

Chapter 12

Further Obstructions of Justice

When I arrived in Salt Lake City to check on my mother, I was beginning to think that David Enright might have really been right about the “very solid and extraordinarily rich” people who had “plenty” (as he had said) to take care of me while I didn’t have enough money to sue them. So I urgently wanted to find out more about the phone calls that had so upset my mother, and since this situation crossed state lines with the perpetrators living far away from my mother, it seemed best to inform the FBI about it. I had thought it was probably Enright who made those calls, but it could just as well have been Phil Stevenson, who was still leaving messages on my voice mail. His calls included obscene sounds and threats like the ones I recorded for FBI agent Steve Jenks in Palo Alto. He had made the threats about gangs with Chinese names “coming to get me,” and how I wasn’t “going to be around very long” — messages similar to the one I had reported to Agent Jenks but still worse. Stevenson seemed to have the ploys from the mobster’s handbook down fairly well. Al Capone, of course, would have thought him ridiculous — just a chatterbox San Francisco socialite addicted to drink and his phone during cocktail hour — but for too long I had failed to take both Stevenson’s and Enright’s threats seriously enough. All too easily I had dismissed Stevenson as just being a tipsy San Franciscan; even his friend Enright had to hold the phone away from his ear when Stevenson called during cocktail hour and carried on with whining monologues that I could hear on the phone from clear across the room. The calls to me that consisted entirely of obscene noises had likely come when he was too drunk to talk.

I had received those calls for a long time without knowing who was making them, until one day Stevenson said something that made it clear he was the one. But at that time my general impression was that he was just being a ridiculous ass, when I should have taken his comment about Chinese Triad gangs from Vancouver quite seriously. The apparent Chinese gangsters *would* indeed show up. In any case, the role of a heavy gangster was over Stevenson’s head; his natural milieu was to hang out in his living room, phone in one hand, successive drinks in the other, carrying on inebriated self-entertaining conversations during cocktail hour.

While phoning the investigator at the Department of Corporations from my mother’s room in Salt Lake City, however, the harsher realities began to take fuller form. When I explained to the investigator that Stevenson’s intimidation and threat campaign was taking a toll, he actually sounded pleased to hear this. He seemed gratifyingly entertained by the news that Enright and Stevenson were gaining ground at my expense. He added, also with some seeming relish, that “we can’t protect you.” In other words, his department couldn’t do anything about the death threats or the Chinese gangs that Stevenson said were coming from Vancouver “to get” me. That he didn’t *want* to do anything seemed pretty obvious, and he seemed to enjoy that fact, too. There was no empathy or concern — just enjoyment. I felt like I was entering the Twilight Zone.

Somehow, I thought, the deep pockets of Stevenson’s friends and “clients” in the stock manipulation schemes in Vancouver had been at work. I couldn’t help but wonder whether the investigator had been to lunch with one of them at the Pacific Union Club, and if he had been filled in about what would happen if my complaints proceeded and were investigated. Or perhaps it might have been about what would *not* happen — like some political funding that would have been on track for someone in Sacramento.

It would take me years to uncover some of the incredible lies, courtesy of my brother Ralph and Stevenson that many were indeed taking seriously. Some of these fictions, however, I would learn about quite soon — including a rumor that I was driving around naked with a shotgun and threatening people. Some people (like my brother Ralph) would soon believe and pass on such stories because some people with big money were alleging them. Over the coming months and years, I would see this pattern many times. This is how modern organized crime works. An ignored part of organized crime is people like Phil Stevenson and his friends chatting on the phone with socialite investors and having informative lunches with bureaucrats about how things are going to be made to happen (or not happen). As I would eventually ascertain, however, there was another, much more influential source of fiction and slander being employed against me than either the rich socialites or their Mafia cohorts. It would be the most detrimental of all, and if I had exercised my wildest fantasies and fears at that time, I might have guessed what that source was. As it happened, I would not fully comprehend its

scope or reality for another 15 years. It would, of course, turn out to be criminalized FBI agents, outright career criminals of the worst stripe, ones with badges.

...My first order of business in Salt Lake City was to prepare for the finalization of the audit. I was going through photocopies of the Banner stock certificates to make sure that they all had the restrictive legends on them stating that they were not SEC-registered securities. In California I had also finished the list of paid-in capital contributions after Lansky had astonishingly failed to note the actual *dollar* amounts paid in his records when he sent out the stock certificates. The share price had gone up several times; so, as I've mentioned, I had to go back through every one of the bank statements for five years. If Cohan and Coopers & Lybrand weren't going to do the audit, someone had to, and all of this had to be sorted out and finished for whoever was going to do it.

In fact, this audit would never happen. The Banner International financial records had by then "disappeared", and no one who had them would ever again acknowledge anything about any Banner audit. They were trying to erase Banner from history, and they were confident that they would also soon be able to erase me as the necessary adjunct. That was indeed a prerequisite. The illusion of invulnerability felt by the very rich — as well-demonstrated in Enright's voice mail message to me — was breeding many accomplices against Banner International. Enright and Stevenson had proficiently cultivated this idea among their many cohorts and accomplices, starting, it would soon seem, with Ralph Requa.

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At that time I was still oblivious to this alarming state of affairs. I was preoccupied instead with bodily pains. My back had flared up, and I could barely stand or walk. After I arrived at the Sarah Daft Home to see my mother, one of the night-desk fellows saw me limping badly and suggested I just stay on my mother's couch that night. That seemed like a welcome idea, so I took up his suggestion. My mother had a big, comfortable new couch to sleep on. The next day I could spread out the stock register books and leave them on my mother's coffee table without having to lug them around with a leg I could scarcely move. I ended up

staying for a couple of days and actually rather enjoyed it because I could talk to her in an intimate, relaxed setting, which I hadn't had much time to do during the previous few years between field work, financing Banner, and traveling. Since she had been in the retirement home, she had also been unable, for the first time since my childhood, to get any alcohol. She was once again her charming and gracious true self, with her old, delightful sense of humor, and she would laugh while reminiscing about family life. It was such an enjoyable respite that I could almost forget the pain of my back injury.

It was also especially nice to be with her, as I told her, because "you're the only one who isn't trying to steal my gold mines." That made her laugh, but it was true. Just having human contact with someone who wasn't suffering from the massive greed effects of the Requa/Hoover Files and emerging gold discoveries was extraordinarily refreshing. In that seeming jest to my mother, I was more right than even I could have guessed. Outside the walls of her room, the force of greed and gold fever was shortly to reveal itself in full force. But at the time, it was nice just to catch up on lost time with her while my back recovered. Meanwhile, I could figure out if all the stock certificates were right, or if any needed to be reissued with restrictive legends or any other corrections after Lansky's years as Banner's Secretary.

That memory, however, is now filled with irony and pathos. I was struggling dutifully, in the midst of my physical pain, to bring all the certificates up to SEC par while some well-connected thieves working in the government — with the SEC in their pockets — were ignoring wholesale every SEC regulation. My trouble was in not having a legal master of truth on my side — and such an individual was definitely *not* to be Meyer Woolfe. It would be *ten years* before I could find an incorruptable lawyer willing to listen to the evidence at hand that pointed to an intricate web of criminal collusion entangling so many institutions and individuals.

While going over all the share certificate copies, I was also trying to get Mom to tell me about the calls she'd received in February that I had found out about the same day as the surreal Millbrae Travelodge events (in which my bodyguard exclaimed, "those guys were Mafia!"). Warming up to this conversation was difficult for her because of her speech problem after her stroke, even though her faculties were fully intact. But

eventually, perhaps assisted by our re-established rapport, she reached into a drawer, pulled out a notebook diary she kept, and handed it to me. It was opened to a particular page she had written on at the time she had received the calls. Her notes read: “Stephen is getting in trouble. Mafia! Awful terrible trouble! Shareholders in the Banner company.” Then she began sobbing. I could see this was a real catharsis for her and that she had been seriously traumatized. It had taken her some time to bring herself to the point where she could give me the notes. I hugged her and comforted her the best I could, but I was stunned. You don’t expect your mother to hand you notes about the Mafia, the *real* Mafia, the Mob that Stevenson was then working with — along with its evident cohort Chinese Triad gangs from Vancouver.

The first thing I did was to go to the Salt Lake City FBI office with her notes, with the Bampton Memorandum, and with other items about Banner. There I met with Agent Jim Cross, who filled out a few forms while we spoke. We chatted for quite a while. He had experience with Vancouver rackets and filled me in on them: They buy up the shares of a company (in this case, Banner) and then hype it and run the stock up while the inside boys unload at high prices and then let it collapse. At that point all those who bought in high and didn’t sell fast enough get mad and accuse the guy with the original assets (in this case, me) of being a fraud.

