation. She asked me to meet her the next evening in front of the bar and promised to show me more of Taiwan.

The next evening she took me to a museum at 5:00 PM. The museum was to close at 5:30 PM. The guards were hesitant to let us in just before closing. We entered the museum and she took me around to her favorite locations in the museum. Since the museum was about to close, we were almost alone. At 5:30 a guard came up to us and told her that we had to leave the museum. I do not speak Chinese. I know this because I asked her what he said.

She stood close to the guard, looked into his eyes (a sign of aggression in China) and said a few short sentences in Chinese. The guard immediately stated, with a frightened look on his face, "You may stay as late as you wish." From there we continued to view the

museum, alone. All the while she brushed up against my arm, held my arm and gave me seductive glances.

At the end of the evening she pressed towards me, her face coming close to mine as if she wished to kiss. I remembered by wife and gave her a little rub with my nose on her cheek, a less aggressive form of kissing common in China and Southeast Asia. She looked at me and said, "Mr. DeVoy, you are very conservative." I smiled and said, "No, I am married. However, I would not mind being friends."

She asked to see me the following day, in the late morning, outside of the same bar. We met and took a taxi to a movie. It was the first and only time I had been to a movie in Taiwan so I did not expect the Taiwanese National Anthem at the beginning of the movie. As the anthem played, she stood at attention as did the other moviegoers. I remained sitting. Indignant she grabbed my arm and forced me to stand, explaining that I must stand. I found this to be very strange for a person that described herself as a revolutionist.

Throughout the movie she attempted to get closer to me. I remembered my wife and did not let anything happen. At the end of the movie we went out to dinner and then joined with my Canadian friend in front of the Japanese constructed Imperial Palace. The three of us were feeling a bit drunk at this point. The rain was pouring down. We pressed ourselves against the great door to the palace to avoid the rain which fell like a waterfall in front of us. We told jokes, sang songs and acted like school kids.

As we returned in the Taxi, I told her I would be leaving Taiwan the next day. We exchanged addresses. She gave me a kiss and I let her go, in the middle of the night, in front of the bar where we met. I wrote her once and she never wrote back. I'm not surprised she did not write back. After all, she was a spy.

The important thing to notice from the above account is how we met, the ploy she used to connect us and her aggressive attempts to compromise me later. Professional spies seek

to make the initial encounter appear to be a matter of chance. However, counter to chance, they attempt to make it look as if some incredible commonality exists between the spy and the target – something that cannot be ignored. It is a form of bait. Whoever researched me and chose this spy did a good job. They had been through my luggage. They knew about my revolutionist interests. They knew that I am heterosexual and they knew that I have a thing for Asian women (my other tendency being a love for Latin women).

My guess is that this spy worked either for the Republic of China's intelligence agency or for the CIA. I do not believe she worked for mainland China. The clues are obvious: she could not resist standing for the Taiwanese National Anthem despite the fact that her cover was that of a revolutionist, she had some authority over the guards in the museum and she was unafraid to refer to herself as a revolutionist in fascist Taiwan.

These contradictions are as important as the bait. They give away the fact that she was not what she wished to be perceived as. As you will see below, I have seen this same flaw in nearly every spy I have encountered.

The CIA Agent in Harvard Square

During the summer of 2003, I decided to take my campaign against George Bush into the streets. I began distributing, on the street in Harvard Square, anti-Bush bumper stickers I had designed and produced. I sat there with a cloth folding chair and small table. Many strange things happened, almost immediately.

Within days, I had various encounters which bordered on the bizarre. For example, a woman came up to me and asked me for a cigarette. I always give away cigarettes for free, not because I like to give them away for free, after all they are expensive, but because it is illegal to sell them on the street without a license. This woman insisted that she pay for the cigarette. I told her it was only worth about 25¢ and that I did not want any payment. She continued to insist, as if it was absolutely necessary that she pay me for it. I looked around and saw a man, about 50 yards away, pointing a camera with a large telephoto lens at the two of us. I looked at her and said, "Look, the cigarette is free. If you don't want it, just give it back." She left irritated.

Another day a man came up to me and said in a very loud voice, unprovoked with no prior conversation, "Yes, I will kill George Bush if that's what you want. I agree. I will do it! Hey, everybody, I'm going off to kill Bush!" With that he left.

Another person came up to me with his hand in his pocket, pointing his finger at me as if he had a gun and said, "When no one is around, I'm going to come back and kill you." I asked him who he thought he was. "Just guess," he replied.

One day, while setting up on the street, a man in a black uniform came out of the bank in front of me. I looked at his badge and it read something like, "special agent." He told me, "Look, you cannot do this here. I've been assigned to secure the area. You must leave."

I told him that I had already been through this with the local police and would be more than happy to give them a call, right now and verify that I am within my rights. “Who are you?” I asked. “Who are you working for? I don’t recognize your uniform.”

He replied, “OK, that’s it. I’m going to have to have you removed.”

I smirked, looked him in the eyes, and said, “Well, you just try it. While you’re arranging to have me removed, I’m going to telephone the Cambridge Police and ask them what you are doing here.”

He walked across the sidewalk, pulled out an oversized cell phone and began talking quietly with someone. I pulled out my cell phone and began to dial up the Cambridge Police. As I began to dial, he shut off his phone, ran up to me and said, “OK, you can stay.”

He disappeared. I never saw him again.

While distributing bumper stickers a bottle was dropped from the roof of the tall building in front of me, just missing my head. A water balloon was thrown at my table, only to bounce off and roll down the street without exploding. A guy with a crew cut came up to me, announced that I was “pathetic”, and kicked my table into the air. It was in this context that I met the CIA spy working under deep cover.

