

Chapter 18

Who Killed Uncle Sam?

.....My plan would be to continue getting more information to the FBI in Salt Lake City, hoping to find some non-corrupted agents, and to start making efforts to overturn the receivership in the Utah Third Judicial District Court of Judge Medley. I was soon peddling my bicycle down to the FBI office and leaving packets of information and documents with the receptionist. Obviously, I was really grasping at straws hoping that some FBI agents would wake up and see the reality of criminals in their midst. I managed to substantially enhance these packets with additional old Banner update items that I got in Salt Lake City from one of the original shareholders....

* * * * *

By this time I had dropped off several packets at the Salt Lake City FBI office. This culminated one day as I went down in what, in retrospect, seems like a rather farcical episode. In fact, the whole upcoming Salt Lake City episode with the FBI was to be an almost complete farce. It started out one day when I left my packet off on one of the top floors of the building where the FBI office and its receptionist were. When I got up to the FBI floor, however, an agent came into the elevator and I asked him where the nearest toilet was. He said it was on one of the lower floors, and I decided to go back down before dropping off the packet. There, just as I got back in the elevator from the toilet to go up again, the elevator next to mine opened and a whole troop of young FBI agents piled out — and every one of them went rushing into the men's room. It reminded me of something I might have seen in a co-ed fraternity house party at Stanford. There were both men and women, and behaving like boys and girls. It looked like they were doing a college prank, trying to fit as many FBI agents into a men's room as possible. It was both bizarre and ridiculous. They were obviously looking for me in the restroom I had just been reported as having gone into. I wonder what they would have done if they had found me sitting on the toilet: would they have crowded into the

stall with me? It was another case of Monty Python, akin to the instance of the female public defender getting the deputies in the San Mateo Court to more or less beat me up in front of the lethargic judge sitting there in suspended animation.

But it gave me pause for concern, with the result that I went back down to street level and was sitting on a stone bench on the sidewalk wondering what to do next, when a car pulled over on the street and a young man got out with his cellular phone. He called out my name, "Steve." I said "yes." He then came over and introduced himself as FBI Special Agent Mike Christman. Two other agents immediately joined him. One was Linda Vitti. The other fellow's name I never got, and I never saw him again. He just looked extremely serious as he asked if he could look in my bag (for guns of course). I said sure. He went right off after he finished the bag-search, and Mike, Linda, and I then went across the street to a cafeteria. I didn't want to go into the FBI office. By this time, as a result of the San Mateo jail experience, I had developed a strong and very real phobia for places institutional.

In the cafeteria we talked. I would guess they were both in their mid- to late twenties. I assumed that the Albuquerque office had forwarded my communications to them about "serious mistakes" having been made and that my Salt Lake packets had been read, because they informed me that they had "volunteered" to take on my case and interview me. They were very collegiate-looking, probably the sort of Secret Service agents who guarded Chelsea Clinton at Stanford University in her steel-lined bulletproof dormitory room.

Agent Christman then informed me, almost from the outset, that he and Linda were the only agents who wanted to take my case. They had all read about me finding the bloody tire irons in my vehicles. Christman told me that they had all been sitting around in the FBI office reading my stuff and drinking coffee. He didn't say how many of the agents had commented, but a few did. What those rookie Salt Lake City FBI agents had said — according to Christman's accounting — about the bloody items that the Mobsters had planted in my cars was what a schoolgirl says when she's walking down the street with her friends and she steps on a slimy slug or snail on the sidewalk — "eewh!" No one wanted to take *this* case. Christman even said this with a straight face. Mike and Linda were the ones who volunteered to take an "eewh" case.

At least Christman and Vitti didn't appear to be in on the intrigue going on with Agents X and Cross, or to know much of anything that went on with Agent Jenks in Palo Alto. I think if they had, at least at that point, I would have detected it. Eventually (no surprise) they would be "assimilated"; the Borg would get them. But for now, Christman and Vitti and I then arrived at a "battle plan": I would start working up things about all the people involved in the Banner events.

One of my concerns was about my mother. I was soon to look into the court records on that case. I found out that after I had left Salt Lake City in early June 1993, Ralph got his attorney to file a court document saying that my mother would come in to court and say that she was frightened of me, and my brother would allege that I was a physical danger to her. I suppose this is exactly what he did and, if so, that Ralph conducted some serious manipulation on her to do it. The tools of this manipulation could have easily included bribing her with a bottle of vodka; that could have worked quite well. Then again, they might have got someone to impersonate my mother in court; that too would have been pretty easy to do.