That had been a small part of the planned Mango Resources scheme scenario, and realizing their methods was an eye-opener for me. As soon as they could get me out of the way (by setting up my disappearance, death, or frame-up and incarceration), they could then clean up the remains of Banner’s assets, which would be conveniently judged as of little worth. They could just take the files — as they were soon going to do (albeit through a different scenario, one involving Judge Medley) — and could create, if they liked, a virtually unlimited number of new little companies and schemes in Vancouver to do what Agent Cross had just told me about, all the while using nominees to pump the share prices up. But Cross reassured me that these things always come out in court. So as I left I thought things might actually move towards real action and a resolution. But instead that’s when everything began very quickly to fall apart. Plans had in fact long been laid to deal with me in Salt Lake City — plans with full contingencies for the FBI to be manipulated by some well-poised serious crooks within it (or above it).

After seeing Agent Cross, I went to see our counsel Meyer Woolfe, and showed him the “Mafia” notes my mother had written. He looked very disturbed indeed, but remarkably enough all he said was “well, hmmm” as he squirmed in his chair. He seemed in great discomfort and was unable to look me in the eye. He was indeed acting a bit like a cornered rat, especially after he heard that I had just gone to the FBI.

His comments, when they did come, were quite awkward. The notes “didn’t really mean very much,” he said, and there wasn’t “very much” either of us could do about them. When I asked him if he wouldn’t be upset if his own mother got such frightening calls and had written those recollections, he said “I guess so,” much like a poorly behaving kid when confronted by his father. There was a vast disconnect between his lukewarm verbal assessment, with its feigned nonchalance, and his body language, which betrayed *extreme* discomfort.

I then asked Woolfe if I could go through his Banner files, and he of course granted that entirely reasonable request. I didn’t mention to him that I was planning to check up on Banner’s records at the Utah State Corporations office, nor that I wanted to go over all the amendments to the Articles of Incorporation. In going through his files, I found a small item of huge significance. On the margins of Philip Fay Stevenson’s memo of June 1992 about the April 30 meeting where Kiernan and Smitty had offered for sale their bogus shares in Banner, I saw that Woolfe had written a notation in the margin. It said, “Big Fraud!” Now I not only had Woolfe’s assessments of fraud on tape in his own voice, I had it in his own handwriting on a summary memo. These comments revealed his unequivocal knowledge of “criminal violations” of the U.S. Securities Act as recorded in the conference call with Stevenson, Smitty, and Lisa Shekelman. These comments also revealed that, contrary to his statement to me that there was “reason to go ahead with the Mango deal,” there were plenty of reasons to have *cancelled* it and for me to have fired everyone in the company involved with it.

I was to make just two more trips to Meyer Woolfe’s office, and on only one of those occasions did I actually see him. By this time, Woolfe must have been getting really concerned. Not only had I filed the complaints with the California Department of Corporations and the British Columbia Securities Commission, but much worse, I was getting ready to start litigation in California and had just gone to the FBI. Woolfe

should have been helping me get these people prosecuted, but that would have led to his getting prosecuted too.

In an earlier visit to Woolfe's office, I saw an Asian man loitering around the outside door. That was right after Stevenson had started saying the Triad gang with a Chinese name was coming "to get" me. Something told me immediately that the loiterer was there to get a make on me, and that he was there because he knew I was coming to see Woolfe at that time (as Stevenson, courtesy of Woolfe, did know). After the Millbrae Travelodge events with the "Mafia guys" my bodyguard saw, I was necessarily beginning to think along these sorts of lines. The oriental guy, I guesses, was one of the Triads Stevenson said he was sending down from Vancouver "to get" me.

To keep the statutes of limitations of a few of the securities violations from kicking in on April 30 (the one-year anniversary of these 1992 violations), I then flew to San Francisco in time to file a complaint in the Small Claims Municipal Court. (It could later be moved to Superior Court.) It was a simple move recommended by San Francisco attorney Robert Sheppard, who had represented Banner during the Herb Caen affair. I named defendants that included Global Strategies, Smitty, Kiernan, and even Herb Caen. I was attempting to shoot right to the heart of the takeover group's power structure. But as I was to learn, I was biting off more than I could chew. I didn't know that collectively my adversaries could, in effect, hire both the Mafia and the FBI — in fact, that they had already done so. An FBI/Mafia network had been in place for decades — ever since J. Edgar Hoover's reign.

It seems clear in retrospect that if this litigation had proceeded to court, Meyer Woolfe would have been included. That almost certainly would have resulted in professional censure or even a criminal investigation and prosecution for Woolfe, in addition to his having financial liability to Banner. It might have cost him all his money and sent him to jail. Since Meyer had been tangled up — one way or another — in a very real Vancouver- and San Francisco-based securities racketeering operation, things suddenly didn't look good for him when he got my mother's "Mafia" notes and as it became easier to connect the dots. Woolfe was likely trembling in his boots as he imagined what the scenario would have been if I had gotten through to an FBI agent who was (and might stay) clean.

Woolfe was thus sweating it for any of several reasons. Under Rico provisions of U.S. law, he could have become liable for triple damages to Banner and me from the Vancouver schemes scheme, for which he had all the evidence necessary, that he "let slip" by me, and there could have been eventual criminal complications if I could expose the full ramifications of and plans for the Mango scheme.

The emergence of my mother's Mafia notes started to make problems for me after I showed them — foolishly in retrospect — to the Sarah Daft Home's Managing Director, a woman named Ramona. After showing her the notes, she immediately got in touch with my brother Ralph and his wife Virginia. They then immediately came to Salt Lake City. It was soon to be clear that Ralph was more than eager to take an active role on behalf of some people who were going after me. The long-awaited opportunity to bring his Stanford-educated kid brother, who had "sponged off mom and dad," down a few notches (or all of them) was not to be missed. I had strongly sensed Ralph's new-found sense of self-importance in my first phone conversation with him after the Herb Caen newspaper column incident. In that conversation from my mother's room shortly before his arrival, I had forced an admission out of him. In hushed tones he admitted to me that he had established contact with Enright, Stevenson, and their gang. Exactly how this happened wasn't clear — perhaps through Herb Caen — but Enright, he said, told him that I had "stolen eight hundred thousand dollars" from his socialite friends. In reality, aside from Kiernan's investors, Enright's contacts had actually only invested \$140,000. Before Toriello's \$375,000, the initial \$700,000 that I had raised had come from people Enright didn't even know and had never met. None of them were his socialite contacts; they were my friends. And, as I was to learn many years later, there were far fewer real socialites than I had thought who knew anything at all about Enright. He was, in fact — at least as many bloggers far and wide would eventually claim on line — a fraud on most accounts.

But, as was apparent with that phone call, and even more so when I saw him in Salt Lake City, Ralph was not about to miss out on the heavy action coming down and the chance to pitch in there for these big money people in San Francisco. Greed was setting in. Thinking had stopped. San Francisco high society, supposedly, was closing ranks. Ralph's demeanor took on what seemed to me ridiculous proportions. The outsized swagger,

the feigned complacency, and the magnified sense of authority made him seem (to me, at least) to come across as a caricature in sudden opportunism and pretence. I would have thought that everyone could have seen that right away. But I was very wrong. Ignoramuses in fact gravitate to and enable each other....

....It only took a couple of days for this realization to start to dawn on me. After the emergence of the Mafia notes, Ramona at my mother's retirement home had been on the phone to Ralph, and Ralph and Virginia were up to Salt Lake City in a flash. What resulted from this visit, as I was shortly to learn, was going to be a restraining order intended to prevent me from seeing my mother. It was worked up by William Prater, the attorney for my mother's trust, working under Ralph's direction. Neither Ralph's new friends in San Francisco nor our supposed corporate counsel Meyer Woolfe could afford any more Mafia notes turning up from her and delivered into my hands. They could perhaps attribute one such episode to my imagination and paranoia; but they couldn't contemplate any more. They had to keep me and my mother apart, period. So Ralph obliged them.

The ostensible reasons for such a restraining order, as was to be stated in the complaint that I was not to get for a while, were going to include that the police had more than once removed me from the Sarah Daft Home in an irrational state of mind, and that I had caused "irreparable damage" to my mother's trust and her estate by using her phone and car while in Salt Lake City. I had actually asked Paul Lansky to pay her the very small amounts due for these expenses — perhaps a couple of hundred dollars; and Paul had assured me more than once that he had done so, but apparently he had not. The lawyers and pros behind Lansky (and/or the crooked FBI agents just about to surface) knew what they were doing, and Ralph and Lansky were evidently following their script. They were all getting ready for my own and Banner's forthcoming "Trial by Trivia."

In 1997 attorney Prater alleged to a media investigator calling from London that I had been "sleeping on [my] mother's floor." Not only had this not happened, it wasn't even in the complaint. (If I had been sleeping on her floor, it certainly *would* have been in the complaint.) But the real reason for the complaint was that the San Francisco socialites — along with some others about whom I wouldn't know until many years later —

couldn't afford the emergence of any more Mafia notes or anything like them, and could not allow me to access my mother to verify them. Their activities constituted witness-tampering and obstruction of justice — besides being a conspiracy to interfere with the business of my company and to destroy it and me personally in order to defraud its assets.