A friend by the name of Nick placed an announcement on Boston IndyMedia. He called upon all anti-authoritarians to converge on Harvard Square and have an anti-authoritarian event where goods would be traded, propaganda would be distributed and general fun would be had. No permission was sought or applied for from the police.

I showed up that day with my bumper stickers. Nick showed up with his cutout of George Bush wearing a sign “Will Kill For Oil.” A third person showed up, unknown to the rest of us. He was well dressed and carried a large American flag. Waving the flag,

he asked people to sign up for the war in Iraq. Of course, no one would sign up and he used this to taunt them. It was a sleek antiwar statement. I was impressed, but I was also a bit suspicious about his emotional flag waving.

Gus introduced himself to me. Immediately he went on and on about “meme warfare,” a concept I invented and have written much about. He also found his way into a conversation about settling Mars, another of my pet interests, declaring it one of his passions. I asked him if he had seen any of my writings about meme warfare and he stated that he had never heard of me before. He had also never seen my Mars website, a sci-fi website about colonizing Mars.

The probability of two activists, unknown to each other, coming together in one place by chance and sharing these two interests, plus a disdain for Bush is zero. Very few people on the left even think about Mars or space exploration. The few who do, usually lobby against space exploration as a waste of money that could be better put to use on Earth. Meme warfare is a very fringe subject. The alarm bells went off immediately.

We decided to conduct this event every Saturday thereafter and renamed it “The Occupation of Harvard Square.” Nick, Gus and I were the most loyal participants in the event. Nick did not change his style at all. I did not change my style at all. Gus, however, continued to evolve over time and seemed to have no shortage in money to finance his evolution.

Gus was a walking contradiction. I have no love for the flag. In fact, the only one in our group that demonstrated a love for the flag was Gus. Nevertheless, Gus came one day passing out torn shreds of the flag, inviting us to tie them around our arms. I thanked him for the shred and put it in my bag, never to wear it. This simultaneous respect and disrespect for the flag was contradictory. Moreover, I had no desire to be seen with a political armband like some Nazi.

On another Saturday, Gus brought a brand new music box to the square. It was a special all weather boom box. Song after song were straight out of my own personal collection of CDs – a collection that once sat on my desk at a defense contractor’s office. My collection was a strange mix of Latin music, punk music and Irish rebel music. Once again, it was unique. How is it that Gus and I would share yet one more odd similarity?

Gus professed not to be aware of the harassment campaign against me until I mentioned it. Later that day, on our way into the subway station, he began asking me if I was on medication for depression. He intimated a story about how he was once on medication for manic depression. He wanted me to intimate my own status. I was suspicious immediately. All I told him is that I once did take anti-depressants for depression. That news would soon find its way onto the Internet, posted by the online harassment operation known as KOBE.

Next, Gus brought a brand new and expensive video camera to the occupation. He videotaped us. Two versions of the documentary turned up online. One was about the Occupation of Harvard Square. It was quite good but had the defect of focusing on the asses of beautiful women passing through the square. This is not typical for an activist and served to discredit us. The other version of the video, highly edited, was called “Loser DeVoy.” It targeted me as an anarchist and terrorist. It also targeted Nick, calling him a “Heroin Addict”.

The KOBE organization (now confirmed to be COINTELPRO) posted the video online to defame us. They never defamed, in anyway, the cameraman, Gus.

As my suspicions of Gus grew, I began to plant tainted and unique information with him. The goal was to find out whether this information would end up in the hands of COINTELPRO. When providing someone with tainted information it is important that the information be believable, false and unique. It must be believable in order to induce the carrier of the information to pass it on. It must be unique, because the purpose is to eliminate all possible alternative sources. It must be false because the uniqueness of true

information is based only on ignorance. For example, if some event did occur and you believe no one else is aware of it, you may be wrong. It may have been observed. It may have been videotaped. It may be recorded in some database if it was electronic in nature. Only false information can be known to be unique.

I pretended to share with Gus a theory on the nature of the harassment I was experiencing. I told him of a girlfriend in Palos Verdes and how I believed she was jealous and seeking revenge. I never have had a girlfriend from Palos Verdes. I did have a friend from Palos Verdes, so any check of a relationship might turn up positive, but it was not a lover's relationship.

Sure enough, during a harassment exercise by online COINTELPRO, my "girlfriend" from Palos Verdes was mentioned. This confirmed my suspicions that Gus was an infiltrator. I also provided Gus with some true information not shared with other activists. I told him all about where I was working in New Hampshire and I also mentioned an uncle that would provide me with an office in Massachusetts. Within a week of telling Gus about my work in New Hampshire, a government agent showed up at my place of employment and did an amazingly stupid performance. He came up to me, loudly, with many customers around and asked, "Hey, do you know where I could find a gay bar?" Now, as I will explain later on in the pamphlet, the COINTELPRO operation falsely believes that I am gay.

I replied, "No, but there you have it, your very own business opportunity! You could open your own gay bar in town."

The cop, putting on a bad performance, then asked me, loudly, if I too were gay. I told him I am not gay. "Are you sure you're not gay?" he asked. All of my coworkers laughed at the performance, obviously it was fake.

The next day, I stood in front of the place of business smoking a cigarette on the curb just in front of the parking area. A guy pulled his car in. Normally, customers would just

park without requiring me to move. There was plenty of space. He inched up to my knees and then gunned the car, causing me to jump out of the way, just avoiding a hit on my knees by his fast moving bumper. He parked his car, got out, looked me in the eyes and with a nasty look he said, "I'm sorry I missed hitting you."

Never had anything like this happened at that place of business before, not to me and not to anyone else. A cop began to park in front of the store and stare at me every time I walked out to smoke. At that point I figured the harassment would increase, so I quit my job in New Hampshire.

Later, when the harassment would fail to bring my websites down, COINTELPRO sent me an email saying that they would drive my uncle out of business. Only Gus knew about my uncle. They published an article on Boston IndyMedia accusing my uncle of employing a terrorist and being an anti-Semite. That ended my work with my uncle.

