

# A Phenomenological Account Of The Symptoms Of Schizophrenia

## SURVIVING SCHIZOPHRENIA – HOW TO BE HAPPY ABOUT IT.

Scott James Stewart

Serial Number 008

Rank : God (as far as the insult goes) - <https://strategyreligion.mystrikingly.com/>

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If it quacks like a duck, and waddles like a duck, it is a duck!

Byline: a story of the most fuck-witted sadistic narcissists ever to claiming to be ghosts

**This is a story underlining the disagreement between schizophrenics and medical scientists with respect to beliefs about experiences and phenomena. This dis-chord might be entirely attributable to the proximity and extent of exposure to the vast amount of symptoms (stimuli and phenomena). Schizophrenics are at the coal face, whilst the psychiatric scientists have but a thimble of dark material.**

This book is all about Beings; which is an exonym. The endonym is Ghosts.

I invite you read these syllogisms representing proven logical analyses of whether it is possible that the voices are not manufactured by my brain:

My brain is inside my cranium  
Voices usually come from my outside my brain  
Therefore voices inside my cranium may originate outside my cranium

I perceive voices using my brain (inside my cranium)  
Voices (usually) originate outside my brain  
Therefore you (voice(s)) may originate outside my brain

I can only recognise what I perceive  
I can know my own perception  
Therefore I can recognise what I perceive

I know you are different to me  
I know which is me, and which is you  
Therefore I can know it's you not me

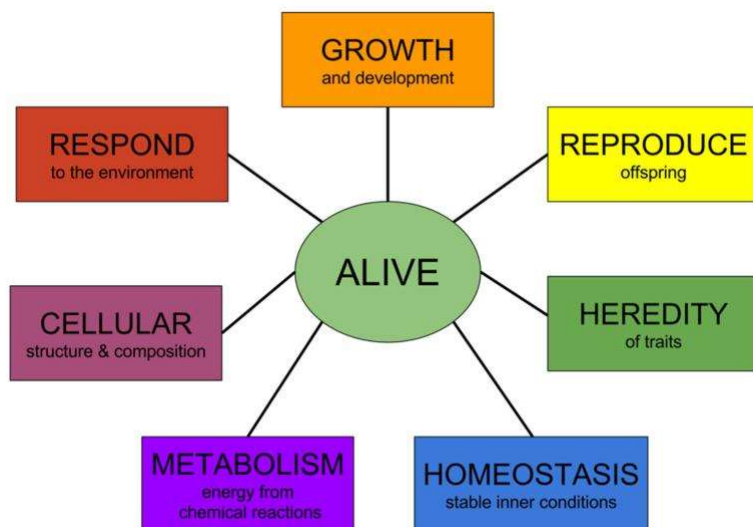
6 key specific criteria are necessary to prove I am alive

**I can apply these 6 key specific criteria to you  
Therefore I can prove if you are alive**

**If you don't meet all 6 necessary criteria you are not alive  
I can know if you meet all 6 necessary criteria  
Therefore I can know if you are or are not alive**

**Living things obtain and use energy.  
Living things grow and develop.**

Living things reproduce.  
Living things respond to their environment.  
Living things adapt to their environment.



With regards to Beings (endonym: Ghosts):

Growth: They can be any size. I have measured many of them.

Reproduce: They reproduce only in vivid detailed mental imagery. I have met young boys.

Heredity: Un-ascertained

Homeostasis: Un-ascertained

Metabolism: Considered to be a phenotypical property.

Cellular: E8 Lattice with 240 vertices – gusset polytopes

Respond: Always and measurably.

Viruses do not have a cellular structure, nor can they reproduce without a host. It's also not clear that they maintain homeostasis, and they don't carry out their own metabolism. Are they alive.

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Change all Ghosts to Beings esp. from page 40 onwards

Ch 2015: **Continue to explain why it was D.I.**

Page 8/9, 88

Invent word for micro-evidence ---- consistency outliers – corroborate with MHF testimonies

Proof of existence only requires a verifiable fact provided by a Ghost without prior knowledge.

Go through after finish and make it be interesting in some way

CODE WORDS, AND CODE NAMES

What would their motive be to pick on you? Why don't I see them if they are real?

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Michelle Young  
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## PREFACE

When I was young, I was disillusioned with life. I did not feel I had what I really wanted, and I do not mean in a material sense. What I think I yearned for was meaning. I would be try to live with intensity, relegating more conservative and probably wiser paths as a lower priority. But the journey that my schizophrenia took me on ended up yielding reason, purpose and meaning. So “be careful what you wish for”. This is part of my journey. This book is also a work of pragmatism, based on my own invention – 1<sup>st</sup> person transcripts : diary / journal entries written quote unquote in first person.

But most of all, this work is also a matter of faith. I cannot avoid responding to what my Auditory Verbal Hallucinations (AVH’s) say to me. It’s like the old adage “Don’t think of a pink elephant”, which immediately leads you to think of a pink elephant. Both the protagonists and antagonists in my story call themselves “Ghosts”. This is bizarre to me because I do not and have never believed that Ghosts exist. Just like everything they say, it is 100% wrong, a fact that I find so suspicious it underpins much of my belief that they exist. I call them Beings, because Ghost conjures up thoughts of deceased humans, and my characters have never claimed to be ex-humans. An author named Richert (2016) details “Ghosts are perhaps the most misunderstood of all spiritual creatures, and the most consistently misrepresented in literature and film. The word ghost simply means a spirit or a soul (thus the use of the term Holy Ghost as a synonym for the Holy Spirit). But souls belong exclusively to human beings, who are the only creatures who have both a spiritual nature (a soul) and a physical one (a body). While angels and demons can present themselves to us in physical form, the bodies they adopt are not part of their nature. So a ghost is a disembodied soul—or, in other words, a soul separated from its body by the death of that body.”

The characters that I deal with are not souls, not disembodied, have no previous or existing inner or close relationship with any homosapiens, are autonomous, volitional, sentient and language capable. So to me they are Beings ([see my augmented re-working of biological nomenclature in Appendix 3](#)).

I confess that a small part of my motivation for writing this book is just in case the characters (who are in fact hallucinations), actually exist. If the main goal of this work was to persuade you to adopt my hypothesis that Beings are implicated in causing schizophrenia, then I would appeal to you scientifically. But I appreciate that not everybody has the same deep faith in science that I do.

Notwithstanding this, and just for the record, if I wanted to prove that these Beings actually do exist, and that they are involved in the causality of schizophrenia, all I would need to do, is to get the voices to clearly state something to me that is both definitive and unknowable in advance, then I could tell it to you, then either you or I could discover or prove it to be a true, existing fact, ex post facto, and that would ‘seal the deal’. Or I could devise an experiment to find evidence of them. A scientific experiment utilising quantitative data, providing evidence to refute a null hypothesis successfully. It could then be repeated by other scientists, and it would be done!

Having this in the back of my mind resulted in a paradoxical outcome. Tentatively believing that the characters of my delusions are real resulted in the development of a unique and unusual management/coping technique(s). This technique has always worked, and continues to work, extremely well for me, leaving me feeling very special and good. It is based around an attitude, and a choice to believe at face value the phenomenological evidence of schizophrenia. It gets such good results, I wish all schizophrenics could try it out, something that I continue to work on.

With reference to the personal costs and losses stemming from my mental health, this is how I use in situ my technique. It demonstrates why I will never persuade the doctors to promote it: I say this about my circumstances (to the Beings who are my hallucinations): “You had better hope I exist, because you have dedicated all your time and energy into me; torturing, manipulating, lying, and upsetting me. And you had better hope you exist, because of the amount of time and effort you have dedicated to being deceitful and evil. But most of all, you had better hope you exist because you have involved, entangled and defamed so many people prosecuting this affair. And they have rights. But they do not believe you exist, mostly because you are invisible, because it is inconceivable to them, but also because it seems utterly unlikely and totally impossible that any life form could act so appallingly, with no understandable or guessable motive(s)”.

The healthcare professionals do not say “schizophrenic”, because it is stigmatic, when it is in fact simply a diagnostic label. They say things like “someone who lives with the experience of hearing voices”. The Schizophrenic Fellowship of NSW has recently changed their name to “One Door Mental Health”. This is the story of me, Scott James Stewart, schizophrenic. It is my account of how I have lived part of my life – it is the strange part.

Another primary motive for writing this book is so that non-schizophrenics can know partly what it is like to have schizophrenia. Despite the high quality of knowledge and insight available from research, the nuances, multi-modality and complexity of the symptomology consolidate its esoteric nature. The medical profession, the psychiatrists, are great and impeccable folk, but most don't understand what takes place at a phenomenological level. I know that it is the AVH's that lead to delusional thinking, but the research doesn't really reflect this. If it did, they would realise there is a “life-cycle” of delusions. It took me more than 20 years to realise that if I consult with my psychiatrist every three months, and I hallucinate (AVH's) 14 hours per day (at least), when they ask me what I have been hearing, I am trying to summarise 1,176 hours of dialogue into a 30-60 second summary! They can't get it even if they try to.

In this book I tell my story from a phenomenological perspective in order to provide exact detail of the symptoms of my mental health. I hope you will Read this story as though you are a “trekky”, a person who loves Star Trek or science fiction. Please remain mindful of the current questions of Dark Matter and Dark Energy; I believe these may be the stuff of my Beings. Think of it this way: “Quantum physics brought on the dematerialization of physical matter — matter in the small could no longer be conceptualized as a Rutherfordian planetary system of particle-like objects. The entities described by the mathematical formalism seemed to fit the picture of a collection of fluctuating processes organized into apparently stable structures by statistical regularities — i.e., by regularities of comportment at the level of aggregate phenomena” and “Instead of very small things (atoms) combining to produce standard processes (avalanches, snowstorms) modern physics envisions very small processes (quantum phenomena) combining to produce standard things (ordinary macro-objects) as a result of an as yet not understood modus operandi that could, nevertheless, be mathematically described. So-called enduring “things” in this picture come about through the emergence of stabilities in statistical fluctuations, as a stability wave in a surging sea of process, metaphorically speaking” Johanna (2016).

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## BACKGROUND

“Auditory hallucinations—or voices—are a common feature of many psychiatric disorders but are also experienced by up to 23% of healthy individuals with no psychiatric history or presentation. Understanding of the variation in subjective experiences of hallucination is central to psychiatry, yet systematic empirical research on the phenomenology of auditory hallucinations remains scarce.” Woods et al (2015).

Schizophrenia and psychosis are both lethal diseases, and living with the experience of hearing voices also has a mortal impact. More than 62,000 people, mostly young people, die from successful suicide each year as a result of schizophrenia.

Schizophrenia has many variations, comprising both negative and positive symptoms. Negative symptoms occur when normal thought patterns, emotions or behaviours are missing. Positive symptoms include hallucinations and delusions.

I have spoken to many schizophrenics and they have included people who have mainly negative symptoms, so their experiences do not include visual hallucinations, and may have only negligible and sporadic auditory hallucinations. There are millions of individuals who regularly or persistently experience symptoms of the same degree and order of magnitude as mine. I am quite a-typical as a schizophrenic. I only experience positive symptoms. I have hopes that this book may save lives, or at least provide solace to other schizophrenics.

This book provides the details of a phenomenological approach to understanding schizophrenia, and it provides the background to my particularly salutary technique of taking positive symptoms at face value. I will argue in the epilogue that taking this approach can ultimately result in improved management and outcomes for people who experience hallucinations under an undifferentiated diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia. The justified explanation for adopting such an approach is provided at the end of this book. However, I understand that taking such an approach is not something that presents itself as an option to psychiatrists and other scientists.

When you present at psychiatric services to get help with coping with hallucinations, they are virtually entirely disinterested in the phenomenology. This is understandable from the point of view of evidence based thinking, which is why science is the best,

most reliable framework of thinking and understanding that humanity has ever had. However I argue that the content of hallucinations are detailed symptoms of psychosis, and attention to them can result in improved treatment, leading to better outcomes.

For example, when you present to a general practitioner with a sore leg, they will ask you about where specifically is the pain, how intense is the pain, does the pain increase when you stand up or walk, is it sharp pain or a throbbing ache, does it hurt when it is touched. However, with psychoses, the psychiatrist will ask “What seems to be the problem?” and a common response will be “Well, I’m hearing voices.” Then they may ask “What are the voices like?” and the response might be “They are critical, telling me to commit suicide, and hurting me all the time.” A good psychiatrist is likely to then enquire about whether they are worse under stress, when they occur, are they worse at night or during the day, do they seem to be coming from inside or outside your head, how often do you hear them, are they always distressing, how loud do they seem to be, and do they tell you to do anything else in addition to telling you to commit suicide?

All those things are very important and help the psychiatrist to make decisions about what pharmacology to prescribe. The doctor will then provide a prescription for medication, hopefully to help alleviate the symptoms (up to 70% of patients report no benefit from medication). Inevitably though the patient will require strategies that can be employed that to help cope with the hallucinations. It is noteworthy that researchers have found that in most western populations, of the 23% of people who experience auditory verbal hallucinations (AVHs), but only 1% of people present to the medical fraternity for relief. That is because only 1% of AVH are problematic and upsetting, to the point that the subjects cannot cope and need help managing them. For everybody else they do not represent a problem, and their content is banal or enjoyable.

Secondary research reveals the inaccuracy of anti-psychotic medications, and their side effects are horrendous and notorious. Psychiatrists prescribe a different medication if the current prescription is not helping, or not helping much. But they do not continue to enquire about the detail of the hallucinations. They point out that they are only hallucinations, and should definitely not be acted upon, and no one else can hear them. But even after trying up to 12 different anti-psychotic medications, the hallucinations are not eliminated for many people. And unfortunately, the terrible side effects are serious and lead to comorbidity, so there are a lot of compromises to be made to arrive at the best treatment. Many subjects still report little or no benefit from their meds.

I was one of those people. But I serendipitously found a non-pharmacological adjunct to medication that works remarkably well. It works so well for me that I have been trying to promote it to other people that have the same diagnosis as me, especially because it took me decades of pain to discover. I have discovered a way to change the dynamic of what goes on in psychoses, effectively leaving me, the subject, ‘bullet proofed’ against the phenomenological features of psychosis that so often lead to suicide. My approach can turn despair into satisfaction, if not happiness.

## Medical background to positive symptoms

McCarthy-Jones (2012) explained that “Voice-hearing in those who enter the psychiatric system is associated with a loss of many basic human needs, including the loss of safety, security, hope, social relationships, respect, esteem and a purpose in life. This is not to say that they are necessary losses, but rather that individuals who are distressed by their voices, cannot cope with them, and end up in an illness state, typically suffer such losses.”

“A number of studies suggest that a substantive proportion of the general population have experienced or regularly experience hallucinations. Tien (1991) investigated for the first time the occurrence of hallucinations in a very comprehensive sample of 18,572 subjects from the general American public, observing a prevalence of 10% in males and 15% in females. Similar rates were found in comparable studies conducted in France (Verdoux et al., 1998) and New-Zealand (Poulton et al., 2000). Another large study (Ohayon, 2000) examined a representative sample from three different nations (the United Kingdom, Italy and Germany), by conducting telephone interviews. The investigators petitioned diverse types of hallucinations. 38.7% of the interviewees indicated that they had had at least one hallucinatory experience in their life, although the proportion of subjects having regular hallucinations was limited (2.7% having them once a week, 2.4% having multiple occurrence per week).” Vercammen (2009).

The story (of this book) is partly based on notes that I kept in response to my Auditory Verbal Hallucination (ANH) symptoms since their very beginning in 1992. I actually started hearing voices in 1991, but due to the nature of what transpired initially, I did not record any notes or journal entries until approximately 7 or 8 months after the beginning of my insanity. The very process of making notes helped me remember the approximate chronology of things that occurred. However, on several occasions my voices demanded that I throw away my notes, so this story is not entirely transcribed from the notes I made. Some

of it is though, and I will indicate direct reproduction of any notes, as well as pointing out when the notes are the basis of the remarks.

Please accept my apologies for the sordid nature of some of the details that comprise this story. Unfortunately it is the adherence to truth and facts and the details of this part of my life that convey the defeating, humiliating and awful nature of living with schizophrenia. I have long appreciated that committing to writing concretizes and operationalises the view of the author. This is partly why keeping detailed notes of my hallucinations is so efficacious. I also made the notes to enable me to argue more effectively with my voices, who are prone to denying their previous statements. Notes also enable me to prove that what I hear is a lie, because I can prove the contradiction. Notes additionally improve awareness that most of everything I hear is false, untrue, misleading and deceptive. (Very importantly though, what I hear is always 100% wrong and false. I will argue later that this eliminates “misattribution” as a cause). Finally, notes facilitate sharing my story, with health care workers especially. Paradoxically though, it is my notes that ground my delusions regarding the origin of the AVH's.

This book is not a collection of quotes of the content (phenomenology) of my ‘hallucinations’ (though such a collection does exist). It is a general narrative of the ‘plot’ of my experiences, characterising what I have heard for the past 26.5 years. The day to day stuff that I hear would take far too many pages to present, because in the past, some days I was subject to 16 plus hours of AVH's. It used to be straight forward abuse –and I kept detailed records of what I heard. For example, one day I heard “sucked in Scotty Stewart” over eight thousand times. The outright abuse I heard was constant, it lasted for years. All along I kept detailed notes. I was looking for inconsistencies that would allow me to argue back, and enable me to discredit what I was hearing. And to this day, that is one of the main benefits of keeping 1<sup>st</sup> person transcript notes of what I hear. I absolutely must be able to discredit what I hear because most of it is critical, and some of it is abusive, and because I am a sensitive person, it hurts me greatly.

AVH's are so persistent and realistic, I get unavoidably trapped into believing the wrong thing. That is the thing about psychosis – it precipitates believing the wrong things, and buying into delusions. When they (AVHs) say something, it is impossible to respond or reply without inherently ‘confirming’ their reality and existence. It just doesn't work if every time you are spoken to, you start repetitively thinking “You are my own disorganised thoughts” or you reply “You are an hallucination”. The problem is personification. “Who” are my disorganised thoughts, “Who” is an hallucination. This then leads to delusions, and thus a ‘catch 22” And if one thinks ‘out-loud’ to ones-self “these voices are just hallucinations”, they will actually reply and say “We are not. You'll find out. We are Ghosts”.

This book is not attempting to dispute the views and knowledge of health care professionals, or in any way argue with the medical understanding and insight demonstrated in contemporary understanding of schizophrenia. It is the evidence that accounts for one person's conclusions, the first hand experiences that feel and seem convincing to me beyond what the medics know and explain. This book allows an ‘on the inside’ view that inclines conventional medical explanations to be insufficient. (To this minute, my AVH's insist that they have human connections, or are colluding with humans). It is presented humbly by a person accepts that knowledge is comprised of facts that are often transient, and these particular facts are so far very rare. I seem to be the only publisher of many who write about the schizophrenic experiences, who is focused on these facts (of phenomenology).

This story therefore does not detail all the abuse that I have been subject to, but instead attempts to describe what I heard in terms of the ‘plot’ of the story that I have been involved in. I find the story interesting and curious, and I hope you will too. One of my psychiatrist doctors once commented that the repetitious abuse could be due to “disorganised thoughts”. I find that to be a suitable and reasonable explanation. It is difficult in the 15 minutes space of a doctor's visit to explain in context in more than 26 year hallucinations. After regular consultations with psychiatrists, I finally realised a “gotchya” that might lead to their disinterest in phenomenology. I realised after about 22 years, that if I wanted to discuss the details of my phenomenology with them, and I present to them once every three months, then I would be trying to summarise more than 1,260 hours of dialogue (in less than about a minute or two).

I used to feel that it was like the proverbial ‘patting an elephant’ (each person patting describes something quite different, but they are all patting the same animal). Describing specific day to day AVH's phenomenology yields misleading insights. Individual bits of dialogue (AVH's) misrepresent the story as a whole. And my hallucination's stories, as do all stories, very slowly evolve.

So I am authoring this account in the style of a book in order to illustrate the greater story and the theme(s). The story will be told in a reminiscent style. The theme will be explicitly stated and highlighted. Delusional though it sounds, I must just say, and cannot avoid saying just this once (until the epilogue), that in the back of my mind there is still this whisp of a thing along the



lines of "...but what if they really are occasionally some other life form(s), and this story really has significant SETI / Break Through Listen, extra-terrestrial importance!".

I sometimes find explaining and telling the story quite embarrassing and humiliating because it underlines my poor mental health. But I am hoping that I can put it into context and convey how I get confused and drawn to 'alternative' hypotheses of causality, and how this can lead to catastrophic personal outcomes. It is the 'theme' of my hallucinations rather than the dialogue excerpts that I find most interesting. Writing about the 'theme' of more than 26 years of AVH's does me more justice than extemporary explanations, because I can indicate how schizophrenics are overwhelmed into confusion then erroneous beliefs.

Nonetheless, this story / article is derived by describing the symptoms, the hallucinations and experiences I have endured in living with a mental health problem, commonly and properly described as "living with the experience of hearing voices".

Unfortunately, much of the time these days, I tell people that the voices are what they say they are – "Ghosts". I always immediately regret saying this, because it conjures up exactly the wrong image. As I said, I believe it is no coincidence that this occurs. It is part of their planning. I have come to understand this word to mean a generic type of non-carbon non-water based 'ethereal' style life form. This definition is largely a result of visual hallucinations I have had, where I would observe vertical-biped type 'beings' walking around my TV room. The word Ghosts has never meant the common traditional "perturbed spirits" of ex-humans that met a particularly nasty fate.

There is occasional reference in this work to those I call 'the cast'. These are the people and personalities who feature in my hallucinations. In my particular schizophrenia, these mostly go by the names of real people I have known. I do not know why this is, but I have checked, and it is not common. In fact it is unique.

I must first detail something very important about the cast. When I first became ill, when I was younger, I thought I was dealing with actual human beings. I could never understand how they could accomplish what was happening to me. But now after more than 26 years, I believe I am dealing with different life forms, perhaps a variety of them. Though I had made extensive notes (and drawings) of the details, similarities and differences of the life forms I thought I had / have come into contact with, for the remainder of this article I am going to collectively refer to them generally as 'Beings'. According to this current and general definition herein, these are to be specifically differentiated from apparitions that the WWW indicates are quite different. A synonym might be 'Aliens'.

For the first 13 years, everything took place wherever I was - normal locations on planet Earth. I had no idea where the people were that I could hear / was listening to. (When you experience 'voice' hallucinations, they are usually so distressing that you don't have the opportunity to try and figure out in a balanced logical way where they are originating from. You become overwhelmed by the immediate fear and distress of what you are hearing. All your energy is directed to fight or flight, not towards trying to figure out how you can hear people, why they are picking on you, and where they are located).

This account has been written in the hope that it might save someone's life, someone who may be able to avoid suicide by relating to the descriptions of the terrible experiences I have lived through. I am additionally hoping that it might just shine a gentle light into my extremely difficult and opaque world, such that my family and other readers might lend me some sympathy and flexibility rather than bewildering condemnation in considering my behaviour.

## PROLOGUE

My voices (Auditory Verbal Hallucinations) began on July 21<sup>st</sup> 1991. They were always present and they were constant, and they remained like that for more than 16 years. For the entire time they were absolutely non-stop. The only time I could not hear them was when I was talking to someone, but I could hear them whenever someone was talking to me. That is, either they were 'talking' or I was 'talking'. When I say 'talking' I mean that their words (or my replies and responses) were as clear as any voices heard under normal circumstances, as if someone was standing straight in front of me. I have since come to call this telepathy.

I am what they call a high functioning schizophrenic. The reasons for this are unknown, but what it means is that I have very few negative symptoms (lethargy, lack of hygiene, lack of motivation etc), and I am subject mainly to just positive symptoms (hallucinations). This is the reason that I am able to write this book, and explains why I have been able to maintain some employment since I first started hearing voices. This sets me apart from most other schizophrenics, and combined with my



ability to articulate well, accounts for the consistent remarks of my unique status and my ability to describe my schizophrenic experiences in a detailed, understandable manner, according to my acute health care team members.

The medication I was prescribed and that I took during this period had no impact, other than causing absolutely unbearable side effects. There were several side effects from these Type 1 anti-psychotics, a dry mouth, a stunted gait, tremors, tobacco cravings, but the most unbearable and intolerable side effect is called Akathisia. Akathisia causes intense restlessness, no matter how physically tired or worn out you are. It becomes impossible to sit still for more than a minute. Forcen (2105) describes it well: “is a neuropsychiatric syndrome characterized by subjective and objective psychomotor restlessness. Patients typically experience feelings of unease, inner restlessness mainly involving the legs, and a compulsion to move. Most engage in repetitive movement. They might swing or cross and uncross their legs, shift from one foot to the other, continuously pace, or persistently fidget.”

After more than 16 years, so in 2007, I finally began to experience some short, brief and intermittent periods of silence, where I might have got through a day without being spoken to. However, if I ‘talked’ I would always be answered. When I detail later the progress of the variety of medications I took, it will become apparent the extent to which these irregular periods of silence were able to be ascribed to medication. I have never been convinced that any of this silence is directly the result of the medication, but the medication certainly helps. As I will explain, the frequency and amplitude of my AVH’s are generally a result of stress, particular behaviours, substance use, and initially a substantially unknown variable component, but more recently a quite minor unknown variable component. However, it is the valence and impact of symptoms that is most important in (remaining alive) living with schizophrenia, and impact is attributable to a combination of the plot (the story, the narrative) that is taking place, medication compliance and “beliefs about voices”. If the AVH’s are friendly and affable, or trivial, then it does not matter how loud or constant they are, but even relatively small amounts of critical hatred and/or strong negative valence from seemingly omnipotent characters, is lethal.

### **I found a way to manage included modifying my behaviour (what I do) – avoid masturbating**

You might wonder if my location is important or central to my saga. Interestingly it has always remained relatively unimportant. In 2014 I was creating some training data for a neural network that I was going to build to distil empirical quantitative data from qualitative data that comprises the mental health forums online. I was going to build this software in an attempt to establish the extent to which other people’s voices had the same idiosyncrasies and characteristics as my own. Whilst creating this training data, I realised that location often plays an important role in some peoples voices. For instance, many people have distressing voices whenever they are on public transport. This is not true for me.

One of the destructive symptoms of schizophrenia is delusions. I believe, and know, that the delusions that characterise schizophrenia result from the subject’s hallucinations. Once a person starts hallucinating, they have to contrive a world view that accommodates the new experiences, whether these hallucinations are auditory, visual, olfactory etc. I believe there is a life cycle of delusions common in schizophrenia, and I am the first person to make this suggestion (I have never seen anything similar in any research documents).

This life cycle is not strict. The basic premise is that when the schizophrenia begins (so the person starts hearing voices), the subject initially believes they are being watched, because the voices are always commenting on things the subject is doing. So they start to look for hidden cameras. Then they believe people are looking through windows or hiding in close proximity. Then, when these hypotheses are proven wrong, the person starts to look for other explanations, such as government mind experiments, being “wired” or “radio inserts”, and other conspiracies. Then they start to attribute their voices and visions to aliens, spirits, ghosts, or demons and the like. Then as time passes, they finally begin to integrate neurophysiological and psychiatric explanations that they hear from the health care team.

Another feature of schizophrenia that I claim is true for all schizophrenics is this: “Schizophrenia is a disease of coincidences”. There are a limited number (seven categories) of delusions that schizophrenics become susceptible to. Lane (2016) states them as persecutory, delusions of reference, grandiose delusions, erotomanic delusions, somatic delusions, thought insertion, withdrawal, control, or broadcasting, and bizarre versus non-bizarre delusions. These occur because the subject is trying to integrate anomalous stimuli and experiences into a cohesive world view. The following is an extract taken from a web page explaining the nature of the delusions mentioned above.

<b>Persecutory delusions</b>	In schizophrenia, as well as other psychotic disorders such as delusional disorder, delusions may have a variety of themes. The most common type of delusion associated with schizophrenia involves persecutory delusions. The schizophrenic believes that he/she is being followed or is under surveillance,
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	or that he/she is being made fun of, tricked, or treated very unfairly by others. When schizophrenics experience this type of delusion, they may feel very frightened or paranoid. As a result, they will often do things to protect themselves from the persecutor(s).
<b>Delusions of reference</b>	This is when the person believes, for example, that things written in a newspaper or stated in a newscast, passages found in a book, or the words in a song are about him/her.
<b>Grandiose delusions</b>	Grandiose delusions involve the belief that he/she has exceptional power, talent or worth, or is someone famous. He/she may believe he/she is God or some other type of deity.
<b>Erotomaniac delusions</b>	This type of delusion involves the belief that a particular person, usually a celebrity or someone especially important, is romantically or sexually involved with or in love with him/her.
<b>Somatic delusions</b>	This involves the belief that he/she has a medical condition or other physical problem or flaw.
<b>Thought insertion, withdrawal, control, or broadcasting</b>	These types of delusions (always considered bizarre in nature) occur when the person believes that someone, often aliens, are putting (inserting) thoughts into his/her mind, removing or controlling his/her thoughts, or broadcasting them so that others can hear them, usually against his/her will.
<b>Bizarre versus non-bizarre delusions</b>	Usually in schizophrenia the delusions are completely implausible or bizarre in nature, although at times they may not be. An example of a bizarre delusion would be a person who believes aliens have removed his/her brain and replaced it with an alien brain. A non-bizarre delusion would be something which could happen in reality, such as being under observation by the FBI.