In consideration for my concerns, Agents Christman and Vitti then went to the Sarah Daft Home and asked around about why I had been restrained from seeing her. None of the lower staff could think of any reason, as Mike told me. Certainly no one had ever seen me being removed by the police from the Home in an irrational state of mind, as Ralph's totally fraudulent complaint had alleged. They also saw my mother and spoke to her for a while and, I presume, passed on my messages of concern to her. I would imagine that these developments began to greatly alarm the people in on the takeover because Ralph's and Ramona's restraining-order fraud on me had been a very important element in the Banner receivership complaint that soon followed. They used it to destroy my credibility so that whichever compromised judge they would enlist to sign the receivership order (Tyronne Medley as it would turn out) would feel free and at low risk to dispense with the legalities and the requirements of due process of law—and to issue such an order even in the absence of any evidence to support it.

During this period of the still-in-effect restraining order against me and after the FBI agents went to see my mother, I went to see her about three times. It wasn't difficult to walk past the desk when the receptionist

was distracted or not there. It was dangerous, however, because the restraining order was still in force, and I could have been arrested if found. The first time I saw her she was splendid. She was in very good spirits and was thoroughly delighted to see me. We hugged and she said she had been very worried about me. Her speech was still impaired, but I could understand almost everything she was trying to say, and her mind was as clear as ever. The TV was on, and I left the volume up and spoke very low. This was in fact a good precaution because, as I would later find out, her room was indeed either bugged already or very soon would be. She also gave me about \$300 in cash and a check for a couple of hundred more, which she wrote out to "cash." After seeing her, I felt the first fleeting sense of human normalcy in the many months that had transpired since the Mob had first showed up at the Millbrae Travelodge.

Agents Christman and Vitti and I generally held our meetings every few days, usually down at Bill and Nada's Cafe near Trolley Square. I actually enjoyed these meetings and quite liked both of them. If I had met Mike at the Stanford gym, I would have enjoyed talking with him, and if I hadn't been a physical wreck then with no decent clothes, I might in other circumstances have enjoyed taking Linda out on a date. The two of them would give me some balance in my assessments of the FBI as an institution. It was, however, a mistake to take them at face value or to rely on them.

Pleasant and amiable as they may have been, Christman and Vitti were completely unprepared for investigating a major organized crime that involved high-level governmental corruption of the sort induced by powerful interests — especially corruption that involved the FBI. They were also totally unprepared to see through a professional Mafia-inspired smear campaign. They were babes in the woods and blind to the dark side of FBI activities. They hadn't been trained to do these things or even to anticipate them. Years earlier, J. Edgar Hoover had seen to it that no agents would seriously investigate the Mob, unless of course it was against one faction of it that was opposed to the factions J. Edgar supported. Those under him who had tried to investigate any Mobster without his prior approval would get transferred to places like Alaska.

But as of then (October 1993), the big guns of corrupt influence and the top dogs at the Washington, D.C., FBI had yet to be trained on agents Christman and Vitti, and we were rather enjoying our meetings at

Bill and Nada's Cafe. My biggest problem then was that I was still in what might be termed post-traumatic shock. If I hadn't been dazed, I might have been able to marshal and focus my knowledge of events and my skills more quickly, before the big corrupt guns were soon to fire, which would completely blow away Agents Christman and Vitti.

After our first meetings, having established that I was at least not going to get arrested, I also then proceeded to set my sights on appearing in the Utah Court to challenge the receivership. I wasn't going to get arrested on the California warrants in Utah, because they were for misdemeanors, for which they don't extradite. Christman and Vitti knew of these warrants and were unconcerned about them. Years later in Europe, however, I would still be branded by Bowers and Ralph as a "fugitive" from the law.

Relatively safe for the time being, therefore, and with a little cash reserve in hand, I started looking around for a lawyer who would represent the Banner case on a contingency basis. One of the first lawyers I went to advised me to gather up the shareholders and to petition the court to overturn it. With renewed communications to shareholders, I started to proceed along just that line.

