

Excerpts from Chapter 14 The California Street Massacre

As I drove into Nevada and down to Osceola in June 1993, I could hardly have come to terms with the realities of what had just happened in Salt Lake City. Being hunted down by street gangs and hit men who had been cued into my whereabouts by FBI surveillance wasn't very comprehensible at the time, and wouldn't be for another decade or more, even if some of the realities involved had by then become obvious. Even with all the other atrocities, I was most of all grieved that my warm-hearted invalid mother was being callously used and manipulated by my brother Ralph to serve the greed of some big-time crooks who also happened to be supposedly respectable socialites. But once I approached Osceola, these thoughts receded into the background at the sight of the magnificent limestone cliffs of Pilot Knob Ridge ahead of me. I still had a company to run and a drilling program to initiate to prove the Mother Lode was where I now knew it had to be.

There on the craggy slopes of Pilot Knob Ridge — where Spring Valley rises into rocky slides of talus slopes and thence to towering precipices — I had spent my youth and my young professional years in search of the earth's secrets. I had scaled the mountain's crags and mapped, sampled and plotted its features. From the slopes of Mt. Wheeler I could behold unsurpassable vistas of the planetary stage around and below me. Even then I somehow sensed that here in the Great Basin were to transpire events destined to be epochal, though I could hardly have known the extent of the things to come. But for now, I had figured out the geologic puzzle and felt sure I knew where the gold was. The mountain seemed to be my friend — a mentor. Its cliffs of St. Lawrence Limestone bore my father's name, and it was in the presence of my father's kindness and wisdom that I had learned and applied the lessons of the Earth that were his to give. His was a character as solid as the ridge bearing his name, and it was upon that ridge and the foundation of his love that I had grown to manhood.

When I left Osceola it was with those thoughts in mind. I drove to Ely where I visited with our Osceola field geologist, John Breitrick. I also met with our bulldozer operator, Rod Jensen, and spoke by telephone

with our driller in Idaho about mobilizing his rigs for the summer operations. Even if some corrupted auditors and gangsters had interrupted the audit and ruined for the present our getting any more installments on Toriello's financing, I still had some funds to do some drilling into the Merritt Mountain gold target, and I believed I could very likely get some holes into ore at Osceola. It would, however, be several weeks before the drill was available. So in the meantime I decided to make the long drive back to California.

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Once back in the Bay Area I discovered, in a very concrete way, one of the big reasons that I wasn't supposed to have made it out of Utah. At my Stanford post office box I found Notices of Abandonment from the Bureau of Land Management in Reno informing me that because I had not filed my Notices of Intent to Hold, and had not paid the annual claim fees by the last day of 1992, all of Banner's mining claims were being voided and vacated. Of course, I most certainly had filed those Notices and had paid the fees on December 24, 1992, when I stopped overnight in Reno on my way from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, and thence went on to Guatemala and Honduras. Such filings are the single most important and absolutely essential act for any geologist, prospector, or mining company in any year. No one misses those filings. To do so would be the end of the road; the game would be over, and such inaction would be totally incompetent.

I immediately went to my Woodside branch of Wells Fargo Bank and retrieved the stamped Notices in proof of payment, and then phoned the BLM Mining Records office in Reno. I called from a pay phone (one I had often used) at the Stanford Student Union Building. The conversation that ensued was, in effect, a conference call with several of the BLM women participating at once; one woman was talking to me while also conversing with the others around her. Apparently they had a speaker phone on during the conversation. They had all obviously been instructed as to what line they would give if anyone called about the claims. They must have known, of course, that I had in fact paid the fees in person. Those at the top who had engineered this also, of course, wouldn't have had the Notices of Abandonment sent out if they had any idea I might

actually receive them or would be able to do anything constructive in response — like getting the stamped copies and receipts from my bank box and exposing what they were doing. There seems little doubt that the corrupt FBI agents involved, like Collins, had been able to assure them that I most probably would have been in prison as planned. My being dead, of course, would have been much better for those agents, and they had surely provided the street gangsters the surveillance necessary to further that objective.