Immediately after I turned up with my mother's Mafia notes and showed them to Woolfe and Ramona, Ramona demanded that I stay out of the retirement home, which I did. But no police escorts were required, and I certainly wasn't crazed while fictitious police removed me from a place where I had not been. It would take many more years before I would get the fraudulent police complaints my brother was filing against me with the Salt Lake City Police. He would allege that I was trying to "get control of her and her fortune" and that "the family" was trying to get me "committed to a mental hospital." Greed — and pure malice against whoever stood in the way of their greed — had apparently taken a firm hold on them.

That's the reality I had to face, and I would have been much better off if I had anticipated this reality all along rather than wait for many years to get the evidence for it. Greed and malice had taken over quite a few people at that point. If you obstruct anybody's greed, you get a burst of malice in return. Every year the Mafia murders countless people who stand in greed's way. In 1993 the Mob began attempting to do that to me; and Ralph's restraining-order fraud would be the beginning of their second effort following the Millbrae incident. Herb Caen's smear job in the press had immediately preceded that as the first step. For me to "disappear" in a convincing way, there had to be some alleged scandal brewing, from which I had to flee. Ralph's perjured smear job as given to Salt Lake City police — and soon to the Utah court — was going to precede the second try and would be the smoke screen for whatever plans they would have this time.

The night after Ramona's demand I spent in the emergency room of Holy Cross Hospital due to my back condition. I had a friend take me there from the hotel I had moved to. With medication I was then able to function and get around to do what was necessary. One task was to examine the Banner corporate filings at the Utah State Corporations office. There I was amazed to discover in the file, which I had requested several times before for review, that almost all the important Amendments

to the Articles and other vital records were missing from the public records. There were just a few incidental bits and pieces — almost nothing.

What *was* there, however — which was new — was a Notice signed by my cousin Michael C. Bean to the effect that he was disclaiming his signature on all company documents that he had in fact signed as Assistant Secretary and in multiple other capacities, which included being an original incorporator. He said he hadn't signed them, implying that the signatures had been there but had been forged. In any case, what had been there was gone. After generating much commotion, I finally succeeded in forcing the corporations office staff to come up with the missing documents. They pulled them out of a back desk drawer, out of the view of anyone who might have requested to see the records or inquired about them. The real body of the records was being suppressed and hidden — clearly a criminal act.

When I filed my yearly corporate information statement later on that same visit, the staff women with whom I interacted very pointedly told me not to worry about putting down the names of all the directors, because, according to the head of the office, it “isn't necessary any more.” This was not a casually tossed-off response, but a proactive, explicit instruction. This seemed very odd to me, but I did as instructed and wrote in spaces provided for the Directors' names the notation “Not required any more” and handed the form back to her.

Perhaps I should have realized it was a criminal ploy, but it hadn't yet occurred to me that even lower-level bureaucrats could be such thorough accomplices and apparently willing participants in such a criminal scheme. What I especially didn't realize was how corrupt the people who corrupted them were — nor *who* they were. Bureaucrats, by their nature, will almost always do whatever they are told to do by their superiors, and by those perceived as superior — such as FBI agents and governors, and those at big law firms who are involved in some way with those agents or governors. They won't very often think about whether what they are doing is perhaps illegal, even blatantly criminal. They are enmeshed in (and very much a part of) an authoritarian structure and mentality, and when not exercising the petty, derivative authority with which they are entrusted on a day-to-day basis, they are often all too eager (when the opportunity presents itself) to carry out in clonelike fashion the

dictates (however blatantly unethical or criminal) of the bigger authorities above them — without even thinking about it.

Considering the events shortly to come in Salt Lake City with Judge Medley's confiscatory receivership order, and those simultaneously to transpire in California, I was thus not surprised three months later when I got to see the Banner receivership papers stating that my annual corporation filing had been rejected because “no directors' names were listed.” And, because the filing was then past due, the company was being administratively dissolved. This seemingly trivial instance of my following the very clear and literal instruction of a bureaucrat would later be used as a piece of “evidence” that I had grossly mismanaged the company. There would not only be Trial by Trivia, but much of the trivia would be fabricated, like Lansky's failure to pay picayune bills that would “irreparably” damage my mother's estate. The conspirators making all this happen would include, as I was soon to see, at least one FBI agent in Utah.

Also in line with the phony instructions given out to me by the Utah Corporations office staff, the coming receivership papers in July would allege that there were no other Directors of the Company except myself. Some of the Directors would sign this, including Joe Ash, Ray Elliott, Don Halley (Ashraf), and Bart Katzman. But unfortunately for them, I managed to retain copies of their personal ratification statements, as Directors, of the official bound company records signed and noted in their handwriting in statements from February through April of 1993. In these statements they had confirmed in their own handwriting that these were the officially ratified records for the company. In their subsequent court filings, they would perjure themselves by denying the very existence of those records. To be sure, they were following the instructions of either some crooked lawyers or one or more criminalized FBI agents—plus or minus some good fictions from my brother Ralph.

But, as mentioned, I managed to preserve those particular directors' handwritten representations that they were indeed directors, which they now denied being. In those handwritten documents, they were ratifying records that they would then allege three months later did not exist. Those Banner Directors would thus be revealing themselves as unwitting tools, principals and/or accomplices in the same blatant conspiracy that had just transpired in the Utah Corporations office in May. They would be

disclaiming the existence of those same corporate records that were being withheld from the public through essentially criminal acts of Utah State staff; and they were acting in collaboration with the same effort to fabricate the “nonexistence” of Banner Directors by those same Utah State staff and the indicated federal agents manipulating them. Another allegation of the receivership shortly to come was that Banner had no registered agent. The reason it didn’t was because in the midst of these events in Salt Lake City, Meyer Woolfe, who had been the agent of record, resigned.

At that time, out of the blue, I received a call from one Earl Dorius who was then the Utah State Assistant Attorney General. Earl was married to my cousin Kathy Bean (who was a sister of Mike Bean who had written the bogus note I found in the decimated Banner file in the corporations office. He was thus the brother-in-law of Mike Bean. A couple of months previously, I had sent Mike a bound copy of the company records; Bean then gave it to Dorius. I therefore assumed that Dorius had then heard from the staff at the corporations office (or from their FBI promptors) that I had appeared and demanded access to the suppressed corporate filings.

When Dorius phoned he was obviously feeling great apprehension and alarm. But he also wanted to know which FBI agent I had seen. I couldn’t think offhand who might have told him that I had gone to the FBI, but it occurred to me very shortly that the *only* one I had told was Meyer Woolfe. So with some hesitation I told him that I had seen Agent Cross. After this, when I phoned Agent Cross to follow up on our meeting as he had requested, he said he was being taken off the case and another FBI agent, whom I will hereafter refer to as FBI Agent X, was being put on instead. It seemed obvious to me then that Bean and the rest of them had something prearranged going on at the Utah FBI with Agent X. I immediately found out some of it, from which I could figure out (and then see) the rest.

At that point, because of the effort to falsify and decimate the Utah State corporate records on Banner, I had taken the precaution of promptly filing at the Salt Lake County Recorder’s Office an original duplicate of a corporate Notice I happened to have with me which Mike Bean had also signed and notarized, and which directly contradicted the fraudulent Notice he had recently filed stating that he had never signed

the company documents (in other words, implying that I had forged his signatures). The duplicate I filed for security was also one of the items missing from that Utah State corporations file. The Recorder’s Office filing of that Notice on official pages of their records would be much more difficult to disclaim and “lose” than the loose open files at the corporations department. So, as a matter of record, I exposed Mike Bean in serious false representations (amounting to perjury and criminal misrepresentation) pursuant to a major organized crime then in progress. It seemed to me that behind this there had to be a corrupt FBI agent — and I would soon be proved right.

The sheer magnitude of the conspiracy was, over time, beginning to reveal itself. After FBI Agent Cross referred me to Agent X, I phoned that agent. Agent X was inordinately eager for me to come to his office to see him; yet he had *no interest at all* in talking about stock frauds, death threats, Mafia notes, or terrorizing calls to my mother. *All* he wanted to talk about was where all the Banner documents and corporate records were that Mike Bean had signed — and particularly where any *duplicates* of them might be! Agent X obviously knew that Bean had really signed these, and his only interest was in tracking down and suppressing all the other copies that could prove Bean a criminal accomplice.

So I then told him that I had filed elsewhere — at the Country Recorder’s Office — a second copy of that document, signed and notarized by Bean. With that FBI Agent X abruptly terminated the conversation and hung up. One minute earlier he had been most eager for me to come to his office. But their plan had now totally failed, and that was the end of the conversation. Agent X’ only evident interest was therefore in Banner’s destruction and in working with Bean to accomplish it through perjured statements made (apparently) at the behest of the FBI (or perhaps by Agent X personally). They all had their orders, their scripts, and an overall agenda to follow — which I had now blown for them and exposed. They hadn’t expected that I would have gone in to see the state’s records on Banner and that I would find them hidden away, nor that I might figure out what was going on between Bean and Agent X. They especially didn’t figure I would have the presence of mind to file a notarized backup copy of one of the filings at the County Recorder’s office.