Meanwhile, I wanted to get at least some motions on the court record. My first appearance in court was unannounced and was simply to plead that I had not been given service or notice of the actions. A hearing was called for later that day. The basis of my case was very clear: The Order Establishing Receiver had been made within 24 hours of the filing of the receivership complaint. It was therefore unlawful. The receivership complaint attorney, Bruce Wycoff, showed up of course and countered for the "receiver" Casper by offering a notice of recorded mailing of the complaint to my post office box that was made on the *same* day as the order was issued. But I had never even received that mailing, because just prior to then my post office box had been closed *without* my authorization. Any way you looked at it, I hadn't been given *any* notice or *any* opportunity to respond in court before the actions were taken. I duly made note of this glaring fact, to which Wycoff then said that under Utah law I couldn't represent the company because I wasn't a lawyer. The judge agreed and did nothing. The heavy political forces and the FBI legacy of Agent X were still thick in the air. But there was more in the air than that. There was some very heavy Utah special-interest pressure being exerted

that I knew nothing about and would not know about for many years to come.

I then proceeded over the next several weeks to file a series of notices, exhibits, and motions so that I would at least have certain facts and evidence as matters of incontrovertible court record and to request the court to take its own initiative. These filings included the documents and handwritten evidence which showed that the Directors Ash, Elliott, and Bart Katzman had misrepresented themselves in the complaint; that many of the "plaintiffs" were fabricated; that most of the listed "plaintiffs" knew nothing at all of the actions being done in their names; that some of the "plaintiffs" (like Enright and Shekelman) had no standing at all because they were not legitimate investors; that criminal complaints and litigation had been in progress regarding the evidenced securities racketeering activities; that those who essentially had perjured themselves in this action were involved in the securities racketeering; and that violent crimes had been attempted upon me in the course of the takeover.....

...I thus gave Judge Medley and his court, as a matter of record, everything he needed to see that what was transpiring in his courtroom was of a highly organized criminal nature. He did nothing, I assumed, because he was a part of it. I copied all these court filings I made and took them over to the FBI office for Mike and Linda. But they were going to be as inert as the bureaucrats before and after them. They would do nothing until someone higher up told them to do it. The higher-ups were only listening to the big money people. *This* is the state of affairs in America today—one of civic and moral paralysis and anesthesia. People like the receivership lawyers with big special interests behind them can anesthetize judges like Medley. They can do it because the judges know where the big monetary interests lie and they won't contradict them.

During this time, to attempt to gain some support and assistance, I was also going over to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the church of my youth. St. Paul's is one of the most beautiful English country parish-style churches anywhere. They were giving out food sacks every week, which I got, and I started going to Sunday services again. St. Paul's was where I had carried the cross up the aisle every Sunday for about eight years until I left for Stanford.

The new pastor there was the Rev. Caryl Marsh, and the curate was one Rev. Peter Eaton. There was also a younger cleric who assisted with the services and worked in some community projects of the church. They had a house downtown where they had community programs. After Sunday service I would go up for coffee in the parish hall. I was also seeking to get across to parishoners how criminal the events of the takeover were, including the events surrounding my mother. One of the church ladies had been visiting my mother and remembered back in February how there had been a flurry of activity when my mother got the terrorizing phone calls; at that point I had asked that my mother's name be taken off her door. I placed information into the church mail boxes of people like the church warden and members of various parish committees. There was also a member of the parish who was an FBI agent.

As I proceeded to try to find legal representation, other events — those from the big political guns — intervened to prevent me from both staying in Utah and finding an attorney. The first was the bombing of the Bureau of Land Management office in Reno on Halloween night. Someone threw a bomb on top of the roof. If you look it up on the Web now, it is attributed to eco-terrorism and is placed in a category of unsolved minor vandalism of BLM and Forest Service facilities — the same category as the blowing up of an outhouse some years later.

I heard about the BLM bombing from Lane Nielsen [the fellow in Utah who was letting me use his vacant flat to stay in], and then we watched the news about it on TV. The roof of the building had a three-foot hole blown in it. At first I had no possible conception that this could have in fact related to Banner. But I knew that the BLM was hugely unpopular in Nevada. In fact, an old bulldozer operator my dad and I used to hire never missed a chance of saying, every time we drove past the Ely BLM office, that he sure would like “to blow that building right off the map.”

There had been an extensive “Sagebrush Rebellion” in the West against federal regulations and red-tape interference in the lives of ranchers, miners, cattlemen, and others wanting to use Western lands for their livelihoods and recreational purposes. At first, I figured that that was why the bombing had happened. I was going to explain this to Mike and Linda and told them on the phone the next afternoon that I had some

ideas about it to share with them.