I instantly recognized a “party line” coming from the BLM clerks. I was becoming proficient in detecting it, and I was soon to become an accomplished expert in it. But blasting through the tissue-thin veneer of these particular drone-clerks was relatively easy, especially after my reference to a Congressional investigation being requested into the matter. That, and the fact that I had the actual claim fee receipts in hand as stamped by them and had told them so. “So,” I said, “what are we going to do with your receipts that are in my hands right now?” This resulted in the sudden apparent return of their memory surrounding these occurrences. Now their story was entirely different. Whereas one minute before they had said that I hadn’t filed any Notices at all and my claims were invalidated in their entirety, the line promptly became that while they knew about the filings I had made, I had paid \$300 too little in fees, so a few of the claims would therefore have to be vacated. That was also interesting because they had personally determined and told me the fees that I had to pay on December 24. They had done exactly the same thing as the Utah corporations office clerks had done: they intentionally gave out false instructions and information. But the alleged \$300 shortfall wouldn’t make much difference to me, because the claim blocks were large and there were quite a few individual buffer claims that I could easily have relinquished.

The records falsification scheme at the Reno BLM, and the claim-jumping scheme it was obviously a part of, were exposed, and they knew it. So after I hung up, they probably got on the phone to the FBI rookies in Salt Lake City or to Agent Collins or his mentor (or mentors) in Washington, D.C., to find out why the FBI had got them into this big and embarrassing mess with a threatened Congressional investigation. There could be nothing worse for those on the paper-shuffling end of a gross governmental conspiracy like this than somebody not being in jail (or not

being dead) when they think he is supposed to be, especially when they’ve taken the risk of generating a lot of now very embarrassing paperwork around it like the Default Notices. There I was, alive, free, and standing with the proof in hand that they had become serious crooks.

So it really had been important for them that I not have gotten out of Salt Lake City. The Notices of Abandonment were just a smoke screen for their BLM records, and I wasn’t supposed to have got those Notices either. A similar piece of smoke-screen documentation was to have been the items sent to me (with the confidence that I would never get them) by Meyer Woolfe. But then of course I *did* get them—from his secretary in person, right after I unexpectedly didn’t get murdered or “disappear” at the Capitol Motel. All these people were very confident that the plans in place were airtight. It was the confidence, I figured, that could only have come from an implicated FBI agent (or some at the top) behind the scenes, and some extraordinarily rich folks. Perhaps that was a big part of the “reason” Woolfe had seen for “going through” with the Mango Resources Scheme. Perhaps from the very start it had been a corrupt FBI (and CIA) operation whose purpose was to get the Requa/Hoover Files into the hands of Fujimori and Carlos (along with their allied mining companies) in order to get billions of dollars in drug money laundered through gold mines (and into covert action operations of the CIA and/or into some rich Republicans’ pockets).

After reading William Pepper’s books ten years later involving FBI/Mafia collaboration in the murder of Martin Luther King — and then continuing to turn up very revealing clues and evidence in my case right up to 2008 — I can now see very clearly why the take-over gangsters were so confident: They were all relying on a blatantly criminalized FBI operation instigated at the highest level. The evidence for this, although accumulated over many years, has now reached a critical mass — hitting me with the same force as the 1991 revelation of the big gold system at Merritt Mountain. But back in 1993, my eyewitness observations (even with plenty of evidence for collaborative actions of organized crime, such as the Bampton Memorandum) were pitted against the overwhelming might of the FBI — which was portraying me from at least some places at the top levels and from various other regional offices (and not, as I was eventually to conclude, just by one or two agents) as a crazed and murderous lunatic and as a fraud.

But I did know then that it was necessary to get the BLM incident and their fraudulent Notices written up in a form that I could mail out to shareholders along with copies of the 1992 BLM filings. I had managed to keep a copy (which I still have) of the \$15,000 cashier's check to the BLM from January 27, 1993 (for fees not due until the end of the 1993 year) from Wells Fargo Bank's Woodside office. But the BLM had never recorded it either! Whether they cashed it I don't know, but I had confirmed it at the time with a certified delivery, so there was proof that they did get it and that they evaded the recording of the check itself. For the purposes of the criminal operation, they had to ignore it because the fiction was that I had gone mad: that was the "reason" for the fictions that nothing had got paid and that I hadn't filed my own Notices and paid the fees in 1992. Selective episodes of madness, and paying major BLM fees during sane periods, doesn't look very good for their purposes of falsifying a lot of federal records.

To make matters worse for them, on June 18, 1993, I drove up to Reno and filed a notarized Cease and Desist Notice to the BLM at the Washoe County Recorder's Office and took a copy over to the good civil servants of the BLM. With the Cease and Desist Notice on file to cover myself, I went back to California, hired a bodyguard/assistant, rented a trailer and prepared to move my office to Ely. Once in Ely, I paid for six months rental on a suite of rooms at the Hotel Nevada on the fifth floor and set up my field operations there in the hotel.