It wasn't hard for me to then conclude that if I hadn't filed elsewhere that duplicate of the corporate Notice with Bean's notarized signature, and if I had then gone in to see Agent X he would have pronounced me a corporate fraudster who had forged Bean's signatures in line with Bean's false statements, and Agent X would obviously have arrested me. He had hung up so precipitously because I had just irrevocably exposed Bean and himself as criminal conspirators and made their whole plan impossible. Their only intent was to wreck Banner and arrest me falsely for the benefit of some rich socialites doing some securities racketeering schemes in California and Canada, and/or for Fujimori's money-laundering network for the Peruvian cocaine cartel that wanted gold mines to do the laundering.

In any case, some formidable big-money interests wanted the Requa/Hoover files (it takes very big money to retain FBI agents for criminal operations), and I would conclude many years later that it included one of the biggest gold-mining companies in the world along with their powerful political allies. I would also find out that it would include one of the wealthiest families in Utah, whose own law firm was behind the court frauds.

But at the time, it didn't take another FBI agent to conclude that FBI Agent X had collaborated with Bean to falsify the Utah State records, or that it takes people like the FBI and governors to force bureaucrats to do "irregular" (that is, criminal) things like they had done with Banner and me. Later, the conspiracy of some of the Banner directors would soon transpire in order to file the fraudulent receivership complaint with the Utah court — and this dovetailed with and was made possible by the criminal misdirections of those same Utah bureaucrats. Much later, I would find it easy to conclude that Agent X or one of his cohort agents had also been the source of the corruption of the directors. More of this sort of thing would soon arise again in U.S. federal agencies and in a California court.

It would take me almost ten years to get some proof that Agent X was a liar. A media investigator in London reading the early drafts of this book in 1997 called Agent X and asked him what had gone on, and he

recorded the conversation. Some years later, I got the tape from him. Agent X's flagrant lies were transparent and easy to prove. He said I had come to see him about some lost mining claims that he had had no jurisdiction over. In fact, there *weren't any* lost mining claims at that time, and I had never gone to see him about such claims when they did get stolen. All that had gone on with Agent X was his being set up and well prepared to try to destroy my company and me personally by his own attempted FBI frame-up of me, which fell apart in a grand fiasco.

Woolfe, being the "legal mind" familiar with all these corporate documentation matters, was naturally my prime suspect at that time as co-architect of these evils, with Agent X and his FBI badge running the interference. The big question to be answered was whether Agent X was a major player of a rogue operation in the FBI funded by the special interests in California and by Fujimori's crime syndicate, or whether he was just a cog/agent of what was being classified as a "national security" operation — albeit a fraudulent and criminal one based on a hoax for the benefit of Fujimori, a big gold company, and some powerful U.S. politicians. Either way, what Agent X was doing was grossly illegal. At this writing (2008), I have at last been able to draw the latter conclusion: the FBI as a whole, at least at the top leadership, was organizing these crimes and instigating many of them.

Something else Agent X did (which I discovered later) was to suppress — or destroy — the bound volume of Banner's corporate records that had been passed from me to Mike Bean to Earl Dorius and finally to Agent X. I had tried to talk to Agent X about the company records right off because Dorius had told me he gave them to the FBI. Agent X and I did talk for a bit about them before he very impatiently turned the conversation to Bean and the whereabouts of any copies of his signed documents. But I could tell that Agent X had read quite a few of those Banner documents. He knew a lot about them, which is probably why he felt they needed to be suppressed. The company was too firmly grounded. It couldn't easily be destroyed. And if it were destroyed, I would need to be got out of the way permanently to keep it covered up.

Later, in October 1993, I would hear another Salt Lake City FBI agent (Mike Christman) tell his partner (Linda Vitti) that Agent X didn't have anything in his file on me or Banner. Agent X had thus gotten rid of those records that he had reviewed and had spoken to me about in our

call in May, and he would thus withhold his knowledge of these during the coming receivership. He made no record of them in his file, so the later FBI agents told me. So it was not at all difficult for me to conclude that Agent X destroyed or suppressed all his FBI evidence that would either *get in the way of* or *reveal* the perpetration of the judicial fraud (the receivership), and that in fact he had participated in the planning of that fraud already.

Then came an astounding incident at the Kinko's copy shop in downtown Salt Lake City. I went in to fax some information on the stock frauds, and the situation with my mother to the California Department of Corporations. Within a few minutes of faxing the items to Maurice O. Cox, the director of the California Department of Corporations (DOC) in Los Angeles and Dan Osterman (which faxes identified my location to them), a car screeched to a stop in front of the shop and double-parked, and a fellow jumped out and came rushing in to look around. I stood there, and when he saw me looking right at him and undoubtedly appearing both intrigued and surprised (which I was), he looked crestfallen and humbled. I immediately sensed that he had rushed in all too blatantly on prompting for a covert surveillance job that he had just blown. To complete the farce, he turned around, sheepish and deflated, and went right back out. He had seemed desperately interested in checking something out within minutes of my faxing the California DOC.

I then walked out on the sidewalk and watched him get into his double-parked car. He nervously glanced back at me. With his clean-cut look, he could have been from central casting for some TV FBI series that might have been called "The Rookies." His car had a bumper sticker that showed it was a rental car, so he had flown in from out of state — probably, I suspected, from Washington, D.C., or maybe from California.

I concluded from this incident that the California Department of Corporations was working with a federal operation that had called in a specialist surveillance agent from FBI headquarters. But like Meyer Woolfe, this rookie was a bad actor. In any case, it looked like a major FBI operation was in effect. That was when I started thinking about Newton Russell's role in all this via the DOC, whom I had just faxed. The DOC wasn't going to do anything that would discomfit Newton, who had requested the investigation to start with. More likely, I surmised, Newton had decided to reverse his role in this — to ally with my opposition like he

had done years before with Walczak, or else to comply with a criminal FBI operation already in progress (quite likely).

That FBI operation having been blown, the surveillance then switched to the Salt Lake City Police, who began to follow me around rather blatantly. Since they had blown it with the FBI rookie who rushed in too fast, I figured they had perhaps decided on hard-core intimidation to get the point across to me that I was doing some unacceptable things — like trying to get some politically well-connected thieves and money-launderers into jail, and like trying to get them to pay for the damage they had caused to Banner International and its shareholders. But it was really much more than that, as I was only to figure out many years later. I was on the verge of discovering the legacy of J. Edgar Hoover: the clique of mercenary FBI agents who work with the Mob for the really big-money, elite special interests — like H.L. Hunt, the other Texas oil oligarchs, the big bankers, the major drug dealers, and the defense industries. There were some big fish swimming in these murky waters. How was I going to catch even one of them?

But to Agents X and Cross, perhaps I was also the Che Guevera or Guzman that Carlos Rodriguez-Pastor, Fujimori, Stevenson, and Nancy's boys had painted me into being: a political heretic they had to righteously burn at the stake. But to orchestrate this farce — as I would eventually see years later, when I had evidence for its ongoing nature — required someone at the highest level, or someone with enough money to influence someone at that high level. Phil Stevenson must have been near the crux of it because he was leaving me voice-mail messages at the time of Agent X's false arrest scheme saying that I was going to jail "very soon." His messages always coincided with or preceded everything that was going on. Phil was desperate to keep both himself and his friend Billy out of jail, and the best way to do that was to get me in jail instead — *any* way he could, and just as he had threatened in his first hysterical voice-mail message, which I had recorded and given to FBI Agent Jenks in Palo Alto. Now Stevenson was repeating those messages: I was again going to jail "very soon," he gloated, with not a little hysteria and desperate fanaticism in his voice.

A few weeks earlier, after arriving in Salt Lake City, I had also had the phone conversations with my brother Ralph (then still in California) in the course of which I found out he had been in touch with David

Enright. Before Ralph's arrival on the scene, I had also then discovered from him that he had spoken with FBI agent Cross, who said to him that I had been "irrational" during my meeting with him. My recollection of my meeting with Cross was quite different: I had simply explained my fears as a result of my mother being terrorized. I had given him a copy of her "Mafia" notes and had explained the nature of the Vancouver racketeering operations by giving him a copy of the Bampton Memorandum. At the time, Agent Cross appeared totally supportive and understanding. But after his chats with Agent X (and likely others behind him), the FBI party line had been made clear: I was going to be made into a dangerous lunatic. This is what Ralph was going to do to spread word of it to other Requa family members and Banner shareholders (in order to facilitate and provide the smoke screen for the receivership and theft of Banner assets through it). At the time, I naturally thought that Ralph was just being prompted by the stock fraudsters and socialites. From the vantage point of fifteen years later, however, I would have to conclude that he was being manipulated by one or more blatantly criminalized FBI agents, that he had been so manipulated all along, and that this process had been ongoing right up to the time this book went to press.

