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## *Special Report*

### **Lunatic Fringe: Personal Stories of a Bilderberg Hunter An encounter with Italian police on the way to Bilderberg 2004**

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*Editor's Note: Daniel Estulin and his family were expelled from the Soviet Union on March 23, 1980, for anti-Soviet activity. His father, a prominent scientist and a dissident, spent 3½ years in prison for seeking freedom of speech for his fellow citizens. Fearing for his life for his daring exposes of corruption, manipulation and power grabbing, Estulin has voluntarily exiled himself to Spain. His dramatic personal stories are a rare look behind the scenes at how the most powerful secret society in the world has tried to stop one of the most determined men in the world from discovering its secrets*

June 25, 2005—For the longest time, the Club and I have been seeking each other's company, for the mutual disbenefit of our detractors. Although I conduct my investigation in the strictest of privacy, once per year, I come out of my shell to confront Bilderbergers on their terrain—a five star luxury hotel, the site of the annual secret gathering. In the summer 2004, I was off to Stresa, Italy.

To get to this sleepy resort town that lives at the expense of globs of sun burned elderly German tourists who cohabit with linguistically impaired Britons, Scots and Irishmen, one must fly to Milan's Malpensa International Airport.

I am fond of Milan; I imagine in the hollow of the vowel that splits the M and the L, a miniature replica of the famed Cathedral, the dampness of its spring sunsets, and the echoes of the feet marking a staccato-like rhythm on its cobbled squares.

So I was happy to be there again, to trudge in the opposite direction of the departing tourists, unaware of the city's elegance and hidden splendours.

As I made my way through the airport terminal, my mind dreamily wondered to something I had read in the usually soiled and leafed through in-flight magazine—a peripheral article on the Novodevichy, or "New Maidens Convent" in English, the most revered cemetery in Moscow. The article shared the page space with a scantily dressed woman in a red dress, and a helpful list of addresses to not-to-be-missed sights from the Russian tourist board to such holy shrines as Lenin's mausoleum, the KGB headquarters at Lublianka, and GUM "the world's biggest shopping centre!"

Novodevichy! Some of Russia's most venerated writers and poets are buried there. Chekhov was one of the first to be buried in the cemetery in 1904 and Googol's remains were re-interred here from Danilov Monastery not long after. The 20th century writers Mayakovsky and Bulgakov are buried here, as are the much-celebrated theatrical directors and founders of the Moscow Art Theatre, Nemirovich-Danchenko and Stanislavsky.

I thought of the utter unpredictability of the future and the past as not a rigid succession but a storehouse of remembered images and concealed patterns that contain the key to the mysterious designs of our lives.

In my imagination, I hovered over Googol's tomb that is symbolically linked with that of another famous writer, Bulgakov, author of "The Master and Margarita." When moved to Novodevichy, Googol's tomb was changed. A part of the original tomb was used in the new tomb. The remaining original stone was stored for years until Bulgakov's wife saw it and chose to incorporate it into her husband's tomb, only later discovering that it was part of Googol's first tomb.

Beauty and lightness on the one hand; philosophical meditation on the other . . .

"*Buonasera*. Would you please come with us, sir?" A sharp, piercing voice quickly dispersed those meretricious musings that had meandered so aimlessly, yet blissfully within the confines of my imagination.

I looked up.

He was coming towards me, garbed in a raincoat, which struck me as rather odd considering the sky was Mediterranean blue, a shiny automatic weapon slung across his shoulders.

Like a host of a freak show who surrounds himself with hunchbacks, dwarfs and singing 2m tall albinos, this insignificant man, who might well have fitted terrifically into a masquerade ball, came into my personal space, clicked his heels, put his index and middle fingers to his temple and presented himself.

"I am Detective so and o," he announced in a perfect iambic tetrameter. "Would you please come with us?"

The feeling of prearranged tragedy, or more precisely, the shadow, tragically imposed in my contra reminded me of the perilous ways in which I chose to make my living.

Detective and I, flanked by two local guards and a narcotics officer with a Doberman passed into a tiny detention room where small time hoodlums and big time criminals are whisked to by burly security guards and custom's officers in hopes of marvelous retribution from the arch-rival Nemesis; it could scarcely accommodate a rather absurdly wide desk, and next to it a little low table bearing a lamp.

Everything seemed uncannily quiet. One heard the wind against the glass, the machine-gun bursting sounds of weeping next door followed by rhythmic whimpering, the heavy footsteps across the hallway.