The next thing I knew, as they told me the next day, was that the agent in charge wanted me to take a lie detector test about the bombing, to see if I had anything to do with it. As I found out more than ten years later, that Utah FBI agent in charge, Eugene Glenn, had been responsible for the notorious Ruby Ridge murders of the wife and son of Randy Weaver, which were committed by FBI sniper Lon Horiuchi. Horiuchi shot Weaver's wife in the face while she was holding her baby in a cabin doorway, and he shot the son's arm off as he ran into the woods. Later, Weaver got a paltry \$3 million settlement from the FBI. As for this Agent-in-Charge's request for a lie-detector test, they put this to me in the context that they were going to get me on some sort of income support from the FBI, provided I passed the test, in consideration for my ongoing information in the Banner takeover case. Looking back, I can only laugh at that fiction and my utter gullibility in believing it. I would be figuring out that this agent in charge was sweating it. He was in charge when Agent X had conducted his crimes and when FBI surveillance information on me was being given to the mobsters tailing me in Salt Lake City for homicidal purposes. Something had been set up at the FBI office there before I even got to Salt Lake City, as the events with Agent Cross showed. Eugene Glenn surely knew all about it. By now at least, he knew that it was all quite criminal.

But at that time I was very much interested in getting some income, so, after considerable pestering on the parts of agents Christman and Vitti, I agreed to the plan. The lie-detector agent was in town; it would be my big chance, they said. We were then at Bill and Nada's Café, and after I assented they said okay, let's go down to the FBI office. But the very idea of going into any governmental offices still made me claustrophobic. As we proceeded down to the FBI office in Linda's four-wheel-drive Bronco with a shotgun clamped to the inside roof, and with Mike sitting in the back seat, I got increasingly uncomfortable, and I asked them if we could stop at the church community house project on the way so I could see the young priest. In reality, I just didn't want to disappear into the FBI office without someone on the outside knowing where I had gone. In fact, any feelings I had then that these fears might be unwarranted or excessive would soon be dispelled.

We did stop, and I went in to tell the cleric where I was going, and he ended up coming out to the vehicle in front where Mike and Linda had parked. The priest could obviously sense my concern, because he started to inquire with them about who they were, whereupon Linda showed him her FBI badge, gave him a card, and said with irritation and indignation: “We are the FBI. We *are* the *FBI!*” Both she and Mike were very perturbed. After we drove off again, they accused me of violating “procedures” and the “deal,” whatever that meant. We didn’t have any deal that I knew of. But Mike told Linda that he would go back to “cover” things with the priest. Yes, they *really* didn’t want the outside world to know where I was going. Why could that have been? Just how inauspicious this moment was I would not fully know for another 11 years. But that exchange marked the beginning of some hefty dealings between St. Paul’s Church and the Utah FBI that would result in a long string of very covert and apparently illegal activities by FBI agents following up on Christman’s “concerns.”

We then proceeded to the lie-detector room at the FBI office. The agent conducting the session made some preliminary comments and then he rigged me up with the wires. He had a series of questions he was going to ask. One of them, which he told me in advance, was the question of whether I had “ever hurt anyone.” Before the session started, I said I didn’t know what he meant. If he meant had I ever caused bodily harm to anyone, I said the answer was no! But he persistently refused to give a definition.

In trying to discover the most truthful way to answer him, I considered all the possible ways I might have — or ever did — hurt people. For example, I had had a couple of innocuous barroom fights many years earlier, each time well-provoked and never resulting in any actual injury. Then, like everyone else, I have sometimes been emotionally hurtful to people — including those I loved most — and felt bad about it later. For example, I used to get very upset with my father when he would undermine the negotiating posture of some transactions. He was no hardball businessman, and was oblivious to business negotiating tactics, with the result that he had let millions of dollars slip needlessly through his hands. Sometimes he gave out geological data that he shouldn’t have given out to the many people who continually were asking for it, like Getty Oil in 1973, when I got him to call their geologists back and tell

them no, they couldn’t have the data. In fact, I vented my anger at him a number of times for such business blunders — including a time late in his life when he gave out information on the Osceola claims to a mining company when the RMC/REA lease on the claims had in fact lapsed. Yet these quite small bursts of anger, all of which I regretted, were minor storms in the context of a very special and most affectionate relationship that I have narrated in these pages.