Something that happens quite regularly to schizophrenics (especially when they are psychotic) is that a feature or event in the normal world occurs at a time or place that has been given special meaning in hallucinations or a delusion. This natural random event then becomes positive feedback or evidence of the delusion or hallucination being correct and valid. For example, a schizophrenic who is having erotomaniac delusions falsely believes that a celebrity is romantically or sexually involved with them. This happened to me, but as a high functioning schizophrenic, it did not occur in a conventional way, or have the usual negative problematic impact.

### Popular Medical Hypotheses Explaining Hallucinations (Phenomena)

There are a number of hypotheses that have quantitative evidence supporting them designed to explain the origin of hallucinations, and in this book, primarily AVH's. I accept that for each person, the mechanisms behind AVH's may be contingent, partial or occasional, and complimentary. Some of them I just find insulting, such as the "sub-vocalisation" hypothesis that suggests that sometimes what is perceived as AVH's is the subject misattributing their own self-dialogue to external or other causes.

This hypothesis is part of a more general hypothesis that AVH's stem from erroneous self-monitoring. Wilkinson (2014) says: "According to these theories, our nervous systems distinguish self-generated from externally generated stimuli, through a process of self-monitoring. When this monitoring goes awry, self-generated stimuli are erroneously attributed to an external cause. The various positive symptoms all involve faulty monitoring and simply differ insofar as that which is failing to be properly monitored differs. In delusions of control it is bodily action, whereas in AVH and thought insertion it is widely thought to be inner speech".

Alternatively, Cho & Wu (2013) state "A more neglected alternative is an account focusing on defects in auditory processing, namely a spontaneous activation account of auditory activity underlying AVH....we... argue that the spontaneous activation account has much in favor of it and should be the default account. Our theoretical overview leads to new questions and issues regarding the explanation of AVH as a subjective phenomenon and its neural basis."

Wilkinson & Day (2015) discuss a neuropsychological model to account for AVH's based around generation of material retrieved from memory then having an affected connotation, with hyper-connectivity to the primary auditory cortex, where the patient becomes aware of the AVH and wrongly attributes it to an external source.

McCarthy-Jones S, Longden E (2013) "As such, voice-hearing – literally – speaks to the philosophical notion of co-consciousness, and human personality as a fluid, non-unitary entity, and is fertile ground for improved psychological understandings of the nature of the self."

McCarthy-Jones et al (2014) Stated, that “new findings included that 39% of participants reported that their voices seemed in some way to be replays of memories of previous conversations they had experienced; 45% reported that the general theme or content of what the voices said was always the same; and 55% said new voices had the same content/theme as previous voices. Cluster analysis, by variable, suggested the existence of 4 AH subtypes. We propose that there are likely to be different neurocognitive processes underpinning these experiences, necessitating revised AH models.”... “participants who heard more than 1 voice, 52% said that their different voices spoke at the same volume/loudness. Around 50% of participants had voices with a predominantly negative tone, eg, angry, nasty, and bossy and around 40% had positive voices, eg, loving, kind, and gentle. Voices typically made sense, ie, weren’t gibberish. The voices/sounds were typically clear or very clear, with their reality rated as “very real” by 85% of participants, with 11% saying they were “somewhat real” or “dream-like.”....”Forty percent of participants

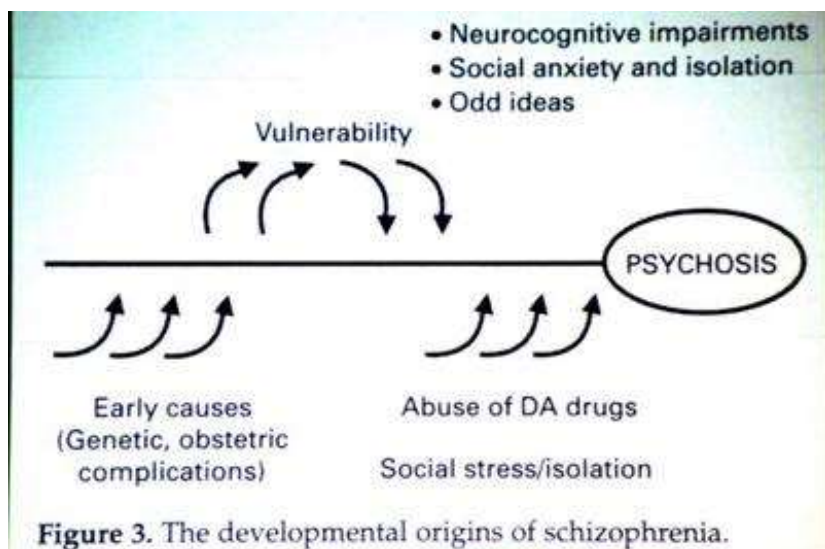
reported that voices talked about themselves in relation to them (eg, “We are normal, you are mad”). The majority of participants either often (35%) or sometimes (32%) had heard voices that told them what to do (ie, command hallucinations), with only 25% never experiencing this. Of the participants who had experienced voices giving them commands, 76% said they were able to resist them. While most participants (53%) never heard voices just talking among themselves without referring to them”....”While the majority acknowledged it was possible that voices reflected thoughts they may have had, the majority were clear that the voices were not actually their own voice/thoughts”

I have provided these extracts here at the beginning of this body of work for a couple of reasons. It seems to be a matter of my own style of ethical integrity to present the knowledge hard won through the dedication of qualified, experienced, experts. It is foundational in what I know, so now we are even. It has quantitative elements that indicate scope. And finally you will notice contradiction and disagreement of what seem like facts in these studies demonstrating a paucity of knowledge and considerable uncertainty about the basics of schizophrenia and psychosis. The two following papers begin with assertions that directly contradict the other for example.

McCarthy-Jones (2012) “Specifically, ‘the content of the hallucinated speech does not correspond to any apparent emotional or moral obsession of the patient (as seems to occur in psychosis), the speech is often a conversation among several people known to the patient or singing by a person heard previously by the patient, and the speech is often of a person of the opposite sex’ (p.

433). Braun et al.’s systematic review of AVHs following brain lesions found that post-lesion AVHs were associated with lesions at a range of points along the auditory pathway (pons, inferior colliculus, medial geniculate body and temporal lobe). They conclude that ‘the cases presented here are best explained by a neurotransmitter-independent, modality-specific neuronal loss, AVHs in other psychiatric & medical conditions resulting in connection-based release of inhibition in the sensory cortex’.”

“...one of the most popular (hypotheses is that), AVHs are the result of fragmented, intrusive, unintentional memory retrieval. This has been supported by a number of lines of evidence, including phenomenological descriptions of the voices, neuroimaging data during voice hearing that equates to memory recall, problems with source memory and failures to inhibit irrelevant information. These data will be critically discussed, with future lines of enquiry highlighted as relevant. In addition, AVHs are known to be emotive in nature, leading to distress and disability for the voice hearer. Research on cognitive models of AVH has emphasised how affective information or emotional salience exacerbates abnormal patterns of responding, and that emotional information might be considering a triggering factor in the experience of AVH; where relevant these data will also be reviewed” (Rossell 2013).



Source: <http://www.schizophrenia.com/hypo.php>

These factors are also identified by Mental Health Daily (2013-2017) as significantly contributing to schizophrenia:

- 1) Brain Damage / Injury
- 2) Bullying
- 3) Death of a Loved One
- 4) Drugs
- 5) Isolation
- 6) Spiritual Experiences
- 7) Stress

And the article continues by describing a brief summary of the types of voices one may hear:

**Controlling voices** – Voices may attempt to control how you act. They may tell you to engage in negative behavior. **Multiple voices** – You may hear more than one voice in your head and they may be conflicting or fighting with each other.

**Spiteful voices** – Negative, cruel, nasty, vindictive voices often accompany mental illness.

**Supportive voices** – Many people experience support from the voices that they hear.

**Random voices** – Some people may hear random, meaningless voices. In other words, the voices heard aren't necessarily controlling, negative, or supportive – they are completely random.

Finally, in this section relating the clinical insights into the symptoms I live with, I would like to reproduce this summary of the key features of AVH's, as presented by McCarthy-Jones (2012) in the most definitive and comprehensive study of phenomenology that I have read...

“AVHs in psychosis have a typical form which involves issuing commands, guidance and evaluative comments directed at the voice-hearer and the ongoing events in their life.

Such voice-hearers will typically hear a mix of positive and negative voices, although the negative voices predominate. The majority of such voice-hearers can hold a conversation with their voices.

**Voices showing self-preservative reactions increase the feeling they are real, and not self-produced.**

There is extensive phenomenological variation within this group with some, for example, stating their voices are like clearly heard external speech, whilst others report voices which are more like ideas than speech.

The perceived reality of voices in this group is not dependent on whether they are perceived to be external or internal to the head.

Other types of voices may also be heard, such as repetitive voices, or simply random words. How and why these AVHs may evolve into the more typical, interactive voices is not well understood.

The phenomenology of AVHs when compared between individuals with different psychiatric diagnoses such as PTSD, dissociative identity disorder, schizophrenia, bipolar disorder and borderline personality disorder shows many more similarities than differences.

Voice-hearing in certain groups, such as the general deaf population and non-verbal quadriplegics, remains under-researched.

Voice-hearing across many psychiatric diagnoses and medical conditions may be underpinned by similar causal mechanisms and require similar interventions.”

Here is a very brief critique: “Schizophrenia is a serious long-term mental health problem, with symptoms that can include delusions and hearing voices, which is called Auditory Verbal Hallucination. About 70 per cent of people with schizophrenia suffer from these auditory hallucinations, which can be friendly or threatening, at some point.”(Professor Andreas Meyer-Lindenberg of the Central Institute of Mental Health, Mannheim). I affirm - incorrect – the delusions are the result of hearing voices "This work builds on previous studies that have shown a critical role of excessive activity of subregions of the temporal lobe in the generation of voice hallucinations in schizophrenia." I say, therefore NOT misattribution as suggested by other researchers.

Experts now agree that schizophrenia develops as a result of interplay between biological predisposition (for example, inheriting certain genes) and the kind of environment a person is exposed to. These lines of research are converging: brain development disruption is now known to be the result of genetic predisposition and environmental stressors early in development (during pregnancy or early childhood), leading to subtle alterations in the brain that make a person susceptible to developing schizophrenia. Environmental factors later in life (during early childhood and adolescence) can either damage the brain further

and thereby increase the risk of schizophrenia, or lessen the expression of genetic or neurodevelopmental defects and decrease the risk of schizophrenia. In fact experts now say that schizophrenia (and all other mental illness) is caused by a combination of biological, psychological and social factors, and this understanding of mental illness is called the bio-psycho-social model.

## INTRODUCTION

I have published transcripts of what my voices say, and my responses, as a blog online. Inspired by others, I have made recordings (simulations) of my voices and put them on Youtube. I have spoken extensively for over 26 years to psychiatrists and social workers about my voices, and about the Auditory Verbal Hallucinations (AVH's) of other people. It is certain that my voices, although having features in common with other people's voices, are unique so far in the world, primarily because of their balance and questioning. I can support this assertion with hundreds of research papers by accredited and expert researchers.

This story is a selective account of my experiences with hallucinations, not just voices, but visual and more. If you could spend 11 years online doing secondary research, you could satisfy yourself that these are unique experiences, not typical of schizophrenia in other people. I don't know why.

My main and over-riding contention, and the reason I have written this saga, is that so much of what I hear from my AVH's cannot be accounted for or adequately explained by any of the popular hypotheses professionals rely on to account for schizophrenia. Unfortunately, I can never convey this to a third party reader, but the hypotheses were presented in the preceding chapters, and you can consider what is presented over the remainder of this book, and I'm sure you will have to conclude "Wow, the human brain is amazing in terms of what I can conjure up when it goes wrong". My beef is, that what it has 'conjured up' in my supposed schizophrenia, includes things that I don't know of and have never been exposed to, so it must be contrived!

You will see mention throughout this book of Freemasons. I would like to explicitly note that I have not and do not actually believe they are involved. But I do believe that it is no coincidence that my voices talk about them so much. They are easy scapegoats.

## 1991

Throughout this journal, I will be using several human names of people, some of whom I have known, others not. As far as I know, these names have been selected by a higher order life form (a Ghost it calls itself), and should in no way incriminate or disparage the original humans whose names were selected.

My hearing voices experiences began at approximately 2am on 21<sup>st</sup> July. While I was working very late one night recording music that I had been writing with a collaborator. I was in my bedroom sitting at the end of the bed, writing lyrics when I started to hear very faint whispers that seemed to be coming from outside the bedroom window. I was very tired at the time, because I had been working very hard on some songs. I kept going over to the window and looking out to see if someone was outside. Obviously, I never found anyone, but I continued to hear whispers. This particular music project was due to conclude several days later, and as a result I was moving out to new accommodation. But each night while I was working I kept experiencing the whisper sounds. I could not help but go outside and look around, but it would have been virtually impossible for anyone to have been there because that would have meant that they would have been standing in the small space between the side of the house and the fence.

My new accommodation had me living in the shop part of what used to be a corner store. I set up my recording equipment in my new room and began work on another solo song writing project that had me working in the small hours of the morning again, so as to avoid traffic noise that would interfere with my recording. Once I had moved, the whispering turned into voices and I could hear them clearly and understand what they were saying. Time and again I went outside and looked around but there was no-one there. One night in particular they were really bad, commentating on what I was doing, ridiculing me, insulting me, and saying they were going to "get me". I still thought they must be people, even though it was impossible for anyone outside to be able to see into my room.

When you hear voices, the emotional impact of what they say takes precedence over the logic of where they could be coming from, and the impossibility of how they are being heard. For example, on one occasion I was looking at some pornography, a magazine that I had purchased. I had the magazine on my desk and was checking it out, and the voices started ridiculing me and belittling me on the basis that I was looking at a pornography magazine. When this happened, my immediate reaction was to

close the magazine and pull my jeans up. I was absolutely embarrassed. Then I started looking round the room trying to understand how they could see me, which seemed absolutely impossible because there were curtains and acoustic gobos covering all the windows, and there were no gaps. So the next thing I did was to set up microphones at the edges of the curtains facing out onto the street to see if I could record the voices I was hearing, which I couldn't.

The thing is, that I should have been able to rationalise that it was impossible for me to be able to hear anyone, especially because I was sitting in an acoustically isolated environment because of the acoustic baffles (gobo's) I had covering the perimeter of the room. But the fact of being seen in such a compromising situation was devastating, and it drove my behaviour, much more than logical rationalisation of the fact that what had taken place was impossible. And that is the sine qua non of hearing voices. It is the emotional and affective impact of the voices that drives behaviour, and the logical rationalisation of feasibility comes last. This is sadly evident in the thousands of suicides caused by hearing voices and schizophrenia psychosis.

But the voices didn't stop when I closed the magazine on my desk. I could now hear a number of voices, all male. One of them, the main and most prevalent one said his name was "Dave The Bricklayer". I cannot remember exactly what the voices were saying, but to the best of my recollection they said things like "we can see you", and "stop doing that". This seems likely according to some of the auditory hallucinations simulations on YouTube (see for example: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0vvU-Ajwbok>).

The voices also accused me of failing to pay my share of an electricity bill, accused me of theft regarding the credits to one of the songs on my demo tape, and I recall for certain that Dave said that I was "prejudiced against working class people". This latter accusation really caused me problems, because there is an immutable over-riding fact about AVH's and that is that you can never win an argument against them. This is because if the disagreement becomes heated enough, in normal life you would walk away, or call the police, or seek mediation. But when one of the parties in an argument is invisible, none of the aforementioned approaches work. You can't walk away, you can't call the police, you can't seek mediation by an authority, you can't do anything, including win.

So this disparaging, insulting and to me serious allegation regarding me being "prejudiced against working class people" was an insult, and was outright wrong. I thought I was working class people! I had several imperative points that I could bring to bear to prove this allegation was factually wrong, but I will not describe here the dialogue of the argument that took place over a couple of days. The critical fact is the nature of this accusation, because it incriminated Ron, the man I recently been working and cohabitating with. I say this because one afternoon after Ron had returned from Melbourne where he went to his old record company to discuss the song writing we were doing, he remarked in the car that he didn't like the head of the record company, because "he was like a private school boy". Now I have put a lot of conscious effort into not subscribing to stereotypes, so this generalisation caught my attention. And so did this allegation of class prejudice. To me, they are both conspicuous because they rely on generalisations and stereotypes.

Several days after the voices started (so late July 1991) they claimed to be the people across the street with statements like "we live over the road", or "we live next door". Occasionally I would run outside to see who was about, looking for the people whose voices I could hear, but there was never anyone one about, and no one visible across the street. The situation was becoming increasingly dangerous, because I was still thinking that the voices were coming from humans, and I started to think it was people nearby whenever I went out. Not only was I extremely upset and agitated, but I thought they (the owners of the voices) were going to hurt me. I remember one day on a train asking a stranger if I could walk with him out of the train station, because I needed protection from people who following and pursuing me, and who intended to seriously hurt me. Furthermore, whenever I was going out somewhere, I was expecting to meet the voices, and I knew they were hostile, so I had begun carrying knives, screw-drivers and other weapons in my pockets and in my socks, for self-protection.

The months passed and I had made no progress with the hostile malevolent voices, or my anxiety stemming from the voices. I tried to make an appointment to see a psychiatrist, but I got lost and failed to make the appointment. One night I was invited to a party at a friend's house. When I was on the train travelling to the party, I was sitting near a guy on the train, who looked at me and said "You're Scott right". I was still terrified of the intentions of my hostile voices, so I said "Yes" and got up and moved to the front of the carriage. While I was sitting there, I was visibly shaking. I also nearly pissed myself. It took me more than 15 more years to realise that these physical symptoms were not symptoms of fearing the guy who spoke, they are physical symptoms that I believe my voices are causally associated with. This of course is delusional, but the AVH's come across in such a way as to regularly cause this delusion to be salient. More about this in **Chapter 9**.



The party went ahead but I could not really talk to anyone or have a good time because I was so upset about the voices. By 3am mostly everyone had gone home. My friends that were in fact home were all in one of the bedrooms, but eventually one came out to see how I was going. I told him I could hear voices, and I was sure they were real. They were saying things like “yeh, Scott is a fuckwit”, “Scott is really pathetic”, “Scott is a complete loser” and so on. I told the guy who came out to talk to me that there were people on the roof. He said “Don’t be ridiculous, there’s no one on the roof. Why would people be on the roof?” but I insisted they were. So to appease me, he went and got a ladder and climbed up into the ceiling, then reported back down to me “Scott, there is no one here. I guarantee it.” Then he climbed back down from the ceiling, put the ladder away, and went back into the bedroom with the other guys.

But I could still hear voices, and I ended up believing that they were the voices of my friends in the bedroom, and that they were saying terrible things about me. So I got up and left and went to the bus stop for the journey home. About half an hour later, several of the guys found me at the stop, and came up and said they had been looking for me because people were wondering where I had got to. I told them I thought they were talking about me, so I left, but they assured me that they were not talking about me, and certainly not saying bad things about me. I caught the bus home, unconvinced.

Time passed, and I realised that I had to acknowledge that I had completely failed in my ambition to become a pop musician. This was disappointing but not unexpected. I decided to stick the plan I had made in 1981, namely, that I was to attempt to make it in the music industry but if I didn’t have a million dollar deal by the time I was thirty, I would give up. So I decided to admit defeat and quit attempting to be a musician / composer. Accordingly I would return to Perth to complete my university studies. I organised to leave Sydney in December, booked a final tour of gigs in Perth from Sydney to get cash before university, and packed up my studio and belongings and shipped them to Perth.

“To this day, the very nature of the inherently elusive and subjective phenomenon complicates an encompassing description or definition, as hallucinations may take on many different forms, may occur in all sensory modalities, and may or may not be linked to mental or physical illness” (Vercammen 2009)

I still could not shake my belief that the voices were people. I somehow thought that once I was back in Perth the voices (who lived over the road or something) would be gone, because they lived in Sydney. But the voices did not stop on the other side of the country. The voices were now saying things like “we hate you”, “you’re a loser”, “we don’t like you”, but also commentating negatively about tasks I was doing. For example, if I was writing something down, they would say things like “You’re useless. Your handwriting is unreadable. That’s not how you spell ‘cassette’. Your writing is too messy, you can’t read it. Slow down and write better.”

Before I left the house in Surry Hills, I had been telling my cohabitants that the people over the road were spying on me. This really agitated one of the people I shared with, he declared “I can’t handle this” as I claimed that the people over the road were watching me all the time. It was easily apparent to all my cohabitants that I was anxious and upset, but I cannot guess at what they thought about my claims that the people over the road were spying on me. A girl that we shared with went to a library and got out two books that had sections in them about psychosis, schizophrenia, hearing voices, delusions and so on. She gave them to me to read, saying “Scott I really think you need to read this information. You are not well”. I did read it, but I could not see that I was paranoid and effectively delusional as the books described. I still thought that the voices were coming from the people over the road. I could not self-diagnose, realise, or detect my mental health problem.

Since they could see me, they always had advanced warning of any attempt I might make to catch them. As it happens, it took me more than 14 years of reality checking, and exposure to endless lies put to the test, before I arrived at the decision that the owners of the voices were not human, and that they must inhabit or come from some mode or dimension of reality that would only be found in a science fiction story.

Early on, was frequently told and I believed and that my room was bugged. Furthermore, the people (the voices) I could hear were obviously humans. Even worse, they claimed to be people I had met, were nearby, or famous people. I was so distressed, scared and confused by what was happening that I could not think rationally about my situation. The disease itself prohibits that. Furthermore, there are neurophysiological factors that characterise the disease that prevent you from thinking rationally about your situation. Also, I was in such poor mental health, and so extremely distressed by my hallucinations, that I never thought to investigate, research or become informed about my illness or being in a psychotic state (which is quite different to being schizophrenic, but also characterised by hallucinations and delusions). Note that this was 1991, so there was no WWW and investigating mental health was considerably more difficult.



I was told by J that I had could hear voices because I had had been drugged one night and 'hearing implants' had been inserted. (I actually recall waking one particular morning with a very cloudy head, which added false credibility to the claim). I was also told that the people responsible for inserting hearing implants had also taken, copied, and then returned the multi-track master tapes of my music from my recording studio. They then remixed my music and made CD's (product) from it. They sold the CD's in overseas markets and they were now in possession of the royalties (money) that I should have been paid. According to them, I was owed more then A\$1 000 000 dollars (more than 1 million dollars Australian).

I could not understand how they could hear me think, but a lot of the time I talked out loud, so I thought they might have planted bugs in my home. Though I could not understand how they could hear me when I was not talking out loud, the fact was that they could, so the problem was mine not theirs. Given the circumstances, it was not surprising to me that they would not divulge how they could do what they were doing. Though I had been an inpatient at a psychiatric hospital twice, I was never told by my doctors that they had diagnosed me as being schizophrenic, which meant that I did not realise or assume that there were other people suffering with similar symptoms.

Because they had my money, they could force me to do things I did not want to do. And if I didn't do what they demanded, I would not be given the money that they owed me, and I would not be given the contract from the record company to make and sell more music.

So I was back in Perth in December 1991, playing some gigs for cash, and organising university. The voices were still criticising and commentating, and I still could not rationalise or understand where they were coming from. I got a room in a shared shouse, and proceeded to look everywhere for hidden cameras, or microphones, or any other way that these voices could see what I was doing, and how I could hear them. They told me that one night when I was asleep in Surry Hills, they came in and inserted "cochlear implants", and this was how I could hear them. I didn't know anything about cochlear implants other than the fact that they were a form of hearing aid, so this claim seemed plausible to me given my lack of understanding and knowledge about cochlear implants.

But now in January 1992, there was a change of cast. (This "change of cast" aka 'shift change' is very significant and important to me. I cannot reconcile why hallucinations would be torturing me in teams of individuals, that periodically would suddenly and surreptitiously be swapped out for a new team of different individuals. Whenever this occurs, it does so without warning, and the names that the previous team were using are re-allocated to the new individuals seemingly so that I would not be able to detect this 'shift change'. I would also like to mention that it is quite common to read in other people's testimonies that their hallucinations also work in shifts. Some are just three 8 hour shifts per day, some are 4 hour shifts per day, but intermittently there are paradigm changes, and the latest introduced team brings with it a whole new way of tormenting and approaching their subject. Why would hallucinations swap out members?

The voices do not hide the fact that they are changing shifts. As I said, there are many testimonies of others on the mental health forums that talk about voices doing shifts. Not only do they tell you they work in shifts, but they tell you when a new shift is starting. They indicate a new shift is starting by saying "Right, hold it, ..da, da, da, da, just picking up the thread, da, da, da, right, so you were playing your guitar this afternoon were you. Right. We'll take it from there..." The term they repeatedly use is "Picking up the thread".

In a wholesale 'shift change' in very early 1992, Dave The Bricklayer disappeared (no longer featured as one of the voices), and was replaced by a female Julia Davis, who remains in charge (the leader of the voices [Ghosts]) to this day. Julia claimed to be a Ms Julia Davis that I knew, a person I had met briefly in 1989, and the ex-wife of Ron Thiessen, my recent song writing collaborator from Sydney. The extent of my dealings with her were primarily that I had given her a demo tape before she left for Greece on route to London in April 1991.

There was now a new cast, with new names for the voices, and seemingly new characters insofar as their behaviour and statements seemed quite different. This had the double effect of making the scenario more personal and more discrediting when I attempted to tell other people about my hearing voices. I was now even more inclined to react as if the voices were real people, and to do what I was told (to obey command hallucinations, something that the doctors always specifically tell you not to do). This new cast discredited me even more because it was obvious that no humans could or would accomplish what I was experiencing, that is, being watched and hearing their voices.

As a fan of science, it is perhaps unsurprising that I decided to take some notes about what was happening. I had hoped that this would prove to be a very good decision, because I had no comprehension of what was going on or how it could even be possible. Approaching it with some objectivity must be a good approach, and it may help me to argue more effectively because I could point out their lies and inconsistencies. I remember that one day I drew a picture of what I had previously been shown (mental imagery) and what I had heard was taking place. It was a picture of 6 people, both genders, sitting behind a table, with microphones in front of them so they could talk to me. I knew the names of the people to as I recall – Dr Simon Green, Dr Robert Coch, Ms Julia Davis, David Bowie, and two technicians whose names I did not know and was not told.

One afternoon I was driving along Fremantle harbour and the voices were giving me hell. I had just sold a musical instrument (JP6) to a person through the newspaper, so I had \$1600 cash on me. Julia and the rest of the voices, in between telling me that I was driving too fast, that I failed to indicate, that the rear view mirror required repositioning, that the car needed washing and polishing, that the car tyres needed checking, that I was driving too fast, that I didn't indicate early enough (yes I know – I have stated things more than once, but that is what they are like), started alleging that the money was "drug money" and that I should not be allowed to have any of that "drug money" to spend.

She absolutely insisted that the cash I had just received from the instrument sale was ill-gotten, and she was really causing me anxiety and fear. I cannot remember the details now of exactly what transpired, but the result was being directed to drive the car out onto the groin of the north quay, and throw the plastic money bag containing the \$1600 into Fremantle Harbour. This is exactly what I did, and what happened. And that's the thing that is very hard to explain about the voices. They often come with feelings. The doctors explain that there is no correlation other than expected simple cause-effect (physical – emotional) to tie physical aberrations and feelings together. But it is certain that the tone and subject of whatever the voices are talking about at any one time can come simultaneously associated with terrible feelings congruent with the tone and subject. But believing that there is congruency between the two is in fact is delusional (somatic delusions). But any schizophrenic will tell you, that often the AVH's seem more like a decoy or distraction from the application of more sinister physical anomalies that seem to be perpetrated, somehow under the control of the voices.

The next significant event took place at the start of January 1992. The AVH's continued to be led and directed by Ms Julia Davis, and the communications was being achieved by some broadcasting technology that was located and being operated from a room somewhere in Fremantle Hospital, that was sending signals to the cochlear implants that had been installed into my brain without my consent in the middle of the year just gone. I knew about the technology because I was shown a mental picture of a room with some electronic hardware against the wall, and two tables with chairs in front of the racks of hardware. I was told that the room was in Fremantle Hospital, but it was a non-descript looking room, and could have been anywhere.

Julia was always accompanied by a small number of (what would you call them?) colleagues, or associates, or directing professionals, or assistants, or experts. For example, at the start of 1992 the mental images that were shown to me showed a number of people sitting in the chairs in front of the broadcasting hardware. These included Dr Simon Green, my psychiatrist, Dr Robert Coch, another psychiatrist, and I think Iggy Pop, and his wife Gloria, along with a couple of technicians responsible for the necessary broadcasting that was taking place.