"You may take off your coat," said one of the guards jerking his head in the direction of a coat rack. I mechanically unzipped my windbreaker.

Looking back at what transpired, I am ashamed to recall the way I let them corner me, box me in, intimidate me initially, the anxiety I felt.

Straining to reach up, I hung my windbreaker, but it broke loose, taking down two other coats and a plaid jacket with it. The four objects hit the floor with an awkward thud.

"*Lei come si chiama?* [What is your name?]" I gave him my name. "What is your nationality?" I told him. *Di che parte di Canada é lei?* [What part of Canada are you from?] *Lei dove abita?* [Where do you live?] *Qual é il suo numero di telefono?* [What is your telephone number?] "Where are you flying from?" *É la prima volta che viene in Italia?* [Is this your first visit to Italy?] Over the years of covering Bilderbergers, I learned how to nimbly avoid unnecessary confrontation with bullish border guards and trigger-happy policemen. I knew of several journalists turned back at the border for poking their fingers in the eye of the authority.

"We would like to examine your suitcase. We have reason to believe you may be transporting drugs," said the detective.

"If you have drugs, you better tell us before we open up your bag," joined in a narcotics officer.

I wasn't so much worried about the drugs, as I don't do drugs, don't smoke them, and much less transport them internationally in a suitcase.

However, I was covering Bilderberg's annual meeting, my name was known internationally by all divisions of the secret service, from Mossad to the KGB, MI6 and the CIA. Each reporter covering these annual secret meetings is photographed, his personal details taken and the information passed through the Rockefeller-controlled Interpol to all international protection agencies.

It wouldn't be the first time that someone tried to compromise my security. In Toronto, in 1996, an undercover agent tried to sell me a stolen gun. During the 1999 meeting in Sintra, someone had sent a woman up to my hotel room, programmed through hypnosis and brainwashing techniques to undress herself in my room and to throw herself out the window, after receiving a certain telephone call, hoping to entrap me into a first degree murder conviction. Luckily for all, I refused her come ons. Don't ask me how I knew. One of the tools of the trade you develop in following Bilderbergers around is the sixth sense. Strange car sounds, repetitive noises, people's faces that somehow look familiar, friendly nobodies offering a helping hand . . . you just learn to be overly careful. There was something out of the ordinary in that woman's behaviour. Too eager, too forced. Body language that didn't coincide with the verbal language. I think that's it! What caught my attention was an apparent lack of co-ordination between her body and her speech. When I heard the knock on the door, I thought it was room service bringing up my order of chicken with cashews and apple strudel that I had ordered for dinner. Imagine my surprise, when upon opening the door I found myself standing in front of a scantily clad woman with a perfectly sculptured body, long black curly hair and green eyes.

Could someone have snuck drugs into my suitcase? When covering Bilderberg, I take all the necessary precautions. No check ins. Only carry-on luggage. The bag never leaves my sight. Flying back from Scotland in 1998, [Translation: one of my more successful Bilderberg penetration efforts. Jim Tucker of the American Free Press and I broke the story of Bilderberg's plans for war in Kosovo by way of first, creating hostilities between Greece and Turkey on Cyprus which they could then push back into the Balkans.] I got a nagging feeling that someone might have handled my bag. I left it at the airport with all my clothes and momentos from the Turnberry conference.

Moving over to one side of the room, I found myself at a shade end of the long desk.

The next moment, the detective who sat quite still on the edge of the bench, keenly observing my every move, his hands resting on the barrel of his gun, stood up and with the point of his boot turned back a corner of the thick doormat that was ruffled by a Doberman.

One of the guards disappeared into my bag. All I could see were the sharp angles of his elbows moving to and fro.

My heart was heavy. No matter how much I rummaged within myself, I failed to find one crumb of joy. The best I hoped for was to be put back on the plane and sent packing. "Bilderberg paradise lost" was to be the headline in P.'s next issue.

Suddenly the guard looked up, gave a cry, half turned toward me in incertitude mixed with curiosity, and pulled a thin and well-worn volume of Fet [great Russian author of the XIX century] in Russian out of the bag.

As if on queue, everybody started talking at once.

A youngish bespectacled guard, who fetched my Fet, immediately announced that he had been to Russia and knew some Russian, for instance, *borsch* (beet soup), *raduga* (rainbow) and *privet* (hello). At least, the guard's attitude towards me had changed dramatically.