These two events were many months apart. Between the two, I decided to put Gus to another test. He claimed to be single. He is from Puerto Rico and speaks Spanish fluently. I decided to set him up with a Chilean friend of mine. She is absolutely beautiful, has a wonderful personality and I knew that any single man would fall for her instantly. I asked him if he'd like to date her. He turned the offer down. This was highly suspicious.

Gus was tied to the CIA through another of his secret projects. He put up a website spoofing my White Rose Journal Magazine that I had placed online. He did this anonymously and at the same IP address as the COINTELPRO project's harassment website. His goal was to make it appear as if I were the author of the spoofed website, thus giving himself an opportunity to publish material defaming me in my own name.

I monitored the changes to the spoofed website and I monitored the visitors to the real website. Whoever was spoofing the website was copying material on a daily basis.

There was only one daily visitor to the website – the CIA. The domain UCIA.GOV was clearly logged and the visits corresponded to the updates of the bogus website.

It is not surprising to discover that Gus is a CIA agent. He was raised on U.S. Embassies in Latin America, including Brazil and Columbia. His father is a State Department Official. When one is raised in that environment, one must be raised with the CIA, after all the CIA uses Embassies as official cover for its operations.

Gustavo was not passively spying on us. His intent was far more sinister. Gustavo was actively attempting to provoke our arrest. Fortunately, Gustavo's methods failed. They failed for two reasons, Gustavo made major mistakes with regard to his cover personality and his targets were not naïve.

Part of Gustavo's cover was to portray himself as a pacifist Christian. He would hold up signs quoted from the bible admonishing violence. When an actual violent confrontation broke out, targeting members of the RCP distributing their newspaper, I came to the aid of the RCP. Gustavo refused stating that he was a pacifist. Later, he would contradict this stand with his propaganda.

Gustavo's first attempt at entrapment involved a spoof of the toppling of Saddam's statue. Gustavo provided a mannequin dressed in a three piece suit for the event. Nick provided a George Bush mask to place over the mannequin's head. After the toppling of Bush, Gustavo placed the mannequin on the ground and covered it with fake blood. He spent hours stomping on the fake Bush's bloodied head. I never joined in this theatre for I knew that we were under surveillance and that it would lead to my arrest. I was amazed that Gustavo could do this without getting arrested.

In the middle of his Bush head stomping display, Gustavo came up to me and said, "Hey, someone told me they are calling the Secret Service on me. I don't care. Free speech is more important than the consequences. Why don't you join me?"

I turned him down.

Within a week a report came out on Boston IndyMedia about an event at the Lucy Parson's Center (an anarchist bookstore selling my bumper-stickers). Someone had mailed various images to them and then called the Secret Service tipping them off as to the contents of the images. I do not know what the images were. What I do know is that COINTELPRO posted on Boston IMC¹ that it involved me, Harvard Square and my bumper stickers at the Lucy Parson's Center. This followed COINTELPRO publishing a forged article, in my name, calling for the murder of George Bush. COINTELPRO added an additional threat. If Revolution Books continued to sell my bumper stickers, the same would happen to them.

As things wound down, I believe due to the fact that I now suspected Gus, Gus tried a final ploy to have me arrested. He emailed to me images of Bush having his head cut off. He told me that he would be selling T-Shirts with the image in Harvard Square that Saturday and encouraged me to place the images on bumper stickers. After looking at the images, I became convinced that it was another set up by Gus to have me arrested. Nevertheless, I told him I would show up. I wanted to see what would happen. On Saturday morning I was running a little late. At the last moment, Gus, probably believing I had already left for Harvard Square, sent me an email stating he could not make it. Of course, he thought I'd be there with bumper stickers featuring the decapitation of George Bush. I never produced such bumper stickers and I did not show up as well.

That was the end of my relationship with Gus. He was clearly not only a spy but a provocateur as well.

Almost two years after the above events, I reviewed the many hundreds of photos I had taken during a protest on March 28, 2003 in Boston Common. I was aware from conversations with Gus that he had been at that protest. With some time on my hands, I

¹ Boston IMC is an embarrassment to both the activist community in Boston and IMC. Unfortunately, neither the activist community in Boston nor IMC are sophisticated enough to realize this yet. Boston IMC has worked hand in hand with COINTELPRO against dissidents in Boston.

decided to closely review each and every photo from the protest to see if I could find evidence of an earlier operation against me by Gus and his CIA affiliates. If I could find such evidence, I could prove, once and for all, that Gus showed up in Harvard Square specifically to target me. After all, he claimed to have never heard of me before he met me in Harvard Square. Sure enough, I found images of Gus' crew at that earlier protest. Moreover, their camera was pointed at me as is revealed in one of the images I took during the protest.

When looking for spies, look for legal exceptions. In Boston Common, a permit is required by the police for all temporary structures. Only two structures were erected for the protest of 3/28/2003. The first one was put up by those permitted to have the protest. The second was put up by a "non organization." That non-organization is the CIA.



**Permitted
Structure**

**Unpermitted
Structure**



Gus' CIA crew is shown on top of a structure covered to look like a rock in the image below. The structure was the only structure on the park erected for the event and not controlled by the organizers of the event. It was not permitted. The police would have ejected the structure if the police were not in on the operation.

When spies work in concert with the police, they are given legal leeway not given to others. This is a strong sign of covert involvement.

More info on CIA involvement in harassment of dissidents in Boston



3/28/2003



8/30/2003



SAME ARTIST



Do you think anyone will figure out that I'm holding a spade? (or Espada in Spanish)



GUESS WHO THEIR CAMERA IS POINTED AT?