It came to light in recent years that Ralph had been telling people, including family and investors, that I was a murderer. One thing is for sure: if any evidence for such murders had reached the hands of any honest FBI agents, I would certainly have been quickly arrested. There would also, of course, be the possibility that Ralph *would* know about some murders the Mob might soon be doing — or had done — and try to pin them on me. He might also have heard about the Edelman murder that the Mob probably had done (with or without the help of an FBI agent). In all these things I was trying to separate whether some of these things were being done by an FBI agent or a mobster, but it was an academic question. As has now finally become clear, they were all mobsters — both inside and outside the FBI — working for the same big-money interests.

Back in 1993, when Ralph and his wife arrived in Salt Lake City after speaking with Ramona at the retirement home, the first thing he said when he saw me was, "Why don't you get some help?" I did need help, but of course he meant something else. He meant "help" for my supposed mental derangement, as alleged in the lies being spread by

Stevenson, Enright, and whichever FBI agents were also lying to Ralph. I would eventually learn that I was being made into not only a murderer but also a pariah, in as many permutations as Stevenson's and Enright's cohorts and the Mob's inside clique of complicit FBI agents could dream up. One of the first allegations to emerge was that I was armed and dangerous and driving around naked. As previously mentioned, I already knew about Enright's allegation to our counsel Robert Sheppard in San Francisco that I had "shit on his doorstep." Because these accusations were so outlandish and excessive — typical Mob overkill — it seemed to me that their very absurdity would be their eventual undoing. This expectation was in fact one thing that would sustain me in the years to come. I was confident that truth and sanity would eventually prevail. But, meanwhile, they all thought they could do and get away with anything — so they did everything they could think of. Soon on the list would be that I was going to bomb a federal building. But that wouldn't happen until five months later (in October 1993).

As I would specifically learn, Bart Katzman was then phoning Banner shareholders at that very time with the sad news of my "mental disability" and the resulting need to put Banner into a receivership. According to one shareholder at Stanford, Katzman was announcing that I was a "diagnosable paranoid schizophrenic." Ralph then proceeded to take charge of matters in Salt Lake City with his grave and ponderous new air of authority — a stance that he was able to assume because he was backed up by the San Francisco socialities with their money and political influence, along with at least one criminally allied FBI agent.

Naturally, I could not have realized at that time that these particular FBI agents were probably terrified that I was going to blow the lid off the very deep Mafia corruption that had been at the apex of the Bureau ever since J. Edgar Hoover's time; and I also wouldn't figure out for many more years who the big powers were in Salt Lake City who, evidence would eventually reveal, had likely been financing much of this. At that time I suspected that it was just Dimby Cockburn and perhaps Nancy Hamon. It would take another fourteen years and more before I would see the bigger picture and have some evidence for it.

After my mother's Mafia notes, the growing smear campaign, and Woolfe's ascension into the murky corridors of power, the Sarah Daft Home and its staff made me *persona non grata*. Ralph dutifully proceeded to

have the restraining order on me drafted up, based on the complete fiction that I had been removed by police from the facility and had caused “irreparable damages” to my mother’s estate by the trivial phone bills that it turned out Lansky hadn’t paid for (but had twice told me that he had). Ralph was thus in the process of spending probably thousands of dollars to the lawyer he hired to handle our mother’s trust in order to get a perjured restraining order in place for the benefit of some racketeers in California who had in fact been terrorizing her.

Then, unexpectedly, Ralph told me on the phone that he was leaving to go back to California. From the way he said it, I sensed he wasn’t really leaving town, but wanted me to think that he was. To confirm this the next day, when I casually inquired about Ralph at the office of his lawyer, William Prater, I found out from the receptionist that he had an appointment there for later that day. Like Woolfe and the FBI agent at Kinko’s copy center, Ralph wasn’t a very good actor. At that point I naturally suspected that Ralph had disconnected my mother’s telephone line, which it turns out he had, and that he was planning something at the Sarah Daft Home with my mother that he didn’t want me to anticipate. The only thing that I could imagine was that he was planning on removing her from the home to keep me from having access to her — so that I couldn’t follow up on the investigation of her Mafia notes. That was obviously a matter of critical urgency for Ralph and his cohorts.

Unbeknownst to me then, of course, was that there was probably nothing more critical to the efforts against me than the attempts to use Ralph’s perjuries and this court fraud to totally discredit me *and* to keep covered up the long-term FBI/Mafia corruption coming into view. Indeed, this level of collusion between organized crime and the highest levels of law enforcement could not have been created *just* for the sake of handling Banner and me. Rather, it was an established *modus operandi* brought to us courtesy of an existing group of people who had the means both to enlist corrupt FBI agents and to hire the most professional of the Mafia’s expert criminals — whether they were lawyers in their offices or gangsters in the streets. For all these people this was no one-off conspiracy; rather, it was business as usual. They had the channels, the means, and the connections to do what they were doing to fraudulently acquire things like the Requa/Herbert Hoover Files. Many of the people they needed could just be phoned up as required. The rest they could

identify through the Banner shareholder list courtesy of Paul Lansky’s. Almost everything had long been in place. If I had just read a few books such as Anthony Summers’ *The Secret Life of J. Edgar Hoover*, I might have realized this then.

In any case, Ralph was definitely doing something surreptitious at the retirement home. To stop whatever it was he was planning, I phoned the police department in Salt Lake City to request a patrolman to look in on my mother. One of them did. Later that day I went down to Woolfe’s office and the first thing he said, in a state of great aggravation and alarm, was “You called the cops!” He had got the bulletin *right away* — and there was little doubt now in my mind that he had also immediately notified Dorius when I had first been to the FBI. *Nobody* else knew about that except Woolfe and Agent Cross. So Dorius, Mike Bean, Agent X, Woolfe, and Ralph were all seemingly somehow tied in this together — with Woolfe sweating it out over the recorded conference call in which he had chatted away with them about all the “criminal violations of SEC laws” that had gone on. Any way one looked at it, things were getting very serious for them all.

With good reason, Woolfe was becoming increasingly frantic on many fronts. He was certainly not at this point one of Smitty’s candidates for the “Mr. Smooth” award. What he had just shown me with his outburst about my “calling the cops” was that he was in direct contact with Ralph and the Sarah Daft Home staff — and/or with the dodgy FBI agents. Obviously, he was working with them in whatever it was they were doing. The next day, after my mother’s phone was suddenly reconnected — perhaps as a result of the patrolman who came by — I spoke to her and she complained about being so “very very tired.” She sounded groggy, like she had been drugged. So *that*, I thought, was how they planned to remove her from her home. She wouldn’t have gone along willingly. I had then blown it for them and frightened everybody off of the operation by calling the police. Many years later, while in European exile, I would finally receive the police documentation of these events — in part contained in the police record of Ralph’s false reports to the police at that time.

Things were getting critical for Woolfe. All the harassment and threats from Stevenson, the false complaints to authorities and agencies in California about me, the false complaints that Ralph and Ramona were

making to Salt Lake City police, the heavies who had been following me in California, and the terrorizing calls to my mother — not to mention the Millbrae motel mobsters who had been intent on making me disappear — were actions of disruption and attempted serious crimes by *professional* criminals to generate chaos in Banner affairs, to prompt my false arrest, and to destroy the company, steal its assets, and “take care of” me.

The Banner International chaos would thus be attributed to my “mismanagement” as well as to my “mental disability” and “paranoid schizophrenia”. These guys *were* real pros. But with my filing a copy of the backup document with Bean’s signature, I was threatening to blow FBI Agent X’s cover as one of their accomplices.

The big local covert powers in Utah would not be identified for many years to come. But the networks of special-interest corruption, both in Utah and in California, poised to work with corrupt FBI agents and organized crime groups in tandem, were well-established, very rich, and had been around for a long time....The local power elites had to have been involved in these sorts of operations; they couldn’t have happened otherwise. Only they (in tandem with the FBI agents) could have told the clerks at the corporations office what to do. The clerks had been relying on the prevailing powers.

Those who terrorized my mother had gravely miscalculated her ability to incriminate them. They thought her stroke and slurred speech would render her incapable of taking notes, or at least that her notes would not be clear enough to give credence to the criminal reality of their activities. They just wanted her to get upset so they could attribute her state to me. Ralph and Virginia’s role was to spread rumors about my “mental disability” (which Bart Katzman was also then trumpeting) as far and as wide as possible — to Requa family members, to Banner shareholders, and to our mining associates in Nevada. While Katzman was trying to enlist Banner shareholders as plaintiffs for the receivership, Ralph was trying to make sure there would be no Requa family members, no old family friends, no investors, and no Nevada claimholders willing to listen to what I had to say and come to my aid.