Out of the deepest recesses of his memory, he tried (in vain) to attach the proverbial unattachable limbs into a coherent sentence. I found it impossible to understand what he was talking about. I listened dutifully, with half-opened mouth: his knowledge of Russian reminded one of the vastnesses of Russian stepa, a word, a home, that island of hope amongst the enormity of emptiness. The sheer process of trying to understand my docile language caused me pain.

The detective, having approached the guard, sat down close to me (I was still standing, leaning forlornly against a wall) that I felt his disagreeable warmth, put a peppermint into his mouth and took the book out of the guard's hands.

He passed his fingers across the spine of my book. The man opened a little volume of Fet and began to rummage through the pages. Like most people who read little, his head moved in rhythm with his lips across the page.

Taking advantage of the lull in the conversation, I made a detailed study of the man: corpulent, swarthy, none too young, sharp-tipped nose, sleekly parted hair, jutting eyelids and badly bitten fingernails.

In the next room, someone was roaring with laughter. A chair violently slid across the floor in the room across the hall. The man (with the Doberman) clad in tight, narrow trousers on his spindly legs was motioning to the guard, but the words were drowned out by the combined roar of mingling voices.

The door, whose existence I totally neglected, suddenly thrust open. A plaincloths man (with a gun) stepped in. He saw him first, uttered a cry, his hands up, all 10 fingers dancing. He and the detective (who by now got tired of leafing through my volume of Fet. It had no pictures) greeted each other lustily, trying to crowd into a handshake and backslap as much fervour as was possible.

A brief conversation ensued. By now, a detective and a plaincloths man were huddled with the two guards and an overly passive narcotics officer. The Doberman was asleep on the mat.

Out of the conversation, conducted in a hushed tone, itself a monumental success for any Italian, I could make out isolated bits of phrases: *Cosa vuol dire . . . ?* [¿Qué quiere decir . . . ?], *Non capisco nulla*. [No entiendo nada!], *Che cerca* [A quién busca?].

After a brief exchange, everybody got comfortable. The detective put himself in front of me, the guards took their place at the door and the narcotics cop sat himself on the desk. The plaincloths man leaned against the wall.

"Let me see, where do I know you from?" he began. The detective's velvety tone added a sense of drama to a play whose badly sketched out characters have long outlived their possible usefulness.

*Dove siete alloggiati?* [Where are you staying?] He asked me for my plane tickets and a hotel reservation. I produced both, crumpled beyond recognition by a habitual chaos of my handbag.

"What possible reason would you have to come to Stresa at this time of the year?" He weighed every word on the scales of the most exact common sense. I said nothing. By now, my nerves were unusually receptive after a restless hour of interrogation.

Mechanically, I reached for my Fet, presently, my only source of warmth and reassurance. I was immediately requested (by the detective) to put the book aside and to pay close attention.

The detective produced a photograph out of the red folder he was now holding in his right hand. I could hardly believe it. Staring at me was a copy of my own hideous black-and-white Spanish national identity photograph.

"What business do you have to attend to in Stresa," he repeated in perfect English. I was found out. There could be no mistake about it. Someone in the Spanish Ministry of the Interior had provided the

Italian security forces with my photo. The Italians knew why I was coming and were waiting for me. What's worse, the Spanish Ministry of the Interior was cooperating with the Bilderbergers to stop my investigation. Who might it have been? How did they know where to expect me? Did the airline voluntarily offer my confidential information to the Italians? At whose request? What did they get in return?

I stared intensely at a piece of tinfoil that sparkled on the floor.

Suddenly, I understood something I had been seeing without understanding—why they stopped me, why they questioned me, why they made me lose time. They couldn't retain me, for I had done nothing. Nor could they let me go, for they were told to keep me at bay. The border guard, unwittingly, formed part of the Bilderberg invisible machinery.

I stood up. "Gentlemen, I said, "you have two choices. Either you arrest me and charge me with a crime or you let me go. The masquerade is over. You know why I am here and I know that you know that I know your game plan."

I looked at the configuration left by a shadow of a piece of tinfoil that sparkled on the floor. Sick of it all, angry at them, at me, at the world, for not knowing, not wanting to know and not caring, I tried to squeeze this entirely insignificant object into the orderly existence of the moment.