The Undercover Cop

The previous two descriptions of spies and infiltrators were professional spies trained by intelligence agencies. The next case is a little different. In this case we have an undercover police officer. I never fully trusted this person, but I never knew for sure that he was an infiltrator until I later found his photo online. He was a Dedham, Massachusetts Police Officer.

I met Ed in Revolution Books on Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge, MA. The manager of the store had seen my work in Harvard Square and asked me to come in and provide some stickers for his store to sell. I arrived and we had a nice conversation. A few minutes after I arrived, a man entered the store. He seemed a little nervous. From the store manager's reaction to him, I could tell that the man had been in the store before. He was anti-communist and declared himself a primitivist anarchist. Of course, that leaves one to wonder just what he was doing in Revolution Books, a Maoist bookstore.

The man's name was Ed and he took a liking to one of my bumper stickers. The particular one he liked was based on art from the American Revolution. He purchased one. We talked for a few moments, I finished my business with Revolution Books and then I left.

Ed would later join us in Harvard Square. Ed, however, never spoke to anyone else there, he spoke only me. He would stand by my side, occasionally putting together a completely nonsensical sign and talk to me about his drug business. I was uninterested in his drug business and thought it had no place in our presence, but we were not an organization so there was little I could do about it. However, Ed was very friendly to me and he shared some of my dislike for the local anarcho-communist movement.

Ed would meet other people in Harvard Square, ostensibly in order to conduct drug deals. However, all of the people he met with looked like something other than drug dealers. Most were large, tall and very cop-looking.

On one occasion, someone threw fruit our way and Ed immediately went into a feigned rage, attempting to provoke a fight. Of course, this would have prompted our arrest. On another occasion, two groups we had never seen before arranged themselves near us, placing us in their crossfire and staged a fight between them. Nick nearly got arrested in the conflict that followed. However, I called Nick back before a cop got him. What was interesting about this staged fight was that the police were already in position before anything happened. They even had a police van waiting to take away arrestees. All of this before anything at all had happened.

In the midst of this fake conflict, Ed turned towards me and said, “Look, the cops are all around us. I’m carrying. What should I do?”

I had never heard the phrase “I’m carrying” before, so I asked him, “Carrying what?”

“Drugs!” he said. “I don’t want to get busted. Can I stash them in your bag?”

I told him that if we were going to get busted, they would search my bag too, so stashing drugs there was out of the question. I suggested that he just walk away before anything happened. Since Ed turned out to be a cop and the conflict was a staged event, this was not merely entrapment, it was a frame up. Ed was illegally carrying drugs. He is an example of a crooked cop.

Ed also attempted a common ploy, the intimation of embarrassing information in the hope for an exchange of the same. It is important to remember that an undercover assumes a false identity with a false past. They can tell you all kinds of things about this “false past” without the information coming back to haunt them, after all, they are acting and the “information” is about a character that does not exist. When someone intimates embarrassing information, it is usually a sign that they trust you and expect you to reciprocate. This ploy, then, has one goal: obtain intimate information about your life which can later be used to embarrass or smear you.

Out of nowhere, Ed brought up an event of “his” past. He told me that he had spent many years in prison. I asked him what he was convicted of and he told me that he attempted to murder his wife after finding out that she had been cheating on him. He then looked at me and paused, waiting for my reply, which he certainly hoped would contain some skeleton in my closet (of which there is none). I had already experienced this ploy. I just looked at him and replied, “Oh, I’m sorry to hear that.”

Ed took steps to befriend me. He was looking to build a relationship of interchange. He listened to my gripes about the anarcho-communist community in Boston and then would go on and on about how the communists had betrayed anarchists, over and over again throughout history. He was obviously oblivious to the fact that anarcho-communists and Stalinists have very little, if anything, in common. My problem was not with anarcho-communism anyway. It was with the anarcho-communist movement dominant in the North East.

Hoping to take advantage of my disappointment with Boston’s anarcho-communist scene, Ed began to ask me whether various individuals that passed by where “masked anarchists” found in black blocs. I knew better than provide anyone with such information and always replied, “I have no idea.” More often than not, I really did have no idea.

Ed, therefore, was hoping to collect information from me. I protect myself and others against this ploy by seeking to learn as little about other people as possible. The less I know, the less likely I am to let something slip. I make a conscious effort in not learning the last names of other activists or the details of their lives. I believe others should do the same.

Later, Ed would find a pretext to purchase a pin from a woman who suddenly showed up to sell pins right in the middle of our protest. They were battery powered pins with a

LED inside. He bought a black cat LED pen and pinned on my jacket. I now wonder whether it was more than just a light.

During the whole period in Harvard Square, I never strongly suspected Ed. I thought he was a little suspicious, but I also know that being stalked by COINTELPRO has made me a little paranoid. Therefore, I do not come to conclusions without a large amount of evidence. Ed's real identity was discovered almost by accident.

I had long noticed a strong similarity between the website of the Dedham Police Department and the KOBE (COINTELPRO) website. I dismissed my observations as paranoia early on. Later, however, I began to see a pattern of information flow between the Dedham Police Department and the COINTELPRO operation.

While living in Dedham, MA, I received over 5000 threats in one day against myself, my wife and my daughter. The threats were sent by electronic mail and included the statement that drugs would be planted in my home, my wife would be deported and my daughter taken away by the state. In the confusion and panic over these threats, my wife, my daughter and I fled the town and moved far away. We suspected someone in the family might be involved. This resulted in a meeting between the Dedham Police Department and my parents. Some unique information from that conversation appeared in a COINTELPRO harassment post on Maritimes IndyMedia targeting my writings. It could only have come from the Dedham Police Department. As I looked over the previous months, I noticed a strong pattern of information flow from the Dedham Police Department to the COINTELPRO operation. I decided to investigate the Dedham Police.

