

## Chapter 21

### Ground Zero — The Holy Wars

“Ground Zero” of the Banner takeover was Utah and the Court of Tyrone Medley. The most critical questions I had to get answered from my London exile as of 1997 were therefore those about how the Utah elements were connected. How did FBI agent X fit into the scheme with the large cast of Utah characters, and how did they fit into the larger network of people and factions in California, Canada, and South America? This cast included my cousin Michael Bean and his brother-in-law Earl Dorius; brother Ralph and cousin Newton; Banner counsel Meyer Woolfe; the Sarah Daft Home staff; Detective Mendez; various Vancouver Stock Exchange schemers; the enlistment of “receiver” Caspar and his legal counsel Bruce Wycoff; and not least, Agent X’s direct or indirect connections with any of those who came to the Capitol Motel in May 1993 or with those who sent them. Somehow those gangsters got FBI surveillance information on me, and Agent X was the prime suspect for having provided it. He seemed the obvious leak considering his sudden replacement of Agent Cross, as well as X’s’ comments to me in 1993 and the clear evidence of his dealings with Mike Bean in an effort to falsify Banner International’s corporate records in Utah. I had of course long personally concluded that Agent X was engaged in a criminal agenda to destroy the company and to falsely arrest me, and since he was FBI he was probably an essential link between the California and Utah state networks of flagrant corruption.

The next step would be to ascertain others whom Agent X or other FBI agents had corruptly influenced. Right off, I struck some rich pay dirt in the form of an interview with the Rev. Caryl Marsh, rector of St. Paul’s Episcopal Church, made possible via some interested freelance media people (those two brothers in London) who had taken an interest in the case. I had had very significant and troubling contacts with Rev. Marsh and her church while in Salt Lake City between October and December 1993. During that period I had approached that church for help in gaining both evidence and some basic personal assistance and support. Her parish was the church of my youth where I had carried the cross almost every Sunday for years. I had spoken several times with both the Rev. Marsh and

the church’s curate, the Rev. Peter Eaton, during my return to Utah after the receivership fraud and my false arrest in California regarding these crimes. I also told them about the evidenced corrupt involvement of Agent X and others, and I distributed information about this to the parish mail boxes. Although the initial conversations seemed somewhat productive (they at least listened to what I had to say), after a while these church officials decided the “political” nature of the information I was putting in the church mailboxes might jeopardize the church’s tax-exempt status. According to Rev. Marsh, this line (not surprisingly) had been suggested by an FBI agent who happened to be a member of the parish. Even at that time it struck me as diversionary and concocted, and Rev. Marsh seemed to have been all too easily intimidated. But, as was quite clear by then, FBI agents can be masters of misinformation and intimidation, and any exposure of criminality within their ranks evidently becomes a “political” issue.

One of the volunteer ladies from that parish had also been at my mother’s retirement home when my mother received the terrorizing phone calls in February 1993, and that volunteer, as confirmed by the Rev Marsh, had indeed heard about the repercussions of that call at the home. Then, too, after I had stopped to see the assistant curate on the way to the FBI (the day they gave me their farcical lie detector test about the BLM bombing), I concluded that FBI Agent Mike Christman had probably gone back and had the curate “covered,” just as he and Agent Linda Vitti had said they were going to do. Naturally, they would also have got the Rev. Marsh “covered” at that same time in 1993. I had to wonder what “covering” things might have meant, and I would soon get at least an indication.

At this juncture (1997 in London) with those freelance media investigators, it was therefore critical that we make contact with Rev. Marsh so that we could establish what communications the FBI had had with her. So I had one of the London media people, Andrew (whose last name and other exact details I will defer here from disclosing), call Salt Lake City, where he found out that the Rev. Marsh was in her native England on vacation. After some prompting from me, Andrew managed to get her phone number from the church secretary. This seemed facilitated by the fact that Andrew had an English accent and was calling from England where Marsh then was. The first reaction of the good

reverend after he called her and mentioned the topic of inquiry was great alarm as to how he had got her number. She seemed especially frightened that *I* might have her number. She emphatically told him that no one would have given *me* her number. Then, after Andrew got her calmed down a bit, they went on. The transcript of this phone interview (the tape of which is still in my possession) follows:

*Interviewer:* Sorry for troubling you on a Sunday evening, but I'm wondering if you could help me. I'm doing some initial investigation for the possible making of a TV documentary...