Another brief consultation followed amongst the five. But now, I knew, that within a few minutes, I'd be driven by a waiting car to the shores of Lake Maggiore, to Stresa and to Bilderberg's annual conference; to a reunion with a group of fearless hound dogs, my friends, all of whom, against all odds had made their way to this sleepy little town, people who have put up with unimaginable hardships to expose Bilderberg's master plan for Global Government and One World Order.

"You are free to go, Mr Estulin," said the detective. "But do remember, we know where to find you. You are in Italy. Should you get into any trouble, you will be jailed. That I promise you."

I picked up my bag. Stuffed my Fet into one of the side pockets. "*Da svidania, daragoy.*" [Good bye, friend] The guard's face lit up momentarily. He looked askance at the detective. But I didn't see him. At last, I was free.

As I made my way through the airport terminal, I thought of the fickleness of chance and the demands of a friendship. Again and again, danger and death appeared in the margins of my life without influencing in the bit the main lines of the text.

A lanky blond young man in oriental garb with a bandaged up nose entered a café. Nearby, a waiter was wiping the slabs of tables with a wet cloth.

In a souvenir shop window, a dejected poster announced a premier of a visiting circus, one corner of its ruffled paper torn off, a dead fly on the window sill.

I stepped out on to the street. The windless air was warm, laden with a faint tang of gasoline.

A man with a local newspaper sat down on the bench in front of me. For some inexplicable reason, he took off his shoes and his socks.

*Qual é il prezzo a Stresa?* [How much does it cost to get to Stresa?] *Possono portarmi il bagaglio?* [¿Puede Ud. llevar mi maleta?]

The cab driver with a massive, strong nose obliged. He briefly rose to remove his own squashed hat from under him and loaded up my belongings into the Mercedes Benz.

I love the process of settling into viatic quarters—the comfortable leather seat, the anticipation of new discoveries, and the slow passage of the airport's receding lights.

The cab driver with a deadish little face, who as I privately noted, judging by the shape of his nose, was never one to turn down a drink, struck up a conversation. He told me about his son-in-law who had a job with some overly optimistic insurance firm in Rome. On the dashboard, I saw a soiled photograph of a corpulent, elderly woman with short red-hair, half reclined with closed eyes. The cab driver's wife. He complained of being poor, having to work too many hours and not seeing enough of his family.

This was the pattern of his life—a life that made little sense—the meagre, vapid existence of a third generation Napolitano émigré.

In some unknown compartment of my being, I could hear rambling sounds of his musings, but I, having suddenly forgotten about him, passed into another world, my private world of all that is dear to me . . .

To write, someone said, is not to be absent but to become absent; to be someone and then go away, leaving traces.

C., my love and my life. You are my heaven and hell, you could only be both. You are my happiness, my whole life, but also the clash of languages, because language, even the most brilliant language is a kind of shortfall of reason, the moan which awaits even the most perfect bliss, not because our happiness is doomed, or because fate is unkind, but because happiness is intelligible only under threat; intelligible only as its own threat.

I tried to concentrate on what was awaiting me in Stresa. Twenty-two hour working days, phone calls to check information from sources, being continuously followed by the secret service, threats, unauthorised searches, meetings and more meetings with those few valiant souls, braving the threats of Bilderbergers to give us precious details of their diabolical plans. But I simply couldn't get my mind around it. Incoherent images of moral horror ghost-danced in my head. Total Enslavement. Men-made famines that swept millions to their grave. Suffering, more suffering. Unspeakable, inhuman sacrifice. Why? Why? Is it really possible that someone might want to inflict so much pain on the world for personal gain? As I struggled to hold back tears, I kept reminding myself that my quest for the truth was a revendication of decency at the expense of cruelty.

I kept thinking of a happy ending to the yet-to-be-written tale about paradise lost—our damage-strewn world. What would it mean to lose happiness forever? Paradise and its loss are integral to each other. Not only that the true paradises are lost paradises but that there is no paradise without loss, it isn't paradise if you can't lose it.

Bilderberg, of course, is a metaphor for fear, an image of the insanity of it all. Beneath it all, there is an understanding, of course, that time and space, like love and like death, alters us and affirms us, clings to us and explores us; that it involves the irrevocable, and makes us who we are.

What is Time, if not a brutal passage and decay, and a form of awareness, a birth of consciousness that knows itself to be temporal. And still less do I understand what is the purpose of fate bringing Bilderbergers and me constantly together.

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