I began with their website. I found the email address of the webmaster and searched for it online. I discovered his name, his hobbies and the various places he posted. I made some startling observations.

He had been posting at various locations where the exact same graphics appearing on the COINTELPRO website appeared. These included some very rare graphics. I also found

samples of his writing and discovered he used some unique misspellings used by the COINTELPRO group. His use of language was identical to one of their members. Using his name, I found that he was a member of a sailing club. From there I found a photo of the members of the sailing club and located his face in that photo. He was Ed from Harvard Square, the infiltrator that attempted to plant drugs in my bag. Given this *modus operandi*, it is reasonable to conclude that, in conjunction with his knowledge of the Internet, he was the source of the threats against my wife and daughter.

He used an interesting cover to impede my suspicions of him. As a primitivist anarchist, he claimed to avoid computers and know nothing about them. With that model of Ed in my mind, I did not suspect he was a member of the online COINTELPRO operation. This cover threw me off.

One Time Events

The three individuals documented above are professionals. They played a sustained role with a complex cover. These professionals used various other individuals as one-time actors. This section reviews some of the highlights of those operations. Many of these events are connected to Gus.

The Drunken Guy “from” East Boston

One summer afternoon in Harvard Square a tall man came to “join” us. He behaved as though he were drunk, though there was no smell of alcohol about him. He would stand between Gus and I, stumbling about and screaming at the passersby in a confrontational and insulting manner. When he’d stumble, Gus was there to keep him from falling.

I pulled Gus aside and suggested that we send this new person on his way. Gus already knew everything about the guy. He told me that this individual was from East Boston and that we should be open to everyone. The “drunken” individual grabbed my stickers and began passing them out to anyone that passed by, thrusting them in their faces and demanding that they take them. He damaged many of them, threw some on the sidewalk and made a general ass of himself.

I instructed this person to stay away from my bumper stickers. They were expensive for me to make and he was destroying them. I became concerned that the police would use his disorderliness to eject us from the square.

For the first time, I intentionally put some distance between myself and Gus. I stood a good twenty yards farther down the sidewalk, away from Gus and his new friend. Eventually, I walked over to the group of RCP’ers standing nearby and pointed the provocateur out to them. They watched and came to the same conclusion as I did, this person was a provocateur. I decided to eject him, whether or not Gus approved.

Returning to Gus and the provocateur, I suggested to this guy that he was too drunk to be doing political work in the street and that he should leave. Gus was a bit indignant about my request. The provocateur asked if he could take a large stack of my stickers to East Boston with him. I told him he could take two. Gus protested, “Think of the cause, he’ll be putting them on cars in East Boston!” Still, I only allowed him to take two stickers. The provocateur left.

That evening on Boston IndyMedia, COINTELPRO stated that they had obtained some of my stickers and were placing them on the back of Boston Police cars in order to provoke my arrest for vandalism.

Veritas

Another online personality joined the harassment operation on Boston IMC. He posted under the name Veritas. From his style of writing and the implications behind his posts, I suspected he was COINTELPRO.

Veritas began to post criticism of my activist work in Cambridge. He accused me of trying to make a profit and of spending too much time on Bush and not on “real” issues such as the World Trade Organization.

I responded to Veritas online letting him know I didn’t believe he was for real. He responded that he was a 17 year old high school student and wanted me to telephone him. He even posted his cell phone number on Boston IMC. This, of course, is strange behavior. Why would a 41 year old man want to talk with some unknown 17 year old boy on a cell phone? There was no reason why I should feel compelled to justify what I was doing in Harvard Square. I am free to do as I choose whether or not some other person, in this case a high school student, agrees.

The name “Veritas” seemed oddly familiar to me. I went over past email messages and found a message from a “Veritas” about a year earlier. His message claimed that he was an anarchist and that he and his friends were fans of my writing. He wanted to correspond with me, seek advice on forming an anarchist group and considered me some kind of mentor. I remember that when I received that email I had responded that I am not forming an organization, that I work as an individual and suggested that he do the same. Since this was the second attempt at contact and since he specified each time that he was a minor, I began to wonder what was really behind his attempts to contact me.

As I mentioned above and as I will explain later, the COINTELPRO operation seems to have some highly inaccurate views of my nature. They’ve accused me of everything from being gay, to being a pedophile, to killing and then raping my Grandmother, to being a terrorist, to being a foreign spy and a million other things. I put this together,

thought about a recent operation against Scott Ritter involving online contact with a minor and then responded to Veritas' request for me to call him on his cell phone.

I posted a response to Veritas' request, telling him that I had no intention or desire to contact some minor by telephone or email. Knowing that I was a COINTELPRO target, the request smelled of entrapment. For all I knew, someone was trying to construct another scenario under which to smear me.

Veritas protested wildly about my refusal to contact him or take him seriously. He began posting on IndyMedia in LA and Portland (two places I had been posting at the time) telling the world that I refused to communicate with him and stated that I feared being accused of pedophilia.

Portland IndyMedia is one of the best IndyMedias in the United States. They're readers responded, "This is a Boston issue. What are you doing posting about it here?"

I was now convinced that Veritas was COINTELPRO. Veritas again insisted on Boston IndyMedia that I meet him. I told him that he was free to show up in Harvard Square and introduce himself, just like anyone else. He said he'd be there.

I had discussed this with Gus the previous week in Harvard Square. Gus assured me that "Veritas is for real."

I arrived a little late the next time in Harvard Square and Veritas was there to greet me. He was dressed to look as gay as possible and had two friends with him. He pretended to be friendly. I gave him a "Bush/Cheney for prison" pin, asked him to pose with his friends for a photo (which I took as evidence) and then ignored him.

Sure enough, Veritas showed up online within a few days whining on and on about my stupid anti-Bush stickers, about a homeless guy that joined us at the protest, and about some stupid "Christian" sign. Veritas was with COINTELPRO.