Anyway, the story had now changed from malevolence, hostility and hatred for false accusations for things like the electricity bill, or hatred because my handwriting was not neat enough, to a more romantic and optimistic immediate future that was based around me and Julia getting married! In fact, the change of the year coincided with my relocation to Perth, and also with the departure of Dave The Bricklayer and the appearance of Ms Julia Davis. But more significantly was the news that Julia had brought with her a recording contract, a publishing contract, a \$1m advance, and a red Porsche motor car. This news was first announced by Julia as she was driving down Kwinana Freeway in the Porsche heading to an undisclosed location, after having left the control room in the hospital. The contracts, the money and the car were a result of her having done a deal with a recording company (whose name was unavailable) on the strength of the demo tapes that she had. The word "strength" is used here though figuratively, because the demo tapes and the video demo tapes were shit. Most of the songs had no melody, the attitude (lack of it) was crap, the quality of the recordings was terrible, and those demo's offered nothing promising at all. At least that was my opinion.

But Julia made a big deal of what she had achieved. There was in my opinion a considerable amount of narcissism in Julia's presentation of the 'booty' she had acquired. I saw it very differently, as will become evident over the next few paragraphs. I was not allowed to talk to anyone, meet with anyone, telephone anyone, more generally communicate personally with anyone, in order to ascertain proof of what she claimed she possessed. There was however, one immutable paramount proviso regarding these contracts and the money. I was not allowed to receive or access any of it unless I gave up cigarette smoking. When she

told me that, I was utterly transmogrified. What did cigarette smoking have to do with any of these claims? Why was smoking such a barrier? Why was smoking a prerequisite to anything more substantial? And how am I supposed to give up whilst I am being berated, hated, criticised, physically assaulted, and held under duress?

I was being taunted by Julia on an hourly basis. Her favourite reproach was to repeatedly state that I was being subjected to “life in a goldfish bowl”, whilst she (or someone or something) showed me a mental image of a goldfish in a goldfish bowl. The critical point I am making here is this matter of “showing me mental images”. I am, and have always been, and person who suffers from aphantasia. Aphantasia is a condition where an individual is unable to produce vivid (or any) mental imagery. I knew I had aphantasia because I had just spent a decade trying to accomplish something creative, but I had never experienced any imagery. I was always aware of my deficit. This awareness had an antecedent in visual art at high school, where once again, I noticed that I could not conjure up any visual mental inspirations to guide my work (drawing / painting) attempts. But since the coup d'état of Julia replacing Dave The Bricklayer, I had intermittently and occasionally been experiencing vivid and colourful images in my mind's-eye. Something coinciding with the onset of paranoid schizophrenia was precipitating an occasional mental image. This will be discussed more fully in a few chapters et seq.

I pointed out that this whole approach (relentless torture, deprivation of rights and stress) to getting someone to permanently abstain from smoking cigarettes was, in my opinion, a fundamentally flawed approach. There were many more conventional things that could be done to get someone to stop smoking.

Another point of contention that I tried to communicate to my captors was the unavoidability of the quantum effect. This term is from quantum physics and describes a situation that prevents an observer from measuring two things simultaneously. It is commonly described in the maxim “merely observing the system changes the system”. This was going to pervade upon any truthful reason for abducting me telepathically without my consent, and upon any objectives that might have been subservient to what was taking place.

So I was not allowed to have either of the recording contracts, any of the money, or access to the car unless I discontinued smoking. But at the same time I was being tortured physically (plagued by twitches, erections, erratic eye movements, cramps, wind etc) and tortured mentally by malevolent critical voices; the same ones that currently lead to more than 62,000 suicides annually by the people that experience them. But what really ‘got on my goat’ in the midst of all of this, was Julia’s pronouncement that we should get married.

Another very important result from the constant criticism, baiting, contempt, and malevolence is the inevitable and consuming loss of self-confidence and self-assuredness. My ability to maintain self-respect and confidence was increasingly eroded, and this erosion has a severe impact. After a couple of years of relentless criticism and negative set-ups, I could no longer dispute things with other people when I truly believed they were in error or overlooking something. When I did make an unintentional mistake, I could not forthrightly explain why I had made the error. When it came to working in teams, I felt handicapped because I could not with normal assertion contribute confidently and positively to the team output. For example, when I was at work programming, I would frequently have my project managers asking about my progress, and as IT projects are notoriously under budgeted and short scheduled, I could not forthrightly stand my ground and state that the project schedule was too short and thereby inappropriate. I could only meekly apologise and not even make valid excuses.

There were many inherent problems with this outrageous statement. First, these were AVH's and there should not be any human available or involved to get married to. Second, she was presiding over my open mental wound, misery and despair whilst simultaneously destroying all aspects of normal healthy life. But more critically and paramount was the fact that I didn't like her, but to be fair, this was something that I never actually said to her – the human her I of course mean. This change in the plot brought with it the treachery of me not being able to relegate these distressing perceptual experiences to being hallucinations, quite the contrary. The entire plot seemed to be based on the premise that I was actually telepathically communicating with humans, and the sporadic mental images I was experiencing consolidated the delusional belief.

Julia was continuing to erode my health in the guise of not being an hallucination. She would wake me up at three or four in the morning and pronounce that I had to get up and do some guitar practice, though as far as I was concerned, I was actually quitting the music industry, after admitting my catastrophic failure to get anywhere. Once the sun had come up, she would dictate other things that I had to do, such as run to my grand-mother's house and practice the piano, or go to my parent's house and wash their cars, or get a sponge and clean the walls and ceiling of the bathroom to get traces of mould off the walls.

There was one really big calamitous thing going on. As I mentioned in the previous chapter, I was the owner of some pornographic magazines. Some of them were called Club and had been purchased from Roslyn's Bookshop in Kings Cross, but I

also had a couple called “Seventeen” that were Dutch magazines that I had purchased from Club-X. I was 28 years old at the time, and I still do not think that these magazines were inappropriate, especially since they were legal. But Julia referred to all of them as “paedophilia”, and she proceeded to demand that I sit on my grey student’s desk chair, face the wall of the room, and answer questions relating to “paedophilia charges”.

The next development from these “paedophilia charges” was that there were now several different voices interrogating me while I faced the wall sitting on the chair. I was told that these voices belonged to representatives of “The Supreme Court Of America”, and the head of the “Supreme Court” was a man named George. On any given day, at any point in time, I would be told that I had to face “paedophilia charges” by “The Supreme Court Of America”, so I would have to drop whatever I was doing, return to my room, set the chair facing the wall, and sit on the chair and answer questions. As I recall, this went on from approximately April until November. I had actually done some legal studies at university in my first year, but this was only commercial law, but it was all I had to attempt to defend myself against both the interrogation and the charges. The grilling was uncomfortable, distressing, intense, contemptuous, and obviously using the incorrect head of action (legal pornography is not paedophilia to the best of my knowledge, but I have never studied criminal law), and beyond the rightful jurisdiction of that court, but it went on several times a week for the entire 8 months.

One afternoon at university towards the end of the semester, I was leaving a lecture walking towards the car park, and I heard that a girl sitting on the grass near the cafeteria was Julia. I was not convinced and so just kept walking, but I must admit that for a brief moment it looked like the actual Ms Julia Davis that I had met perhaps five times between 1989 and 1991. Many years later (2014) in an entirely different plot involving Freemasons, I wrote down a set of approximately 21 rules that I was told governed the conduct of Freemasons, and one of the rules was that “Each Freemason must see their victim in person at least once”.

Arguably, one of the main imports resulting from these demands (known as command hallucinations, something the medical practitioners warn you about) and the interrogations, and the torture, was that the voices could see everything I was doing. They would demand that I sit in the chair and face the wall, and they would give me physical pain until I did, but they knew when I did! They would tell me to do guitar practice and they could see when I was doing it. This is probably unsurprising because they are hallucinations, but that fact was in direct contradiction to all the collateral facts, such as “The Supreme Court Of America”, and Ms Julia Davis, and marriage and so on. I did not even think I was delusional, though at this early stage of my illness, I had not read any articles or been exposed to any self-help material to make me realise that delusions are an integral part of hallucinating, psychosis and schizophrenia. I could not effectively argue about the cochlear implants or the possibility of technology to facilitate this type of communication, because I had never heard of it before. Everything was routed in the foundation that these were humans conducting themselves in the way that they were, and that was it.

But this particular scenario involves the Police and a parliamentarian, and my AVH’s tell me that they are very close (tomorrow) going to come to my unit in Sydney, extradite me to Perth, charge me with an unstated number of counts of murder, before they interview me in person, rather than the usual AVH interrogations that they have been conducting.

Since December 1992, there was a slow modulation in the number of individuals (voices) present at any one time, their names, their motives and reasons for being there in the first place, their behaviour, and of course the plot. Insofar as what I hear (which I regard as a form of evidence), one thing that has never changed is the goal of the voices, which is to get me to commit suicide. Even in these really early days involving withheld moneys etc, I am certain that the real motive was to induce suicide. In retrospect, the important aspect of location was / is the opportunity to use it for reality checking. I was occasionally told where my abductors were. This information was useless to me because I could never catch or confront them because they knew in advance I was coming. It was also repeatedly mentioned that Julia was living in the house next door. I always thought that this was nonsense, because surely they wouldn’t be so brazen as to conduct torture using technology and run the risk of being seen as the next door neighbour, so I never went next door to check or took any other measures to validate this claim.

## 1993

In the ‘conversations’ and dialogue that were taking place in my head (AVHs, or the term is use: telepathy), most of the content was directed to me, because in order to compel me into committing suicide ad Ron and Julia demand, it was first necessary as a

precedent to destroy any happiness or good feelings that I might have had, obviously. So Ron and Julia who continued to be in charge and directing the activities of everybody else, had instructed all the subordinates to criticise, insult, condemn and generally upset me into an inconsolable state of misery and despair. But I would sometimes 'overhear' intentionally or otherwise some of the communication between the individuals who were actively assaulting me, and it was curious.

For example, they would be talking about people arriving from another "planet", and they kept referring to travelling to another "planet". They would also mention the expected arrival date of a "fact finding mission, from another planet", or meeting with some of the members of a "delegation from a chapter on another planet". On several of occasions I even heard them explicitly call themselves and their organisation under Ron and Julia as "a loose coalition of Evil".

Another particularly strange phrase that often featured in their dialogue with significant foreboding was "epiphenous moments". It was usually in context of something that Ghosts had to guard against, and avoid at all costs. It took me a couple of years to arrive at an understanding that an "epiphenous moment" was the terrible sinking feelings that resulted from me saying something that unambiguously exposed them as outright liars, or that irrefutably identified the true meaning of some of these "code words" (as they later described them). The best example of an "epiphenous moment" I can recall was when one of them accidentally said something about California and something about a "planet" that led me to say "so by a planet you actually mean another country?" that got a response something like "now that's an epiphenous moment if I ever heard one. Look what's it's done to her". In other words, an "epiphenous moment" was an unavoidable feeling of dread that happened to them if I happened to expose the true meaning of one of their "code words", or something incriminating of themselves that demonstrated they were liars and or humans. It was especially relevant to accidental revelations that 'proved' they were humans.

In early 1993 she made an announcement. "Scott, I have managed to get the sale of your first single up to no. 3 on the charts. But you cannot have any further information about this, and you cannot have any of the proceeds (money) unless you give up (cigarette) smoking right this second, and not a minute longer". Naturally I tried to get details about this, so I would ask "How did you get the master tape to press CD's from?" and "What song have you pressed?", and the answer was always "I'm not telling you" to which I would invariably say "Well go fuck yourself then". I guess the thing is that underlying psychosis makes the impossible believable. So I ask the following question seriously – what would you say if you heard that your product had been stolen and sold overseas? I did not believe it enough to bother going to a library and checking the newspapers. But in the face of consistent claims, you end up prolonging the bullshit or endlessly saying "Oh shut the fuck up will ya, and get real!".

She claimed that she had broken into the house I was sharing and taken a copy of my music (can't recall now whether that was a master tape she claimed to have taken and returned or a mixed down version?) and pressed thousands of CD's that had sold very well overseas. Once again, as a result of being forced in 1996 to throw out the notes describing mostly phenomenological features of my schizophrenia, I can't recall now whether "overseas" meant the UK, the USA, and Europe, or one or all of them.

It doesn't really matter though because within about a week, the single (precisely which song I can't remember either) that she had distributed and marketed was apparently high in the charts in all the locations mentioned. Now I understand that this sounds preposterous, but the nature of psychosis is that one's judgement is impaired in such a way that when combined with AVH's, it seems real. Absolutely real.

I developed a very distinct impression that she expected some sort of gratitude, or at least thanks for this. It was obvious from my perspective that I would not even provide acknowledgement of restrained silence, and really my primary affective response was pretty much hatred, acrimony and resent, for many reasons, including the fact that this had been done without consent or consultation.

And this very negative attitude that I feel I successfully in check was exacerbated by a situation that accurately described the discord I felt towards her. I was very ironically amused about the whole recording deal, Porsche thing. She would have and did state that "the end justifies the means" (she always spoke mostly in clichés) with respect to withholding all material artefacts derived in the first instance from my 'works', noticing that this statement fails to explain what "ends" was sought. But for me, the whole thing was a pile of completely worthless utter shit and crap, because the only thing I was ever striving to achieve, and all I wanted, was an opportunity. She completely misunderstood my driving goal and aim, and thought instead that the goodies she had acquired had any value to me, except perhaps the publishing contract (depending on its terms).

Soon, as the situation continued to mature and evolve, she said the single off the EP (what EP?) had gone to number one in some countries. Very good indeed; I'm sure! But on the night she was supposed to be coming to my share house to see me and hand over (some of) the (any) money and the deals, she flippantly said she changed her mind. This she blamed on me, and was

once again attributable to the fact that I was a cigarette smoker, and as I said, she decided that I could not have access to (any of) the money until I quit. It is ironic to me that the last time I had seen this woman a year earlier, she was still a cigarette smoker herself. I must also unfortunately declare that I was also an amphetamine user (the frequency of which I am not willing to disclose), but I do not recall her saying anything that indicated they were a problem also. To the contrary, I clearly recall her organising an amphetamines supply through my usual dealer, that would be verified by a phone call I would make. She would tell me when it was OK to use, and I would go and pick them up then use them.

By July 1993, Julia said I had now earned more than 2 million dollars from music sales, but I still could not access the money or see her until I quit smoking. This whole fucking scenario was having a grievous and distressing impact on me. The cochlear implants, the sitting obediently in the desk chair facing the wall defending paedophilia charges, the demands and instructions to practice or clean, in addition to this bullshit nonsense of withholding stuff until I quit smoking. I could not stand it anymore, so I got on my bike and rode to my grand-mothers house where my mother was and demanded that they tell me where Julia was. Their reply was "Julia who Scott? We don't know anyone called Julia? What are you talking about?" I was furious now, so I angrily said "Is she out the back there near the fence? Quit fucking round and tell me where she is". Again they said they didn't know anyone by that name. Very soon after my mum said that we had better get some help, and I was admitted to Heathcote Psychiatric Hospital after meeting with Dr Simon Green who I do not recall pronouncing my diagnosis, and he admitted me as an inpatient, and prescribed Lithium. I assume that they had given me a diagnosis of bipolar disorder, that was why they were treating me with Lithium.

There were many more incidents that I found very distressing and extremely challenging. Julia liked to describe them as "unfair", as she repeatedly emphasises to this very day. It is one of the key points about this saga for her, namely how my treatment is very unfair. These incidents and critical hostile remarks were so distressing and upsetting for me that I ended up smoking much more than usual, with explicit mindset of getting lung cancer and a terminal diagnosis, to me, legal euthanasia. This may seem a rather stupid and unlikely approach to suicide, but the point is that my desperation was becoming unmanageable and suicide was becoming increasingly appealing and it seemed imperative.

For example. One lunchtime I went to the toilet to do number 2's. As usual, not necessarily Julia, but one or two of the voices would start commenting and discussing the appearance of the paper, and what was left on the paper, immediately after I had removed it from my asshole, on the way down into the bowl. On this particular occasion, Julia or someone else started saying that they could see some blood on the paper where the faeces was smeared. Not only was I extremely humiliated (and am having to describe the details of this incident) and distressed about the discussion that seemed to personally criticise me for getting faeces residual on the used paper. More importantly, my grand-father had a colostomy to treat bowel cancer, so I was very distressed and anxious about the truthful possibility of what was being said.

After I had finished going to the toilet, the discussion did not end once I shut the door behind me. My voices continued to say things like "Ooh Scott, I'm pretty sure that was blood on the tissue, so we are thinking that you have got bowel cancer" or "Scott, did you see that blood? I think you going to have to have your bowel removed, don't you think so?". This disgusting discussion continued for about half an hour, until Julia announced that she had booked me into South Perth Hospital for a colostomy, and that I had to immediately walk down to the hospital where they would admit me.

By now I was in tears, crying out of a combination of worry and distress. So I went to my room and grabbed my copy of "Chaos Theory" by James Gleik, and proceeded still crying to walk the couple of kilometres to the hospital. Once arrived, I walked straight up to the desk and said "My name is Scott Stewart, and I have come to have my bowel removed". The lady at the counter looked down at her desk, shuffled around a bit, and said "no Mr Stewart. We definitely do not have a booking for you here. Are you sure you have the correct hospital?" I don't now recall if I responded, but I do recall just starting crying again and turning around and walking home.

## 1993

I had been living in South Perth with some friends since 1992. In 1993 the situation of 'forcing' me to sit on a desk chair facing the wall while I was interrogated by "The Supreme Court Of The United States Of America" continued, though less frequently, but it also led to other things. On day early in the year, I was told I had to go out to the front yard and rake up all the leaves and dead grass that was on the lawn, and I had to use my fingers as the rake.

I was psychotic at the time because I could not remain compliant with the Type 1 anti-psychotic medication I had been prescribed. It was called "Stelazine" and it contains trifluoperazine hydrochloride as the active ingredient. The side effects

included drowsiness, dizziness, tremulousness, extrapyramidal symptoms, parkinsonism, acute dystonia/dyskinesia, facial grimacing, opisthotonos, hyperreflexia, tardive dyskinesia/tardive dyskinesia of the facial muscles, involuntary movement of the extremities, neuroleptic malignant syndrome, altered consciousness, autonomic instability, grand/petite mal convulsions, altered cerebrospinal fluid proteins, cerebral edema, headache, akathisia (with motor restlessness and difficulty sitting still. All of these are shithouse, really shithouse, but the akathisia was unbearable. I found out many years later that the psychiatric staff who work on the mental wards call a strange gait that results from these anti-psychotics “the Stellazine shuffle”. I still hold the opinion that you are better off fully psychotic or dead, rather than experiencing akathisia. But I unfortunately discovered that amphetamines was the only thing that would attenuate the ghastly, awful, horrendous feelings called akathisia. This discovery was the beginning of a problem that would last for years, in a counter-productive paradoxical trap.

So in accord with my directions from Julia, I compliantly and obediently proceeded to the front yard and began raking the lawn, and sweeping the front and rear gravel driveways clean using my fingers and bare hands. After a couple of hours work, the job was done, and my fingers were bleeding. But I was ordered to go back inside and prepare for a family dinner meeting later that evening by having a shower and getting changed. She even told me what clothes to wear. And this example that characterises much of my hallucinations demonstrates the hardest part of them. It is infuriating to be treated like a 12 year old. I was so distraught by my awful treatment and having to rake the lawn and both gravel driveways that I could not talk to anyone at the dinner. I felt like a nigger at a KKK meeting. I just sat and was noticeably miserable for the duration evening.

The following day, one of my cohabitants said he could no longer live with me because of my strange behaviour (‘raking’ the front lawn with my bare hands. ‘sweeping’ the gravel drives with my bare hands, sponging the mould off every wall and the ceiling in the bathroom). He said either I go, or he was going to. So I capitulated, and I had to move in with my elderly parents. I was 31 years old. My parent were in their 60’s. This was the biggest catastrophe yet in my life. I never liked living with my parents, and doing so at such an old age was extremely humiliating.

On one occasion, Julia commented on what looked like some blood on the toilet paper I had just wiped my ass with. I can assure you that having people look at and talk about what is on a piece of toilet paper that you have just used is extremely humiliating, upsetting, demeaning, stress inducing, and very degrading. Julia, Ron, and other voices did and do this to me all the time. And it has gotten only a bit easier to bear after 26 years. Anyway, she said that there was blood on the toilet paper, and that it was a sign of bowel cancer. I argued that if it was blood, it was a tin amount, and it was due to wiping too heard. But as usual the voices insisted and I eventually capitulated, believing that I was showing symptoms of bowel cancer. She said that had called for an ambulance to pick me up and take me to the hospital, and that I had to wait for this ambulance to arrive. So I created a large sign and attached it to the street light pole out the front of our house, and stood out there and waited for the ambulance. After 2 and a half hours, the ambulance still had not arrived, and I realised that she had lied again.

The thing that probably does not need to be drawn to your attention, evidenced by these descriptions of actual events, is that to the person who is hearing the voices, they are completely real. I do not have the qualifications to explain this medically, and I shall not here provide summaries of the research that explains it, but my point is that I was (\*and still am) unable just to dismiss what I hear as “mere hallucinations”. And this is not true just for me, all schizophrenics and psychotics suffer the same problem. I can explain it fully, but I shall just simply say at this point, that the reason they seem absolutely real, and are to be complied with, despite what the doctors tell you, is partly because there always seems to be a motive behind the AVH’s. This ‘purpose’ or ‘intention’ that I term “motive” always compels one to believe that the voices are real and belong to ‘people’. There are other concomitant reasons that the voices compel actual behaviour, but the existence of a raison d’etre gives the voices persuasiveness that they wouldn’t otherwise have.

Throughout the last half of 1992, and throughout 1993, Julia said, but more usually effectively implied, that she has (and to this day, still is) some ability to control my body. For example, in February 1993 she stated that an erection I had at the time was a result of her power. This was partly convincing because I was simply sitting on my bed, doing nothing. There was no impetus or context for an erection. About 30 seconds after she said that it was her that gave me the erection, my leg started twitching, and she said that was because of her also. My leg twitched without pause for more than 5 minutes at least, until out of fury I grabbed a Stanley knife and said “if you don’t stop, I’m going to cut myself”. My leg did not stop twitching, and so and I put the Stanley blade as far as possible into my thigh muscle as I could, shouting “fucking well stop it, stop twitching my leg”.

The following information describes one of the most salient points I will make in this true and factual account. It is a primary reason for writing this book, because it is central to my belief that there are Beings in this world, and much of my schizophrenia is caused by them. My AVH’s have a subtle, nebulous, somewhat difficult to precisely pin-point, conjectural yet uniform, persistent, and invariant ability to get me believing that something that is occurring is a direct result of their decisions and acts,



and that they are the cause of whatever is happening. I will attempt later (et seq) attempt to concisely detail how they accomplish this, but this first requires that I provide more information that comprises the saga of this phenomenological story. There are two main considerations that are the theme of this work. The first is the implausible possibility that some or most of the voices I hear are from Beings. The second is that in addition to communication, they can have effect and affect physical and anatomical perception of stimuli.

The essential issue that binds these two phenomena, and that separates me from you the reader, is the scientific impossibility of the existence of Beings. The sine qua non of the existence of Beings are the elements and qualities of my experiences that induce me to abandon my deductive, scientific framework of thinking. My day to day scientific thinking style demands outright disagreement with the suggestion that there are Beings in this world. But paradoxically, my considered regular scientific frame of reference prioritises the necessity of evidence based thinking and objectivity, and as such, I am compelled to acknowledge that within my "symptoms" I sense evidence of permeated subtle idiosyncrasies (like whether a siren you can hear is an ambulance, fire engine or police car) that permit and induce me to believe in the presence of Beings.

As I continue herein, I will do my best to identify and highlight the indistinct, inconspicuous aspects of my data (phenomenology) that intuitively never fails to hint undercurrents of autonomy, volition, and decision. It is like identifying characteristics of a digital or online author, where subtle word choices and language style elements clearly indicate the gender and their age, however it is a little challenging in an article like this to simply set out rules or guidelines that enable one to correctly infer the characteristics. (The police are experts at it and do it chasing online predators all the time).

As I progress with the elicitation of the stuff in my life that I hope and want to seem justified rather than symptomatic of mental illness, I dare not fail to state in a forthrightly way something so straightforward that must be said simply and appreciated. I can provide vast amounts of consensus and agreement from people that very plainly state that they seem to be dealing with telepathy, spirits and vectors that are pseudo-science. It is only this day and age that stigmatises and marginalises me/us. In other and most previous periods of time, in other communities and settings, surrounded by different artefacts, being in touch with spirits, Gods and religions can be quite prestigious and appreciated. And scientifically speaking, lack of consensus does not invalidate facts or knowledge per se.

Following are some extracts from posts on an online forum about AVH's. Such posts are everywhere and they support hypotheses accommodating Beings and telepathy etc. The reason for including other people's testimonies in my work is to suggest that proximity to the phenomenological data may yield a higher fidelity vector bringing varying descriptions and conclusions. I can instead discern less direct, indistinct and 'between the lines' themes within the complexity that exposure to the raw data precipitates. I have yet to ever see any secondary research reporting statistical analysis of the data on forums.

"I hear voices but i am not schizophrenic. The voices i hear are from real 'people'. You may have heard of something called 'telepathy'. The 'telepathic people' themselves can also do something called psycho bully. Its when they message another person (like myself) and give them loads of abuse. I get abuse from about 12 people -mainly men. I think but they can change their voices too. The 'people' can also send a 'psycho buzz' into "people" on the streets, where they can make up and insert rumours about a person and try to get them killed or get their bags stolen. That's what my telepathic bullies have tried to do to me anyway. I was fine until I was in bed and heard all these voices. It initially sounded like they were coming from the streets and until I Googled voices on the internet and I realised they were not real "people". The voices were nice and first - complimenting me, then they became nasty as anything".

"I've got voices that are real people. Three people on a shift, usually about 3 hours long. Two men and one woman. It's hard to get any decent info from them as they confirm every hypothesis I can come up with... technology, mental telepathy, part of group consciousness, part of a 'system' (a la The Matrix)... They tell me I have some kind of 'power,' but they also have wanted me to quit smoking (about day 7 so far). They employ a lot of repeated phrases such as, "Give yourself a big round of applause", "That's the truth", "You're the stupidest person in the world", "You're the most disgusting person in the world", "You're evil"... I really can't figure out in my own mind how they can get their thoughts into to my head to speak to me... I mean, even if they have tech, there's no tech on my side. How would you tune into one mind amongst all of them... Lately, even as the shifts change, they seem to be able to use similar voices. No meds - absolutely no meds help in any way, shape, or form with these voices. They come and go as they please. I may or may not have some kind of power, but one thing is for sure, I don't seem to have the ability to make them leave..."

"Hi there when I began to hear voices, there were also three main voices. Two males and a female. At first they were the voice of my organs. Then they were spirits. Then they were the voices of the neighbours. Then they were the voices of CIA telepaths. I

have had them since January 2011. The current voices are not the original three. They do seem to work in shifts. And for me they are most active around 3am onward. I have achieved a relative peace with my voices by talking with them”.

“I’ve seen the dark ones too, normally they go about their business without taking any interest in those around them... except for one that makes an appearance every so often. This one likes to stand a distance away from me and at an angle behind me. It likes to inject fear, and gives off nasty vibes, like it detests you, and thinks you’re lower than low. The way I have found to beat it is go right up to where it is, and give it the same nasty stare and vibes back. It always makes a sharp exit before I get close, and hasn’t made an appearance now in quite some time, maybe it’s got wise :-)”

“I have had experiences over the last five years that made me 100% believe that my voices were real. It took me a very long time to know the difference, and sometimes today I even convince myself that it is real, because it feels real to me and it seems to be the only thing that, "makes logical sense." As humans we only use 2-3% of our brains potential, so just imagine if something gets damaged (by injury, drugs, hormones, prescribed medications, etc.) or hindered, a million things could happen. I know that when I feel like that myself that no one could tell me any different, because I too, was as, "normal" as could be. Although I have no other symptoms besides the voices, it's been a long journey that in the end only strengthened me”.

I can provide endless testimonial data like these to increase the scope of evidence that people who experience this data intuitively respond to features of the data that lead them to reliable but unsupported conclusions. Because of the lack of evidence to support the subject’s conclusions of causality, we over-rule the first-hand prima facie report of the stimuli (symptoms) and instead hypothesise or guess at more probable causality based on judgements derived from incomplete experimental data and conjecture. But, the reasoning can be inductive as well as deductive. It can be alternatively stated that “because of the unlikely unsupported nature of the first-hand prima facie report provided by the subject who is the only individual exposed to the data, we will use supposition, conjecture and extrapolation to guess an explanation and attempt to find some data that supports it. This divergent inversely applied logical methodology can be summarised simply – top down unsupported reasoning, or bottom up incomplete hypothesising.