But in May 1993, two months before these powers managed to make their presence felt in Judge Medley’s courtroom, and when my mother’s Mafia notes turned up in my hands and then in my safe-deposit box, things suddenly didn’t look very good for Meyer Woolfe or for

Ralph. Meyer’s demeanor and the temporary disconnection of my mother’s phone were definite signs that they were starting to panic. With Agent X they may have been able to part the bureaucratic waters at the Utah Corporations office and turn its drones into thieves, but that wasn’t going to do them any good if they led their people into jail cells because of me. With or without Agent X’s FBI badge, other measures were urgently called for. If other measures weren’t going to be taken, Agent X wouldn’t have his badge for very much longer, and neither probably would some other FBI agents elsewhere in the Bureau who were most likely doing things in tandem with him.. Meanwhile, Ralph had been required to reconnect my mother’s phone, and Agent X hadn’t been able to arrest me yet. It was not a good situation for them.

There was only one option left for them. I needed to be “taken care of”, as Enright said, permanently — especially with all the intrigue and the criminal corruption of the FBI that probably extended all the way back to the 1970s, when Getty Oil and/or my brother Mark’s Mafia friends became interested in getting their hands on the Requa/Hoover Files. I could not be allowed to expose the current web of crime that had probably got its start twenty years before with Edelman’s murder and the failed attempt then to frame me for that. Of unfortunate necessity, I had to be “taken care of” quickly. Time was of the essence.

Chapter 13 Death at the Door

A further indication that the intended final act was being scripted in Salt Lake City lay in what those visiting Feds (from D.C. or elsewhere) were doing besides rushing too fast into copy shops. While keeping me under surveillance, they were installing an electronic tracer in the new truck that I had just purchased. There were several reasons that led to this conclusion. First, there was an unusual and long delay in getting the new truck out of the car dealership’s garage — which, in light of ensuing events, would lead me to believe this delay was when the device was planted. Later that day, after they finally gave me the keys, I saw what

looked like some of the Feds' rookie cohorts playing with a little gizmo, probably the receiver, across the street from where they knew I would eventually be — near the aforementioned Kinko's copy shop. They got visibly excited when I showed up; apparently my presence had given them the opportunity to test their new toy. In a sense it was hard to take all this (and them) seriously. They seemed to be rank rookies who looked like they were playing fraternity-boy games. So besides the fact that there was something of a Twilight Zone nightmare in progress, it was also a bit of a farce. Later, at the drive-through hamburger stand next to that Kinko's when I drove through to get a hamburger, one of the same Fed-looking "kids" walked through the car line just behind me while he played with something in a knapsack. Walking through a drive-through lane right behind me wasn't a very low-profile thing to do.

Later, I would find out that playing games was a deliberate strategic device of those Feds. That's the word I would get back years later from a Swede in London who had international intelligence-agency contacts. He asked some of his friends at the FBI about this matter, and they told him that this kind of intentional visibility is a procedure they use when they only want to scare someone. That seems too trivial a description of what the whole incident was about; but from the point of view of a few of those Fed boys, it may have been true. The Swede also told me about how the FBI fabricates records on people, like they had probably done with me in both the Edelman murder case and the alleged SLA case in which my phone number was written on the wall. If you aren't a dangerous "radical" to start with, the Swede said, you soon will be made into one according to their records when they get through with you, and then they will have reason to do whatever covert activities they need to do.

In any case, as I had recently seen in Millbrae and was about to see again, some FBI agents *did* want to see me dead and were using the FBI's resources to assist in that endeavor. Courtesy of those agents, and some other FBI agents, I was also going to see a number of times that they really *did* think I was a dangerous radical or lunatic. Some FBI agents — the most Mob-complicit — also *did* know that I was scheduled for elimination — as events were to further prove over the next two months, and in fact repeatedly during the next 14 years. The Mob's hit men in Millbrae, with the use of FBI surveillance information on my credit card usage, had already tried it once at the Millbrae Travelodge. This had to

have been what was happening again now in Utah — and I began seeing the signs that another attempted hit was coming. Perhaps *some* were just playing games, but all it takes is a single criminalized FBI agent to wreak havoc that in no way resembles a game. And in this case, there was assuredly more than just one fully knowledgeable FBI crook-agent in all of this — that is, more than just Agent X. But, as with so much else, it would take me 14 years to get the evidence and the location of additional evidence that would enable me to prove this.

Other events in Salt Lake City in May 1993 further heightened my concerns over this impending scenario. One was the disappearance of my street shoes from a locker room at a local gym. The gym was in an affluent area; no down-and-outers would have been there or could have gotten past the front door. I figured that someone wanted my shoes for purposes of an entrapment scheme: either my shoes would be found somewhere as incriminating evidence, or incriminating forensic evidence would be applied to them and they would be replanted on me. I was on full alert. I understand that these sorts of suspicions sound a bit paranoid, but when too many such things start happening, and when sure indications of danger happen too many times in too short a span of time, and when one is also in a situation where a lot of money and gain are to be had at one's expense, "paranoia" becomes not only reasonable, but a necessary tool for survival. Within a month of being back in California I would soon figure out — after I found planted evidence of bloody items in my vehicles — what the planned scenario might involve. My shoes, say, would be found by some authorities with someone's blood on them after they had been surreptitiously returned to my vehicle. This is classic Mafia procedure — as well as classic J. Edgar Hoover procedure of the sort he had used against black activists.

That the Salt Lake City police had me under surveillance was totally obvious. Many times when I was walking around the city center, a patrolman would circle the block several times and look at me carefully on each pass. On one occasion, when I went to see my mother's doctor for a scheduled meeting at my request to discuss my mother's health, I only found a note on the doctor's door stating that since I was quite late he couldn't wait. In fact, I had arrived *early* for that appointment. His office was locked — and this was in the middle of the day when he would have been keeping normal hours. Then when I walked back to the parking lot

there were about a half-dozen motorcycle cops just sitting on their motorcycles. As soon as I showed up, they looked at me and revved their engines and roared off in a show of force. There were no other people or events to explain their behavior; there was no point to this show of noise and force except apparent intimidation. But now the intimidation phase was coming to a rapid end, and the unavoidable shift to a more serious and “final” solution was in progress.

As these events closed in, I left Salt Lake City for Provo, a suburban town about an hour’s drive south. There I rented a motel room and worked up the incorporation papers for a new company, BI Services (“BI” referring to Banner International). I wanted to get about half the Banner funds into another service company to be used for exploration — just in case some dodgy court actions against Banner International might arise, which of course would soon happen. But I had underestimated the glibness of the court. Indeed, when said court actions did arise, the judge would let the takeover people grab those BI Services funds just as fast and just as arbitrarily as he let them grab those of Banner International. I had thought of incorporating BI Services in another state — or, better still, outside the U.S. — and I certainly should have followed through with that idea.

While setting up the BI Services papers in Provo, I sent a fax to Agent Cross about my late brother Mark’s having been coerced into involvement with the Mafia, adding that Mafia activity had clearly become in evidence with the heavies now tailing me and with the events in Millbrae. But when next I called Agent Cross from Provo, he dismissively said that the FBI had checked that out and there was no truth to it. I also remember that just as these communications with the FBI reached their crescendo, a huge thunderstorm hit the area. It seemed an eerie omen of the storm to come. The planned final act was indeed coming soon, as was further evidenced by another of Stevenson’s now-routine advance warnings about what was going to happen. “Ha ha ha,” he said again; now I *really* wasn’t going “to be around very much longer.” He had said the same thing prior to the Millbrae Travelodge incident. That also coincided with the Herb Caen smear, when the public was being conditioned by Caen to soon hear about my expected disappearance with allegedly missing Banner funds, or about my demise as, most likely, a staged suicide — what with some sort of staged scandal supposedly emerging.

The climax of all this came on a warm day in late May. I was really tired, so I checked into the Capitol Motel in downtown Salt Lake City, intending to take just an afternoon nap and then be on my way. I didn’t plan to stay for the night because the hotel had such bad security aspects, being entirely on the street level. After checking in, I fell sound asleep in my room. The next thing I knew, I was awakened by a very loud knock on the door. The sun had long since set. Nobody should have known I was there, and there was no plausible reason for the motel manager to be asking for me because I had paid in advance with cash.

Instinctively, I rushed to the back of the two-room suite and found a small window in the second bedroom. There I tied a small towel around my head in bandana style as an impromptu diversion and disguise, climbed through the window and out into the alley behind the motel. I sauntered down the alley and did a quick right turn on State Street, the main boulevard there. I crossed State Street at a corner crosswalk and circled back up toward the motel on the other side of the street, so that I could see from a safe distance who was banging on my door.

As I walked down the street across from the motel, I saw a small, low truck parked right ahead of me in a large parking lot. The truck was facing directly toward the street and toward the motel on the other side. A large man was sitting behind the wheel and was intently watching what was going on across the street. I was trying to be as inconspicuous as possible; I didn’t even try to get a sustained look at his face. But, just as I was passing by him, I glanced across the street and saw a large white pickup truck backed right up to my door at the motel. Just outside the truck were two young guys, probably in their mid-twenties, knocking and waiting at my door. Very casually, I continued to walk on down the street without attracting any attention or creating any kind of disturbance.