Later, when Veritas began harassing me online again, under a different name, I published his photo on Boston IMC. COINTELPRO sent me a message saying “Leave the kid alone. I’m a bigger fish. Deal with me.”

One day I looked over Gustavo’s own website. I discovered the word “Veritas” at the top of every page.

The Staged Fight

There were several acts of violence in Harvard Square. All of them, I believe, were staged. However, one was the work of a coordinated group of individuals. It was well orchestrated, but not convincing. Once again, Gus was there.

Three guys showed up and stood across the ally from us. They had signs denouncing us. Their shy smiles combined with harsh rhetoric clued me in that they were paid to be there. Just as in the case of the “drunken” provocateur, Gus already knew where they were from. In this case, they’re cover was that they were UPS workers.

This group of three chanted things like “Heil Hitler!” They portrayed themselves as far right. In the middle of this bit of theatre two other men showed up and stood on the knee high wall between the ally and the train station. They declared themselves Republicans (“real Republicans” they emphasized.) One yelled towards the three UPS workers, “I am a real Republican and I think Bush is a fascist!”

This was the point where Ed (see above) attempted to plant drugs on me. Police were already positioned around us when this happened. One of the UPS guys lunged at the two “real Republicans” and the two fell into the entrance of the train station. They began an obviously fake fight. Several other people came out of the woodwork and joined the staged fight. Someone grabbed one of our signs and tore it up. Nick went into to go after him. I called Nick back and told him it was staged and he would be arrested. Nick withdrew. We turned out backs on the growing disturbance and ignored it. The police came in and took several people away (none of them from our group). They instructed us to leave saying, “We can’t protect you.” We told the police that we did not need their protection nor want their protection and that we would not leave. The police told us they would arrest us if we did not leave. We refused to leave. The police went away. They had failed in their mission.

Examples of COINTELPRO Street Theatre

I experienced too many strange events in Harvard Square to dismiss them as ordinary street occurrences. None of them lasted long enough to devote a specific section to any one of them. Here is a brief description of several.

One day seemed to be “cell phone photo day”. Throughout the day, dozens of individuals passed by, pointed their cell phone cameras at us, and took pictures. This happened every five or ten minutes for hours on end. It happened so frequently, that several of us noticed it. It didn’t happen on other days, just one day.

On another day, a small group of teenagers came up to taunt us. They asked for poster board to make signs and we gave it to them. One young teenage girl made a sign stating “You Smell” and stood next to me. The other kept telling me he was “Bill O’Reilly’s son.” This was significant only because Bill O’Reilly had read a fake email in my name on the air. That night, COINTELPRO posted on Boston IMC that I “had body odor.” We never saw either of them again.

Another time a group of teenagers came up to me. They immediately told me that they were Jewish and asked why I was an anti-Semite. I told them that I am not an anti-Semite and never have been. I asked them what bumper sticker indicated to them that I was an anti-Semite. They had no response. They told me that I shouldn’t be on the street distributing anti-Bush bumper stickers. I asked them why? They began to touch my stickers and destroy them. To this I asked them to leave. They left.

One evening two young adult males approached me. They asked me why I hated Israel. I asked them why they were asking me this. “I am here protesting George Bush, not Israel,” I stated. “Yes, but what do you think of Israel?” they asked. I told them that I support Israel’s right to exist but I also support the right of Palestinians to have their own state. I added that I condemn acts of terrorism against Israelis and acts of war by Israel

against the Palestinians. One of them looked at me and said, "You're not as bad we were told." They left. Obviously, they had been sent to confront me.

A woman I had never seen before walked in front of me. She had a "Church of Satan" T-Shirt on. As she walked down the street, her back towards me, she suddenly stopped, turned around, looked into my eyes and engaged in a long angry stare. After thirty seconds of this, she theatrically turned her head and continued walking.

On another day, a woman dressed like a ninja, black hood over her head and black robe covering her body, drove up on a bicycle. She was holding a metal bar in her hand. She circled me twice and drove off. Ed said, "She's come to kill someone. I wonder who?"

COINTELPRO posted on Boston IMC that we would be the targets of thrown fruit. The next Saturday, someone threw fruit at us.

Two individuals approached me and declared themselves to be National Socialists. When this happened, Gus stood next to me in silence, watching the interchange. The Nazis told me about how they hated Jews and race mixing. Since I believe that rational discussion is useful, even when talking with Nazis, I politely explained to them why I believed that Nazism was evil, that Jews were not in any way inferior to anyone else and how race mixing was good, not bad, for the human gene pool. At the end of the discussion, I shook hands with one of them. I hoped that my politeness and explanation of what I believed was wrong with Nazism would take root in his mind. Upon reflection, I cannot help but to wonder whether that was an attempt to characterize me as friendly to Nazis. My politeness was not friendliness; it was an attempt to convert a Nazi into a non-Nazi.

I could go on and on...

The Photography Student

One time in Harvard Square a very sleek middle aged woman approached me. She had a very expensive camera. “I’m a photography student at Harvard,” she said. “I need to take photos of interesting people for my art class. You’re the most interesting person I’ve seen today. May I photograph you?”

I saw no harm in her request and allowed her to take several photos. They later turned up on the Internet. One of them was doctored to picture me as a Nazi.



To the left you see an actual image of me. The copyright was placed on the image before it was published online in order to demonstrate that COINTELPRO is willing to break the law by republishing the image (in altered form). Sure enough, the US Government altered the photo to depict me as a NAZI. The image to the right was produced and published online by the US Government.