*Rev. Marsh:* Uh huh.

*Interviewer:* ...concerning the Banner International fraud.

*Rev. Marsh:* Oh, uh huh.

*Interviewer:* And we've interviewed a character who is over here called Stephen Requa ...

*Rev. Marsh:* Yes.

*Interviewer:* ...who, we have been informed, you know, to some degree anyway, and ...

*Rev. Marsh:* How did you get this number?

*Interviewer:* Well, we actually tracked it down through Stephen Requa. Now I don't actually know how he's done that himself.

*Rev. Marsh:* Well I don't know how he'd have that.

*Interviewer:* Yeah, well, he tracked it down and we found out you were over in England and decided to ring you while you were over here.

*Rev. Marsh:* I don't know anyone that would have given him this number though, because we...

*Interviewer:* Well I don't know how he's done it in that case but somehow he's got the number. I'll just try to explain so you'll know exactly what's going on.

*Rev. Marsh:* Uh huh.

*Interviewer:* We are an independent film company and we are possibly interested in making a documentary about the Banner fraud because it looks very interesting. In the UK there is a book that is on the threshold of publication and it looks as though some of the serious press is going to be publishing excerpts from the book. And of course what they are doing, similar to ourselves, they are actually checking out some facts. They are trying to check out the legal situation as we are. And we, as an objective operation, are trying to get at the facts and to build up a complete picture of Stephen Requa. So what I am trying to do as a

straight researcher is to speak with as many people as possible who know him and to try to get comments from them, how they found him, the state of mind he was in when they knew him

*Rev. Marsh:* OK. I'm not willing to make any statement.

*Interviewer:* You're not prepared to say anything at all.

*Rev. Marsh:* I'm not willing to say anything. I mean — no.

At this point I nudged Andrew and whispered to him to ask her why.

*Interviewer:* Any particular reason?

*Rev. Marsh:* Yeah, because I told the FBI I would say nothing.

*Interviewer:* The FBI?

*Rev. Marsh:* Right.

*Interviewer:* Yeah. I had it down on the list that the FBI were involved, but I didn't believe that, so you've now confirmed something that's very important.

*Rev. Marsh:* OK. Well that's as far as I'm willing to go. If you need any more I think you have to contact the American Embassy.

*Interviewer:* Yeah. You don't know anything about a Frederick Q. Lawson?

*Rev. Marsh:* [Pause] No.

*Interviewer:* You were never shown any pictures of Stephen Requa, and purported pictures of Stephen Requa?

*Rev. Marsh:* I'm not answering any more questions. [Click]

Clearly, Rev. Marsh had been made to believe that Banner had been a fraud, rather than a victim of a fraud. She had also been programmed to perceive me as dangerous, and therefore she did not want me to find out her whereabouts. She had betrayed that perception in her response to the fact that I had her phone number, when she said: "Well I don't know how he'd have that...I don't know anyone that would have given him this number though, because we..." The question, of course, would be "because we what?" For some years to come, her seemingly great resentment and fear of my possibly having her number struck me as most strange. The comment about the American Embassy also told me that she was probably in touch with the embassy herself, and the only reason I could think of for contacting the embassy would be that she had been enlisted by the feds to assist in making me *persona non grata* in the UK.

What makes all of this so interesting is that she had had no direct knowledge about *anything* (that I knew of) except about my mother's being terrorized and my coming to the church for help (in addition to what the FBI may have done with her to get her "covered"). Were those the facts the FBI didn't want her to talk about? If so, we're talking about witness-tampering regarding the terrorizing of my mother (the event that prompted my mother to write her note about my getting in "awful terrible trouble" with "the Mafia").

Or had the FBI put her up to defaming me fraudulently or on pure hearsay to the UK Home Office (the agency in the UK in charge of immigration and visas)? If so, that is something called subornation to perjury — or at least a conspiracy by (or within) the FBI to defame. Either way, or both, it was damning to the FBI. As it turned out, there would be much more to all of this, but it took until 2003 before I would even begin to see the general outlines of the larger picture, which would not come into fuller focus until 2008.

