

Special Report

Lunatic Fringe: Personal Stories of a Bilderberg hunter

Bilderberg 2003: The mysterious emissaries and a veiled warning

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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.

July 6, 2005—"I would like to speak to you." I instinctively turned to my right, except that there was no one there. The gentleman who was seeking the pleasure of my company stood slightly behind me, as if using my right shoulder as a temporary refuge. "Stay seated, please," hissed his shadow, noisily letting his breath out.

"You would please pardon me, dear sirs, but I am not accustomed to being told what to do, especially since your company has not been sought," I brazenly replied.

"Mr. Estulin, we are sorry to intrude into your space but we would very much like to speak to you," said the first gentleman, extending a flaccid hand in the hope I might chose to shake it. "Needless to say, we ask your maximum discretion."

I could tell from his linguistic pirouettes that he learned his English in one of those posh British institutions or from a private tutor, one of these fake literati who could not extricate himself from clumsy errors of syntax.

"How do you know my name? I don't remember offering it to you."

"We know quite a bit about you, Mr. Estulin."

I could tell that the mysterious gentleman was beginning to feel more relaxed in my company.

"Please have a seat," I said, noting privately that I, too, was beginning to loosen up.

He lowered his gaze, automatically fishing out his cigarette case out of the breast pocket of his well-cut jacket, and began to examine it.

I sat on my bar stool waiting for one of them to break the silence.

"For example, we know you are here to cover the Bilderberg conference. That you have been following us around for many years. That somehow, you seem to know the exact location of every meeting, even though most of the attendees do not find out the where it will be held until a week prior to the conference. That as much as we have tried to cover our tracks and to take all the necessary precautions, you seem to know what we discuss and most of our future plans.

“Our choice of some of the attendees has even been influenced by your meddling, Mr Estulin. At one point we had thought that we had you found out. That a certain member not invited to the conference was your inside contact. And that were you to be wrong in your post-conference predictions, the unsuspecting member could have suffered great, personal consequences. Fortunately for him, you were spot on.”

“Kent accent,” I thought.

“How do you know all this stuff?” asked the not too intelligent second fiddle.

“It is a professional secret,” was my turn to reply laconically.

I looked the man over. The second fiddle was broad-shouldered, had yellow hair, cropped moustache, huge arching eyebrows, a diminutive mouth that folded itself into a geometrically acceptable smile and a high-strung temperament. His coarse moustache and fat nose, would twitch tensely every time it was my turn to speak.

Behind us, forming part of an incomprehensible mass of a barely audible group of Welch tourists sat a hunchbacked, bearded man, wearing leather gloves and a travelling cap, known to be a lover of music (that’s what the fat lady with an oversized mole on her chin was telling everyone in a hushed tone).

“You are quite an enigma, sir.” My mysterious no name speaker repositioned his spindly legs, inserted his right hand into trouser pocket letting the divergent coat flaps reveal the watch chain across the waistcoat and said with a businesslike tone, “Now, then,” and, with a glance at the restless fingers of his companion, began to speak in a quiet, yet firm tone.

“Why do you follow us around? You don’t work for any newspaper of renown. You write articles that make our members uncomfortable. Several congressmen in America and members of Parliament in Canada were forced to cancel their presence at our annual meeting when you named them as invited guests.”

“You can’t win,” hissed the second fiddle.

“Bilderberg Group, Mr. Estulin, is a private forum where off-the-record friendly discussion takes place amongst influential members of the business community. Politicians are invited to share their personal and professional experiences with the group. All this is done with the hope that these types of forums can bridge the gap between the high stakes politics and the greater needs of the world’s peoples. In no way, do we try to influence governments’ policy or decision making.”

“Bullshit!!!” I snapped. I could feel my neck muscles swelling, my widespread fingers tensed. The first violin emitted a faint grunt.

“I suppose Kennedy was killed by extraterrestrials, that Nixon was pushed out of office by your grandmother, that the 1973 oil crisis was the fault of Winnie-the-Pooh. Had it not been for our effort, Canada by now would have become part of the Greater United States. Why did you people kill Aldo Moro?”

“You know we can’t tell you anything, Mr. Estulin. I did not come to argue with you, sir.”