A coworker² at Cycorp, a defense contractor in Austin, Texas came into my office one day and snapped my picture with a digital camera, without my consent. Two years later,

² The name of this former coworker is Cyndy Matuszek. Cyndy obtained her job at Cycorp through the personal connections between her parents and Doug Lenat, president of the company. Her mother obtained funding from her employer, Glaxo-Wellcome, to fund Cycorp’s internship program. Naturally, the inference is that her job was bought and paid for through the use of another corporation’s funds. In a similar manner, Cyndy made her way up the corporate later by backstabbing her boss – that would be me.

the photograph she took showed up on NYC IndyMedia³. It had been doctored to place me outside with a Vietnamese hat on my head. My shirt had been altered to feature a swastika and the accompanying article depicted me as a “sleazy protester” in search for homosexual sex at the Republican National Convention. I am a straight married male and was not at the Republican National Convention. If you are a dissident and someone takes your picture without your consent, even a coworker, I suggest you demand the immediate destruction of the image and use force is necessary.



This is an altered image of the author placed online by COINTELPRO. The original picture was taken in my office at Cycorp, without my consent, by a female coworker. She later altered the image, placing the hat upon my head, altering the T-Shirt to display the name “Bush” with a swastika, and adding an Arab scarf to my waste. These symbols reveal much about the libelist behind it. She is an avid Zionist, thus the compulsive use of the swastika and the Arab scarf. Moreover, she is a racist. The Vietnamese hat was added because my ex-wife is Vietnamese. She referred to the hat as a “cooley” hat when she named the file. Wearing the scarf around the waste is disrespectful to Arabs, and the swastika speaks for itself. If you are a dissident, all kinds of mentally unstable people will do their best to smear you, even your coworkers. An experience such as this makes you wonder just how many people that you think are normal are, in reality, sociopaths.

³ Do not trust any IndyMedia that allows itself to be used as a venue for smearing activists. Information centers, such as IndyMedia, are prime targets for CONITELPRO infiltration.

COINTELPRO: In Search of a Sexual Profile

COINTELPRO has a long history of using sexual smears against its targets. It is a practice that has its roots in J. Edgar Hoover. It has been used against Martin Luther King Jr., Scott Ritter, and hundreds of other individuals. The FBI tries to find sexual dirt on people. If it can't find any, it makes it up. This is no exaggeration, a young Hollywood actress who had voiced support for the Black Panthers was the subject of an FBI rumor, intentionally made and documented, alleging that she was pregnant by a member of the Black Panthers. The stress on her life induced by this lie provoked her suicide.

If the FBI can find any dirt on you, they will use it. If they can misconstrue some event and cast it in a bad light, they will do this as well. The chief goal of COINTELPRO is to discredit anyone that the FBI believes is a leader or has the potential to become a leader. The naïveté of the average activist is what the FBI counts on. Many an activist will turn his or her back on any individual smeared with unproved or false allegations. Since activists are humans like all other humans, some will even use such smear campaigns in order to raise their own profile within the activist community at the expense of an activist targeted by COINTELPRO.

While you cannot undo your past, you can take steps to control your future. Do not provide information that can be used against you to anyone. Those whom you trust today may choose to backstab you when the opportunity presents itself. Many activists are pulled in by the police at demonstrations on trumped up charges only to exchange information with the police in the hope of bettering their positions with regard to their trials. Any activist actively required to see a parole officer or currently on probation should not be trusted. Parole and probation officers have the power to coerce and manipulate their subjects. If some activist that knows a secret about you finds him or herself on probation, he or she just might provide that information to the police. It is best to make sure that you share no information with anyone if you fear it may be used by COINTELPRO.

Other ploys may be used to entrap an activist on sexual grounds. This was done to Scot Ritter who became the target of an Internet sex sting. Straight men may be targeted by individuals claiming to be minor females (or worse, minor females claiming not to be minors). Closet homosexuals may be targeted with propositions from agents pretending to be gay. Female activists may be set up to appear as loose or unfaithful. A good rule of thumb is to dismiss amazing coincidences or unbelievable sexual opportunities while subject to government harassment. The probability of suddenly running into your perfect soul-mate is low. If you are not a knock out and cannot believe your luck, it may just not be luck after all. If you have a fetish, it will be exploited. Human sexuality is as an easy tool to reliably exploit. If the government is targeting you, be on your guard.

Finding Patterns

There are strong patterns in the cases I have discussed. Let's try to put it all together and derive a list of warning signs that someone is an infiltrator or spy. However, as we do this, keep in mind that my experiences are the experiences of an individual not an organization. The targeting of organizations is somewhat different than the targeting of individuals. This list pertains only to covert operations against individuals.

1. The miraculous convergence of highly improbable personal interests: The fastest way into someone's life is to be that unique and hard to find individual that shares an assortment of highly improbable mutual interests. Spies have a mission and they wish to accomplish it quickly. The longer the mission lasts, the higher the chance of being discovered. Therefore, it is necessary to gain their target's confidence and interest quickly. There is no better way to accomplish this than to feign common rare interests.
2. Quick intimacy of embarrassing personal information: This is a ploy to seek an exchange of intimacy that can only harm the target. The spy is putting on a false persona. That false persona does not exist. Therefore, the exchange of personal information is actually one way, from the target to the spy. If someone shares highly embarrassing personal information with you early on in the relationship, beware.
3. Pointed questions seeking to uncover specific personal information: If someone asks you specific questions that you believe are an intrusion on your privacy and if these questions presume some highly personal knowledge of you, beware.
4. Highly unique statements separating an individual from an entire universe: If someone characterizes himself as being completely devoid of knowledge within an area in which you are targeted (e.g. the Internet), don't take the declaration as true. Be on your guard. This may be a ploy to set up a psychological barrier which serves to inhibit your ability to "connect the dots."
5. Suggestions to join in and engage in illegal activities: It is one thing to decide on your own to take an illegal action as an act of resistance. However, it is entirely