I quickly decided I very much needed to get the license number of the small truck with the big guy in it, who was apparently supervising the operation. After a short interval, I saw the young guys in front of my motel door get back in their truck and then wait there for a bit longer. Eventually they drove away, but they soon came back. During their movements I walked back past the big guy’s truck, noting and memorizing his license plate number. At that point I noticed a slender black fellow walking up and down the island in the middle of State Street. He was clearly another lookout and was obviously there to signal to the young

men at my motel door when (and whether) the coast was clear for them to knock again at my door, capture me, render me unconscious or dead, and throw me in the back of their truck.

Sure enough, the young men who had now returned in their truck were soon knocking on my motel room door again. But since I wasn't opening it, they eventually gave up and got in the pickup again and waited. Before long the man who was observing from the truck on my side of the street noticed me and seemed to get nervous about my watching what was going on. At that point he must have signaled to them his alarm, and they all quickly drove off at exactly the same time, while the black guy wandered up a side street. It was all *perfectly* coordinated. It was, without *any* question, an operation that involved those four people, and they all disappeared on cue. At least I had a license number to help me figure out who had sent them.

In retrospect I think the big fellow in the truck recognized me and he probably thought I recognized him. That's why they all hurriedly drove away. Had I opened the door at the motel instead of crawling out the back window, I would have suddenly been riding down the street in the back of the pickup truck — dead or unconscious. And maybe I'd then have been found somewhere as a nicely arranged "suicide", as was very shortly to happen to Vincent Foster. Or maybe I would have been found with my fly opened and pants half-way down, beaten to death in some park known to be a gay cruising spot. The latter was a tactic the Mob in Florida actually used on one of their victims. I came to know a professional in London years later who knew all about that case and knew for certain that the victim was *not* gay. The Mob, however, arranged the murder scene very well (and quite graphically) in an attempt to force the conclusion that he was. In that case, though, the hit men did eventually get caught.

One thing was for sure: I didn't want to stick around at the Capitol Motel and just wait for the men to come back, possibly with reinforcements. So after my visitors drove off, I walked back across the street to the motel to get my things and my new truck. The manager was asleep, and I needed to wake him up because I had locked both locks and crawled out the back window, and I only had a key to one lock. I told the manager that I had some menacing visitors in the night and needed to be let back in. He told me to call him if it happened again, but I wasn't going to hang around long enough for that. Instead, I drove away and up to the

area called the Avenues at the northern (uphill) end of the city, where I parked the truck and lay down to catch some sleep.

Not long after that, I heard a car come whipping by at high speed. The minute it passed my truck it came to an abrupt stop about a hundred feet ahead. I raised myself to look and saw both rear doors fly open. It was a black four-door European sedan, most likely a Mercedes or BMW. Men were getting out of the back seat on both sides when I decided to race toward them to get their license number too. Unfortunately, they quickly leaped back inside and raced away at high speed. They careened around corners that I couldn't follow, hard as I tried, with my less powerful and somewhat top-heavy truck.

A few hours later, at 5 a.m., Mike Bean called me on my car phone. Mike Bean almost *never* called me, even during ordinary hours, and he was obviously desperate about something. I sensed immediately that he couldn't wait to find out if I knew anything about what was going on and what my immediate plans might be. Bean was clearly very worried. He must have been getting desperate ever since Agent X had told him I had filed the backup document with his signature that blew apart his and Agent X's nefarious schemes. Now, Bean had much bigger reasons to be worried — complicity in an even bigger scheme that had by now progressed to an attempted murder (besides just falsification of government records and complicity with the Mob/FBI). Later that morning, I called FBI Agent Cross to tell him what had happened; but he hung up on me as soon as I began talking. Click — that was all I got.

The Capitol Motel and its sequel both seemed to be FBI-engineered jobs. Someone at the FBI had given the gangsters the electronic tracking surveillance to track me down, both at the motel and then up on the Avenues — as they had also done in California at the Millbrae Travelodge. There was no other way they could have tracked me down on all three occasions.

After these events, I found myself — needless to say — in a confrontational mood and decided to pay a visit to good old corporate counsel Meyer Woolfe's office. So I drove on over, but he wasn't there. It was still early. Maybe, I thought, he hadn't gotten much sleep that night, with all the excitement that had gone on. But his secretary was there, and she seemed quite surprised to see me and was *very* nervous for some reason. There was no telling what Woolfe and others like Agent X or

Ralph might have been telling her about me. For sure Woolfe wouldn't have been confiding in her any plans he might have had to assist in the murder of one of his clients. But perhaps she had figured out on her own that something evil was afoot when Meyer's explanations didn't add up. No doubt he had told her that I was, as Ralph was saying, crazed and had been removed from the Sarah Daft Home by police. Perhaps Agent X had also told her I was really a dangerous revolutionary (and a lunatic) and that she would be doing her country a patriotic duty to help them with whatever preemptive actions they were contriving for purposes of national security (or for the safety of poor souls like herself). Maybe she thought I was supposed to be in jail by then, courtesy of Agent X, or in a mental institution, courtesy of Ralph.

Whatever was going on with her, she was visibly upset to see me on my feet, alive and at liberty and standing in front of her in Woolfe's office no less — and she nervously fumbled around to locate some papers that Woolfe had for me that she was supposed to mail to me. They were right there in a pile of other papers and all ready for her to supposedly mail out to me in California. Attached to the papers was a cover letter for me that Woolfe was having her send with the documents to California to Lansky's house. The papers comprised my brother's fraudulent and perjured restraining order complaint that had been sent to Woolfe by attorney William Prater. As evidenced by the dates, Woolfe had had the papers for some time but had withheld them and hadn't informed me of them. The short cover letter from Woolfe, as addressed to me in care of Lansky in California, read as follows:

Dear Steve:

I have attempted to reach you by phone but as of the writing of this letter have been unsuccessful. Enclosed are copies of the documents previously sent to you which documents have now been filed with the court. The court has scheduled a hearing on this matter for June 2, 1993 at 8:55 am. It is imperative that you contact me immediately regarding this matter.
Meyer Woolfe

I had to start asking myself some big questions. Why wasn't this given to me earlier? Why was it addressed to me in California when he knew I was in Salt Lake City? He could have quite readily informed me of

this on my mobile phone at *any* time — or like Stevenson he could also have called my voice mail. And why was it addressed to me in care of Paul Lansky, when Woolfe knew that Lansky had already resigned? (Lansky had certainly informed him of that.)

I arrived at some unavoidable conclusions: Woolfe's letter to me was just a ruse; I was never personally meant to see it. At the very least, Lansky would never have given the letter or my brother's complaint to me, because if he had I would have figured out everything — including Lansky's having not paid the trivial bills to my mother that he had twice said he had. But then, as had just become clear, I was never supposed to have made it to California. At that moment, I was supposed to have been dead, in jail, or in a mental institution, or perhaps I was supposed to have just "disappeared". Thugs don't back a truck up to one's motel door and beat on it just to say hello. I would have been nabbed, and there is no telling exactly what would have happened to me aside from the fact that I would never have been heard from again. In any case, it seemed that a copy of Woolfe's letter was simply meant to be for his Banner files — to cover himself after my anticipated demise. It was also clear that Woolfe was withholding Ralph's complaint against me because he didn't want me to see its absurd and perjured contents and be able to do anything about it in Utah. He had had the complaint for some time, as shown by its date.

So this letter by Woolfe and the absurdities of my brother's enclosed restraining-order complaint were the fictions (like Herb Caen's allegations had also been) intended to veil my "tragic end" — my disappearance or "suicide" (consistent with my alleged "mental disability") — that Ralph and Bart Katzman were then (as I was about to learn) trumpeting to shareholders and police. That Woolfe had knowingly withheld the complaint from me was certain, and it was a crime. He never should have even got the complaint. How would Prater or Ralph have known to send it there? That is, unless they were all involved in the collaboration that was increasingly clear and certain by then, at least insofar as it regarded Ralph and Woolfe. So on his letter I made some handwritten notes as follows:

Cathy says Friday you only got the Restraining Order on Thursday, yet this dated 26th. And why was my brother's complaint not sent to me earlier?

Serious questions! No? I see that they shall be tough to answer. I have more questions as well!! Et tu, Brute?

I wrote the following additional comments, directed to specifics of Woolfe's note:

Why not call Voice Mail or my car mobile? Addressed to California when you knew I was here? And addressed to San Mateo [Lansky's] when you knew [Lansky] had resigned?

I faxed this letter back to Woolfe's office later that day, and when I called him subsequent to the fax he only said, "These things happen." That was true; they were indeed happening, and Meyer knew that I now knew it. I then stayed around Salt Lake City for about two more weeks while I made written complaints to the Salt Lake City Police and, via the Department of Motor Vehicles, tracked down the registered owner of the vehicle parked across from the Capitol Motel that night. The truck was registered to one David Kirby, with a Redwood Road address, and I decided to drive past that address to see if I could find his truck there.