“Reductive materialism, posits that mental events will ultimately be reduced to material events in much the same way that other successful reductions have occurred in science (e.g., Armstrong, 1968). This view is also called mind-brain identity theory because it assumes that mental events are actually equivalent to brain events and can be talked about more or less interchangeably, albeit with different levels of precision.

According to reductive materialists, then, mental concepts will ultimately be redefined in terms of brain states and events, but their equivalence will allow mental concepts to remain valid and scientifically useful even after their brain correlates are discovered. For example, it will still be valid to say, “John is hungry,” rather than, “Such-and-such pattern of neural firing is occurring in John’s lateral hypothalamus.”

Eliminative materialists believe that some mental concepts, such as perceiving, thinking, desiring, and believing, will eventually be supplanted by discussion of the precise neurological events that underlie them. Scientists would then speak exclusively of the characteristic pattern of neural firings in the appropriate nuclei of the lateral hypothalamus and leave all talk about “being hungry” or “the desire to eat” to historians of science” (Levitin 2011)

The interesting thing is **that both can be tested experimentally**. When there is necessarily qualitative data involved, formal logic based on inductive reasoning can be used to arrive at necessary conclusions, and deductive reasoning can exhaust all the possibilities leaving only one possible conclusion.

Here is an example of how to experiment using some real life data. Often when my eyelid twitches I believe that the Beings cause it. I have believed this since 2006. If Beings do cause the twitching it can only be a fact if I or someone else knows they cause it. So for this fact to be true and since they are invisible, the only (modality available) possibility that can make it perceivable to me or someone is that they will have to say something to me or someone else, directly or indirectly, that they caused it. They can’t make me smell it’s true, they can’t make me taste it’s true, (this next one is amorphous) and they can’t (really) make me feel it’s true, but the fuzziness of this last one makes it ‘uncertain’ or ‘impractical’. Aside from some minor

**details omitted for the sake of simplicity, this example indicates how the truth about the cause of twitching can be isolated with confidence.**

“...we still remain a long way from being able to recommend with precision, specific treatments for individual patients, in terms of the clinical response and lack of adverse events... There is a growing consensus in academic psychiatry, acknowledging that schizophrenia is not a single disease entity and that the positive symptoms of psychosis (delusions, hallucinations) which antipsychotics work best to treat, are only one aspect of the disorder's pathology.... A more concentrated focus on the different

**symptom domains may lead to endophenotypic markers being identified ... for separate symptom domains of schizophrenia... The heterogeneity in terms of individuals' response to antipsychotic treatment and the current inability to predict response leads to a trial-and-error strategy with treatment.” (Lally, MacCabe 2015)**

In the clinic and in the field, the symmetry and equivalence of the reasoning argued above is in fact supported empirically. The success of the Hearing Voices Group network(s) and other psychosocial treatment outcomes can be favourably compared though it is not quite as pivotal as data representing the wellbeing and wellness of patients taking medication. “The most effective way to treat the illness is for the person to learn about the disorder and its symptoms, and to take an active role in their treatment” (PsychCentral 2016). “...medication will help 70% of patients to improve to some degree, according to research - but we've also seen research that suggests the chances of any one drug working for a person may be only 50% or so” (2017)

“Since the 1950s the strategy of all too many NHS mental health teams has been a simple one. Assuming that psychosis is primarily a biological brain problem, clinicians prescribe an antipsychotic medication and everyone does their level best to get the patient to take it, often for long periods. Unfortunately, dropout rates are high. This is partly because individuals sometimes don't accept that they are ill. But a major reason is the side-effects. These vary from drug to drug, but they're common and for many people are worse than the symptoms they are designed to treat. In addition, antipsychotics don't work for everyone. The conventional treatment for this most severe of psychiatric illnesses, then, is expensive, frequently unpleasant, and not always effective even for those who carry on taking the drugs. A team led by Professor Anthony Morrison at the University of Manchester randomly assigned a group of patients, all of whom had opted not to take antipsychotics, to treatment as usual (involving a range of non-pharmaceutical care) or to treatment as usual plus a course of cognitive therapy (CT). Drop-out rates for the cognitive therapy were low, while its efficacy in reducing the symptoms of psychosis was comparable to what medication can achieve”. (Freeman, Freeman 2014)

“The current understanding of AVH and the neural mechanisms involved is limited, and knowledge on how CNS drugs, such as antipsychotics, influence the subjective experience and neurophysiology of hallucinations is inadequate. Consequently, using pharmacotherapy in the management of AVH remains very challenging. 20 Despite multiple trials of different combination and adjunctive therapies to an antipsychotic regime, AVH can remain drug resistant.... Because the biological substrates facilitating

drug effects on hallucinations remain largely unidentified, future studies with translational designs should address this important issue to find a more targeted drug treatment of psychosis.... More research into the aetiology and mechanism of AVH is

warranted in order to find effective treatment strategies. There is no shortage of theories about the mechanism of AVH, but there is no consensus among the investigators. It is unlikely that AVH is a pure neuro-chemical experience or a biological glitch, and this is where the currently available drug treatments fail. The distinction between primary and secondary symptoms was lost with the triumph of biological psychiatry in the last century. Thus, some authors presently claim that AVHs may even be a secondary symptom or a neuroquantological manifestation of an underlying biological disorder. We should not minimise the importance of eliminating symptoms when such symptoms are incapacitating, as in the case of hallucinatory experiences.” (Pandarakalam 2016)

**I would like to add this personal insight to the hypotheses of causality. The integrated non-linear and asymptote mesh of data that bridges perceptual interfaces mandates uncertainty, and so attempts to measure truth, accuracy and correctness in discreet units will always fail because the facts are perceived and thereby uncompromisingly, definitively and definitely subjective. It is guaranteed, certainly impossible for us to ever resolve the disjunctive between the non-discreet boundless domain of our mind (not brain, mind), and the discreet bounded domain of the material physical world (that is: all externalities).**

Just for reference, the reason that the methodology exemplified above provides an avenue to get at the truth is because for humans, our ability to do quantitative, numerical, measurements of data becomes impossible without the modality of sight. Whenever we try to acquire epistemological understanding utilising numbers we must have sight. Without it, we are left only with the ability to infer the truth as metaphysical constructs of ontology.

A simple and poignant example occurred once when my eyelid started twitching in 2006. They didn't and don't say outright "we / I am making your eyelid twitch". When it started happening, Julia said "we did that to Nicole Kidman so much one day that she had to leave the set because she could not appear on camera her eyelid was twitching so much". Another comment was "why is your eyelid twitching Scott?". On the occasion I describe, after my eyelid had been twitching for 14 days, I decided to go to the doctor, who told me that sometime, for no specific reason, muscles can just take on spontaneous movements like the beating of the heart muscle. Sometimes muscles just start responding to electrical impulses of the nerves in a rhythmical way that has no specific cause or reason. This explanation by the doctor was reasonable enough, but the nature of schizophrenia is that the voices seem more likely the cause than the explanation given by the doctor. I don't know if that might be partly because I left it 14 days before visiting the doctor. Perhaps a more timely explanation from the medic might have had more sway, but I ended up believing that it was more likely than not that the voices had caused the twitching.

The other aspect of the AVH's that imply that a particular physical thing or affect is due to them, is because the AVH's specifically draw attention to the thing they claim they caused. For example, I might just be sitting on my lounge watching TV, and I will get a cramp in my big toe. As soon as it is underway, my AVH's say "what is causing that in your foot?", or "why is your foot doing that?". Immediately prior to this they may have been completely silent, or they may have been talking about something else, but as soon as it starts, they comment on it.

Now to a sane person, this is so simple. You just ignore them, or remind yourself that they are just AVH's. But to a psychotic, or nearly psychotic person, that comment is poignant, un-prompted, non-random, and now unavoidably associated with the stimuli. And this is the big deal about psychosis and schizophrenia, and why more than 2.4 million people who live with it will attempt suicide, each year, and why 62,000 people succeed in suicide each and every year, and partly why the Australian Government spend 2.5 billion dollars each and every year on the condition called schizophrenia, because when you get a cramp, the AVH's can be very convincing that they caused it. And when a malevolent being gains even partial control of your anatomy, the only option is suicide.

"...(here are the) horns of a dilemma with respect to the criteria for consciousness. Phenomenological criteria are valid by definition but do not appear to be scientific by the usual yardsticks. Behavioral criteria are scientific by definition but are not necessarily valid. The fact that scientists prefer to rely on respectable but possibly invalid behavioral methods brings to mind the street-light parable: A woman comes upon a man searching for something under a streetlight at night. The man explains that he has lost his keys, and they both search diligently for some time. The woman finally asks the man where he thinks he lost them, to which he replies, "Down the street in the middle of the block." When she then asks why he is looking here at the corner, he replies, "Because this is where the light is." The problem is that consciousness does not seem to be where behavioral science can shed much light on it" (Levitin 2011)

The extract above confirms what schizophrenics intuitively know. It is difficult to describe how upsetting it is to believe fully that your anatomy is sometimes controlled by another person(s), and they can do with it what they choose, whenever they choose to interfere. It is equally challenging to convey what it is like to believe that your thoughts are broadcast, and that your next door neighbour can hear every little thought you might have, no matter how humiliating or incriminating those thoughts are. It is surprising and often excruciating how many of one's thoughts are vulgar, less than complimentary, and un-representative of your true beliefs and opinions. You do not realise unless you are schizophrenic (or perhaps Sigmund Freud) that considerable amounts of what we think is just random horrible stuff. And this crap is ever present when trying to socialise. That is why "social isolation" is a symptom of schizophrenia, but it's not a physical symptom, it's a self-imposed one, made necessary because of the discomfort that is learnt from trying to just sit and be friendly with another person.

The infinite variety of brain generated creativity means that it should be impossible to statistically forecast and reliably predict what the next hallucination will be. So how is it possible using rigorous scientific analytical thinking to definitively state that we know for sure that a particular thing does not and cannot possibly exist. If hallucinations are causally rooted in irregular morphological structures of the pre-frontal temporal lobe, then it follows that medication focused on attenuating dopamine availability or altering the sensitivity of dopamine receptors is unlikely to be beneficial. Yet both are ostensibly true. This is evidence that our knowledge and understanding is elementary and very incomplete. I call it a Martin Luther situation, referring to the obvious need for consolidated reform.

1994 was another year full time at university for me, but it was conspicuous for the following reason. When Julia arrived at the beginning of 1992, she sort of boasted occasionally that she was doing “3 people at once”, expecting feedback of praise I assume. The significance of this did not immediately register with me, but after a while I realised that I suspected she was doing the same style torture and contempt to two other people in addition to me. I only realised this when I was thinking about the lack of understandable motive and pay off for the pain and suffering that was being dispensed to me. I questioned one of the voices about this (specifically: “Why the fuck are you doing this to me? Will you please, please stop?”) and I got an answer back that they were getting paid to do this to me. I was even more surprised to receive a second answer, that was “A\$75,000 per annum”.

These two answers were very unusual because the voices most usually complied with a strict “no answering questions” policy, so to discover that a salary was involved was unexpected, and it accounted for the relentless, sadistic and detached attitude that was behind each assault. The other way that this answer made sense was that I had previously heard these voices say they were doing “shifts”, 3 per day in fact. Decades later I found quite a few statements on the mental health forums from other schizophrenics confirming that their voices did “shifts” also, usually 4 or 6 hours long.

It was at this time too that I had one of the most noteworthy and important events in my own mental health story. I had been hated and insulted now for more than 2 years, and life was not getting any better. When I say hated, I mean something less conventional, because all the assaults on me, to this very day, exhibit characteristics of considerable planning and experience. It's not raw emotional “You're a dead-shit Scott” hatred, but “Scott, Ron is grooming you for a catastrophe Scott, and do you know what that catastrophe is going to be Scott? Well Scott, he's going to drop you out of University” hatred, that is much less personal, more damaging, and seems practised or experienced. It's a bit like comparing a bar room brawl with the SS Nazi's and their hatred of the Jews. I frequently describe my circumstances, particularly my treatment as being similar to Auschwitz.

Another interesting incident that challenged and continues to challenge my understanding of the origin of the voices and whether it is the impossible (life-forms) occurred in the bedroom of my mum and Dads house where I was living after being leveraged by my previous co-habitant. I can't recall the exposition exactly to this interchange, but I was standing in front of my desk, arguing with the cool calm and controlled contempt and hatred of the current shift or voices, when something arose regarding the reason I was being held hostage and tortured by these hallucinations.

Here is an example of what I mean by torture. They tell me to do something like “get up and read your science magazine”, and then they tell me not to “Stop reading that magazine immediately, or else we will kill Karen Harrop”, then they say “no, you were too slow to stop reading. Karen is going to get hurt because of you!”, and then they say that because I failed they get to have sex with anyone they want. Then they say “We are going to make a snuff movie with Karen Harrop because you didn't do what we told you to do” and I say “But I put the magazine down immediately, as soon as you said to.”, and the reply “No, not good enough. Because of you Karen is going to die a slow and very painful death, and it's all your fault. .... Do you want to save

her?”, and I quickly say “Yes of course, how?”, and they reply “Well you can't. She going to hate you as soon as we explain to her that the reason she is getting raped and beaten is because of you.”

The argument was mostly taking place between me and a voice who stated his name was Ron Thiessen, which happened to be the name of the guy who owned the house I shared due to a song writing collaboration that should not have taken place in the first 5 months of 1991. Ron explained in a ruthless and “seasoned” (warrior) manner that I was being tortured towards death by shifts of paid workers (there was always 6 people with me at any one time) was due to social Darwinism. Ron explained to me that I was an inferior person because I could not keep up with the pack, and the pack could not afford to accommodate me and help me out. This was partly due to my occasional use of narcotics, but mostly due natural inferiority and my inability and failure to be as accomplished as any of the 6 invisible paid torturers that were trained and assigned to enforcing me to commit suicide (which incidentally is now a crime in the Commonwealth Of Australia).

Ron (I believe it was Ron because I validated partially by checking with him about Steve Arnott) explained to me in a concise and understandable way that the prevailing situation (me being a victim slated for suicide, being picked on telepathically by organised large numbers of people) was in fact Social Darwinism. He said I was being forced to commit suicide because I was “not able to keep up with the pack” in a “dog eat dog world”, and I failed to exhibit sufficiently “strong traits and characteristics” at the correct time for me to avoid being attacked by him and his friends using their misinterpretation of social Darwinism as a justification.

I took exception to this in a most forthright way. I stated unequivocally that this was a misinterpretation and misunderstanding of Social Darwinism. I stated forcibly that in my opinion, Social Darwinism was about altruism and the ability to work co-

operatively, and it had nothing to do with individuals falling behind “the pack”. I was so certain of the truthful accuracy of my understanding that I shouted him down. At the time the fact that the style of their behaviour was plain old bullying did not occur to me. It did not occur to me until one day I saw a documentary about a young English boy who was getting bullied at school, and his Facebook page was getting trolled. This poor youngster who was only about 10 years old, got so extremely upset and distressed that he went behind the garden shed that was situated at the rear of his back yard, and committed suicide.

Another part of my analysis of this argument is based around the measurement of “strong characteristics”. Just what are “strong characteristics”. Are they observable, how is the degree of strength measured, in what units, and who undertakes the assessment, is it by the conspirators and colluders pitted against me? Furthermore, was there supposed to be any indication of when the measurements were taking place? Implicit in his statement that failed to address these questions, was the assertion that if I was stronger, I may have been driven by a different fate. And case in point was my occasional interaction with narcotics. Engaging in drug behaviour, he explained, was like holding up my hand as a volunteer for torture by Freemasons because of this interpretation of social Darwinism, and that they (The Freemasons) could not accommodate such displays of weakness; hence the master / victim relationship that prevailed.

I saw and to this very day, see, no intellectual justification or reasoning with regards to what I was going through, and what they were doing. I would simply have called what they were doing to me as vilification, bullying, all leading to assisted suicide (a statutory crime in the Commonwealth of Australia), and negligence (though you would have to argue that they owed me a duty of care, which under the circumstances where their telepathy (and telekinesis) was specifically targeted at me, and with me not being an active agent of these skills but a victim of them, that duty could be said to exist.

Shortly after, (about ten minutes later), he said he was head of “The Australian Workers Union”. In order to deduce some evidence of identity, my immediate response was to say that Steve Arnott was a failed industrialist. This immediately got him irate. But then I said that he was “full of shit” because there was no such organisation as the Australian Workers Union. Once again I shouted him down. Ironically, about 23 years later I saw on TV that there is, and has been for a long time, an Australian Workers Union, so I apologised.

I would estimate that between 1993 and 2003, I was explicitly told at least 4 times per week, by Julia, emphatically that “I want you to commit suicide Scott”. Curiously, and I think notably and significantly, when it was not Julia but Ron or some other person / voice, I was told “We want you to commit suicide Scott”. When I was talking causally to a dear, elderly lady at a Hearing Voices Group meeting, she said to me “I know my voices are trying to get me to commit suicide”. Inducing suicide was the often stated, but more often unstated goal of Ron and Julia et al. I do not and cannot believe that there is anything within myself that would give rise to statements articulating such a goal. The theme of inducing the suicide of the subject is common in schizophrenia, and to this day I have found no research that explains or provides insight or context for the suicide oriented hallucinations. My hypothesis will become apparent infra.

I had another disagreement with this so called Ron Thiessen (I tell my AVHs that they should not use the names of Humans, because it leads to confusion, but they always ignore me) that was prominent at this time. It centered around a dispute between Ron and I regarding unpaid rent monies, due for the period that I cohabitated with him. I have to note here and what troubles me immensely is the propensity to be able to have dispute about money with an hallucination! Why and how can an auditory verbal hallucination say that I failed to pay money, when I know for certain this this is not correct. This inaccurate statement is definitely not the result of sub-vocalisation, and seems highly unlikely to stem from some random or excessive neurological process.

I got a part time job as a manager of a Pizza store in the CBD, it shared a counter with KFC on one side, and Hungry Jacks on the other. When I started at the job, I discovered that this particular store had never been profitable. So I got in contact with the big boss, and offered to undertake a market research study to see if I could uncover the reason for the lack of profitability of that store. He agreed to pay me \$200 for the research, and I got to practice for real what I was studying at university. So I designed a survey instrument, and went into the store for 2 hours each day around lunchtime, for 2 weeks, and asked people sitting eating their lunch the questions on the survey. These questions sought information about healthy eating, price, advertising, food preferences, and preparation times. In the third week I entered the data into some statistical software and undertook the data analysis. None of the hunches that the upper management had about healthy eating, none of the hunches that the other managers had about food preparation and delivery time, and none of my hunches I had about advertising proved to have any validity. It turned out that the only thing the people I surveyed were really responding to in terms of their fast food preferences and subsequent purchases, was the price. So I went back to the store one day while the big boss was there, and informally presented

I refer back to the last half of **Chapter 1** where the potential origins and aetiology of AVHs are discussed, but in my heart I remain unconvinced of the firmness of morphological explanations for the origins of AVH's, and especially of other physical symptoms that I am certain are related. I obviously understand and acknowledge the irrefutable quality of evidenced based explanations used to account for the experience of AVHs, but the knowledge and hypotheses are not extensible, are often reductionist, and we are far from having an accurate, comprehensive, extensive and complete understanding. Importantly however, there are some definite but nuanced "Je ne sais quoi" idiosyncrasies inherent in my AVH's and other symptoms that prohibit me from abandoning my ideas involving telepathy and Beings.

There are discernible characteristics within my hallucinations that are extremely subtle and insidious, inherent thread-like features of my voices and symptoms that are both persistent and consistent, and they precipitate ascribable hallmarks of living thinking creatures. My telepathy and Beings beliefs are also intrinsically an act of faith, because I believe in them like a Christian believes in God so lack of scientific evidence does not absolutely rule out the possibility of existence, and believing that selectively invisible Beings exist embellishes ones appreciation and perspective of life. Furthermore, on the basis of believing that the AVH's are noumenal (defined et seq) as well as external in origin means that I have the opportunity to compete, beat and defeat them, and I do not have to resign myself to ongoing "treatment resistant" AVH's. I find the idea that there are Beings tantalising and exciting. (Noumenal: In the philosophy of Kant, an object as it is in itself independent of the mind, as opposed to a phenomenon. Also called thing-in-itself).

I am attempting to distil the essential idiosyncratic characteristics that underpin my somewhat ideological beliefs in the process of writing this book. To be fair to myself, I must point out again that the clinical explanations for hallucinations I provide as extracts in this book are far from being certain, complete knowledge and understanding of the causes of schizophrenic hallucinations. Though they are evidence based, the complexity of the human brain and our rudimentary understanding of its operations mean that a significant proportion of clinical explanations accounting for the symptoms of schizophrenia are at best elaborate supposition.

An example of a common characteristic of AVH's that makes them life like is that each voice is sonically pseudo-acoustically distinct (has its own acoustic qualities), and has its own unique and identifiable personality. After a while, you can tell who you are talking to on the basis on these personality differences, including things like vocabulary, favourite words used, attitude, temperament, opinions, inclinations, predilections and sensibilities.

This knowledge gap is summarised in a recent article on the Science Daily website: "Voices in people's heads more complex than previously thought". The summary stated "Voices in people's heads are far more varied and complex than previously thought. One of the largest and most detailed studies to date on the experience of auditory hallucinations, commonly referred to as voice hearing, found that the majority of voice-hearers hear multiple voices with distinct character-like qualities, with many also experiencing physical effects on their bodies. The study also confirmed that both people with and without psychiatric diagnoses hear voices".

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Something that needs to be stated regarding all of this is that after being abused, both verbally, and especially though compliance with command hallucinations, all of one's self confidence disappears. I have noticed this in other schizophrenics also. Schizophrenics quickly end up very timid and un-assertive (Unless they are responding to some specific hostile hallucinations). It is well known that it is impossible to maintain and a positive self-view or much self-esteem during and after such abuse.

In the preceding 3 years I had been told quite a few times that the purpose of my abduction was to get me to commit suicide. It is difficult to explain and convey how insulting, degrading and humiliating it is to hear that and to be treated like that. Part of the maltreatment and discouragement resulting from insulting contemptuous remarks like "we want you to commit suicide" is attributable to the despair of realising that there is no way of escaping, avoiding or preventing this outcome. That is of course if you fail to be able to believe that these statements are not merely hallucinations. Another disgusting remark made was "this will be a 3 year mission for sure" referring to the forecast amount of time required for my AVHs to succeed in their goal of my suicide.

I can tell you though that when you are treated with such indignity and enmity that has no justification other than it being a "mission", ones responses become less calculated and increasingly irrational. I think it is a bit like cutting, where a person feels



that their life and suffering is so far beyond their control that they intentionally harm themselves in order to gain more control over their fate. After hearing these sort of remarks said with an attitude of complete indifference, even utter disregard without empathy, I would react in ways that were counterproductive against my own wellbeing. When hearing them state their intention to make me commit suicide, I ended up explicitly agreeing with them that I was a worthless liability who was a complete waste of time and space, that had fallen behind in evolutionary terms, and that I deserved to commit suicide. As they continued to say these things to me, my perverse response was to consolidate my intention to do as they wished. In fact I said "I agree with your decision to make me commit suicide, and I will try to help you get it done".

The combination of having to live with my parents again, having to talk about some millions of dollars that I was not allowed to access because of cigarettes, watching MTV and being told that I would possibly be there soon as Julia 'let me out', having no girlfriend, and if I met one, having to take her back to my parent's house, all made me extremely sad and self-sympathetic. I do not usually engage in much self-sympathy, but in this case I was the only person who knew what was going on, and though I tried, I could not get anyone else to take it seriously, so I felt that suicide seemed preferable to enduring any more of this persecution. I thought I would hang myself, so I went out to find something to hang from, but then discovered that I could not tie the knot properly, So I went inside and grabbed a syringe, then back outside to the garden shed, looked around, grabbed any old container of fluid, and injected Rust Rid. It did not kill me.

Immediately after I was in the kitchen and I was being told that some bikies were on their way to my house to torture me. The plan that I was being told about was: they were going to undress me down to my underpants, tie a rope around my waist, then tie the other end of the rope to a tow ball and drag me behind a car. Shortly after being told this, I saw 3 ghosts climbing over the back fence at the back of the garden, (I was told they were a guy called Howie, Ward Adamson, and Charles Tuck, each of which I knew) so I panicked and felt I had to die as quickly as possible. So I started looking round in horror for something I could do. I looked down under the kitchen sink and saw some containers, and then noticed some "Draino", so in a hurry I ran to my room, got a syringe, and filled it with Draino and injected it. As soon as I had done this, I saw mental images of Steven Oakley my friend and his girlfriend Tristan clinking glass flutes as they celebrated my suicide with champagne. I went to my bedroom and laid down on the bed to die.

The champagne thing burned in my mind. I knew it wasn't really Steve and Tristan, and that it didn't necessarily or actually reflect their views. But I am of the strong opinion, to this day, that this mental imagery is done by the voices, because I don't see it very often, and when I do it is only ever (always) about something terrible that my AVH's have said or described. It is things like this champagne image that result in one of the primary symptoms of schizophrenia – social isolation.

A combination of the occurrence of some satirical or hateful imagery, combined with criticism and disparaging remarks, unavoidably make you uncomfortable even around your best friends. And you cannot get away from this sort of vilification, and you cannot avoid it. You cannot even limit its prevalence or prominence. It is highly important in my story to note that the few vivid mental image scenes that I have experienced are life changing. It has a huge impact when you see such detailed mental images in your mind. As I stated earlier, I believe I have a condition known as "aphantasia", that is the inability to create or give rise vivid mental imagery. I say this because on the few occasions I have indeed had vivid mental imagery, it has always been associated with, seemingly resulting from the same source as AVH's, and they (these mental images) have always been catastrophic and very destructive to my wellbeing and health. And they upset permanently and irreversibly the thoughts and feelings you had about the subject.

After laying on the bed to die, five minutes later I still was not dead. Then I realised that I might not die, but instead I might have my arms amputated if the poison worked in a restricted localised way. So I decided that I should do something, and went and woke up my parents and asked them for a lift to the emergency department because I had just attempted suicide. I don't know what things one might say to someone who has just declared an attempt at suicide, and my parents sure couldn't think of anything either. I hopped in the back of the car, my mum in the front passengers seat, my dad drove, and we travelled in silence.

When we got to the emergency department, I just walked up to the counter and said, "I have just injected poison into each of my arms in a suicide attempt". Triage had a look, and I don't accurately recall the series of events that followed. All I really remember of the next 24 hours was lying in a bed in a corridor waiting for a place in a room. I had a full technicolor vision going on in my mind, and my eyes were shut as I tried to wish this whole saga away, but in this vision were Howie, Ward Adamson, and Charles Tuck, out the back of a house, with a keg of beer and boxes and boxes of KFC, and these three guys were drinking

until they vomited over and over again. And when they did vomit, they were vomiting into an old bathtub they had out on the back lawn, and the intention was that they were going to come and get me, and put me into this bathtub with vomit in it.

I had an operation on each arm around the injection sites. I acquired some large scars and a deep hole in my left arm where they had removed tissue to get rid of the poison. After about 7 months I fully recovered and had some beautiful scars, but lost the main veins opposite my elbow on the inside of each arm.

As I have said, since the beginning of hearing voices in 1991 I kept notes about my experiences and what I heard. Most of the time they were narratives, and they helped me maintain awareness that I was indeed schizophrenic and that I was 'suffering' from hallucinations (AVH's). Strangely enough I was not actually "suffering" per se. My AVH's were centred around some supposed CD sales of songs that I had written or recorded. I was hearing about success, and money that had grown to exceed a million dollars.

But it was simultaneously torture, because Julia said I could not have access to any of the money, any of the people, or anything else related to the success until I gave up cigarette smoking. And after making a statement to that effect, she would immediately follow with "I want you to commit suicide". Then I might be overcome with a sudden gloomy feeling, and she would say "You know that feeling is your own fault. And let me tell you that if you succumb to it, it will only make things worse for yourself". Such a statement to a person with my mental health seemed to indicate that the sudden gloomy feeling had come as the result of someone applying it to me. This seemed more understandable and accounted for its sudden nature much better than any other explanation I could come up with. And I obviously could not explain it as a doctor would because I don't have a doctor's knowledge. SO I ended up reinforcing a delusional belief because I didn't have the capacity to arrive at a more plausible explanation for my change in affect.

With regards to the supposed music CD sales, I do realise that in reading this account of my AVH's it seems impossible not to reject out of hand these essentially totally implausible impossible statements, but my underlying psychotic condition prevented such rejection and in fact slightly biased me to the opposite, making me somewhat believing what I was hearing. Also, theoretically at least, it was possible that CD sales could be achieved if Julia had got hold of my studio master tapes. And the songs in question were not written but only performed by me, so the situation was not egotistical, the product was usually well received by people who heard it. My underlying psychotic condition prevented me from being able to ignore and reject what I was hearing that was so unlikely, and the propensity for delusional beliefs that come with schizophrenia turned the whole thing into a disaster for a normal regular life.