Returning to the 1997 events, I had my media contacts then call Sgt. Don O'Keefe at the San Mateo County Sheriff's Office. He had interviewed me in August 1993 after I was arrested on the trumped-up failure-to-appear charge involving old traffic tickets that I had already paid. By this time O'Keefe had become Commander O'Keefe. This call resulted in the following exchange:

*Interviewer:* Initially we thought he [Stephen] was sounding a bit paranoid, but then, all I can say is the more we've checked it out the more suspicious it's looking to us. We've had a lady whom we spoke to the other day that was a priestess who just demanded that if we had any further questions we had to speak to the FBI [at the embassy], which completely shocked me because Stephen said the FBI were involved, but I personally didn't believe it because it all sounded a bit far-fetched.

*O'Keefe:* The FBI was involved in the investigation because I believe it involved crossing state lines.... The FBI was looking into some alleged misappropriation of funds. I believe that's how it got started. So I think that's what she is referring to. I would also refer you to the FBI for that end of it because I have no idea about that case, but I know they were involved in it.

*Interviewer:* Do you have any names in the FBI I should be contacting? Anybody I can ring up?

*O'Keefe:* I'd have to pull my old case file, but it's in archives. I will research that case file. I know there are some names of people in there.

This, of course, made me remember my 1993 conversation with FBI Agent Jenks that took place a while after I had first seen him to complain about getting the phoned death threats from Phil Stevenson. Jenks told me that his threats were all a "local" matter, and that the FBI wasn't involved nor would it get involved. Meanwhile, the FBI was in fact calling Sgt. O'Keefe to tell him that they were investigating Banner and me for possible "misappropriation of funds." As I have noted, *all* the FBI agents I had met during that time turned out to be serious liars in one form or another. It's an important part of their training.

I had figured, therefore, that the FBI files in Washington, D.C., would be full of all kinds of false or misleading reports, not only about all the dealings I had had with the six agents in 1993, but about events going back to the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) incident in 1974, shortly after Getty Oil wanted access to our files. That incident involved the allegation that my phone number had been written on the wall of an SLA hideout.

The list of particulars on which I wanted to see reports included: the FBI agents who had contacted Sgt. O'Keefe, the agents who had contacted Banner shareholders in California in 1993 alleging I was a suspect in the BLM bombing, the agent who I had found out had contacted Margaret Hall, and the identities of the agents who were handling the Rev. Marsh. I also wanted to find out why the Washington FBI office had kept egging on agents Mike Christman and Linda Vitti in November and December 1993 to keep their absurd and dead-end BLM bombing investigation alive even after everyone in the Utah FBI knew it was totally impossible for me to have had anything to do with it. I was, as I had proved, over 500 miles away from it at the time.

Then there was the matter of why Agent Xs had his Utah Corporations office records falsification scheme on Banner concocted with Mike Bean and was ready to go with it when I arrived in Utah in the spring of 1993. Most of all, I wanted to find out who the specialized FBI surveillance agents were who got sent to Salt Lake City then, who sent them, and how their information might have got leaked (and by whom) to David Kirby's street gang that had tracked me to the Capitol Motel. The

same questions arose regarding those whom I believe were FBI agents following me on the Stanford Campus in September 1993....

....With all of these activities over the years, there should have been *plenty* of documentation. Agent Christman's BLM bombing file alone, which I had personally seen in Utah, was about two inches thick. In all, there certainly should have been records from a dozen or so agents.

In mid-2001, while en route to Prague from London to work on my book, I received via my UK attorney in Birmingham a letter from the FBI in response to a Freedom of Information request I had made with the FBI office in Washington, D.C. to help answer the above questions. It was from an agent named John Kelso, who worked in their Freedom of Information section. Kelso's reply was a breathtaking phenomenon of bureaucratic obfuscation. In his response (file number 0934075-000), he wrote the following with regard to my "specified subject," Stephen Herrick Requa:

Although no main files concerning your subject were located by our search, we did find a reference to a similar name. This reference is in a file that is unavailable, so we can not determine if it concerns your subject. The file has been placed on "special locate," and you will be notified if and when we determine it is pertinent to your request.