Before going out there, I took the decal stripes off the side of my new truck so it would at least look a little different. After getting there, I cruised through the parking lot of his apartment building a few times and found the truck, with the same license number. I then drove back onto Redwood Road. But before I got very far another car whipped out behind me from the apartment complex and raced to catch up with me. He pulled up behind me and then moved over to my right side at the first stoplight. The driver was craning his neck upward in an attempt to give the truck and me an intense looking over. He then turned down the cross street at the light and disappeared.

Again I had to ask myself if I was being tracked. It was evident in both events the night I was at the Capitol Motel that the people involved had tracked me down with the assistance of electronic surveillance gear — with what the Feds had (with little doubt) planted in my truck. There would have been no other way to track me so quickly. The street boys were getting that surveillance information, I had to conclude, through Agent X and/or his fellow agents who had arrived from out of town.

Before leaving Salt Lake City, I made an attempt to halt my brother's pending restraining order by seeking another counsel, a Brian Benevento. He initially began representations, but was immediately made a focus of some heavy pressure and intimidation. He soon told me he had spoken to Irene Warr, a Sarah Daft Home director, and then he withdrew from the case. He didn't say anything about what she had to say, but there was little doubt that the Managing Director Ramona had passed on to her some of the fabrications about me then in circulation — which likely included the perjured complaint by Ralph and Prater stating that the (fictitious) police had to remove me from the home. It was clear that the attorney felt considerable apprehension and fear as he told me these things. I figured Agent X or another FBI agent had phoned him up — maybe just to pass on the word that I was a dangerous radical and/or homicidal maniac. Maybe they had told Irene Warr that.

* * * * *

There seemed no way to fight this war on multiple fronts, so I decided to withdraw and leave the scene of these crimes. I decided I had to try to get back to the field in Nevada and at least get drilling started at Osceola and Merritt Mountain. I desperately hoped that some success in the field would solve many of the problems that at the time were just too difficult to handle. I would regret this decision later, however, because the fictions of Ralph's restraining order were used to discredit me in the forthcoming receivership actions against Banner International. Perhaps the best thing I could have done would have been to withdraw all the Banner funds from the U.S. banks and go to London, which is where I would end up anyway. At least I could have fought on with these funds. Instead I had to start from nothing and hope a day would come that I could get the truth to be known by others.

Leaving Salt Lake City also posed a few logistical problems. I had spoken with a Salt Lake City detective by the name of Mendez after the Capitol Motel incident, and several more times after I filed my subsequent complaint. At first he was totally sympathetic and told me about David Kirby having a drug-related arrest. He wanted me to come in and see him and look at pictures. But before much longer he turned disingenuous (by then I had become quite proficient at sensing it!). He had also spoken

with my brother at length, and I could only presume with virtual certainty that Ralph had made many false personal allegations about me, as passed on by the twisted San Francisco scammers. I naturally suspected that Ralph was also likely by then to have “enlightened” Detective Mendez on the benefits being made available to anyone willing to contribute to Banner’s and my own demise. Indeed, I was to find out many years later (from London) that Ralph himself, shortly after the events in question, had perhaps partaken in such perks. He would soon, as I was informed, be the proud owner of two new houses and an airplane. (Ralph had filed for bankruptcy not many years before; the means by which he had at this time acquired these expensive possessions was certainly an open question.)

In any case, Detective Mendez then told me that it was “the manager who had knocked” on my motel door, but I *knew* what I had seen, and had even traced a license plate from it. Perhaps Mendez thought he could bluff me. Or maybe the street thugs had gone back to see the manager and laid some cash on him. Or, far more likely, I thought, Agent X had a talk with him, and so I had become a delusional jail-bound con artist.

In any case, Mendez’s phone conversations with me gave me some major warning signs. He was urging me to come in and was soon sounding like Agent X had. They were both much too overeager for me to come in. Meanwhile, Stevenson was still leaving his rabid “you’re going to jail” taunts on my voice mail. In fact, the messages had again reverted to “you’re going to jail *very soon*.” Phil was obviously getting bulletins from the mobsters in Salt Lake City and in the FBI. So, quite naturally, I decided to take a rain check on seeing Mendez. I decided it best to put Salt Lake City and Utah into my rear view mirror.

While in Salt Lake City I had been staying in upstairs rooms of various hotels and moving around with some frequency. I was by that time parking high up in hotel garages with as much concrete between my truck and the outside world as possible, for obvious reasons. One morning in the wee hours, I pulled out the fuses on the circuitry of all the accessories in my truck in case there were tracking devices using the truck circuits. With no current running through those circuits, at 4 a.m. I left Salt Lake City.

When I reached the Nevada state line at Wendover, about two hours west of Salt Lake City, I reconnected all the circuits and phoned Detective Mendez from my car phone. I called to tell him I wouldn’t be able to meet with him because I had left town. But when he heard that I was out of the state, he sounded very surprised and quite alarmed, and asked, “What time did you leave?” That was certainly a very odd question to ask. Apparently, he had been keeping tabs on me, and I had managed to slip away. Maybe I really had been successful in cutting the power supply to whatever tracking gizmo the Feds had installed when I bought the truck. In any case, I had slipped out of town without Mendez knowing it, when he was seemingly counting on knowing my presence and whereabouts down to the hour and minute.

Having somewhat miraculously made it out of Utah and into Nevada and the relative wilderness of Interstate 80, and then heading toward the turnoff to the Osceola property near Ely, I began to catalogue an amazing and mind-boggling scenario that was unfolding. Ralph was being heavily prevailed upon to do the bidding of the takeover syndicate. Meyer Woolfe was masterminding the “legal” end of things in Utah. Agent X was flashing his FBI badge to part the waters so the thieves could do whatever they wanted with brain-dead bureaucrats who didn’t care about what crimes were being committed both around them and through them. Some people were trying to kill me — or, as a backup contingency, to have me arrested. With Agent X, and whoever else was involved, they were able to control the Utah Corporations office and influence Detective Mendez at the police department.

Even though they had complicated my life, nonetheless I had managed to leave a trail of wreckage in the wake of their plans. In Washington, D.C., FBI Director Sessions in fact was about to get fired, and some people in Washington were quite possibly aware of and upset about what was happening in Utah. I was writing letters to various people about it, and I also faxed the California Department of Corporations and FBI, letting them know that I now knew the score. Now those idealistic and aspiring rookies that the Feds had pressed into service in Utah would never get their accelerated promotions. Worse, some honest and/or duped FBI agents might start to figure out that they had some Mafia guys in their own ranks. If I didn’t get stopped, some people with clout thought to be immune to such possibilities would be going to jail. In California, eight

attorneys associated with one of my cousins were in fact soon going to be dead and in the morgue.

Back in San Francisco — and perhaps in places like Lima, Guatemala City, D.C., Dallas, Houston, and New York — Enright's "very solid and extraordinarily rich people" were becoming increasingly upset and perhaps they were even beginning to panic. Those with easy trails to follow, like the Mango schemers, were getting *very* desperate; and their Mafia cohorts and their allies were surely going ballistic.

In 1995, having by then taken refuge in London, I would get a call from a U.S. banker at one of the major investment houses. He had seen some items I had placed on the Internet, and he advised me that it was indeed at that time, during June 1993, that a major crisis erupted in the FBI that resulted in the fast-track firing of William Sessions as head of the FBI and the appointment in his place of a Bush protégé, Louis Freeh. I thought it strange that a Bush cohort was being appointed by Clinton, but that was indeed the case. Freeh had been originally appointed as a New York judge by Bush Senior. I then started thinking that Freeh was being brought in to handle some big emerging Bush scandal also involving the Clintons — a scandal that neither of them could afford to have emerge. Sessions was pressured to resign in early July, and when he refused to do so he was fired on July 19, the same day the receivership action was filed by the racketeers in that Utah court against Banner International. Clinton nominated Louis Freeh to the FBI directorship at a Rose Garden ceremony on July 20, which was the same day Vincent Foster was found dead, and also the same day, if not the same hour, that Judge Medley in Utah issued his Order Establishing Receiver. Many years later in London, also about the same time the U.S. banker called me about the crisis at the FBI that was also transpiring then, I found out in the London papers that Vincent Foster had been a CIA agent.

Judge Medley's unlawful confiscation of Banner (without service, notice, or any due process of law) was a seizure made on a company with no debt, whose essential obligations had been paid up a year in advance, and with \$400,000 in its checking accounts. Even more impressive than the speed of the action was its blatant illegality on all fronts. What could have explained such extraordinary haste? I would spend many years (up to 2008) trying to figure that out; I think some appropriate conclusions can now be drawn — and will be later in this

book. In the meantime, in spite of my significant successes in outmaneuvering the criminals both inside and outside the FBI, the nightmare had only begun — and it would soon get much worse.