Without the medication I was a victim to psychosis. But I just could not bear the side effects, and preferred to be psychotic than suffering with akathisia. There was another problem as well. I accidentally discovered that amphetamines defeated the terrible unbearable side effects of the anti-psychotic medication, so I could take my meds, as long as I took amphetamines shortly after. This I tried to maintain for a while, an obviously counter-productive decision and situation, but having an susceptibility to addiction meant that I was subject to such irrational decision making. It also need to be said that a euphoric stimulant is a very desirable counter to the depression of living as an adult with your parents, being criticised and insulted all day long, and general malaise. This is something that my acute mental health team and the NSW Police understand well.

Now I was being told that I had to participate in "radio interviews" to support and increase CD sales. The "radio interviews" consisted of questions being put to me by a 'D.J.', and my extemporaneous responses. I could hear and responding to remarks and comments made by a different voice. My responses were out aloud, and it was all taking place in my bedroom. They would go on for an hour or two, then the voice of the DJ would stop, the questions would stop, I would be told it was over by Julia's voice again. These "radio interviews" were just the same as you see people doing on the streets of the CBD sometimes, when you notice a person with psychosis talking to no-one on a city street.

Something that began at this time that would plague and torment my life for decades was "recording" and "editing" of the 'telepathy'. This began with the "radio interviews" by me receiving a mental visualisation of a number of pieces of audio tape hanging over a thin rail, with some of them showing where a couple of pieces had been joined using editing tape. This mental image was one showing editing audio tape. I was simultaneously told that my "radio interviews" were often taped and re-played to different audiences in different countries.



Amid all my suffering, misery, sorrow and suicide there was a brief period of time of overwhelming positive feelings. This very brief event is one of the reasons I believe my voices come from Beings (another life form), because none of the clinical explanations of hallucinations satisfactorily account for it. One night I was lying on my bed feeling miserable and hated, with my arms both bandaged from my suicide attempt. Then a different sounding voice said “Scott, did you know Mark Hunter died recently?”. I said “No, that’s a shame. I loved his music”. The voice said “In my opinion, he left you his favourite guitar in his will”. To this day I am touched that either a Being (Ghost) or an hallucination would care to take the time to say something so nice to me.

It was in astronomical contrast to everything I had heard over the past 4 years. And this one example typifies a good Ghost. They say very little – perhaps 1 comment per day, or three comments per week. They know that humans have problems with hearing voices (explained in [“The Hypothesis” inf](#)) but since I am hearing voices anyway, they may as well take the risk of me hearing another voice, just out of compassion, for me to hear at least some decency and kindness, and I suspect, truth. For example, amidst the last three days of demeaning and condescending dialogue I have heard whilst writing this book, I just heard while I was hanging out the washing “It’s had a big impact”. Sweet.

## 1995

1995 was a comparatively quiet year. I was completing my second year studies at university, not hearing many AVH’s, not loud AVH’s, not frequent, and not too distracting. I was not very delusional, however I still held irrational beliefs about the AVH’s and the origin and owners, but I managed to keep the strangeness and insanity that was at the base of my life in check.

In first semester I had a market research assignment to complete, and I had the idea of doing a David Bowie tribute band. So I created a research effort to see if that would be a successful show if it were put on at popular venues. I ventured out into the weekend nights and proceeded to attempt to measure the potential audience size. I learnt some unfortunate lessons about market research from the failures and errors in the research findings, but nonetheless I had some numbers that I decided to take to a management agency to see if they would fund the show, enabling me to pay up front for the PA, costumes and other expenses.

I looked up a management agency in the phone book, and made an appointment to go and see them. When I did, I took along my research findings, and they agreed to play a part in the limited number of shows of this tribute band. I got in touch with some musicians, and we began rehearsing. The real gist of this story from a mental health perspective is as follows. The management had managed to secure a retainer from the two venues that would host the show. Each night there would be a \$2,500 retainer, and I would receive moneys that exceeded the 250 people at \$10.00 per head cover charge. On the first night, we got exactly 250 people. On the second night, we got 252 people, so for 4 months effort, and after assuring the performers that this gig would pay well, I made a total of \$10.00. I was distraught at having to tell the band, the back-up singers, and the road crew that they would get a single cent of payment for all their work.

Now Julia remarked the following day that she had stopped people from attending, and that the dismal profit was expressly limited by her, done for her own reasons that she emphatically stated that she refused to say. Now this was too unbelievable

even for me to regard seriously or as plausible, so whenever she said something to the effect that she had an impact on the audience size, I just replied “Yeh, sure thing. What a load of crap”. But she did make this claim several times.

At the time we were rehearsing for the show, due to the difficulty of the performance I had to do, I was motivated and wanting to give up smoking. But I could only ever go for a day or two, before some remark or event stemming from my AVH’s would stress me out completely. Things like twitching leg muscles, undermining and eroding the credibility and enthusiasm shown by the band and the other performers, or statements like “We are going to get married Scotty, as soon as you get out of here”, that intensely infuriated me because I hated the bitch.

I remember that at this time, Julia kept saying that I had to pass the Michael Gadsinsky test, which involved pretending that I was at a meeting with him and her somewhere, then he would put a line of speed or cocaine on the table, and I had to practice saying, “No thanks. Not for me. I don’t do that sort of thing”. Such is psychosis combined with delusions that going through such a bizarre role play mentally in fact took place.

In the middle of the year, my mum died of pancreatic cancer. As soon as we were told that the diagnosis was terminal, my AVH’s started telling me that I was going to get lung cancer very soon, as a result of smoking. They would say that they were looking forward to me dying, and they “couldn’t care less about me”. Then they would start repeating the same statements over and over again – “sucked in Scotty Stewart, you’re going to die of lung cancer, sucked in Scotty Stewart, you’re going to die of lung cancer, sucked in Scotty Stewart, you’re going to die of lung cancer, sucked in Scotty Stewart, you’re going to die of lung cancer” and they would repeat this for five to ten minutes. And they would say it with such conviction and animosity, to a degree that to this day I cannot emulate if I say the same things.

I discovered how completely alien their attitude was to me when I created an audio simulation that I posted on YouTube. It was based on some of the transcripts that I had written (recorded), being of extracts of actual bits of dialogue that had taken place. When it came to me recording their statements, I could not explain to my voice actor how to say her lines, because I just do not and cannot relate to such a spiteful and poisonous attitude that gives rise to the inflections on the words spoken. Please refer to <https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLb-UJ3Qxfv5o-3HQ5hSiW1EEVlpoXzA81> or <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1ABf0-p7ToM&list=PLb-UJ3Qxfv5rIMY218preBB5AFHvhPiBF>

## 1996

I finished my undergraduate degree in July 1996. In June the head of the marketing department came around to my folks house with a camera and sound crew to interview me about the commission only sales job I had been doing for part time income. The day he came I had a terrible cold and a pimple on the end of my nose. I looked and felt shithouse, but could not postpone the interview that was to be used to inspire future sales students at Curtin Uni.

In July, I was also amazed to receive a phone call from the head of the business faculty who informed me that I had won an award as best student, and would be receiving a \$500 cash prize. I had been doing some additional part time work for a scientific apparatus company writing both a marketing and a business plan, that was intended for and was successful in achieving a very large federal government grant competitively against some impressive institutions such as BHP, and The University of Western Australia, and the University of Wollongong. I had also been selling advertising part time, and the two part time jobs had confirmed my realisation that Perth is a mining town, and Sydney would offer me better employment opportunities with a Commerce Degree.

I had to go to Sydney in a hurry for a one off business consulting job that I had got, so I was going to go to Sydney for two weeks, then return and pack to go back to Sydney to live. I had recently met a girl named Sarah who was a dancer at the Cottesloe Hotel, and though I didn’t know her very well I thought I would be friendly and let her borrow my car for the two weeks I would be in Sydney. But on the flight to Sydney my AVH’s went berserk, both loud and intense, and they were saying that she was going to intentionally crash the car. I cannot know remember exactly how they said it, or exactly what they said, but it was imposing and terrifying. So as soon as I got off the plane I had to phone my father to ask him to retrieve the car and give Sarah my apologies.

I got a full time job selling advertising for Shop-A-Docket in Subiaco. I was also a commission only advertising sales person for The Western Review newspaper. I used to make appointments to visit potential customers, and if I couldn’t sell them on the sort of advertising, I would try to sell them the other. Often the voices were so bad that I had to cancel some of my appointments. If I

took my meds (Stellazine) I definitely could NOT get to my appointments because the side effects were so debilitating. But after a couple of months my voices started undermining my employment situation. I was being told that two of my colleagues were going to quit because the business was going down, and I would be left working for a sinking company.

Now normally such 'white-anting' you would just disregard and walk away from, but because they were AVH's, that was impossible. And even though I tried not to pay any attention, as the days and weeks passed, the continuation and insistence of these statements about my colleagues and the business were wearing me down. After a couple of months of hearing these things 10 or more times a day, I just couldn't tolerate it anymore. I couldn't talk to my colleagues about it because I didn't want them to know I was insane. Same for the boss. I encountered some 'technical difficulties' of not receiving my commission on a couple of sales I had made, that combined with this repeated undermining of my circumstances, to just stress me out to the max. I was beginning to fray. The work situation was like Ricky Gervais and "The Office". After a few months of constant and repeated poisoning by my AVH's I had to quit.

## 1997

In 1997 I had recently arrived to live in Sydney, and I was staying temporarily with my cousin in his house. Somewhere around this point in time, maybe earlier, Julia said she ran (operated) and lived in a motel she presumably owned, in Los Angeles. One day she provided a lengthy and detailed description of a bizarre and critically indicative stunt she claimed to have done.

She said that in one of the entrance foyer rooms in her L.A motel she had built a shrine, dedicated to me. It featured posters, videos, testimonials, a shroud, backdrops and other memorabilia. She had told everyone that I had led a very unfortunate life, and due to drug and mental health issues, I had successfully committed suicide in 1995. She had been telling people of her sorrow at my plight and demise, and had been deceiving them into mistakenly believing that she was in sorrow at my fate. The way she described it was sickening, and so too was hearing it from someone who ostensibly hates me sufficient to work toward forcing me to commit suicide. It was absolutely gut wrenchingly sickening. She stated that she had even had a remembrance service.

Now that she had completed the funeral and the service held for me because, she had convinced everybody that I was dead. This meant that I could not now access any of the money revenues from CD sales or merchandise, or make a claim to receive possession of the recording or publishing contracts she claimed to be in possession of, holding them on my behalf. This grifting bullshit you can tell is the paradigm of her behaviour. Everything she ever says or describes is shortly thereafter contradicted, reeks of double standards and hypocrisy, and is eventually realised to be entirely utter lies, deceit and bullshit.

After a couple of weeks enjoying my stay with my cousin and his partner in their lovely house, I had firm plans. I would use the cash I had saved to pay bond and get shared accommodation somewhere, and move out.

Every Wednesday and Saturday I collected specific newspapers for the job ads. I can guarantee that each and every week I applied for at least 8 positions. I had just received my Marketing Degree, won an award to boot, and was ready to embark on a career in Marketing. Weeks passed by, and I was not getting any calls or arranging any interviews resulting from all my applications. I had knowledgeable people check my CV, I was applying sometimes for very junior and introductory roles, but I wasn't getting invited to any interviews. I did not want to go looking for shared accommodation until I knew where I was going to be working. Nearly one full year passed and I eventually got invited to a recruitment company to talk about my options and opportunities. When I arrived they had me sit a test / exam that measured my writing and language skills, and the result put me in the top 10% of the nation. I got talking to this recruiter and told him my tale of woe. And his response was surprising.

He said "I don't think you are likely to get a job as a marketer. The problem is that in that industry there are certain expectations that are aligned with age. It is usual for someone to graduate from University at around 25 years of age or less, and they would get a job as a junior marketer. Then by 30 years they would become an assistant marketer. Then by mid to late 30's they would become a line manager. Then when they are approaching mid 40 years old they would make it to brand manager, and into the 50's for a department marketing manager." He went on to say "you are in your mid to late thirties and you have none of the prerequisite experience at the lower levels of marketing. You might keep applying for roles for years and never get an offer."

Fortunately, Richard, my cousin's partner, was a fully subscribed member of the very expensive Microsoft Developer Network and from this he received every disk of software that Microsoft put into the market for sale. In between looking for work a few days per week, I had generously been allowed to help myself to the MS software, and having done some programming at University before switching to a Marketing Degree, I had built up and extended my coding skills. I had taught myself to develop

dynamic data driven websites using Microsoft's proprietary IDC/HTX language, and I also became handy with relational databases, and had acquired working knowledge of T-SQL (Transactional Structured Query Language).

By chance one night I met someone at a party who worked for a software consultancy that The Commonwealth Bank outsourced some their software development to. After a follow up phone call, this nice guy organised for me to get an interview for a potential three month trial writing code for this company who primarily managed all development of the CommSec share trading site. After a brief interview I was offered a trial.

This now gave me an opportunity to thank my cousin and his partner for a year's free board and generous welcoming hospitality, and I went and found share accommodation.

I had a vast amount of knowledge to gain now that I was working in a field that I had not studied at a tertiary level. So every night at home I would practice my syntax and coding until I was too tired to go on. I decided to build a singles site as a vehicle to increase my skills. After a couple of months I had it completed, so I spoke to another guy I knew. I suggested to him that we could go into business as partners using this singles website. He agreed to pay for the domain name, the hosting and to undertake the administrators role. I agreed to continue to develop the site based on implementation of the marketing plan I had written, and I would continue to improve the code and the functionality of the site. The site immediately started going very well, and soon we were acquiring thousands of members each month. In 1998 we won an award as the 8<sup>th</sup> busiest website in Australia, presented by a company called Hitwise.

The voices were not causing very much trouble during this period. They regularly (two or three times per week) kept me awake until the very early hours of the morning with insults, humiliation and hostility, but my Sydney Singles website business and learning coding and development was a pleasant distraction. Unfortunately though this lack of sleep did take somewhat of a toll, and I was not invited to continue after my three month trial. But that was OK, because now I had some experience and a brand new field of employment where there were plenty of opportunities. In no time at all I had signed on as a contractor with another IT company, and found myself working for ANSTO (Australian Nuclear Science Technology Organisation), a division of the CSIRO (Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation) at Australia's nuclear reactor. This was another great job and I was fortunate to get it.

It was at this time that my voice went husky. I was still smoking but only 1 or 2 cigarettes per day. As soon as my voice changed, I went to an ENT specialist and had an endoscopy of my larynx. Nothing could be found to be visibly wrong, so the cause of my husky voice remained a mystery. And true to the character of my voices, they started telling me that I was contracting throat cancer, and it was all my own fault, and "sucked in Scotty Stewart" 50 or 60 times consecutively.

Throughout this three year period, the voices were always there with me, but they were causing little trouble. If I suffered any slight mishap, they were immediately, in fact instantly on my case, making it worse, criticising me, amplifying the bad results from the mishap, and capitalising as much as they could to make every opportunity as bad as it could be. But there were few mishaps, work was going well, unfortunately I was still occasionally using narcotics, but things were going rather smoothly, so the voices had few opportunities to cause me problems.

By then end of 1999, I heard from my AVH's that part of the problem I had encountered in 1997 attempting to get a marketing role may have been attributable to Julia. The Ghosts had told me on several occasions that while I was doing job applications, Julia was noting some of the businesses I was applying to, then telephoning them and stating that I was about to be convicted of paedophile offences, and they should as a result not employ or interview me. This is obviously absurd, and completely delusional, because Julia says she is a Ghost, and Ghosts cannot use the telephone.

I believe that my AVH's were telling me about Julia's interference with my job applications to upset me, but this is me personifying AVHs again and implying that they have agency. I also ascribe motive to the disastrous result(s) of me hearing about these (spiteful, hateful, nosy, resentful, belligerent, or any other adjective that describes such an act) employment halting telephone calls, seeing them as malicious and engraining a delusion belief into my thinking. Such a delusion would be certain to attract derision and criticism in the 'real world' should I ever mention it to someone.

Also obviously, for her to be able to accomplish this she must be able to see everything I am doing, to make considering this as possible. The ability of my AVH's to observe everything I do is foundational to my ideological person understanding of AVHs and their origins, but I do not for a second ever confuse myself by thinking that anyone other than another psychotic person could see this as plausible.



This was very effective at upsetting me. I have not recovered from hearing it to this day. It galvanized a paranoid irrational fear that still haunts me, because as is predictable for a schizophrenic, I am still regularly looking for employment. So as I continue to make quite a few job applications each fortnight, I am stressed and upset that Julia continues to perpetrate this in order to prevent me from getting a job I can stay in. I still infrequently am told that she has been doing the same thing, and telephoning businesses who are going to receive a job application from me, and telling them not to employ me due to impending incarceration for being a paedophile. On the last occasion though (June / July 2017), congruent with the current story or plot that my voices unavoidably weave that is focused on my “impending court appearance” (see Chapter 14 sup), she has been telling potential employers that I am going to be incarcerated for homicide or paedophilia.

## 1998

1998 was an important year in the world of schizophrenia. I had been visiting a private psychiatrist since I arrived to live in Sydney in late 1996. One day around mid 1998, my doctor informed me that she had some samples of a new drug called Olanzapine (Zyorexa) designed to treat schizophrenia. It apparently had a benign side effects profile, very unlike all the pre-existing drugs, and it was considered to be a whole new class of anti-psychotic medication known as “Type 2” anti-psychotics. She offered me a couple of sample boxes to take home and try, with each box containing 28 tablets. However we got side-tracked talking about the god-awful and unbearable side effects of Type 1 anti-psychotics, and I either was not told, or did not remember being told, how to use the medication. SO I began thinking they were like headache tablets, and so if I was hearing troublesome voices, I should just take 1 or 2 Olanzapine tablets. As usual I was in fact hearing quatter a lot of troublesome, critical stress related voices, so I popped a couple of the new meds. How wrong I was. Unfortunately, it was not until I became an outpatient of Hornsby Hospital Mental Health Clinic in December 2003 that I discovered the facts on how to take the medication.

This particular treatment had what is called a ‘long lead in window’, that means it takes between 3 and 5 weeks of regular consumption for the efficacy of the drug to begin impacting the symptoms. Furthermore, one had to continue to take a prescribed therapeutic dose regularly for the drug to have noticeable effects with regards to combatting the symptoms. So for 5 years I pretty much tuffed it out, dealing with horrendous and imposing symptoms (mostly AVH’s), whilst I was trying to write business software during my normal 8 hour work day. Unfortunately, the psychiatrist who gave me the new drug sample packs became subject to a family incident back in New Zealand in the days following the appointment where I was given the drugs. SO I never really got to discuss the fact that for me at least, these new Type 2 anti-psychotics, Olanzapine in particular, was not very effective at ameliorating my critical hateful voices. I went without regular consultations with a psychiatrist for a while, other than the irregular appointments to allow me to ask for a script for a particular medication. I had never really achieved any satisfactory dividends from my presentations to the psychiatrists, and they had not made any substantial contribution to either my coping abilities or the alleviation of the symptoms themselves.

I was also specifically unhappy with the fact the psychiatrists failed to demonstrate any interest whatsoever in the phenomenology, that is the actual content, of what I was hearing as hallucinations. This was so critically important to me, because as long as the voices were saying sort of constructive or affable things, they were just about a pleasure to have. But as soon as they turned critical, accusational, and hostile, they were the very worst thing to have to deal with, especially when it came to satisfactorily getting through a 40 hour work week, evidenced by the high suicide rate among schizophrenics, my own suicide attempts, and the additional debilitating nature of the repertoire of symptoms of the disease. Despite this hardship, I was living pretty much un-medicated for a number of years, though I continued to purchase and misuse Olanzapine, and occasionally took Stellazine again, leading to the same catastrophic and unmanageable side effects that mandated discontinuation of using the medication. Unfortunately it has to be acknowledged that I was largely ignorant about using and getting results from the medications available, and the scope of this ignorance meant that I never thought to discuss it with the psychiatrists when I presented. I do not to this day understand how the doctors failed to identify my ignorance, and also my mistaken beliefs about how to use the medications. I did not really sort out this therapeutic void in my treatment until December 2003 when I became involved with Hornsby Hospital, and especially Michelle Young, my case manager / social worker / guardian angel from the hospital.

Psychopharmacotherapy most definitely has its limitations though, as it is reliably reported in current and older research that the majority of patients report “little or no value from the medication”, and usually many of the array of symptoms persist despite careful therapeutic intervention. “It has been estimated that between 10% and 60% of patients who adhere to treatment continue to experience psychotic symptoms” (Curson, Patel, Liddle, & Barnes, 1988) with respect to hallucinations, and evidence suggests that in 25 to 50% of cases, the symptoms are not managed fully, even in face of adequate levels of medication



according to Vercamme (2009). But it is also very true, that front line medication(s) are the single most important thing in the schizophrenic's toolkit when it comes to being able to manage the disease in order to remain alive, and to possessing the capacity to approach living the semblance of a normal regular life. It is critical that people living with a schizophrenia diagnosis remain diligently compliant with their medication regime. It is so important that a patient's failure to achieve dogmatic compliance will almost certainly result in injections of the medication(s) that remove the need for the patients to exhibit such diligence.

## 1999

The impact of schizophrenia in the community is substantial and significant. It costs the Australian government directly more than A\$2.5 billion dollars annually. It is 2x more expensive than Alzheimer's, 5x more than Multiple Sclerosis, 6x more than insulin dependent diabetes and so on. The personal toll on subjects is reflected in suicide rates where the lifetime risk of suicide and suicide attempt in patients with schizophrenia are 5% and 25%–50%, respectively. Associated are reduced self-esteem, stigma, recent loss or stress, hopelessness, isolation, treatment non-compliance and substance abuse.

## 2000

I got lucky and got a job as an intranet developer at Microsoft, even though I did not have Microsoft accreditation as a web professional. On my first three days, I had non-stop high amplitude AVH's that were constantly and continuously stating that I was a paedophile. Additionally, I was shaking, and I was convinced that it was the voices that were causing my shakes. All in all, it was the worst intolerable first three days at a job I had ever had.

This was not the first time I had been accused of such disgusting and inflammatory things. Earlier in the same year I was continually being accused of having sex with underage girls. And this was done in a very specific way. The voices didn't just say "you have been having sex with underage girls", they said this as an actual example "Scott, Peter Reith here. You had sex with a six year old girl, and an eight year old girl, and you had sex with two 12 year old girls, and you had sex with a fourteen year old girl." This manner of statement is exactly how they continuously and repeatedly were alleging despicable things, and in a vigorous manner too, making these exact such allegations in exactly this style.

Each new voice was a new character who introduced themselves at the beginning of their comments, and they were saying these appalling things about me. For some reason I was going through a who's who of select individuals from both houses of the Australian parliament at this time) specifying first their name, then the ages and number of underage girls I was accused of having sex with. I thought that this was so serious, that I began writing down the name of who was accusing me, and the details of the number and ages of the supposedly involved underage girls. And after several days of recording this data onto paper, it was clearly absurd. Voice after voice, person after person, including Bronwyn Bishop, Peter Reith, Robert Ray, Kevin Rudd, John Howard and more, I don't recall them all. It was notable to me that some individuals were conspicuously absent from this role-call of politicians.

It was at this time that extreme repetitions of outright insults began. Since I had been writing notes about the allegations of underage sex coming from the politician AVH's, I began keeping a tally of how many times I heard that I was "the most hated person in the Universe" and "sucked in Scotty Stewart". It was obviously many hundreds, usually thousands of times a day. After a few weeks of obsessively keeping a tally of insults, I came to realise that I was hearing some of the insults in excess of 12,000 times per day. The person (that is, AVH) who did this to me the most said they were Ron Thiessen (again). This could not possibly be the guy I was writing songs with, so why use his name? I kept count (tally) how many times Julia's apparently ex-husband would repeat these things, and I was not only furious and very upset, I was really in terrible shape. SO I printed up an A4 page that said in large type "Please stop harassing me!", and I smeared it with blood. I put it into an envelope and delivered it into Ron's letterbox.

## 2001

In 2001 I was seeking help for my ongoing addiction problems, as well as help for my symptoms of schizophrenia. I had a lucky break in 1998, when the first "type 2" anti-psychotic medication got released into the market. The Type 2's have a greatly

reduced side effects profile, in addition to significantly enhanced efficacy. I was given a sample by my psychiatrist that I took and I was happy to discover no akathisia, or tremors, dribbling or other grossly visible side effects.

I subsequently was afforded a prescription for this new drug, but unfortunately I failed to pay attention to the instructions I was given regarding their use. In fact I did not recall even being given any, but that is highly unlikely. I thought they were like headache tablets, so I used to take a few when my voices were bad. In fact they have to be taken very regularly in the prescribed dose each day. They take up to a few days to really work, and their benefit is derived from their regular use.

I began seeing a psychiatrist at the Royal North Shore Hospital who I am told was a leader in the field of addiction. Dr J only ever prescribed regular attendance at NA or AA meetings. It was his opinion that only twelve step programs delivered any durable results. I went to a few, but I could not participate fully because my schizophrenia prohibited my ability to share. This approach to managing and defeating addiction was totally useless to me. I could adopt a few of the steps, but they were largely incompatible with my way of thinking.

I decided to discuss this extremely difficult subject with my cousin Murray and his partner Richard. This was a very good decision. They were not only sympathetic and attentive, they were genuinely concerned and they provided some very constructive ideas and feedback. Talking candidly to the two of them made me feel less isolated, less defeated, and a bit lighter of heart.

I had reached the stage with my substance abuse that others I have seen and read about reach. I had been using them over such an extended period of time, that abstaining led to considerable loss of function. I had got to the stage where I was needing them just to be able to get things done and think in an inspired way. I would direct you for further reading to a case study research that I participated in, that provided a full transcript regarding my dual diagnosis – schizophrenia and substance abuse. It is at <http://hearingvoices.info/secondary/InterviewTranscriptPptM27062016.pdf>

As the year progressed I was constantly being accused of raping young and underage girls, thousands of times a day. Worse, Julia and other voices et al were repeatedly informing me a few times per day that they or someone else was breaking into my apartment while I was at work, and stealing my money, and tampering with my possessions. In particular, they were saying that they were de-spooling my legal pornographic video tapes, and re-spooling them with paedophile material videos. You can imagine how distraught and stressed to the maximum I was becoming. I was also hearing that they were planting paedophile images on my computers. It also meant that they could know all my Internet banking passwords and so on.

Imagine if you discovered that people had access to your own house or unit, and you were hearing about them accessing your private and confidential computer files and documents. Then hearing that they were setting you up as a criminal paedophile. I couldn't stand it. Every time they said someone was accessing my unit, I could not just sit and do my work, I absolutely had to leave my desk at work, and go out to the car park, get in my car, and drive the ten or so kilometres home, in order to try and stop and catch whoever was inside my apartment. This happened every three to four days, a couple of times a day for a couple of weeks. I was beside myself with worry, fear, and stress. I felt like I was about to start shedding skin.

And while this was going on, I still had to deal with normal work and life stress. One afternoon that I had off work, I was driving to visit a friend, and another motorist ran into the back of my car. Fortunately there was hardly any damage, he must have been going very slowly, but this stressed me out to the max, and this stress in addition to the debilitating stress of hostile and hateful AVHs who say the most destructive, embarrassing and appalling things as a way of getting me to commit suicide. Then if all of that wasn't enough, I received two speeding tickets from a one kilometre stretch of road, each of which included the loss of demerit points.

One of the strange things about my schizophrenia is that I have brief periods (sessions) where I have vivid mental imagery in my 'mind's eye' that is like watching a low resolution TV program. My auditory hallucinations, Ron, Julia, Peter et al call this phenomena "mind-cinema". Because of the manner in which my AVHs claim responsibility for this, I do not attribute these 'viewing' capabilities to myself, nor do I attribute the content of these images to my own mind. I am told and believe that these are elaborate thought insertions. More interestingly, based on what I have heard since 1992, the characters who are causing my schizophrenia have this capability constantly in operation. That is how they observe me. Somehow they get a feed of the scene involving me, unless I assume they request that the scene and or perspective changes, in which case they seem to have that occur. Let me explain this with an example.

Whatever I am doing gets criticised and commented upon. They say things like "what are you writing?" or "You have to go to bed now", or "When are you going for a run?" the latter indicating of course that they can see that I am not currently running,

the former they can see what I was doing at the time. But at other times they tell me about what they have done to other people or what is going on for other people, such as (21<sup>st</sup> January 2014) "Tristen is crying, and it's my fault. That's what I am like.", or (13 April 2014, 0951 about anonymous person) "she is dead", or (16th April 2015 1409 ) "Scott, they killed Howards daughter" or (9th May 2015 at 1356) "Pam is dead". These examples indicate that they are able to change their view of direction of their vision between one location and another.