So — back to the agent’s question of whether I had ever hurt anyone — the answer was, from an emotional and personal viewpoint, yes. To me the very heart of Christianity — and of most of the great religions — is that we perceive and recognize how we hurt people and *learn* from it. But the agent didn’t want me to make any qualifications or differentiate between emotional hurt and physical hurt, for example. He flat-out said that he just wanted me to answer “no” to the question, and that was that.

The agent knew exactly what he was doing. I should have seen that right off. He was contriving a highly reactive and vague question that he was directing me into answering in a way that would make a scrawl on his graph paper, and he had probably done this before. He had his game plan down. The result, of course, was that when he asked the question during the exam, I just said again that I couldn’t answer that the way he wanted me to. He got, most likely, the sort of scrawl on his graph paper that he wanted.

His next move, after the exam, during which he of course asked me if I had bombed the BLM, was probably to manipulate the alleged order of questions. Most likely the scrawl on the graph paper was going to be alleged for the BLM bombing question. Because the session had not been tape-recorded, he was free to rearrange the alleged order of questions. Obviously he was taking marching orders from someone. The big guns from California, Texas, New York, Guatemala, Colombia, and Lima were desperate to get me discredited. Otherwise a lot of big gold mining potentials were going to slip from their grasp.

After the exam, the examiner-agent nervously made notes on his papers and chart, then he finally looked up at me and said, “Steve, there’s no doubt about it. You bombed the BLM!”

In retrospect I continue to laugh about it and tell this tale about how there was “no doubt about it” that I had bombed the BLM. At the time, it

was just more of the Kafkaesque and Pythonesque absurdity of the kind I had seen so much of with Judge Jensen in California and with almost every governmental bureaucrat I had encountered, from the BLM to the California DOC to the Utah corporations office, and with Agent X and Detective Mendez. Indeed, I was in a vast sea of political and money-grubbing self-deception, delusion, and some downright serious criminalization. It was a tragedy yet also a bad cosmic joke. As I would find out over the years to come, once the big money and its criminal cohorts engineer a high-level elite special-interest juggernaut in their favor, almost nothing can stop it until it just crashes into a wall and runs out of fuel, like Iran Contra or Enron — or even like George W. Bush’s “weapons of mass destruction” and his Iraq war.

Mike and Linda were seriously upset when I emerged into the hall and when the polygraph fellow told them the news that there was just no doubt about it: I was the bomber. They had no idea, needless to say, that he was an outright crook. As their clamor rose, I just made for the elevator, went down to the ground-floor lobby, and sat down for a while.

Mike and Linda then came right down and cajoled me into coming back upstairs and, for some reason, seeing the polygraph agent again. So I went back up the elevator and sat and talked to him again for no good reason, and he just repeated that there was “just no doubt about it. You bombed the BLM.” So I got up and left the room. Needless to say it was quite irritating and upsetting and there was no point in my saying anything more to him.

Linda and Mike were in the hall as I walked out, and they again got upset and animated. Perhaps they really *had* a mad bomber on their hands! All I wanted to do was get out of the FBI office as fast as possible. I can’t remember exactly what we were saying in the hall by the elevator, but the doors then opened, I stepped in, there was a flailing of many arms — which in retrospect strikes me as quite comical and farcical — and the doors on the small elevator quickly shut on their waving and grasping arms. They shouted at me through the closing doors, and I went down the elevator to the street.

Fortunately, making my big break out of the Salt Lake City FBI office wasn’t very difficult. Down on the ground floor I got out of their sight in that same cafeteria in which we had had our initial meeting. Then I went back out on the street, but saw Mike Christman walking just ahead

of me with his back to me. I was right behind him as he was looking around for me. I did an immediate U-turn, walking back into the cafeteria, and then called a taxi. I had put my bicycle in Linda’s Bronco at Bill and Nada’s Café and then unloaded it at the FBI parking lot. I would obviously have to leave it there.

* * * * *

Clearly, the first thing to do now was to get some alibis for my whereabouts that Halloween night the BLM was bombed. How Linda and Mike might have really thought I was responsible is beyond comprehension. Here I was, broke and peddling around Salt Lake City on a bicycle, living in the shambles of a construction site whose location they knew, and they thought I could have bombed the BLM 500 miles away. I must have peddled awfully fast.