After all the FBI agents I had had dealings with, and with all the events that involved such turmoil and heat — the FBI's special surveillance, the bombing investigations (and the D.C. push to continue it), the SLA accusation, Sergeant O'Keefe's admission of FBI investigation for "missing funds", and Agent Christman's interrogation about the Edelman murder — if it could not be determined that a file, indeed several files, existed for my factual and real name, then something was *gravely* wrong in the Washington, D.C., FBI headquarters.

If they really didn't have a file under my name, or under a similar one, then all those events were off the record, possibly a rogue operation — in other words, totally corrupt from the beginning (going all the way back to 1974). It was beginning to seem as though it was indeed not only a rogue (and/or covert) operation, but also a giant, elaborate hoax.

But I came to conclude that Kelso's letter was just another FBI lie, a ruse and stalling tactic to give them time to figure out what to do about

the growing fiasco. If they really did have *some* files under my name, as I was absolutely sure they did, and not under a "similar" name, I reckoned that they probably were just too scared to let them be "available" with their clear and unavoidable implications that organized crime and special-interest corruption have been intimate bedfellows of the FBI for several decades, and not just recently in Banner issues.

Perhaps their greatest short-term worry by far was that the FBI's "inside team" of agents who work with the Mob (in protecting money-laundering networks) and/or with the oil companies or other big corporations might be pinned down to key agents. "If and when" they found the files, in other words, would of course mean *never*. In other words, any information they would give out on me would open a can of worms. By making the files available, they would have probably exposed the FBI's deeply corrupt interest in me and the files starting with Getty Oil (and/or in tandem with Getty Oil and Mark's Mafia friends) twenty years earlier. The entire credibility of the FBI as a "law enforcement" agency would in this case be open to a fundamental challenge. The Bureau would be seen to have been totally corrupted and criminalized in these matters (as it had been in both the John F.Kennedy assassination and that of Martin Luther King). I had had the misfortune of being identified with an asset — the Requa/Hoover Files — that both big money interests and crime syndicates had rather desperately wanted to control. And in trying to gain that control both of these had perhaps fatally exposed their intertwining jugular networks.

I therefore decided, in 2001, that I needed to file a comprehensive Notice of Criminal Complaint against the involved FBI agents with a full summation of the facts and evidence. I had already sent in a number of memo complaints to the FBI's Office of Professional Responsibility, to the attention of its Unit Chief, John Conditt. His unit had jurisdiction over all possible misconduct of FBI agents within the whole bureau. Conditt then replied that he had inquired with the Salt Lake City FBI and had determined that Agent X had done nothing wrong. Three years later agent Conditt would be sentenced to 12 years in prison, albeit for unrelated crimes. Upon hearing about that, I began to suspect that his key position at the FBI as ethics watchdog had been conditioned on the fact that they probably knew about his criminal proclivities and that he could be controlled because of them.

On June 29, 2001, I found myself seated at the U.S. Embassy in Prague, waiting to deliver my complaint to the Legal Attaché, an FBI agent. Soon a security door opened and out came a very professional and intelligent-looking woman. I told her what I had and reached into my pocket where I had the tape recordings of Rev. Marsh, Woolfe's conference call, Commander O'Keefe talking about the FBI agents who called him, and Enright's recorded threats. She listened to me politely and took the papers. I then asked her name and she gave it — Malishka Trutera.

As we parted, I saw her put the items on the X-ray belt to be screened. I was tempted to say that the kind of explosion these would eventually be causing would exceed the detection limits and capabilities of the equipment. Then I walked out onto the cobblestone street that had seen a thousand years more history than our American republic. The sun was shining brightly, and I felt like a new man.

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By 2003, I had recovered the mining claims at Merritt Mountain for a new Banner company after an oversight by Bowers and the receivership fraudsters had invalidated the old Banner claims that they had been holding through their Osceola Gold Corporation. We were able to relocate new valid ones to replace the ones invalidated through their incompetence, and the new claims covered all the ground that we wanted at that time. But the situation and assessment at Merritt Mountain would soon be greatly enhanced to include new adjacent areas on which we would locate more new claims. We were on a great new roll forward that I could only hope would eventually lead to some criminal indictments.