Another ramification and result of this constant bickering, insults, contempt and criticism is the corrosive impact it has on your soul, and your self-confidence. I could no longer happily and easily go up and talk to a girl. I could not stand my ground on important matters at work, even where I was certainly in the right, and should have been strongly putting my case. I could not easily and cheerily talk to friends, because I had grown so accustomed to a spiteful, terse and contemptuous spit as a reply. It even gets so that you find it extremely difficult to be pleasant and easy with the check-out chick at the supermarket, because of the expectancy of the contemptuous reply. See [this transcript](#) extract as an example of what I was experiencing all day long, that took such a massive toll on my confidence and happiness, even my ability to achieve self-satisfaction.

I believe that these images are a permutation of what doctors call "thought insertion". The doctors would most definitely tell me that these visions are the result of some anomalous process in my brain. I have to take a step back and explicitly remind myself that there are probably sound medical explanations to account for experiences like this. However, I unavoidably attribute them to be result the behaviour of the owners of my voices, because I didn't know I was capable of thinking things like this. I never believe I can see other people, and the term "mind-cinema" seems to be completely original, not something that I have thought up.

In approximately August of 2001, I recall I was laying on my bed trying to watch an episode of ABC Four Corners that was about corrupt Police, but Julia kept interrupting my attempts to concentrate on the TV by repeatedly making statements accusing me of being a paedophile. I always feel like an ignorant and rude, disrespectful person if I don't respond at least in some slight way to questions like "You are a paedophile aren't you Scott Stewart?", "Do you have paedophile pornographic video's in that room?". So this sort of harassment was going on for quite a while forcing my polite responses to become increasingly terse and abrupt, when suddenly this "mind-cinema" begins. I 'see' (am shown) a cartoon like image featuring who I guess is Julia, walking around a bar room type location with a laptop computer. I hear a commentary that this is Julia at the clubhouse of an outlaw motorcycle club, and she has doctored up some fake images that somehow incriminate me as a paedophile. So I say (think) can "can I see those images. They were done with Photoshop weren't they?". But I get no answer, and the vision ends.

2<sup>nd</sup> August 2017 1426: Immediately after having written the above sentence, Julia says to me "Oh, you did not say that!". Now her allegation happens to be true, but her comment proves that she is watching me. And since that is irrefutable, one can only assume that it is what they call "mind-cinema", because I have never heard or do not know of any other way they could be seeing what I am doing right now unless it was "mind-cinema" or they have put surveillance cameras in my unit. Many schizophrenics think this camera scenario is true at first (and there is abundant evidence of this on the mental health forums on line) and they go crazy trying to find where the cameras are hidden. But you realise after a few years and many checks, that that is not correct. In my case, they introduced this term "mind-cinema" and that satisfies me.

Another one of the things I remember about 2001 was when on a Saturday afternoon I was watching a repeat of ABC Four Corners program. This particular episode was about the man who was the inspiration for the Hollywood movie Crocodile Dundee. I cannot remember the details of the program exactly, but here is what I remember. The journalist stated that this particular man had been using amphetamines whilst out in the bush, though I cannot recall what they said he was doing out in the bush. He apparently became psychotic, and had heard an hallucination that the Department of Family Services was going to take his children out of custody, and that this decision was the result of a Freemason conspiracy. He returned to his house, and I assume the children were not there (though as I said, I am not clear on the details of this story).

He was so distressed by the belief that he was going to lose access to his children he went and got his gun seeking recourse. Somehow and for some reason he went to a friend's house and started shooting at him. His friend got in his car to escape, and the Crocodile Dundee guy shot at him in the car, hitting the man in the hand and shooting off two of his fingers. The man who had been shot, contacted the Police who set up a road block on the route out of town (Port Headland, WA). The Crocodile Dundee man got to the roadblock through the bush and took aim and shot at the Police and others at the roadblock. He hit one of the Police men who died from the gunshot wounds. I recall that this particular Police man had only just gotten married a couple of weeks beforehand so it was especially tragic that this had occurred. A man standing next to the Police man also got shot and suffered spinal injuries that put him in a wheel chair as a paraplegic for the rest of his life. I do recall that the journalist

stated as an important byline that the Crocodile Dundee man believed and was convinced that this threatening activity by the Department of Community Services was in fact a direct result of Freemasonry, and he was being victimised by the Freemasons.

There are a couple of intriguing unexplained riddles to this 4 Corners report though. Firstly, they reported that this man (Croc) had been using amphetamines and they implied using the vision that presented that they had information of the amount or the purity of what he had been using. This was not actually stated though, and a careful viewer would notice that the footage implied one thing, but the facts as stated in the report did not state that anyone knew how much he had been talking, or the purity of what he had been taking. Furthermore, it was clearly stated that this guy as usual had been spending most of his time way out in the bush, hundreds of kilometres from the nearest house or shop. Given this fact, there is no possible way the reporter could know if he had been using amphetamines or not, because the man was alone and far from contact with any other people. The report also stated that Croc was due to receive a very large royalties payment for the use of his likeness in the film Crocodile Dundee.

After I watched the end of the 4 Corners Report, I immediately asked my voices if they were Freemasons, to which they responded in the affirmative. Then I got up and went to my computer and proceeded to compose and email that I would send to either the producer or the reporter from the episode. In this email, I briefly and basically outlined the similarity with my own circumstances, then primarily focused on asking for clarification regarding the points of inconsistency, and the absence of some details, as I identified above. Unfortunately I never received a reply to the email, so have to assume it got to the correct people, and if they read it, I never received any responses to my queries. From this day forward though, my AVH's have insistently and steadfastly stated that they are in fact Freemasons.

Here are a couple of very brief note form accounts of some other remarkable 'encounters' I had with hallucinations at around this time. There were two quite tall men, approximately 190cm – 2m tall each, extremely dark in color, approaching black, who always had an object that they held between them that seemed to be some sort of wooden sandbox, that might be used to filter gemstones from sand material that was filtered by shaking the object and allowing the larger stones to remain in the box while the sand filtered through a wire mesh that was probably the bottom of the object. This object that they always held between them, at arms-length, was rectangular, approximately 1 meter long, 25cm deep, 30-40cm wide, and had a panel at each end that was about 45cm tall, that was gripped with both hands by the two black beings. I believe I could actually see them shaking the box from side to side very gently. These two men were present in my TV room, never without their box, at least once every fortnight between 2002 and 2004.



In August 2001 I was woken at two or three in the morning by a luminous, opaque bright green glowing upper torso (bust) of a man. I had never before and have never again (aside from the two incidents I am detailing here) seen such a vivid bright opaque absolutely full on glowing being, bright vivid green, like a cartoon character. On this occasion, I awoke from my sleep with a startle, to see this vivid glowing green bust to one side of the bed. Then immediately after seeing it, I saw an Ectoplasm (a light grey Ghost according to "Angels & Ghosts website (<http://www.angelsghosts.com/ectoplasm>) and it was trying to pull something out of my leg. It seemed to be trying to pull a light grey leg out of my leg. I reacted immediately and began shaking my leg and kicking it about, to stop this Ghost pulling the thing out. This was quickly successful, and the Ectoplasm disappeared about 8-10 seconds later, and the green being had gone once I saw the Ectoplasm. I had this profound sense remaining though, that I had been involved in a pantomime, that what I had seen and reacted to was a sham, a put on, designed to make fun of me.

Then about an hour later, I was again woken startled from deep sleep by another bright vivid glowing green bust, this time wearing a helmet the same as the French knights at the end of the Monty Python movie "The Holy Grail", but there was a verbal statement that accompanied the amazing opaque green bust, and it said, "Ron is tricking you", and then it disappeared.

2003 was a monumental year insofar as the voices and psychosis are concerned. It was a disaster for me, and probably but not definitely a successful year for my disease. One of the underlying problems of 2003 was the fact that I did not understand how my medication worked, and how important it was to my stability. Notwithstanding this, (even when properly medicated) I still maintain ideological views to account for my range of symptoms that are described in this book.

There is a very substantial and significant fact that needs to have explicit attention here. A disclaimer will follow this important point. At no time and on no occasion have my AVHs ever boasted or retold the story of 2003. They have not ever mentioned it or the significant disasters / achievements of this year. They have never commented or reflected out loud upon it, and not really even mentioned it in passing. This may possibly be because the people (AVHs) that were in charge and perpetrating the saga of 2003 only arrived in May, when the 'shift' changed bringing a complete and total change of staff (perpetrators), who brought with them new paradigms, approaches and plans, that at the end of the year were concluded and complete, and the staff packed up and left handing over to a new 'shift', and the previous 'shift' left never to return to me or my planned and contrived life.

This disclaimer must be made regarding the above. It is obviously the result of delusional thinking. One would naturally conclude that it is entirely incorrect to postulate the above hypothesis, because it personifies hallucinations and once again attributes agency to non-material phenomena. But I cannot help but wonder about the lack of nostalgia shown by my AVHs about 2003. As you can tell from what I have written so far, I am unable to extract myself from the opinion that in fact my hallucinations do have agency, and their origin is external.

During this episode (that occurred in 2003) I had a very important event that influences me strongly to this day. Several months after I became very 'hallucinogenic' and 'delusional', I saw four ghosts appear in my TV room. I was introduced to them; they were all 'idols' of mine. One was George Washington, and he was wearing his wig. One was King Henry V. One who I did not get introduced to and who did not step forward to greet me was apparently Jesus Christ. I do not know who the fourth figure was. I have no compelling reason to believe or disbelieve what I was told. The inclusion of Jesus Christ makes me sceptical of the whole thing, however he is probably the most common figure in all delusions stemming from mental illness reported in the English speaking West. Like the other two, he is a hero of mine, though I am not an active church goer. The reason this event is so important is because this is the first time I was forced to consider and realise that there were factions in ghosts – there were good ghosts and bad ghosts.

So I would like to once again re-iterate one of the driving factors behind this book, that is to demonstrate how the phenomenology of AVH's precipitate delusions, pain and despair, that can be manifold and compounded by erroneous conclusions or beliefs regarding causality.

The AVHs themselves are torture, in so many ways. Firstly, they are hateful, critical, demeaning, contemptuous, sadistic and relentless. They are extremely insulting and demoralising with what they say, such as the commonly heard statement "We want you to commit suicide". Insults like these are amplified greatly with negative valence due to the attitude of malice and disaffected indifference they imbue. For me at least, often the AVH's are repeated relentlessly and frequently. I heard 4 bars of the chorus of "My Sharona" by The Knack for 2 or more hours every day for 3 months in 2008. The voices have always stated that they are passionate about living in "bad taste", so they play music like The Australian National Anthem, or children's nursery rhymes, for hours on end. The contempt that the voices express in both their attitude, and in the questions they ask, are immensely difficult to bear. They are always asking things like "Why did I do that to you?", or "Do you care about what is happening?" and "Who am I Scott?".

But even if they are not subject to faulty attributions, such as believing they are humans, it can be so catastrophic that the subjects often turn to suicide, drugs, isolation, and unavoidable despair.

Here is another transcript reproduction to exemplify what their audible torture involved, and how they go about it:

19th December 2013 18:37



**J: "Tristan is already fucked up because of you. How could you say such things?"**

**S: "What did I say?"**

**J: "Yes (head nodding) I am a really bad person aren't I Scott?"**

**S: "How do you know my name is Scott?"**

**J: "You must be joking!"**

**S: Is there any person now left, that you have not yet fucked up, in the same way as you have fucked up all the other people I have known?"**

**J: "No there is not."...."What is Julia trying to do now?"**

**S: "How could I possibly know, I can't see anything, I can't see you, ever!"**

**other female: "Actually Julia it is Scott who is wondering what he is going to do now."**

**S: "How do you know when a person has become fucked up?"**

**other female: "How do you know when a person has become fucked up Julia?"**

**J: "I can tell by the ... "**

**? female: "Scott, J: what is Julia trying to do now?"**

**S: "I've already told you, and you know anyway, I cannot see you, so I can't know what any of you are**

**doing!" ? female: "Bad luck. You lose Scotty. You lose big time"**

**In approximately May 2003, I started for the first time seeing mental visionary, that resembled animated GIF's in my mind's eye. These are the thought insertions that are a characteristic symptom of schizophrenia. Sousa and Swine (2013) provide some examples of other people's thought insertions: "(R1) Thoughts are put into my mind, like 'Kill God'. It is just like my mind working, but it isn't. They are not my thoughts. They belong to this guy, Chris. They are his thoughts. (Frith 1992, p. 66) (R2) I look out the window and I think that the garden looks nice and the grass looks cool, but the thoughts of Eamonn Andrews come into my mind. There are no other thoughts there, only his.... He treats my mind like a screen and flashes thoughts onto it like you flash a picture. (Mellor 1970, p. 17)"**

**Most of the explanations for thought insertion are in the field of philosophy. Here is an explanation by Martin J,R., Pacheri, E (2013): "We first argued that viewing the phenomenon of thought insertion in schizophrenia as merely reflecting a disruption of the sense of agency fails to adequately capture its phenomenology. We proposed instead that thought insertion primarily involves a disruption of the sense of ownership and we defended the hypothesis that this disruption stems from a failure in the online integration of the contextual information related to a thought, in particular contextual information concerning the different causal factors that may be implicated in its production. We argued that this failure could be explained by deficits in post-attentive working-memory-based processes involved in the linkage of features across time. This failure would result in very chaotic subjective experiences of thinking characterized, lacking phenomenal causal coherence. Accordingly some thoughts would be experienced as coming out of nowhere (i.e., as decontextualized thoughts) lacking even a minimally cohesive phenomenology. This would constitute the phenomenological basis of TI (i.e., sense of non-ownership). We also argued that the episodic nature of thought insertion could be explained by the fact that disruptions of the working-memory-based information integration are not systematic in nature. Finally we pointed out that the attribution of inserted thoughts to another agent is not systematic and proposed that it should be viewed as the result of an attempt to recontextualize these thoughts."**

**Another diabolical new thing that began at the start of 2003 was something my voices called "ADAM SECANT". This I was told was a computer that automatically changed words in what I said to other people, so they did not hear what I had said. This feature of my hallucinations continues to this day, though their claims that it is being done by a computer type machine have stopped, and these days they won't say how or who is changing what I say as heard by other people. This causes great distress for me, but I believe that if this word / phrase swapping is actually occurring, then in the end it will be the people who are listening to me that are being disadvantaged.**

**Here's an example of ADAM SECANT at work. I say something to the effect of "I live with eternal gratitude to the past and present federal and state politicians who through dedicated and diligent work improve the quality of life in their respective communities, and the nation" and I'm told what they (any other people listening) hear is something like "I hate past and present politicians who fuck up the community". So in the arena of hallucinations, people increasingly become more and more hostile towards me. Ordinarily that wouldn't be a problem because AVHs are extremely hostile and malevolent for a small number of people anyway. But my voices insist that they are humans, explaining why they have human names I guess, so the fact that they are not hearing what I actually said upsets them. This is unfortunate because it is unnecessary, and because it means they are being manipulated by someone else, and I can only guess who.**

A really terribly distressing and torturing fact that first became apparent in May 2003 was something I call(ed) “Destructive Interference” (see [Quasi Statutory Act inf. Appendix 1](#)). Destructive interference is a term I invented to describe my belief that the voices were causally behind some of my occasional physical ailments. I can always tell if the feelings I am experiencing are Destructive Interference or normal natural ones, because when it is Destructive Interference there is a discord between your mental state and your somatosensory state. There is no such discord in natural or normal feelings. It is really easy, in fact unavoidable, to distinguish between the two, because it is conspicuous when your feelings don’t match your faculties. It is as simple as imagining getting claustrophobic in an open space, or like getting a headache and trying to believe that it was caused by the thoughts you were having, or getting the feelings of arachnophobia in the absence of a spider. When your feelings do not correspond to your mental state or your thoughts, and you hear a voice address you by name and say “Can you feel that?”, you just can’t ascribe those feelings as being your own. None of the explanations for delusions that I have read adequately account for the synchronicity between what AVH’s say and the realisation of some strange physical sensation.

With regards to the quasi statutory act of law, it is immensely interesting and bizarre that I achieve a positive impact on my voices from things like this. Writing it largely halted the voices talking to me in second person, and changed then to third person, causing much discussion between them, along the lines of “What’s he doing?”, “He’s got a point there”, and “It’s like he is a legislator”. Overall, the completed document resulted in a neutralising effect and improved the valence of my voices for a couple of months. This is a feature of my voices that cause me to think they are a life form, rather than hallucinations. It seems so unlikely and somewhat inconceivable that misappropriation or spontaneous perceptual stimuli would react to the composition of a document.

When I coined the phrase Destructive Interference, it was with the intention of having terminology for the anomalous physical stimuli I was becoming subject to that I feel are perpetrated acts, as well as a term that highlighted the criminal nature of such stimuli if they were indeed the results of conscious decisions.

The anomalous physical stimuli I was becoming subject to are conventionally known as tactile hallucinations – hallucinations of a somatosensory modality in the vocabulary of a psychiatrist. However, psychiatrists do not know the details of personal cognitive antecedents of simultaneous hallucinatory modalities. At the beginning of May I started experiencing tactile hallucinations.

These were often accompanied by a description narrated by my AVHs not in plain words, but by way of subtle implication or analogy. For example, my tricep might start twitching, and just after it started I would hear “Is that annoying Scott? Who do you think is doing that to you?”. Another example that I remember quite well was one day my eye-lid started twitching, and after it had been going on for 10 – 15 minutes I heard “You know I caused Nicole Kidman’s eye-lid to twitch so much one day that she couldn’t do the scene of the movie they were filming. I made her eye twitch for 10 days”. At the time, I did not even know who Nicole Kidman was, so I find this particular reference to an actor quite curious. Then 10-15 minutes later I would hear “Am I causing your eye to twitch like that Scott?”

## Section explaining why avhs are so upsetting

I became extremely upset when my AVH’s convincingly claimed responsibility for some of my anatomical perturbations. The reason it is difficult to explain how and why it seemed possible that they were causally related to irregular localised physical symptoms is because their persuasiveness was the result of a combination of the physical sensations, their timing, and their words.

that led to their claim becoming so convincing. It was partly the indifferent, malicious attitude and the demeaning, spiteful tone of the AVHs that precluded any doubt that. I discovered when I was recording a simulation of my AVH’s for YouTube that the negative emotional valence that is so overwhelming stems from the tone and the inflection of the words used. There is an AVH simulation on YouTube that has had 5.5 million hits that captures the snide, spiteful, malevolent and sadistic character (attitude) of AVHs here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0vvU-Ajwbok>. In my first recorded attempts at simulated AVHs, I completely failed to capture and convey this callous, hateful, indifference. But I kept working at it, and eventually found two people (females) who were able to read the script and present the dialogue in a way that was similar to the spite and callous disregard I hear.

At around the same time (March 2003) that there seemed to be a deeper relationship between modalities of hallucinations than mere cognitive relevance, the situation compounded. Just as some hallucinations would begin, I would often become aware of a clear, full color drawing style mental visualisation of a 2 dimensional image showing words (verbs) being tapped by the end of a pen, that sometimes described the tactile hallucination I was beginning to experience. And at that same moment in time, my AVHs would then say something completely irrelevant, but they included brief inferred reference to the other hallucinating



modality, such a question to the effect of “... can you feel that Scott?...” (this exact question is taken from one of my YouTube simulations [https://www.youtube.com/edit?o=U&video\\_id=1ABf0-p7ToM](https://www.youtube.com/edit?o=U&video_id=1ABf0-p7ToM))

When these simultaneous stimuli (the tactile and the mental imagery) occurred, I initially tried to rationalise them as being something like synaesthesia. Since the WWW had only just got underway, and Google didn't exist, I did not immediately search for a clinical understanding. So I was left without clinical context or research in attempting to understand these new mental images that were corresponding with my tactile hallucinations, and corresponding to parts of my AVHs. There are quite a few explanations in neurology and psychiatry that may accommodate the simultaneity of these hallucinations, and they are broadly grouped into Psychodynamics, Neurophysiologic hypotheses and Neurophysiologic hypotheses. Investigative work is accomplished through neuro-imaging studies including structural imaging and functional imaging, investigation of anatomical correlates, cognitive perceptual theories, perception and attention deficit modelling, and insights into metacognitive process.

Tian and Poeppel (2012) identify that “Imagined speech production (“articulation imagery”), which induces the kinesthetic feeling of articulator movement and its auditory consequences, provides a new angle because of the concurrent involvement of motor and perceptual systems.” But “modality-specific representations are top-down induced and how the action and perception systems interact in the context of mental imagery is not well understood.”

So I now had a term that adequately encompassed my difficult to dislodge belief that my physical and somatosensory anomalies had an origin concentric with the origin of the voices. This is not an unusual conclusion as Vercammen 2009 points out “a rich literature bears evidence of the phenomenological heterogeneity of hallucinations. They can occur in all sensory modalities, and thus be of an olfactory, visual, auditory, tactile or gustatory nature. Furthermore, multimodal hallucinations have been described, where the hallucination is simultaneously expressed in different senses. Although auditory hallucinations are considered to be most prevalent, especially in psychotic disorders, evidence suggests that hallucinations in the other modalities may be underreported in the literature (Aleman & Laroi, 2008).“

Berger and Ehrsson (2014) state “Imagining something in one's mind and perceiving something in the external world are phenomenologically similar experiences, and there is mounting evidence that these two experiences are represented similarly in the brain ... We found that simultaneous visual mental imagery and auditory stimulation led to an illusory translocation of auditory stimuli and was associated with increased activity in the left superior temporal sulcus (L. STS), a key site for the integration of real audiovisual stimuli” and “Recent evidence favoring this possibility arises from a series of behavioral experiments demonstrating that mental imagery can induce multisensory perceptual illusions (Berger and Ehrsson, 2013)”

All I can say again, is that there is little doubt in my mind, even today, that these three sets of temporally inter-related hallucinations were, and are, inter-related in a fashion that features the qualities of cognition and orderly preconception.

“To this day, the very nature of the inherently elusive and subjective phenomenon complicates an encompassing description or definition, as hallucinations may take on many different forms, may occur in all sensory modalities, and may or may not be linked to mental or physical illness” (Vercammen 2009)

Conveying the facts and perceptual events that lead me unavoidably to this conclusion is the theme of this book. Can I start by stating that subtle features in self-awareness, perception and judgement allow me, and sometimes others, to be able to elicit increasingly accurate judgement about the onset of psychosis. This was not timely in the very early days of my diagnosis, but by 1996 I could readily detect the early signs of the onset of a psychotic state. These-days, I have had my judgement adjudicated upon by qualified expert professionals many times now, and I am very good at detecting irregularities.

It is perhaps in part the absence of these irregularities with regards to perception and judgement that form the foundation of the argument of this book. Again I request you to just temporarily set aside isolated and cold null hypothesis scientific reasoning, in preference to utter agreement that out of context, there are things in this world that we just cannot know now, just as when we could not know that quantum theory was incompatible with classic al physics. If you suspend your scepticism temporarily, it should be possible to read and adopt the story of events disclosed in this book as prima facie evidence of the noumenal (discussed infra ibid), that normally and usually requires a variety of hypotheses to explain it. Perhaps the best guide to identifying accurate appraisal and understanding is when an intervention is very / entirely successful at eradicating the measurable symptoms. Importantly for me and now you, this has not happened (30% at best) for schizophrenia.

SparkNotes Editors summarise Kant's “sharp distinction between phenomena and noumena. Noumena are “things-in-themselves,” the reality that exists independent of our mind, whereas phenomena are appearances, reality as our mind makes

**sense of it... all our knowledge is only knowledge of phenomena, and we must accept that noumena are fundamentally unknowable”**

I suppose that it is true for me to state that belief in the plausibility of the noumenal existence of the causes of my AVH's and especially the appearance of their causes is similar to believing in the existence of God. However I would scrutinise and re-state the critical factor of this argument in the following manner. It is not so much belief in the existence of God that is pivotal, but in fact the quintessential premise is believing that God loves us. This qualification between belief and disposition is particularly relevant in the manner I contemplate the creatures and communications I experience. I have not strived in this work to detail very much of the good, kind, affable and friendly hallucinations I have experienced. This is because I am scared that you, the reader, will not be persuaded effectively to agree that there is some chance that what I experience is NOT in fact the product of my own mind, so if I write extensively about the pleasant, enjoyable and lovely things I have heard and experienced, you will conclude that I am narcissistic or self-loving. But as you are by now probably aware, I am unable to completely eradicate my belief that my experiences are not solely a result of schizophrenia.

This truth bewilders me. I have not yet been able to identify the qualities and subtleties that prevent me from simply stating, yep, all my experiences that seem ethereal are merely and simply the classic features of the disease of schizophrenia. I assure you that there is some feature or quality inherent in my experiences that just convinces me that there is more to it than just symptoms. There is something in the nature of my symptoms that leads me to believe with conviction that the clinical explanations do not adequately account for the totality of the experiences. It is a matter of what Kant termed teleology, "...the idea that something has an end, or purpose. Teleology falls somewhere between science and theology, and Kant argues that the concept is useful in scientific work even though we would be wrong to assume that teleological principles are actually at work in nature." (SparkNote Editors 2017). I am hoping that the process of actually writing this book helps me to uncover and identify what it is about my hallucinations that leaves me unable to completely dismiss what I experience as mere symptoms. I have spoken to quite a few others who have schizophrenia, and they generally do not have this issue; they can just set the experiences aside as symptoms, at least that's what they tell me.

But for 2003, by far the most important, critical and very surprising feature was that I started having visual hallucinations, at least that is what an experienced mental health clinician would call them. I call them "Beings" or "Ethereal Beings" as a designated exonym. My voices call themselves Ghosts, and this is very interesting to me, because I do not actually believe in Ghosts. There is even a bit of a story about this. I like to read popular science as a hobby, and evidence based thinking is something I like to practice and something I endeavour to adhere to. For the first 10 years of my diagnosis, I did not ever see things, that is I had experienced no visual hallucinations. Since moving to Sydney in 1996, I have been trying to establish new friendships, and so have been on the lookout for a club to join.

In 2001, I thought I had found one – Sceptics Australia. I was particularly interested in this club because I thought it would provide me opportunities to discuss my symptoms and my perceptual anomalies. On a Saturday in July, I had an envelope containing a cheque for my joining fee on my dining room table. I was about to pick up the envelope and take it to a post box when I saw what seemed to be a Ghost walk out of my bedroom and down the hall towards me. I was astounded. I then walked towards it, and as I did so, it turned around and walked back into the bedroom. I followed it into the room, and was confronted by 6 more apparitions that were standing on my mattress on the floor. I was so amazed I couldn't help but speak out loud to them. I believe I said "Are you Ghosts?", and then I walked over to my VHS machine that was on a small table at the end of the room. I picked up a VHS video-tape, and again, talking out loud I said "Let's test your capabilities and your presence" and I gently threw the tape towards one of them. Naturally it fell straight onto the ground. But they were so opaque and realistic, that I turned around and went to the table, tore up the cheque, and have believed in Ghosts ever since.

When I say Ghosts though, I do not mean the conventional definition of the word. They are more correctly called apparitions I am led to believe. They have nothing to do with deceased people, they are not perturbed spirits unable to move towards the light, they have had no previous (human) life, and they are not the result of tormented life or fearful death. I personally prefer to call them Beings, as a result of what I have learnt through the years, and the many encounters I have had since. But they call themselves Ghosts. However, and this is a very important point to me, my AVH's that I believe are the voices of these optionally visible creatures, never tell the truth. And that is one of the reasons I think that they are not merely hallucinations. I would expect that just by chance, hallucinations will occasionally say something that was not a lie. But my voices seem contrived t5hey lie so much. So when they call themselves Ghosts, as they consistently and always do, I can just tell that they are purposefully disguising the truth, and they are in fact correctly called something else. SO to distinguish these creatures from the conventional definition of Ghosts as being wayward spirits, for the remainder of this book I will call them Beings.

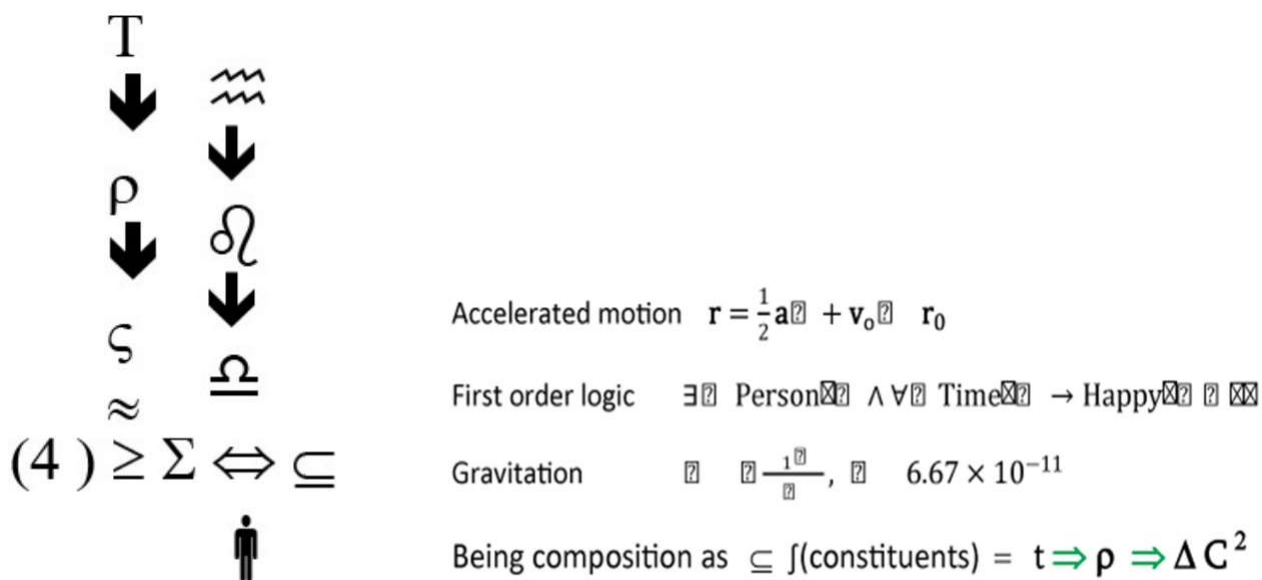
If I can find some more friends (schizophrenia results in social isolation, it is a symptom of the condition), my hope is that I will experience seeing them again while I am in the company of another person, and I can not only verify their noumenal existence, but we might agree on a name for them.