I took a taxi right up to a drug store on Thirteenth East Street near the University, where I had bought a sandwich the very night the BLM was bombed. I got a girl who worked behind the soda fountain and had seen me that night to write a statement to that effect. Once it was in my hands, I faxed it right away, from a copy shop next door, back to Mike and Linda at the FBI. I had already faxed them a number of things and had their fax number.

Then I made about 25 copies of the soda fountain girl’s statement with a cover note and mailed them out to the full list of those potentially sympathetic organizations in California that I had received from the book vendor on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. I had been mailing occasional updates to those organizations ever since the first one from Albuquerque. I also faxed a copy of that cover letter to the FBI—so they would know that I had covered myself while *they* were trying to “cover” things (whatever that meant) from their angle with the priests.

With these necessities taken care of to counter any contingencies and other plans that the crooked FBI polygraph operator with his corrupt cohorts had under way, I then went back to my hideout house to recuperate. This would be another episode straight from the pages of Kafka, Orwell, and Monty Python.

Almost immediately, as I soon learned, Agents Christman and Vitti had rushed over to Lane’s house to ask him about the BLM bombing.

This questioning had great urgency, because I had made a getaway from the FBI office right under their noses. Now, if they could catch me again, they would be able to right this situation. Maybe I would have been their first big bust as rookie FBI agents.

So here Christman and Vitti were, telling Lane, a quite ordinary and classically laid-back and slow-talking dude, that “a truck just like his had been seen at the Reno BLM right after the bombing.” Lane, the only person in Salt Lake whom they knew that I knew, and in whose construction site flat I was living — was obviously my comrade-in-arms. We must have conspired to bomb the BLM. He had better confess, implicate me as the leader of the plot, and take his five years instead of thirty. They were going to nail me.

The vehicle Lane was actually driving was an old four-wheel-drive Toyota pickup truck. It was diesel, had four doors, and was painted a bright fluorescent but now-dirty matte chartreuse. It was a special model imported from overseas someplace. Since no one in the U.S. had ever seen one like it before, and one “just like it” was reportedly seen at the Reno BLM bombing, Lane must have been the guy who drove me over there, as Agent Christman had told me, “to throw the bomb on top of the BLM roof.”

Well, Lane didn’t take the deal. Apparently he wasn’t convinced of his own complicity — or mine — in this alleged scenario.

After seeing Lane and having a big laugh over this caper, and having covered myself with the soda fountain girl (who was soon to be also answering questions about us serious “revolutionaries” and “bombers”), I soon returned to the FBI office to meet with Mike Christman. I gave him all the other information about my movements the night of the BLM bombing. He ended up having, over the next several weeks, an investigation on me several inches thick. He showed me the file. I could see that by now he too thought the whole thing was absurd, lie-detector charade or not.

But as it turned out, and as he *specifically* told me, the Washington, D.C., FBI headquarters *kept goading him* into keeping up this investigation on me long after everyone in the Salt Lake office (as he also told me) was “sure” I had nothing to do with it. “No one in this office thinks you bombed the BLM,” he said. But, as I would learn in 2008, several other FBI offices around the country would still be alleging to others for

another six years at least that I was still a suspect and “wanted” for questioning.

* * * * *

Mike and Linda ended up telling me some pretty valuable things. Based on what they’d just told me, I reckoned that Washington, D.C., was behind the crooked polygraph administrator — as well as behind what Agent X had been doing in Utah, and behind what Agent Jenks at first did *not* do in Palo Alto (after I gave him the tape recording of Stevenson’s death threats on me) and then probably *did* do at Stanford (when it was crawling with apparent FBI agents and a probable sniper intent on getting a clear line of fire on me, an alleged lunatic). The Washington FBI headquarters had also no doubt prevailed on the Utah agent-in-charge to arrange for all of Agent X’s serious offenses (in his very clear effort to falsify my company records at the Utah corporations office earlier in 1993). Perhaps this is a reason for that agent-in-charge dying suddenly and mysteriously while out jogging in 2005 (from an alleged heart attack) just while my complaints about all this were getting ever more serious and far-reaching. He could with little doubt have blown the lid on the core of the FBI’s criminal faction at headquarters that was involved in the Banner takeover and the personal crimes against me.