In early 2003, I then asked a good supporter and a new shareholder in the re-formed Banner corporation, a physician from Park City, Utah, to assist with the Rev. Marsh situation. Specifically, I asked him to deliver to the Rev. Marsh in Salt Lake City one of the interim edits of a new video documentary in progress that clarified the extensive falsehoods of Roger Bowers in his reign as President of Osceola Gold. The videotape made clear the solid geological basis for our work in Nevada on both properties. In the tape John Prochnau and Dan McCullar also talked

about the geology of the properties and, crucially, the contents of the Requa/Hoover Files that they had both seen (See Chapter 24).

As discussed in the previous chapter, Roger Bowers, the former yes man to the Hunts was claiming that the total volume of the files that he had got was quite small and basically worthless — and tried to make this point by being filmed with a few boxes in the back of his small pick-up truck alleging, quite ridiculously, that these were *all* the Requa/Hoover Files. What was being covered up, I concluded, was the fact that the most valuable data, and the great bulk of the total data (perhaps 95 percent), had been scavenged by the real powers behind the scenes — either to identify and acquire mining claims, or to sell the information to other major mining interests, or both. Most likely, I reckoned, Bowers didn't even have the bulk of the files anymore. I just assumed that the really valuable mass of the files would hardly be entrusted with someone so unaccomplished in gold exploration, so lacking in personal wealth, and so absent in any achievements in gold mining or exploration. |

All these criminal activities to defraud Banner assets through Utah court corruption could now be seen in the preliminary documentary I was assembling. As I could ascertain in the Rev. Marsh's words and tone in the 1997 recording, she had been prevailed upon to believe allegations that Banner and I had been frauds. Naturally, I wanted Marsh to be able to figure out the genuine realities and understand both the incompetence and serious criminality of the FBI agents with whom she had been dealing, as well as the long-term criminal histories of some of them. I was therefore somewhat hopeful that my physician friend might be able to enlighten her and to get her to view the documentary. I received the following e-mail from the doctor/shareholder after he had gone to see her with the tape:

I delivered the tape to her. She is totally hostile and refuses to talk. She was scared, angry, hostile, closed, and has a very low opinion of you. They practically threw me out when I mentioned your name. She said that she wouldn't view the tape and was going to give it to the FBI. I told her she was welcome to do that and that I had friends there and was hiding nothing from them. She was under a restraining order and could not or would not give me any information.

Actually, she really annoyed me. What a negative, unhappy, mean, hypocritical excuse for a spiritual leader. She should be ashamed of herself. I may follow up again when I get back.

Most telling of all was that when my doctor friend told her that we had already asked for a Freedom of Information request from the FBI and had been told there was nothing there in the record, she added, “of course, it’s secret!” That, of course, is the crux of the whole Banner saga: a secret FBI operation that also happened to be totally criminal.

So the Utah FBI agents had done a very good job on our Rev. Marsh. She betrayed no notion of what due process of law is all about. If the FBI doesn’t like you — or if certain special interests (those who run the FBI and who don’t want to get busted for stock-exchange rackets, and/or those who want the gold of Central America and the Western U.S.) don’t like you — then you are a heretic — or in my case, as I was to find out later, a supposed murderer and bomber.

As of June 2003, Marsh was still reciting the same old catechism of lies, and she was saying — and *not* saying — only what she had been told to say or not say. In fact, as previously mentioned, she had no direct knowledge of any of the facts of the situation (with the two aforementioned exceptions about the FBI itself and about my mother being terrorized). She was in drone mode under the direction of the FBI (or a criminal faction within it). She certainly didn’t know that by simply saying *why* the FBI was telling her to “say nothing,” she could blow the lid on some amazing things, including a massive court fraud that might land some FBI agents — and others who corrupted and/or misled those agents — in prison. Her handlers in the FBI *would*, of course, know that and would be fully intent on obstructing any such exposure and minimizing the risk that justice might be served.

As it turned out, Rev. Marsh must have been very “scared,” as my doctor friend had written, and for more than just the restraining order she was allegedly under to say nothing. Of course, it wasn’t really a restraining order. The FBI doesn’t issue restraining orders. Courts do that. The FBI intimidates and frightens you (and/or judges, as the case may be). And, as it was turning out, they sneak around in the background and tell people false and defamatory things about the victims of their crimes.....