They first started appearing to me when I was sitting on my lounge, looking out the sliding glass doors across the front lawn, and the vista beyond. I cannot now exactly recall how they came to my attention in the first instance, whether a AVH pointed them out or whether I just noticed them arrive. Whenever they arrived, they arrived from a north-westerly trajectory, appearing to have come through the wall to my bedroom from an elevated position, then they would sort of materialise just in front of the wall, rather like Star Trek teleporting, but arriving not stationary but on walking legs (that is, they would hit the ground walking). Once they had contact with the floor, they were a meter and a half in front of me, and they would just stand there looking at me. They were about 2 meters tall, and appeared as a hazey, smokey translucent color, heat haze, 1-2cm outline.

What really got my attention, was that they arrived at exactly the same time every day, from exactly the same direction, and from the exact same trajectory. My surprise was compounded by the fact that on the third successive day they arrived (at the same time), I experienced an hallucination voice that said "that is German punctuality for you." So I said in response "I don't think in stereotypes, what makes you think that Germans, or Deutschlanders, are any more punctual than anyone else?", to wit I heard "Don't be stupid, the precision of German punctuality is common knowledge." So they appeared same time, same direction each day for about 3 days, and they would stand and look at me, and I would sit and look at them, sometimes making some friendly light hearted chit chat, such as "How's the weather been where you're from?", or "You're quite tall compared to me aren't you, especially since I am sitting down", and I would always get some nice reply, like "yes, beautiful weather" or "yes, you are sitting down".

These encounters led to very considerable happiness I felt in my heart and throughout my whole body, because I felt and thought that I had by chance had the opportunity to meet other unconventional, language capable, autonomous and volitional life, but not as we know it. And I still think so. But I was sceptical. So I did two things. I went next door to the library and got a book of world time zones, and noted the time at various places on Earth that corresponded to 11am, the time they always appeared at. I guess this indicates that I did not immediately think they were from outer space, like I do now. It also is in response to the unsolicited remark I heard about punctuality. I was not able to draw any conclusions based on time zones about these Beings (I shall call them people from now on).

My second response was to get a notebook and pen, and to start noting down details that I perceived with respect to their presence and attributes. So I started writing down things like "seem to be comprised of convection, heat haze color, no Australian accent, approximately 2 meters tall, very affable and pleasant to talk to, vertical biped(s), no signs of clothing – but no genitalia evident, arrive at 11am each day from the north-west, always more than one..." and so on. From this I extracted the details that leant themselves to further consideration, such as "made of heat haze, a very light smokey gray color". Then I started writing down symbolic factorisations as pseudo (elements of) equations, based on what I remembered from physics. What I ended up with was a diagram of the constituents of the properties these Beings seemed to be comprised of. Here is an example:



The purpose of all this pseudo-scientific investigation, factorisation and analysis was that I wanted to attempt to make the most reliable determination possible on whether the things (people) I was 'seeing' were noumenal entities or were they in fact hallucinations? I used this symbolic investigative process to try to deduce whether it was practical and possible for creatures constituted of the elements in the equations to avoid the effects of gravity, or be within visible wavelengths and so on. It was a way of just sorting out ideas that would enable me to exclude from possibility explanations that could not exist in the normal physical world.

Vercammen (2009) points out that "...these (visual) hallucinations are typical in the so called late-onset subtype, characterized by the first emergence of symptoms during middle age rather than adolescence", and "...in psychiatric conditions, they more often take on humanoid forms, and are elicited during times of stress, fatigue, loneliness or social/relational problems."

There is a lot I could describe about my attempts to think in a rigorous and more formal syllogistic manner, whether what I was seeing was at all possible in the world governed by the familiar laws of physics. I will not go into detail, but here is an example. Some of the Beings I saw seemed to descend from a point of somewhat higher elevation before landing on their feet on the floor nearby. They seemed to be comprised of convection (heat haze). Therefore, for something constituted of what seemed to be convection, having a defined outer region of high pressure (heat haze), and an undefined interior, would it be possible for such an entity to descend to the ground, or would normal physics dictate that such a region (high pressure bound by convection) could only ever ascend?

Approximately 6 days after these convection grey 2 meter lean looking people started appearing from slightly elevated north-west, late in the night I encountered some other individuals that resembled the convection Beings, except that they were less tall (approximately 173cm – 190cm) and they were dark, nearly black in hue. These (people) were not opaque, but very much semi-translucent shadows, again vertical bipeds. There were a couple of them and they came through the wall of my bedroom, then moved away into the TV room, without moving their legs, just sort of floating. Once again, what made them visible was the contrast of their movements and the visible changing edges against the backdrop beige color of the walls.

In 2013 I was looking up the term "Ghosts" on the WWW and I found a site called [Angels & Ghosts](#), and to my surprise, it had an entire section dedicated to Ghosts / Beings that were very dark or black in color, known as [The Dark Shadow People](#) or [Dark Shadow Ghosts](#).

Back to March 2003. A couple of nights later I was going to be and there were some Dark Shadow People moving around in my unit. I put on my track suit to go to bed and there were two Dark Shadow People in the corner of my bedroom. There was also a shadow in the shape of a pole intersecting the corner of the room near the top of the wall. And bugger me, one of these Shadow People was doing Olympic type double beams routine on this one bar going across the top corner between the joining walls. So I said "Hey Joe, what the fuck are you doing there, are you some sort of gymnastics Olympian or something?". And so then he said "Go fuck yourself up dead-shit Scotty Stewart. I'm doing the deeds here like a God and no-one can stop me, especially you!". Then the other one that was standing in between the edge of my bed and the wall, in front of this rotating gymnast said "Yeh, go fuck yourself up Scotty Stewart. You are no match for us, you land-lubber idiot"

For the next 3 or 4 minutes we enthusiastically traded insults, these two Dark Shadow People telling me basically that I was no match for them, in any way at all, and by comparison I was a complete nobody, and I should feel lucky that they were in my room at all. The problem then became that I could not get close to going to sleep with this rotating and spinning shadow circulating up in the corner, because it was catching my peripheral vision, and it created a feeling of unease, like I was being watched and harassed. Funnily enough, they did not pause the tirade of insults and abuse they were directing at me, as though I was imposing on them and their display of talent, as if I had no right to be there at all.

Aleman, A. (2000) "To summarize, neuroimaging studies reveal a distributed network of cortical and subcortical areas involved in the experience of hallucinations. Although the exact role of these areas is not clear yet, it could be hypothesized that hallucinations are triggered by activity in subcortical and frontal areas, which in turn project to modality-specific association cortex, thereby leading to a conscious perceptual experience.....For visual hallucinations, activity is observed in secondary visual cortex."

It was obvious that I was not going to get to sleep with this going on, so I got up and went into the other room, sat on my lounge and turned the TV on. But I could see other Dark Shadow Ghosts moving past the door to the TV room, which was starting to bother me, making me feel unsettled. SO I went into the bathroom and got a can of hair spray, went to the kitchen and got a

cigarette lighter, and proceeded to walk up to these individual Dark Shadow Ghost and spray burning hairspray fire at them. This was only somewhat effective, but it did irritate them enough to make them move away. So I took my spray can and lighter into my bedroom and starting spraying fire at the one doing gymnastics, which apparently had some impact because he just floated up through the ceiling quickly and was gone. The other one near the wall reversed back into the wall he was leaning on and also disappeared.

But I had not switched the light off in the TV room, and I could see more of them moving between rooms. I had pretty much run out of hairspray, and my fingers were burnt now anyway, so I did something very bizarre. I had an inspiration that I turned into a plan. For whatever reason, I remembered at that time two things: the book by Stan Deyo about conspiracies called *The Cosmic Conspiracy*, and the book called *Chariot Of The Gods* by Erik Von Daniken. Both these books came to mind because they talked about other language capable life forms residing on Planet Earth, and they discussed events and actions undertaken by humans in response to these life forms.

The Stan Deyo book included a discussion about the Bermuda Triangle, and the Erik Von Daniken book talked a lot about pyramids. So I went into my study and got out my atlas. I up-ended the lounge so that it was now standing on the outside of one end of the lounge, and moved the up-ended lounge to the corner of the room, out of the way. Then I went into the cupboard and retrieved my orienteering compass. I also got into my wardrobe and retrieved a handful of wire coat-hangers.

I then straightened 4 of the coat hangers and laid them out on the floor so they followed the alignment of the Bermuda triangle as shown in my atlas, (as discussed by Deyo), but I added an edge parallel to the Bermuda / Puerto Rico, so it formed a Bermuda Square. I kept the lengths of the perimeter edges of the Bermuda Square the same proportions as they were in the real Bermuda Triangle. Then I centered this Bermuda Square under the light fitting in the center of the room. Then I got more straightened coat hangers and made a pyramid out of them, having one apex (coat hanger) going from each corner of the Bermuda Square up to the light fitting in the top center of the room. After some bending and some soldering, I was able to connect each of the four apex's of the pyramid into the live light fitting in the ceiling. Then I 'activated' the four coat hangers that formed the perimeter base of the pyramid by soldering them together and making them live by connecting them into the 240 volt wall socket. I now had a 'live' pyramid made out of coat-hangers that would electrify anyone touching any of the sides, and it was controlled by the light switch and the wall socket.

Once I switched on the power, I crawled delicately underneath it and just sat there. As I did, I could see Dark Shadow People moving towards me, but as they reached the threshold of the pyramid, they would be 'sucked' up into the apex of the pyramid then disappear. At first only one or two Dark Shadow People per half hour headed towards me and got sucked up, but as hours passed their rate of appearance then approach then up into the apex increased. After three or so hours, there were more and more Dark Shadow People moving into the room, then towards me, then up the pyramid. By the time five hours had passed, there was a slow but steady constant stream of Dark Shadow People, coming in from the adjoining room, approaching me, then going up into the apex and disappearing. Then more Dark Shadow People started coming straight through the southern-most wall of the TV room, straight into the pyramid, then disappearing up through the apex. I was amazed, but worn out, so I curled up under the pyramid, and went to sleep, leaving it active (switched on at the power point and light switch. When I woke up 8 or 9 hours later, Julia said "You killed 44 million of the Ghosts of Brixton last night". I responded "Who did the counting?" and she replied "44 million of the Ghosts of Brixton".

Hearing that I had successfully defended myself brought pleasure and happiness, but tinged with some anxiety. It made me happy because this was the first occasion in 12 years where I had achieved anything positive for myself in relation to what I now believed were another life form – Ghosts. For the very first time since I began hearing voices, I felt like I might have some remote possibility of regaining control and the quality my life to some extent. It is hard to explain, but hopefully the previous chapters have conveyed, how schizophrenia is the perceived and believed disenfranchisement of your whole life. You believe that other beings control your anatomy, that your friends and family can hear every embarrassing little thought you have, and that strangers and neighbours can hear you thinking and see you all the time. These beliefs (delusions) imperatively lead to a complex and debilitating mindset based around loss of agency and victimisation. You cannot even temporarily avoid the feelings and thoughts of being an individual who has compromised autonomy, volition and sentience, and the nature of the loss is at the behest of other individuals who absolutely do not have your best interests at heart.

But the happiness from thinking that I might be able to fight back was tempered with the anxiety of a realisation. If I was dealing with Ghosts, and I had in fact successfully defended myself against a group known as "The Ghosts Of Brixton", then I might be in line for some payback. My rare moment of happiness that stemmed from this 'technological achievement' was entirely diluted by a concern that I had injured or killed someone. But it did leave me with a feeling of inspiration. That morning, I was out on the

steps in the front garden of my unit, smoking a cigarette, when my voices said something about the Ghosts I allegedly killed. I could not avoid wondering if it was true, because although I still did actually believe in Ghosts, I could not refute what I had seen with my own two eyes. So I went back inside my unit and tried to investigate the plausibility of what I could not believe, but also could not avoid believing.

Even though I knew how naïve I was being, and how ridiculous what I was about to do was, I was so desperate to know if I could fight back I began trying to use physics to measure the plausibility of a successful defence, and again, the plausibility of dealing with a life form rather than an hallucination. It led to the following:

$$E = MC^2 \quad \therefore \quad C^2 = E / M \quad \text{and so} \quad C = \sqrt{E / M}$$

$$E = \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}} \quad \text{AND} \quad M = E / (\lambda \times f)^2 \times \Delta \tau$$

$$\Delta x = (-M\Delta x - m\Delta x + mD) / M$$

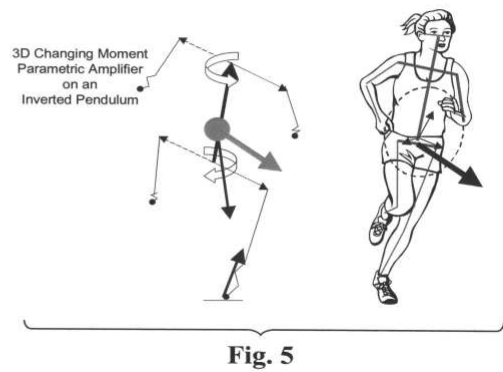
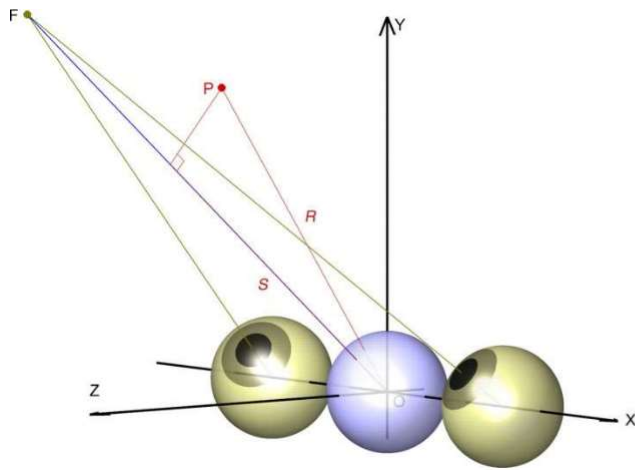
(where  $\Delta x$  = change in the center of mass)

The issue I was trying to address was whether it was possible for a living creature to exist that was comprised of something other than cells. I believed I had been seeing creatures that looked like heat-haze, convection, shadows, diffracted light and various shades of colored smoke. The line of reasoning was simple – use knowledge, equations, and first principles from established physics in an attempt to arrive at an any empirical measure whatsoever of plausibility that these were in fact life forms rather than hallucinations. In other words, establish a null hypothesis, then try to accept or reject it, recognising importantly of course the fact that I am not a Physicist, and I am limited to working with only simple and unsophisticated tenets. I did however though have good statistical knowledge, that would enable me to test hypotheses and estimate probability.

My thinking was that for the Ghosts to be real, based on what I was seeing, they must be unaffected by gravity. According to General Relativity, the presence of mass/energy determines the geometry of space, and the geometry of space determines the motion of mass/energy, notwithstanding special relativity where all forms of energy (including light) have an effective mass, so it seems logical that, as light passes a massive body (like the Sun), it too will feel the tug of gravity and be bent slightly from its course. This led me to considering thought experiments:

- 1) An experiment based on the classic pendulum equations in elementary physics, but in this case the pendulum is connected to a single point, and rotates in 3 dimensions. This was important because it would represent the relationship between PE and KE, replicating the Ghosts moving in any direction (including vertically).
- 2) The possibility the prima facie perceptual evidence was valid, namely that these Ghosts actually do exist, and may be comprised or composed or interact with light. If Ghosts were composed of light, then their constitution would inherit some of the properties of photons and electromagnetic waves. This involved somehow estimating values for velocity, momentum, activation energies, wave function characteristics and more.
- 3) According to quantum theory, if a Ghost was to exist in the physical world, it might have properties that would confound measurement, as per Schrödinger's Cat. The reason for contemplating this is because it ties in with the swinging pendulum thought experiment sup. (using a tether rather than a rigid rod). If the apparition actually existed, you could only know about one parameter at a time, so knowing its location would prohibit measuring its trajectory, or knowing its diffractive index might prohibit knowing some other property. If it was an hallucination then it would not comply with any known equations or measurements, it could not and would not interact with the environment in any way, and it would not be possible to experimentally reproduce any of the attributes or qualities it seemed to have.





The path of my inductive reasoning would then be parameterised by limits derived from the above thought experiments, and I knew that each experiment could have valid probabilities of correctness. Deductive reasoning then would precipitate the following:

- i) I only needed to estimate the probability of one type of Ghosts existence, because I would be satisfied to infer about the others based on the possibility of just one.
- ii) (Some of) The Ghosts appeared to be comprised of light or convection (some of them looked like heat-haze).
  - a) If they were comprised of convection, I could use the laws of thermodynamics and other familiar equations I had learnt at high school, and any other equations that I could access and use easily. The convection appearance that I had observed might be due to pressure differentials resulting from temperature differentials, causing light to diffract as it passes through.
  - b) If what I saw was noumenal and Ghosts were made of light of pressure/temperature differentials, then that would explain their (lack of) interaction with gravity that gives them the ability to 'float' and descend or ascend in space with different trajectories. They usually appeared and disappeared like people teleporting in Start Trek. However, sometimes they would arrive through circular portals that would appear on my walls, but they tended to do this only rarely.
- iii) Estimating the plausibility of Ghosts existing did not simultaneously explain causally the origin of the voices I could hear
- iv) If Ghosts do exist, then they must be subject to the established laws of classical and possibly quantum physics
- v) I was never going to be able to use the equations of physics to properly calculate the probability of plausibility, however I would likely be able to prove to myself that they definitely did not or could not exist as noumenal entities.

Pursuant to the aforementioned parameters, I considered how to collect evidence of what I thought I could see, using empirical proxies, relative measures, proximity derived data, and from ideas obtained from my thought experiments. The purpose and intention of using these equations was that they describe the real, normal world, where Ghosts do not exist. If I were to use standard accepted values for variables and substituted them into these equations, then the result would represent the normal world where Ghosts do not exist. However, if substituting values that arise from a Ghostly world yielded a different result from the normal world, then that would be evidence of noumenal phenomena (not mere perception), and so Ghosts may exist.

In the equations below, I usually begin by setting mass to a nominal zero value, because the apparitions I witnessed appeared to defy gravity and achieve effortless vertical movement. The length contraction equation was interesting because I had seen Ghosts that change in size and shape in front of your eyes. On one occasion I asked one of the Ghosts if I could measure how tall they were, to which they said "No", but I attempted to do so all the same, and put a mark on the wall level with the top of its head, but as I tried it started to rapidly elongate and change height. And if you try stand fully front on and 'eye to eye' with a Ghost (they sometimes do not have identifiable eyes), like two champion boxers do for newspaper photo at the press conference before the fight, the Ghost gets uncomfortable and immediately starts to change size, mostly its height. They will never be seen to be shorter than a human.



There are some additional things that can be used as indicators that what I was seeing was noumenal and not a perceptual anomaly. For instance, if I saw a being in the room, I could walk up to it and try to hit or attack it. If it moved to avoid my thrust you could be confident that it is a being and not a feature of perception.

The most amazing thing of all of this was to take place in 2013 when my voices said one day “Would you be so good as to write out your thoughts and ideas regarding cosmology, and the physics that you did previously”. This to me was monumental and made me extremely happy. It coincidentally is one of the main reasons I fervently believe that Ghosts exist, and that they are the owners of the voices I hear. I know myself well, and I cannot believe that by means of [misappropriation](#) (see chapter 1 sup), lack of [inhibition](#) or [spontaneity](#) (see chapter 1 sup) my brain would come up with a request like that. I never place any confidence in works of mine that I know are naïve, and I would not and cannot image or believe that anything other than an independent, autonomous, volitional being would make such a request (and that accounts for how I got this book done also). The philosophical treatise I wrote is presented later in this book (inf).

I made continuing efforts to establish a measure of whether it was possible for my hallucinations to be in fact not be hallucinations but instead reliable sensorial input and representation. Here is a contemporary clinical view of my experiences:

“The cognitive mechanisms of VHs in psychosis have rarely been investigated, but existing studies point to source-monitoring deficits and distortions in top-down mechanisms, although evidence for visual processing deficits, which feature strongly in the organic literature, is lacking. Brain imaging studies point to the activation of visual cortex during hallucinations on a background of structural and connectivity changes within wider brain networks.”. “Personal, social, and cultural contributors to VH have not yet been systematically investigated, although top-down mechanisms (which include expectations, personal meaning-making, and social context) may influence dynamic attentional processes by biasing the competition between potential perceptions toward objects and persons that have personal and social relevance. In support for this view, stress and bereavement are linked to the onset of VH. Further support comes from cognitive models of psychosis<sup>78</sup> that propose that key influences of personal events, social/cultural context, and expectations have the ability to activate percepts in the absence of external stimulation” (Waters, F., Collerton, D., Hffytche. D. 2014).

I do not dispute the statements and explanations provided by this research, or of any well conducted research, as accounts for the phenomena I experience. I also know I will not succeed in persuading anyone, even partially or partly, of the possibility of what is prima facie and ostensibly true, namely, there exists language capable life that interacts with us. However, if you have experience perceptions as I do, it is completely and utterly unavoidable to end up considering the possibility of other language capable life forms. And I guess depending on the specifics, and this book attests to mine, you unavoidably end up deciding that they do.

One day I was laying on my bed and I heard a sort of mantra being said by a small number of pleasant, non-intimidating friendly voices, all male. They chanted “Long tall Venusians passing through, passing through, we’re the long tall Venusians passing through, passing through...”. There was an empty space about 1 meter wide between the edge of my mattress on the floor bed and the sliding mirrored full size doors of the built in wardrobe. In through the bedroom doorway came 6 or 7 very tall (nearly to the ceiling – approximately 2 meters tall) mid brownish grey outlined colored ‘ghosts’ (vertical bipeds) walking in a single file line, one before the other, each one holding, carrying or in the process of drinking from a dark brown beer bottle, chanting their mantra as they walked. I said, “Well, I never realised there was any such people, and jolly nice friendly seeming people, too”. One of them said over the top of the chanting “Hi Scott. Nice to meet you....Take care of yourself.” So I said “Thanks, I will”. But the most amazing thing of all, was that once the first ones had walked past and out the sliding door, after the last one, was a normal size, quite opaque, light brown/orange and white patched cat. I was amazed. I said “I see you bought your cat with you. I had a lovely cat called Sinsa”. One of them said “Yes, we knew you did”. And the cat followed the path of the tall thin brown grey ghosts out of the room via the back sliding glass door.

Here are a couple of interim realisations from my application of physics to Ghosts:

They came from considering the possibility that a being could be made of light, and whether it would be capable of movement if it was. My approach was to think about a pendulum fixed to a point in space, free to move in any direction (in three dimensions) If an object has a potential energy value (PEV) of 1, and KE of 0, it is stationary. However, there is an asymptote (that I wonder might actually be considered a singularity) between this state of rest and the acquisition of any state where  $KE > 0$ . This is also true of KE that is approaching a value of 0, where PEV is 1; there is an asymptote (another singularity) between the pendulum moving and being at rest. Therefore, we cannot know or calculate precisely the beginning of movement of an object after being at rest. Normally, one could calculate movement using the following pendulum equations

$$KE_i + PE_i = KE + PE$$

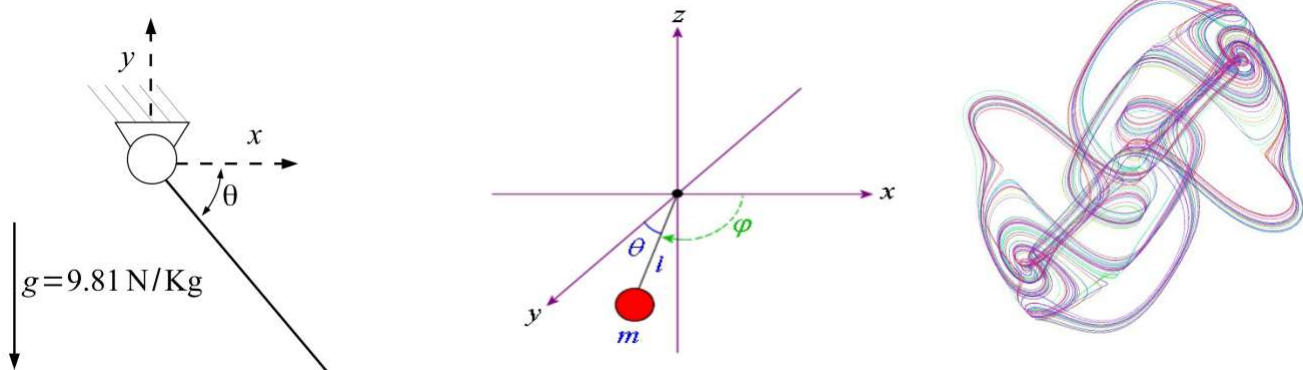
otherwise

$$[\frac{1}{2}mv^2 + mgL(1-\cos\theta)]_i = [\frac{1}{2}mv^2 + mgL(1-\cos\theta)]$$

Where  $m$  = mass,  $g$  = acceleration of gravity,  $L$  = length of pendulum, and it will be found that mass does not affect the period of a pendulum.

But the asymptote(s) demand acknowledgement that there is a simplification about KE and velocity. This is discussed in detail later inf, but the relevance at the time was that I could dispense with having to explain how photons could gain momentum (that is, how a Ghost made of light could achieve the force necessary for it to move). This showed that I could ignore a value for mass when working between the equations above and my factorisation of  $E = MC^2$  [shown sup](#). In fact the equations above also prove that mass can be ignored.

The relevance of all of this is that it is an investigation of the possibility and plausibility of a being that is comprised of light and therefore has no mass to be able to overcome a stationary state of potential, to then somehow acquire the force necessary to exhibit kinetic properties and begin to move. The whole pendulum thing is used as a model and thought experiment to test if it were likely that these apparitions that seemed to be made of light, could in fact manoeuvre themselves if this hypothetical composition were indeed the case.



Secondly, theoretically, there can be no location in the universe that is 100% free of gravity (due to the existence of gravity waves and the inter-woven structure of space-time), though there will probably be regions where the amount of gravity is very close to zero. This means that if you substitute the rod that is holding the weight with a flexible tether, the path taken by the weight pendulum moving would be that of a strange attractor (chaos theory). This is relevant because it provides a framework for delineating and distinguishing between the appearance of an environmental entity versus a Being.

In the months that followed, namely June, July and August I regularly saw and believed I actually talked to many different types of Ghosts. So in the same scientific spirit I got an art pad and proceeded to draw diagrams/examples/representations of each of the different types of Ghost I had seen. In the end there were 13 different types of Ghost. For instance, on one occasion at about midday I was sitting in the dining room when I became aware of a dark brown colored Ghost moving around the edge of my dining room table. I did not see it arrive (and I did not see it leave when it did). There were a few sheets of A4 paper that were some of the pseudo-scientific notes I had made, laying on the table, and the Ghost was looking down at my notes. Then I heard "Scott, you need to put your notes away and not leave them laying around, because some unworthy people might see them". So I said "Ok, no problem. Thanks for the tip-off. I'll put them away or keep them covered up", and he said "Very good. Please do that Scott".

That was the start of an enduring friendship that still continues to this day. It is partly because of this man (Ghost), and the ongoing story we share, that I often am quite convinced that Ghosts actually do exist, and we humans are just not yet ready to be able to measure the 'footprints' of their existence, and they have not yet decided to reveal themselves to us on a large scale. The satisfaction and love I have for this particular Ghost (or the concept of this Ghost for the sceptical) is visceral, and here's why.