Some Texas oil money or Fujimori’s drug lords (or maybe a big gold mining company I would love to name) had most likely paid for the polygraph falsification (and probably for the bombing itself), just as the big Texas oil money had paid J. Edgar Hoover, who also died with oil company stock he had got from H.L. Hunt and others while Hunt was talking to him *every day* over their private hotline. Hunt was in many ways running the FBI, or at least coordinating it with oil industry agendas.

Christman dropped several other key pieces of information that would also let me suspect the extent to which the FBI was involved in the takeover and obstructing justice. The first was that he had let me know in our first meeting, while talking to Linda Vitti, that there was nothing in Agent X’s file on Banner. I knew that Earl Dorius had given Agent X a bound volume of Banner’s corporate records. I had talked to Agent X’s on the phone at length about them in May. In fact, X appeared very disappointed that my Banner corporate act was as together in its records

as it was. X's apparent assignment was to wreck Banner and obstruct justice for the benefit of the securities racketeers I was trying to expose.

Agent X's displeasure had been particularly evident after he found out that I had filed with the County Recorder's office that notarized copy of one of Mike Bean's signed resolutions that contradicted Bean's later fraudulent disclaimer with the Utah Corporations office. That's when Agent X had abruptly hung up on me. His tasks of wrecking Banner and getting me in jail were going to be much more difficult than his careful planning (or Washington's) had anticipated.

It wouldn't be until 2001, however, that I would get a recorded interview with Agent X (made by a media person in London around 1997) that would prove what a flagrant liar he was. X would be the only agent I know of who called UK media people right back after getting a message about me. So it seems he was quite worried. In any case, if there was nothing in X's file in 1993, he had deep-sixed whatever he had had for rather obvious reasons. His actions thus showed gross negligence and suppression of evidence during a major judicial fraud that would cost Banner International shareholders everything of value (at least until I would recover for them much of it years later).

Another of the early key pieces of information that Mike Christman let me see was a personal photograph of me that was in their files and that no one else had. It had been taken from my belongings in the cottage in Woodside. Most likely, the FBI had illegally searched my place without a warrant after the landlords let them have the key.

Early in our "collaboration," Christman also told me about going into the Salt Lake City Police Department to see Detective Mendez. He told me that Mendez was on the phone at the time with Ralph Requa. That conversation probably related to the recent visit of Christman and Vitti to the Sarah Daft Home, in which they had asked the staff why I had been restrained from going there, and were told that nobody could answer that question. The Home's manager, Ramona, would certainly have got right in touch with Ralph and/or Mendez, and this could have put Ralph into a real panic over his fraudulent restraining-order complaint and his false police reports to police about me. So apparently Ralph would have to key up Mendez again. Christman too thought that it "was very strange" that they would be talking, and Mendez himself would probably only have mentioned it to Christman if he had figured that Christman and Vitti

were, or were going to be made, as corrupt as FBI Agent X or others had been. I think it can be safely assumed at this point that X had been fully in touch with Mendez after my complaints to Mendez the past June about the Capitol Motel and Avenues incidents. X was clearly the most likely source of the FBI surveillance leaks to the street gangsters that had been required to locate me. Thanks to Christman and Vitti, now I was getting non-corrupted FBI agents to look into things. That was a very big threat to them all.

So the various pieces of information that Christman told me were actually quite crucial, allowing me to fill in some of the picture for myself concerning FBI corruption in Utah, Washington, and California. Christman, however, wouldn't be able to grasp the meaning and scope of his information at the time. In spite of the genuine concern of Christman and Vitti for me and my situation, as well as their real likeability, they surely could not have grasped the total criminality of the other FBI agents involved, how high it went, nor the great stakes involved — possible billion-dollar gold deposits, big mining companies, and massive money-laundering crime networks connected to FBI headquarters.

The BLM bombing was what derailed the fledgling investigation I had got going with Mike and Linda. I now have little doubt that the bombing was specifically designed to disrupt that investigation. Christman and Vitti had really started to do their job investigating what was going on in Utah in May and June of 1993. I would suspect a Mafia group tied to the Peruvians as the most likely bombers.

The most important things for the Peruvians (and any money-launderers that might have been among them) was to get the files on Central America. With control on the ground in Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador —they could very easily have used the properties there as fronts for inflating their company bottom lines and securing the remaining major gold targets for the region. Whoever financed the BLM bombing was also probably financing the political influence that had just been channeled down to the Salt Lake City FBI polygraph administrator.