But as it was still going to be a few weeks before the necessary drills were available, I decided to go back to Reno to buy a second truck for the coming field season so I would have one for each property and could fly between them. I also needed a second truck to use at the time while the new Toyota I'd bought in Salt Lake City was in the shop to repair some damage from my having slid into a tree on a steep slope up in the hills. I bought a bright-red secondhand Chevrolet Silverado 4x4 and left the Toyota in Reno.

With the magnitude of the corrupt federal power (in whatever guise) that was coming down on me becoming ever clearer, I knew I had to get the facts out as far and wide as possible, and as *fast* as possible. So, back in San Francisco, I wrote up everything I knew and put together about a hundred packets of documents that included the Bampton Memorandum, the Cease and Desist order to the BLM, corporate

resolutions, complaints to police in Salt Lake City about the attempted assaults (i.e., attempted homicides), facts on the geological discoveries in Nevada, and other documents on the Vancouver scheme, including the April 30, 1992, stock fraud by Global Strategies and the current BLM and Utah State records falsification scheme. The more of this information that I got out, the more risky would be their plans to get rid of me. It seemed my only hope.

I distributed these packets first along Requa Road and Requa Place in Piedmont, to the doorsteps of houses that were built on the grounds of the former estate of my great grandfather. There were about 80 large houses, in which lived some of the most prosperous and influential people in the Bay Area. All of them knew who the Requas were and most knew what mining was about, at least the part about striking it rich if possible. For several years I had been sending them Christmas cards with Requa family album photographs of the old estate and poetry by my accomplished aunt, Amy Requa Russell (Senator Russell's genuinely good mother).

Included on the mailing list were Walter and Cherie Pettit at 5 Requa Place. Walter, married to my cousin Cherie, was the founding partner of the then-big and prestigious law firm of Pettit & Martin in San Francisco with offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas, and Washington, D.C. The firm employed around 400 lawyers.

Then I went back to Stanford University, where I distributed the document packets under all the doors of the Law School faculty members. Needless to say, those faculty members had lines of communications to centers of power in Washington, D.C., and elsewhere. I figured that somewhere amongst those I contacted in Piedmont and at Stanford, something might click — some kind of disparity or tidbit of knowledge, or perhaps some contrived rumors that didn't jibe with the documented facts in the packets. Word might get to some of the people at the heart of this darkness and some questions might be asked. I was especially thinking of course of my cousins Walter and Cherie Pettit on Requa Place.... Since the true information wasn't remaining hidden in the dark, since the real records and documents that disproved their lies were reaching people, I felt satisfied that I had made a very good move.

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A couple of days later I headed back towards Nevada with my newly retained bodyguard and assistant. When we reached San Francisco, some shocking news hit the airwaves. The radio stations were abuzz with reports about a shooting at the Pettit & Martin law firm — the firm of Walter Pettit, the very Pettit who was married to my cousin Cherie. Eight attorneys were shot dead at their San Francisco law office headquarters by a lone gunman named Gian Luigi Ferri who burst into a meeting in their 40th-floor office at 4 p.m. According to the news reports, Ferri then shot and killed himself in a stairwell.

As the newspapers pointed out in the following weeks, there were many irregularities. First of all, Ferri arrived exactly at the time of the police dispatcher's shift change. It was, seemingly, well timed for maximum effect, chaos, and delay in response time. At the very least, Ferri knew what he was doing. Also, for some reason medics were not quickly alerted, and there were more unusual delays before ambulances arrived at the scene. Did someone want to maximize the odds that deaths would occur?

Later, there were also complaints about cursory investigations. On the other hand, almost predictably (to me anyway), columnist Herb Caen managed to make entertainment out of it by commenting that Walter Pettit now had to wear a bullet-proof vest. Caen thought that was humorous. For socialities and certain people of influence, and for those like Walter Pettit, it seems Caen would do what he was asked to do or tacitly expected to do (and avoid comments in areas where he wasn't supposed to go) — with no questions asked.

Caen's libel about me and Banner the previous February, insinuating a pending scandal, was a fiction designed — irrespective of whether he knew it or not — to shroud and explain my pending first scheduled "disappearance" or demise, which was supposed to have occurred the night I spent at the Millbrae Travelodge on February 14, 1993. That was right after Paul Lansky learned that I was disseminating the Vancouver stock-market manipulation information to the Banner shareholders. That was also right after I had found his Bank of America master property list in his Banner shareholder address files....

[Could the California Street Massacre have been linked somehow to my exposure of FBI/Mafia corruption? Could Gian Luigi Ferri have been linked to the Millbrae Travelodge incident of Chapter 11? Read the book to find out.]