At a round table by the window, two German tourists, an unemployed man with pink-rimmed watery eyes, and the bartender’s first cousin played cards with great gusto.

At an adjacent table, there sat a flabby, bald elderly myopic man with an oversized grey suit and enormous horn-rimmed glasses, a permanent shadow cast on his florid face by a black beard that had once been permitted to grow for a long time, and a greyish moustache, carelessly clipped. He ordered rum, filled his pipe, and gazed at the game absent-mindedly.

Punctually at 11:45, he knocked out his pipe, stuffed it into his pants pocket, paid for the rum and silently left.

“Would it be too much to ask of you if we spoke off the record?”

“I don’t usually speak off the record, especially where Bilderberg is concerned. You are free to relay what I said to David [Rockefeller], Henry [Kissinger] or that repulsive, Americanised French Canadian woman who whores for one of Rockefeller’s numerous foundations.” I found myself enjoying the confrontation hoping to force the first fiddle into losing his temper.

The first fiddle rattled on for a few minutes about the virtues of partnerships, collaboration amongst nations, starving children in Africa and other mind-boggling stuff.

I tried to concentrate on listening, but soon caught myself watching the second fiddle’s face. His either smiled vacantly or licked his moustache.

When the sounds of the first fiddle grew into insistent thunder, I snapped back to reality.

“We can really make it worth your while, Mr. Estulin. What conditions would you wish to impose?”

A huge moon burned through the trees. The street lights blinked along. You could make out faint sounds of overcrowded restaurants in the distance, and the barking of dogs. The three of us remained silent for several minutes.

I could tell the second fiddle felt embarrassed to keep silent while awkwardly sitting on the edge of the bar stool. No doubt he was trying to invent an intelligent question or a sound remark.

The unknown middle-aged gentleman materialised from the corridor, got down the stairs, paused, then paused again, lost in thought. His walk had the solidity characteristic of short-legged people. A moment later a man disappeared into the night, pushing his way through a revolving door.

The first fiddle fingered the cigarette, gently stroking it, biting his lower lip and pondering something. His eyes did not really look at the cigarette but into the distance.

“As a condition for my silence, I would like all future Bilderberg meetings to be publicly announced with free and unimpeded access granted to any journalist who wishes to attend. All conferences are to be on-the-record, the list of attendees to be released to the public in advance of the event. No CIA, guns, dogs, private security and, most of all, NO SECRECY!”

“You know we can’t do that, Mr. Estulin. The stakes are too high and it is very late in the game.”

“Then, sir,” I replied, “you will just have to put up with me until the referee blows the final whistle.”

From the drawing room came a rapid succession of piano notes, loud talk, and laughter and the exclamation of children. The first fiddle’s reflection in the sitting room mirror did up the velvet buttons of a reflected waistcoat.

“Good evening, Mr. Estulin.” The first fiddle not for a moment lost his manners. His delicacy indeed, was outstanding.

“That’s why they must have sent him,” I thought. Perhaps, under different set of circumstances we might even have become friends.

The second fiddle, the proverbial comic relief, drew in air and quickly let it out again. He doffed his hat and, holding it with both hands in front of him, walked out in step with his boss.

The only other people in the hotel lobby were two women with sleepy, drooping faces, and a travelling salesman, with a dyed beard, wearing a sleeveless vest of black velvet over a heavily abused white monogrammed dress shirt.

“How strange that his knees should be trembling,” I thought. This was really a shattering experience. Only then, did I realise how much was at stake. That this was no mere conversation between their emissary and me. The two men crossed the square and disappeared into the night. What a dreadful feeling of uneasiness. I had remained as determined and as invulnerable as I had been in the past. And nevertheless, I knew that from now on, my life was to be permanently in danger.

The above took place at the Trianon Park Hotel in Versailles, France, at the time of the 2003 Bilderberg meeting (15-18 May).

Daniel Estulin is an award-winning investigative journalist who has been researching the Bilderbergers for over 13 years. Estulin was one of only two journalists in the world who witnessed and reported (from beyond the heavily guarded perimeter) the super secret meeting at the Dorint Sofitel Seehotel in Rottach-Egern, Munich, Bavaria, Germany, on May 5-8, 2005. He can be reached at d.estulin@ctconsultoria.com.

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