So in our current (2008) call for a Congressional investigation there is some real meat to get into regarding Mafia corruption of the FBI, and some of the first questions needing to get answered would be from the polygraph administrator in Salt Lake City, plus, of course, from Agent X. Some of the other questions would be about the source of influence that

was then brought to bear on Christman to keep the BLM investigation of me going long after they all conclusively ascertained in the Salt Lake City FBI that I could have had nothing to do with it. By this time too, the Agent in charge (Eugene Glenn) would also have likely known that he had been made a dupe and patsy for FBI criminals in Washington. Hence, perhaps, his recent untimely “heart attack” while jogging.

We also especially will want to know *why* some FBI agents later (for the next six years at least) called Banner shareholders in California and elsewhere to tell them I was still a suspect in the bombing, and also *which* agents also were making inquiries (as I would years later also learn) about “missing” Banner corporate funds. They were calling Sgt. O’Keefe in the San Mateo County Sheriff’s Department. I would get these facts—and those concerning even more corrupt FBI influence at St. Paul’s Church that would continue for years to come — provided on tape. I would certainly not be gone and forgotten by the FBI after I left the U.S. Once we are able to follow the chains of command back on all these things, we will have, eventually, some heads to stuff and mount on the wall of Independence Hall — the ones of the organized crime contingent within the FBI.

* * * * *

...The last time I talked to Agent Christman he asked me if I could come over to his office. When I asked why, he responded that it was about the Banner case. When I got there, we went into an interview room, sat down at a table, and he opened a file. He had some questions to ask me. The first thing he did was to mention the name of some San Francisco Police detective. I had never heard of this person, but supposedly, according to the San Francisco police and Christman, he had once questioned me. But neither he nor any policeman ever did. Then Christman asked me if I had ever heard of Samuel Edelman. I thought this was going to be about my Banner case, and I just wilted and groaned.

I told him yes, that Edelman had been a property owner in San Francisco in 1974 from whom I had rented an apartment, and he had got murdered. Supposedly, as Chrisman further told me, there was something in that detective’s San Francisco files about my leading a rent strike; this was also pure BS. So there was a fabricated file on record with the San

Francisco police. Either that, or by this time Christman himself had got corrupted and was now in on a scam to further terrorize me into passivity and compliance with their “program.”

At the end of the brief interview, Christman then asked me if I had killed Samuel Edelman. I said, “You know I didn’t.” To this Christman then asked me to say just yes or no. “Did you kill Samuel Edelman?” So I responded “No, I did not kill Samuel Edelman.” That was the end of the interview. As I was leaving I said to Mike, “I thought you said this was going to be about my Banner case.” His response, said in evident pride, was “I lied.” I have to say, FBI Agents, at least the ones I met during 1993, were the biggest liars I have ever met...With this, the handwriting was on the wall in Utah. Neither the Utah court nor Agent Christman and the FBI were going to respond to all the evidence I had filed. Equally disturbing, no one was interested in finding out where the Requa/Hoover Files were after Casper and Bowers had the bank walls knocked down to get them.

The judicial and personal crimes of the Banner takeover had been so great, so obvious, so utterly blatant, that the failure of the Salt Lake City FBI to respond — to simply enforce the law and uphold the Constitution — is totally inexcusable. The receivership on Banner was a judicial fraud and a *crime* in violation of all due process guarantees. But in the end, the agents weren’t interested in the Constitution, or in ethics or simple justice. They were going to listen to rumor, smear, special-interest spin, and to what was going to be convenient for their careers *vis a vis* the Washington FBI office.

FBI agents are trained to be part of a club, a U.S. federal cult. It is just another U.S. agency keyed into Washington power and special-interest politics. In the context of the Banner events, the FBI motto “Equal Justice for All” is a farce. No rookie agents in the field like Christman and Vitti are prepared to buck Washington and investigate what they might independently think needed investigating. When they start, they are stopped in one way or another, as Christman and Vitti were. None of them would cross or even question what the Washington bosses would tell them to do. And above all, they are essentially programmed (largely without knowing it) to make all the required knee-jerk cliché-driven responses that such self-serving, top-heavy, corrupt bureaucracies require. Most of them have no idea what they are really doing, or for whose

benefit. Those who most likely *do* know what they are doing are the agent X's who willingly and eagerly do their corrupt assignments, no matter how criminal.

* * * * *