- something else if someone suggests to you some act that is of no benefit to the movement and seeks only to prove your devotion to the cause. For example, nothing is to be gained in stomping the bloodied head of a fake George Bush. Much is to be lost. The payment for such an act may be many years in jail. The benefit is zero. Anyone asking you or prompting you to do such a thing is either a complete idiot or a COINTELPRO operative. If you know he is not an idiot, then you can conclude that he is a COINTELPRO operative.
6. Solicitations to contact unknown minors: It is not normal for adults to engage in telephone calls and email exchanges with individuals declaring themselves to be minors. Yes, communicating with young family members is normal but communication between adults and unknown minors is not normal. If you are a political person and you believe you are a target of COINTELPRO, never communicate privately with a minor. You are being set up.
 7. Flirtations from minors or those that appear to be minors: Young women (e.g. 16 years old) are not in search of middle aged men. They seek young men, usually around 17 to 20 years old. If minor females are attempting to flirt with you and you are middle aged, it is not normal. Something is going on. Do not fall for it. They don't think you're cute and someone is putting them up to it.
 8. Embarrassing behavior from unknown parties wishing to join you: If someone shows up and begins acting like an ass, eject him or her immediately, especially if the person is unknown to you. Getting your message across is about quality, not quantity. One asshole can ruin your entire operation. Suspect all overt assholes as provocateurs.
 9. Embarrassing and unrelated activities: If someone in your group is engaged in illegal activities that are unrelated to resistance and could serve to embarrass your movement, eject that person. For example, I should have ejected Ed immediately. There is nothing to be gained by having a drug dealer standing next to you at a political event. The only potential advantage to such a scenario goes to COINTELPRO.

10. Information flow between an individual and COINTELPRO: If you plant unique disinformation with someone and COITNELPRO receives it, eject that person immediately.
11. Impunity: If someone is doing something for which you would be arrested but he or she does not get arrested, then he or she is an undercover agent.
12. Legal Exceptionalism: The police will look the other way when covert agents do not obtain permits that are required of others to put up structures of conduct public business.
13. Expensive Toys: COINTELPRO has an open budget. Expect expensive cameras, cool toys, and the ability to get strange materials on demand.

Things to Avoid At Political Events

Do not accept objects that are carried on your person. If someone gives you a cigarette lighter to keep or a pin to put on your jacket, either reject it or take it apart when you get home. I found a radio transmitter in a cigarette lighter given to me in Harvard Square.

Do not accept beverages or food from others you do not trust completely. Drugs can be put in food. Poison can be put in food. It is not worth the risk.

If someone provides you with graphics or political literature review it carefully and ask yourself, "Can I get arrested for distributing this?"

Avoid all fights between unrelated parties. If two groups show up and they are unrelated to your group, do not allow yourself to be dragged into the conflict. Look around and see if the police are already staked out waiting for something to happen.

Do not answer pointed questions that would indicate illegal intent or agreement with illegal intent. For example, if someone comes up to you and says, "I think George Bush should be shot," say nothing. Just look at them as if they are crazy. If you reply, they may misconstrue your reply. No one just walks up to anyone suggesting the assassination of the President. Anyone that makes such a suggestion is COINTELPRO.

Do not allow anyone to photograph you. Wear a mask if necessary. If you are a target, you are better off avoiding the publicity that photos may bring. The photos will be doctored and used to smear you. Do not be seduced by the idea of your image appearing in the press or on television. The FBI, the police, the CIA, and the DIA all use individuals dressed as reporters to photograph dissidents. They have expensive cameras and will often ask you personal questions as they snap your picture (e.g. Where are you from? Where do you work?) If you find it too difficult not to answer, then lie.

Provide zero information to anyone about where you work or what you do for a living. COINTELPRO will contact your employer, if possible, to get you fired.

If someone comes up to shake your hand or to hug you, ask yourself this question before responding, "What could someone do with a photograph of this event?" If you don't like the answer, don't reciprocate.

Do not accept money for cigarettes or other items which require or may require a license for sale.

Assume that you are under surveillance at all times. Do not do anything that you would regret having made public. If you are a COINTELPRO target, you live in a fishbowl. Get used to it or move out of the country.

Provide no information to anyone about your family, the names of family members, the businesses of family members, where family members work or any other information that may be used to harass your relations. COINTELPRO would love to isolate you from your support network. Don't let them know what your support network is.

Do not fall for the intimacy sharing ploy. Strangers shouldn't be walking up to you and telling you their dark secrets. Don't reciprocate.

Conclusions

If you are an effective political activist working against the interests of the regime, you will be targeted by COINTELPRO. If you are not targeted by COINTELPRO, you are probably not perceived as effective.

Once you have been targeted, you should no longer assume that personal encounters are random events. Look for the patterns I have described. If a new individual meets the pattern, then act with caution. It is probably best to just terminate the relationship. COINTELPRO sometimes uses well trained spies. Do not assume that you can out fox them. Seek distance and separation, not continued interaction.

Remember at all times that you live in a fishbowl. You are being watched and followed. Your telephone calls are being listened to. Your email is being read. Conduct yourself accordingly. If you cannot function under such circumstances, consider leaving the country.

Do not fall for sexual traps. Do not allow yourself to be placed into a situation where it is your word vs. another individual's word and the matter hanging in the balance could jail you or embarrass you. This means that you should not communicate with unknown minors on the telephone or online and you should not meet them unless in the presence of trusted witnesses. The kind of operation that targeted Scott Ritter is a COINTELPRO classic. Don't even begin to open yourself up to such ploys.

Do not share with anyone personal information that could be used to harass you. Don't discuss your taxes, your employment, your residence, your family, your friends or anything at all that could be used to harass your support network and isolate you.

We now live in a police state. Never forget that. The goal is to destroy the lives of dissidents. Make that goal difficult to attain.