....With my alleging that FBI surveillance had been "leaked" to street gangs — or perhaps more accurately, had been gathered for that specific purpose — and with my eyewitness observations of the BLM records falsification scheme in tandem with it, I was asserting U.S. federal corruption on a massive scale. But for those involved it was just business as usual....

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Yet with all of this, I was still in control of Banner and its assets. The Banner asset-raiders still had to stop me, and they had made some huge mistakes that needed to be covered up. I had got the really nasty information about personal and physical hostilities against me out in the open; likewise, the information on the Vancouver rackets and cover-ups and BLM corruption had been got out to people all over Piedmont and at the Stanford Law School faculty. I would soon be drawing very inconvenient and potentially explosive attention to the murders of eight Pettit & Martin attorneys. Could that have set up a wave of panic all the way to the White House? Perhaps even, say, to the desk of a legal counsel there by the name of Vincent Foster who had been (as many now know) in on Ollie North's, the Bushes', and Bill Clinton's roles in the Meena (Arkansas) guns-for-drugs operation when Clinton was Arkansas governor?

To be sure, plenty of people were indeed upset, and I was being tracked all over California by people who variously looked like FBI, local police, State police, Triads, hostile-looking Latin Americans, Hawaiian drug dealers, and various undercover Feds with undetermined institutional affiliations. I was finding out that the Mob-affiliated infrastructure that sequestered itself into FBI and other government channels during J. Edgar Hoover's reign is not merely a little conspiracy hatched up within the Pentagon and FBI. It's a state within a state, an oligarchy and a club of high-level elite special interests with their private secret police and hired

politicians. The Mafia and sometimes the FBI itself do the dirty work ...Such a combination of criminal-elite elements can violate laws almost at will and grab what they want. They don't have to operate in tandem very often, but they form a very effective working coalition in cases like the Banner takeover, when something of extraordinary value, like the Requa/Hoover Files and Banner's mining claims in Nevada and Honduras, is at stake — or when they themselves are at risk for big and catastrophic exposure, as was now the case. Such an exposure was at hand with the Vancouver situation and what it was growing into with me still on the loose.

All the criminal syndicates need for cover are the right connections with the political clout lined up to provide the necessary obstructions of investigation and justice and to throw some smoke screen out to the press. Above all, they have to have some big money behind them. The Banner raiders had this in spades, on several fronts.

There was a criminal coalition in place with ties to Washington, D.C., It was all spinning out of control. Its schemes had failed. Panic was spreading. Banner International would soon be confiscated and Vincent Foster would soon be dead (on the same day, no less). But what would happen to me in that instance? Certainly not what they planned, since I am now writing about it years later from London and Prague.

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The Pettit & Martin murders became known to journalists as the 101 California Street Massacre. There was at first a big media eruption with comments about all the unusual facts, discrepancies, and failings in police and governmental response. Then there was silence. It was an outcome just like the investigation of Vincent Foster's "suicide": lots of smoke, lots of inexplicable happenings, but little real investigation and no action. Foster's "suicide" had nothing to do with any two-bit real estate deal of the Clintons in Arkansas — of that we can be sure. If it had, George Bush Sr.'s protégé Louis Freeh would not have suddenly been appointed and taken office the day Foster was murdered — on the same day that Judge Medley suddenly flicked his wrist in Utah to "irregularly" seize Banner International. One has to wonder where the orders for both came from. Perhaps the "FBI crisis" that had erupted in June 1993 (and

that I would hear about in 1995) might explain it. Maybe the 101 California Street Massacre could explain it. Now there were eight broad-daylight big-time murders for the FBI to deal with — ones in which the trail might have led to some FBI agents and what they had been doing in Salt Lake City with FBI Agent X.. Maybe both Clinton and Bush figured out this was something Sessions couldn't handle but that Louis Freeh could. In any case, the first day of Louis Freeh's appointment in office and the day after Sessions' firing at the FBI was indeed marked by both Foster's murder *and* the murder of due process of law in Utah (with the receivership). It would also be marked by another failed effort to get me behind bars in California — along with, finally, a successful albeit temporary one.

But it would not be until 2008 that new evidence and a sudden enlightenment would suggest a route of investigation which might easily prove the degree and depth of institutional FBI criminalization that lay behind all these events — as well as the identities of those group interests directly instigating it. I could not then have imagined the identities of two of these group interests, but back then I certainly suspected one group to be the Peruvians behind Alberto Fujimori and Carlos Rodriguez-Pastor.