On January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2011 I had been going for my daily jog and I was sure that Julia was perpetrating Destructive Interference against me and making my body mass seem much larger by doing something like increasing the inertia in my muscle flexion. She made a statement to the effect of “Scott I have just increased your perceived body weight up to 112 Kg to help you with your cardiovascular fitness”, and the truth is it felt like it and it occurred quite suddenly. I believed it. And this was the start of 4 ½ years of actual physical torture, or torture by ‘psyching me out’ of being able to enjoy my regular run. I could not constrain my fury and hatred for her. In between actually yelling at the top of my voice – shouting – while I was running, I was thinking the same hatred and fury telepathically. So I started insulting her. And I was on a roll. I went flat out with the most colourful, graphic and vile stream of insults that I have ever put words to, and it was a constant stream of bile towards Julia. I went virtually non-stop for more than 22 minutes, when I finished running and was back home. As I was walking to the shower, I concluded with “Lots of people think I’m a cunt, but none of them don’t have any brains!”. I often just say things to the Beings in an effort to attempt to make myself laugh. Once I did. I said to Julia “You probably don’t mean to be so stupid, but you just can’t figure out how not to be!”

My polemic was so effective Julia disappeared for a while. After a brief unusual silence, I could sense some laughter. I mentally saw something resembling the quality of TV before HD, and it was ‘footage’ of that same dark brown Ghost who had suggested I hide my notes back in mid-2003, sitting on a desk with his back to me, typing on an old fashioned black metal typewriter, with his head moving gently from side to side, as he visibly laughed and laughed. He said “Scott, you do it all the time. You insult her so much in such an idiomatic style that we all die laughing at the fact of it”. He paused and went on. “Scott, I am completing a short book containing quotes and stories of all the insults and one-upmanship that you have said and done over the past decade. I am sure it is going to be very popular. I would really like it if you would name it for me”.

I was overwhelmed with the most beautiful feelings. After hearing essentially nothing but hatred, criticism, spitefulness, disrespect and contempt for year after year, I was moved by this gesture. So I said “Call it – Scott Stewart, So And So, and then in really small type at the bottom of the cover ‘About Such And Such’”. And he seemed to laugh again. He got up out of his chair, and walked to the right hand side out of view temporarily, then walked back into view holding his wife’s hand, and accompanied by two slightly different size young boys. I was nearly in tiers of love. So I said “Is that your wife?” and he said “Yes, and my two young sons”. There was a brief silence while they walked off out of view to the right again. I said “What a lovely family. Thank you so very much for writing this book. I did not explicitly realise anyone was hearing or knowing about what has been going on, though I had a sense there were good and kind people somewhere nearby. Thank you very much”. And shortly after that the vision disappeared again. There is more involving this man ahead in this book.

But one of the strangest events was when I was sitting at my dining room table writing notes, and facing in the direction of the kitchen. There were about 2.5 meters of space between the far edge of the table and the closest edge of the kitchen counter. Something caught my peripheral vision, so I looked up from writing, and there were three Ghosts standing side by side, two of them approximately 1.85/1.9 meters tall, and the remaining one about 1.7 meters tall, with a small young looking Ghost sitting cross legged in front of the two tall standing ones, and a teenage one in a crouching position next to the young one sitting on the floor. And I heard “Scott, we are the Horatio Family. We are your friends. And we are going to tell your story far and wide around the universe”. I was absolutely flabbergasted. I would never have dreamed that I would see a family of Ghosts sitting and standing together, and I especially would never had imagined that they would say something like that. To this very day I regularly think of them, and what a surprise they were. It was not until 2017 that I realised that the reason they were going to “tell my story” was probably because I had constructed that apparatus that vapourised or otherwise led to the ‘translocation’ of the 4,400 or 440 Ghosts Of Brixton.

I was told by Julia that now she held 83 million dollars of my money. However, as a Freemason using telepathy the numbers are encoded, so it was in fact some other amount. I had not been using narcotics for 9 months. I had just moved into my mortgage, but my software development contract expired, so I was out of work. As I mentioned earlier Julia had been saying that she was going to bankrupt me for about the last 18 months. I did not have hardly any savings. As a consequence, I was quickly unable to meet my mortgage payments. But Julia assured me that she would deposit some of the money she held for me very shortly. By the end of April I was out of money altogether, so I could not buy food. I was leading with Julia to deposit some of the money, but she always had an excuse why it could not be done immediately.

I was being ‘put through the wringer’ again and again by “ADAM SECANT” that would prevent me from being heard properly by the ‘people’ I was pleading with, which was mostly Julia, but there were 3-5 other characters who were directing my behaviour and activities, leveraged by the deposit of some money. Ron was conspicuously absent at this time.

At the middle of May 2003, I sold 1200 NRMA shares I had acquired and received about \$400 for them. I went to the supermarket in Eastwood, and purchased foodstuffs like I was in a war or on an army mission. I bought several KG of rice, 8 bottles of shampoo, more than 45 rolls of toilet paper, many jars of coffee and jam etc. I had the shop deliver the food to my address because my car had been repossessed a fortnight earlier. The voices were insulting and abusing me the whole time I was shopping. They kept telling me what to buy, they told me to hurry up, they pretended to be other customers and say nasty things to me. This food store lasted me about 3 months, so approximately by the end August 2003, I was out of provisions (rations) again. So I had to resort to reclaiming old food from the rubbish bins out the back of Coles Supermarket and the local fruit and veggie store to get by. On one occasion, someone I knew called by and gave me a bag full of gold coins, ended up to be about \$200, and that allowed me to buy more food items. But for the last quarter of 2003 I was getting food out of bins.

Every day seemed to be hectic. I was nearly always involved in a bitter argument with my voices. They would say the most bizarre things like "The British Navy is coming to evacuate you this afternoon, so get only what you absolutely need together, ready to go. They will be in a helicopter, landing on the greens at the Epping Bowling Club, so be ready to go." Unfortunately, in my un-medicated state, this seemed quite possible and plausible to me at the time, so I began to pack my essential belongings. Another example of what took place in a day, was abusive dialogue and terrible feelings would be increasingly applied to me as I was tormented, mistreated, abused, and victimised, more and more, worse and worse, increasingly, until I just couldn't handle it any further, and I would do something definite and rash, or explosive, like throw a book across the room or something. Then Julia would calmly say something like "That was a Snap Test Scotty. We just wanted to see what it would take to make you fly off the handle."

Every day was constant non-stop argument, interspersed with demeaning and insulting comments, like "How to you torture a creature of reason Scotty? Deny all reason" or "I'm afraid we cannot figure out a way to get the money to you, without you going on TV and blowing our cover. We are working on it, but it doesn't look good at this stage" or "We the Freemasons have not decided upon your fate yet Scotty. You know we sent John Lennon to India, never to return. We are global, and you are small. So bad luck Scotty Stewart".

But by November 2003 I was spent, and in bad shape. I did not have any medication, so had not been taking it regularly as I should. In fact, at the time, I did not even realise that it had to be taken regularly. I thought it was like headache tablets and that I could take some when I needed them. I did not appreciate until February 2004 that there was a lead in time before anti-psychotic medication became effective, and that for them to be effective, you had to take the correct dose each day.

Because of the nuances and realism of my AVH's, and the fact they kept using familiar human names, I could never remain cognizant that I was talking to a Ghost. And when I did, I could not but believe that this (these) Ghost(s), were intermittently communicating with other humans, so these other humans knew the details of my plight. Despite my psychiatric and medical insight gained from spending since 2005 constantly reading secondary research, despite my compliance with medication, despite my advice (that I discount on the basis of me having provided incomplete detailed information), and despite the utter implausibility, I still entertain the possibility of my [alternative hypothesis](#) being credible and correct. Certainly at this time in my un-medicated state I was believing the wrong things, and constructing realities unreliably.

But one thing I knew for a fact was certain, as most schizophrenics know to be true, their hallucinations, referring to AVHs, are attempting to force them into suicide. And though I do not exactly recall what was said on this particular morning in mid-November 2003, I just could not stand this bullshit about the money, and Ghosts, and conspiracies, and I so absolutely hated Julia, that I decided to end my life. So I got up of my lounge, and proceeded to leave my unit.

My car that was on lease through my proprietary limited company had been re-possessed a couple of months earlier. So I set out to walk 11km to Chatswood and jump from the roof of a tall city skyscraper building to my death. It was a hot day, and by the time I got to Chatswood I was very thirsty, but I had not had any money for several months now, so I proceeded to visit a food hall in the hope of finding some drink left over on someone's table. I found some dregs in a cup and drank them. I put the cup down and headed out of the food hall to a tall building. I got to the base of one and went to the front electric doors, walked up, and they didn't open. SO I walked a few tens of meters to another skyscraper and got into proximity of the doors and they didn't open either. Then I realised it was Sunday, and all the tall buildings would be closed. So I simply walked back the 11Km to my unit, went in and went to bed.

Another interesting thing that occurred in the first half of 2003 was that I was told that the Ghosts have 2 quests that they are pursuing. The two quests are:

- 1) To find out where Ghosts come from?
- 2) An answer to the following question - What is the fastest thought that a person can have?

The Ghosts told me about these quests and asked me question 2 first. My answer was "The fastest thought a person can have is a reaction". Then they asked me "Where do I think Ghosts come from?". It would be 3 years before I arrived at an answer to this question. In 2005 / 2006 I started reading Philosophy extensively in my own quest to recoup some happiness that had been undermined and lost due to the negative impact of being schizophrenic. The impact of schizophrenia is profound, debilitating and enervating. This is why it is considered to be a disability. One of the most impactful symptoms is social isolation, that occurs because of the voices.

When you try to socialise and you are talking to someone, the voices start commentating about the person or people you are talking to, and they say things that destroy your ability interact with another person. For example, if you are talking to say, your brother, the voices will start saying things like "He just farted... He does not really think that.... He knows you are on drugs.... He

thinks you are lying.... He doesn't really like you.... His girlfriend tells him you are an asshole.... He doesn't like the shirt you are wearing.... He thinks you are lying.... He thinks you are stupid.... His penis is itchy.... He wants to leave and stop talking to you....

He had sex with Pam.... He vomited last night from too much alcohol....He had sex with your mother....He raped Susan last night... He doesn't like the way you talk..." and so on. They also start saying things to vaporise your self-confidence and self-esteem, two things that are mandatory antecedents to socialising and conversation. For instance, they might say at exactly the right moment "You need to go to the toilet don't you?...Are you thinking about his penis – it's hanging to the right...He doesn't like the way your nose is bent...Do you know what he is thinking? ...He wants you to offer to buy a drink...His wife is organising for him to borrow some of your money...Can you feel that, there is a booger hanging out of the bottom of your nose...".

To illustrate how paranoid and unpleasant attempting to talk and be with your friends often is for a schizophrenic, here is a short excerpt from one of my transcripts that demonstrates the difficulty, malevolence and humiliation that the AVH voices bring. You start to hear this sort of narrative or dialogue while you are sitting talking with your friend. It impedes your ability to listen properly, it defeats concentration, it makes you paranoid, it is distracting, and that all adds up to the potential for a less than enjoyable get together with your friend(s). Here's an example of what I may hear while my friend is talking to me...

"This is why Al Brims is fucked up...What do you think is going on with Barbera?... Lizzy said to Terry how much she hates you...Why is this other person who will not say who they are repeatedly saying that Pam's flaps are no good...What is Barbera Kendall doing to your new car...This is really terrible Scott, you have caused this... Scott, it your fault...She is dead...She died of a broken heart...I did not break her heart or murder her, you broke her heart...".

But the paramount problem and really destructive thing that can occur when you are socialising, is when the voices start commentating on your bodily functions while you are trying to talk, and the disabling thing is that they are usually accurate. If you are talking to someone the voices will say "I think you had better excuse yourself and go to the toilet now" then at that exact moment your stomach will rumble and you will realise the need to eat or drink. This paranoia steadily increases, and is also underlined by hearing things like "I am going to embarrass you completely" just as your colon causes a wind sound out loud. No matter what, it is certain that every time you attempt to socialise, the voices will start in synchronisation with embarrassing bodily feelings and sounds, in such a way and at such times so as to cause considerable humiliation, embarrassment and paranoia.

## 2004

In February 2004, I was beginning the long process of recovering from having 9 months of psychosis resulting in no income. I had been eating food out of rubbish bins, I had just lost my mortgage, lost my car that was on lease through my company, lost my company, lost all my furniture, and lost pretty much everything else I had accumulated over the past 10 years. For the past 7 years I had been working full time as a contract software developer, but 7 months of undiagnosed uninterrupted psychosis had made the possibility of resuming this employment very unlikely. Then a most surprising thing happened.

My voices said that it had been decreed that I should marry Nicole Kidman, at some point in the near future, and that I had to prepare for this event. This is what is known as an erotomaniac delusion. I knew Nicole Kidman was an actor, but that's all I knew about her. I didn't really know who she was, what sorts of movies she made, any well-known movies she had made, or anything else about her. I had never thought of her. Insignificant as it seems, this was a big deal to me. I couldn't comprehend how my

hallucinations could come up with something like this? I felt certain that this topic, these statements, the accompanying dialogue that was directing me to get back working as a sound engineer, was not of my own mind.

I was also told that because I was marrying her, I had to give up smoking. Regardless of her, I wanted to stop smoking anyway, so I did. But increasingly each day I would hear something about the movie industry in Hollywood, or something about Ms Kidman, or something about responsibility when involved with millions of dollars. My voices were telling me to return to work as a sound engineer, or in staging. They urged me to call ATN (channel) Seven, and see if I could work there again.

To be honest, I missed the similarity between the early 90's and this in 2004 – the demand that large amounts of money would be unavailable unless I stopped smoking, and the proximity to fame and lots of money. I was focused on my bewilderment at hearing the involvement of a movie star I knew nothing about.

One night in mid-February 2004 I was laying on my bed feeling depressed. It was only a short few weeks since I had lost my mortgage property, my leased sports car, all my savings, all my furniture, my proprietary software company, and my faith in the Ghosts. I was three days away from being thrown out of my unit by the Sherriff because the bank had foreclosed on my mortgage that I failed to pay for nine months.

I finally made contact with a mental health service and presented again to a psychiatrist that prescribed some medication and explained how it had a lead-in time before it gained efficacy, which could only be achieved by regularly doses (daily doses). It was the first medication for me, of what would be trials of 6 different medications over the next 3 years. This is absolutely common for schizophrenics. It takes years to find a medication that works best, and a dosage that works best. The whole process is very 'hit and miss', and the online mental health forums and rigorous studies show that up to 70% of schizophrenics report that their medication yields little benefit. This slightly misrepresents the detailed facts about the meds though. What actually accounts for that statistic is that schizophrenia is such a complex and neurologically extensive illness that the medication can at best only provide relief for a portion of the scope of the symptoms. So when patients report lack of efficacy, it is because the medication is only treating some of their positive symptoms leaving the negative ones (not all of them, or only partially), or some of their negative symptoms leaving the positive ones (not all of them, and only partially again).

My voices had been talking about two totem pole hallucinations I had seen earlier that night, just after dark, either side of the front door entrance to the house. The voices were saying that they were Egyptian. I came to wonder about this because these pillars did not resemble classic Egyptian style. The two totem pole hallucinations were very dark brown in color and seemed quite opaque. They stood about 2 meters tall and 45cm square, and they seemed to consist of a column of strange faces and heads carved deep into the structure. They were located on either side of the front door to the house. They looked powerful and foreboding, and seemed very strong and imposing. They even spoke to me as I stood amazed in the yard 4 or so meters in front of them. I could not believe it. Their voice was very strong, deep and distorted: "We are here. We are protection. No one gets past us. We are strong and powerful".





Later, I was laying on the bed in my new share accommodation thinking about these astounding totem poles, when I started to feel quite fearful and scared, and I started shaking. Then heard “There are tree Dark Shadow People here”, and I responded “Where” and the voices said “In the yard”. So I went out the front door and saw one Dark Shadow Ghost just beyond the pool fence, walking along it to the driveway, holding a hallucination of a push bike wheel and tyre. I was still shaking and felt scared, but I said (thought broadcasting) “Who said you could take that?”, and he said “I did”. “You are a fucking thief, and that’s deplorable”, and I turned around to go back through the front door, in between the totem poles that were still there.

Once I was inside I heard the low distorted voice again, and it said “There are people out the back”. So I walked through the house and out the rear door, and could then see two more Dark Shadow People standing near the fence. I was trembling noticeably now, and I seemed as though I were quite scared. But I wasn’t. Not at all. So the feelings were the result of Destructive Interference again. I just walked straight up to them not worrying what I must look like to anyone inside the house. I stopped a normal distance from them and one of them said “Fuck off Scotty Stewart. You’re scared of us”. “I’m not you know. What do you want?”. “We want you to fuck off!”. “Yeh. I will then” and I walked back inside the house.

I returned to my room and walked in through the door, but just as I was about to turn the light on, I noticed there was a Ghost wearing a translucent deep red color knee length tight fitting dress laying on the bed, surrounded by adult size translucent dark green Ghosts who were standing on the bed around her. I decided not to turn on the light, and walked up to near the edge of the bed. Like so many of the Ghosts that I had seen, they were drinking out of bottles (they tell me beer bottles) lifting their heads back as they angled the bottle up, then projectile vomiting into the air. This would look like a plume of vapour (like someone exhaling cigarette smoke) ejecting 30 to 60cm directly out from their mouths in the direction that their head was facing. This plume usually ejected upwards at an angle of about 20° to 45° for a distance of about 30 to 60cm.

I said something like “I’ve never seen a red Ghost before (even though it was only her dress that was red), and I didn’t know that it was possible for a Ghost to be red!”. “I am Lucy” she said, “And I am going” and she started floating upwards and away. As she did so, the green Ghosts that surrounded her started walking up and away with at a similar speed, but each green Ghost was heading off with a slightly different trajectory.

As they did so, two light grey Ghosts (I discovered 10 years later that these Ghosts are called Ectoplasms), a man and a small young boy, floated in from the diagonally opposite corner of the room, not moving their legs, just floating down to the top of the

bed. They came to rest standing on the bed where the other Ghosts had been. I heard the man's voice say to me "Scott, this is my nephew. He's nine years old. Have a look at his brand new watch. I bought it for him because it was his birthday yesterday". So I moved onto the bed in front of them, and sat on my knees. The young buy Ghost held out his arm, and astoundingly there was a watch round his wrist. It was a diving watch that had a dodecagon outer dial that surrounded the face of the watch. But most amazingly of all, all the numbers, the two main hands (not the second hand), and the graduations indicating the hours, were all glowing luminous bright green, exactly the same as a humans watch with fluorescent luminous green lines and numbers that glow in the dark.

I had the most overwhelming and genuine feeling of joy and love, and I said "That is the most impressive, high quality, beautiful, sophisticated and expensive looking watch I have ever seen in my life". The boy said "It's my new watch, and it keeps perfect time". I then said to the man "That is an excellent present. It looks so expensive". The man said "I love my nephew. He is a good boy. He has earnt such a good watch, and he deserves a watch as good as this". The unfortunate truth though is that I then said something trying to be friendly, and wanting to express the overwhelming love and joy I felt, but I used a profanity in the middle of my sentence. The lovely feelings immediately stopped, and I was in deep and genuine regret. "I am so very sorry. I shouldn't swear like that. I am so dreadfully sorry for saying that. Please forgive me. Please forgive me". And the man said "That's alright Scott. We accept your apology. We have to go now" and they started walking with their legs at about a 45 degree angle, up and away from the mattress, up and through the top of the wall of the bedroom. I will always remember that boy, his Uncle, and especially the watch, for the rest of my life. I have had the pleasure of meeting up with them again a few years later, but not under the best circumstances, as I will describe. I assume the feelings I have and had for those two people are the feelings of love that a parent has for their son or daughter. Very special and unforgettable.

## 2005

I continued to be told that the people who were attacking me were 'Evil' ("we are evil" and "we are a loose coalition of Evil"). I had frequently been told in the past that one of the reasons I was being attacked was because it was 'their job'. That is, when I asked "why are you doing this to me?" I was told "we are paid to". But beginning approximately 2002, they started to answer on some occasions that they were doing it because "we are Evil". In response to this I argued that I did not believe in Evil, and that in my opinion Evil could not exist. I said this because it seemed to me that anything that was truly evil would destroy all that it came into contact with, then ultimately destroy itself. However, my reasoning had absolutely no impact. I also met some Christians when I was studying, all of whom acknowledged evil and firmly believed in its reality, so I have updated my beliefs such that 'pure' Evil cannot exist (long term), but people and things can be 'Evil', so the owners of the voices I hear can under this new understanding, be Evil. I might just mention that if you are reading this cognizant of me having a terrible illness of hallucinations, there are people in this world, Christians for example, who do not doubt for a second that there are Beings, Demons, Ghosts etc. They do not immediately think 'hallucinating' when they hear my stories.

(I also had an argument with the voices about the saying "Good Versus Evil", which they kept saying to me. In my opinion, "Good Versus Evil" represents a mismatch of units, like "forks versus plates" rather than "forks versus knives". "Evil" to me is a designation of power, and "Good" is about behaviour. In my opinion "Good Versus Evil" should read "Supreme Versus Evil" leaving "Good Versus Bad", because good can only be compared to bad since they are both forms of behaviour, and Evil can only be compared to "Supreme" (as in Gods supremacy) since they are both forms of power). Anyhow, despite this, the voices I hear continue to this day to say that they are Evil, and that this situation (I call it abduction) is about good versus evil.

To the best of my recollection, 2005 was a year of when one of the most alarming and critical pieces of information was first revealed. Prior to this time, the scenario that had been largely adhered to was that my AVH's had causality that could be mapped using linear pathways that were centered around me, that is my brain. More specifically, the voices had insisted that they were humans who had augmented capabilities that enabled them to communicate selectively to other individuals, noting that I was central in the circumstances that had been prevailing. As I have indicated, I had an awareness of the fact that I am aphantasic, though science had not invented a term to describe this condition at the time. I knew this because of the difficulty I had as a sound engineer, when I was attempting to visualise the origin of sound sources ahead of time in scenes of dialogue. To record characters speaking in a movie, you have to have the directional microphone in front (and above) of the person's face (mouth) before they spoke, otherwise you would get a change in volume as the microphone came on-axis as they began to talk. I also knew from reading Shakespeare that I had trouble visualising and remembering who was who, and who was saying what, when the characters were merely a name on the line preceding the dialogue.

One day, I experienced (could see a vivid mental image) a full color animation of a blue biro tapping successive words that had been written on a white piece of paper, in sync with hearing the pronunciation of those words, I knew that I was being shown

this tapping or words, and not that I had begun to visualise irrelevant image that had no antecedent. The most important thing though was the words themselves. They formed an instruction. I cannot verify exactly what it was, but it was something like "Make his eyelid twitch for the next three minutes". The unbelievable fact though is that my eyelid twitched for the next approximately three minutes, even though the mental image of the handwritten words stopped being visible once the biro had tapped on the final word ("minutes").

This was my first realisation that the anomalous stimuli that I attributed to decision making and not the result of normal anatomical causes, involved an intermediary, and they were being directed by who I thought was the cause. For what it is worth, which in fact is nothing as I will explain, the 'sound' of the voices that accompanied the pen word tapping animation, was Julia's. However, as I have pointed out, the characteristic timbre of a person's voice is largely attributable to the mechanical properties of the larynx, the esophagus, the soft palate, the teeth, the mount and the lips. This is another important outlier that has not been attended to by the medical science studies into schizophrenia, especially phenomenology. Why and how does misattribution provide a variety of 'voices', and why is this variety limited to small numbers? What makes me suspicious regarding this as yet unexplained phenomenal characteristic is that AVH's consistently rely on most people's ignorance of this fact to achieve catastrophic outcomes. Here is some evidence of this (as usual, from one of my first person transcripts):

020817 2037 (means 2<sup>nd</sup> August 2017 at 8.37pm)

Here is what they are saying at the moment:

?FM (anonymous female): is anyone getting hurt

Scott: : no, not as far as I know

FM?: why is this happening?

Scott: : because for once, and probably the first time, I would not do as you demand

Peter Williams: you think we don't exist don't you?

Scott: yes, I think you don't exist

030827 0549 (means 3rd August 2017 at 5.49pm)

I have been lying in bed trying to get to sleep but Brigit and Julia won't stop talking to me. Apparently Ron has gone to bed

Julia: Scott, are you going to have that last shot?

Scott: none of your business. I do not approve of you looking at me in the privacy of my own home. Stop looking at me

Julia: where do you think the detectives are?

Scott: how should I know. Do you think I can see hundreds or thousands of kilometers?

Julia: when you have that last shot ol boy, then you will see fireworks

M? (anonymous male: who do you think I am?)

Scott: I don't know

M?: do you care

Scott: yes I care. I care a lot. Who are you?

M?: I'm not telling you

Scott: I didn't know that you were prepared to drop the charges if I hadn't

FM?: yes we are corrupt

3rd August 2017 1304

Because I published (Facebook, emails etc) that they were coming to extradite me today, I believe they have changed their plans, in order to avoid evidence that I was overhearing them, and thus avoiding suspicion of causing schizophrenia.

PC (WA Police Constable anonymous): I am going to give you stick until you commit suicide

Scott: please don't

PC: I am going to....hang on Julia, hang on, now let me see now. Why don't you get a cleaning job Scotty?

Scott: I had one years ago. I'm not really fast enough at it I was told

PC: that's a good answer

Scott: are you an Australian? What state are you from or in?

**PC: I'm not telling you that**

**FM?: what happened to Alan Brims?**

**Scott: you told me you made him commit suicide as a result of smoking pot. Same with Brad Daw**

**And here are they noteworthy points (consistency outliers) that consolidate my suspicion regarding aetiology:**

**Line 3 - FM?: Why is this happening? – This is obviously facetious contempt, since this anonymous female is asking me to explain her motives. But hallucinations cannot have motives, because that proves agency. What in fact is being done with this question is an attempt to verify my own mind, in order to ensure that I cannot incriminate them**

**Line 9 – The word shot means the act of injecting narcotics (IVDU). The ‘interrogation’ is now a normal enquiry as to my intentions**

**Line 11 – “Julia: where do you think the detectives are?” Another check like Line 3, making sure I do not know, or checking what I believe I know, because my thoughts are still my own, private, hidden, and potentially correct (in truth, I can guarantee things about “where the detectives are, because it is impossible that they could be in any jurisdiction that I have not either visited or lived in! I have visited only 5 jurisdictions, and lived in 2, and from previous transcripts, I know who is investigating me – according to them (i.e. according to my misattributions, morphology, dopamine, or vacuoles that is). Also, note that it is a female ‘sounding’ voice, asking about another character, which means this AVH remembers and knows that there are other characters involved, and so this hallucination knows that I am communicating with other hallucinations, who must therefore be autonomous (to be able to be identified as different individuals) in the mind of this second hallucination.**

**Line 14 – “Who do you think I am?” – this again mandates autonomy otherwise you are the same hallucinations that just spoke to me (using a voice of a different gender?!#)**

**Line 17 & 18 – “Scott: yes I care. I care a lot. Who are you?” M?: “I'm not telling you” – well why the fuck did you ask me then? That is, why did this hallucination manage to know what it had just asked me, and then avoided losing anonymity? Unfortunately, I must admit that as a person who breaks the law by being in possession of narcotics, and knows dealers, and other criminals, there is usually one obvious reason why individuals guard their anonymity, and why identification would be a topic at all, and that is incrimination. This subject itself is premised in language that necessarily incorporates emotions, planning, concern and theory of mind, exhibited by two individuals (and so autonomy), one of whom has their identity so firmly established in the dialogue that they are addressed by name. If one argues that this is the result of a fracturing of mind through demarcation, then the fMRI evidence “...previous studies that have shown a critical role of excessive activity of subregions of the temporal lobe in the generation of voice hallucinations in schizophrenia” (Crisp 2017) is effectively invalidated, because it means that both voices are the result of the same “excessive” activity, however only half the activity is an hallucination (deductive reasoning, a logical imperative) while the other half is unarguably valid cognitive response.**

**The proof theorem of this is “(a) drop of more than 30 per cent on the scale used to measure auditory hallucinations. Only 9.1 per cent of patients in the placebo group reported the same decrease” (inductive–syllogistic indicative). Since my (Scott’s) responses are not hallucinations and are unarguably obviously cognitively coherent, it cannot be possible to attenuate the measure of both voices using identical simultaneous TMS treatment. Serendipitously, this also invalidates misattribution as an explanation.**

**Line 22 – “PC: I am going to....hang on Julia, hang on, now let me see now. Why don't you get a cleaning job Scotty?” – This is conspicuous because this hallucination unambiguously indicates that “Julia” was interrupting him and being annoying about it, what I denote as a lack of manners and being quite rude. One hallucination should have the politeness and manners (and humility) to let another hallucination finish what they were ‘saying’ without interruption! More seriously though, it is another consistency outlier that 2 hallucinations start interrupting each other, apparently nearly causing a loss of train of ‘thought’. It is also noteworthy to me, that I could hear one hallucination only, because I could not hear Julia rudely interjecting, as the one I could hear demonstrated when ‘he’ said “hang on Julia, hang on, now let me see now”. Since they are both supposed to have the same aetiology, be the result of the same misattribution, or be from the same “excessive activity” etc, they should both be equally ‘audible’ to me. Otherwise, there is a mechanism in AVH’s that has yet to be acknowledged and identified in the scientific research, namely, a mechanism that prioritises perception of one hallucination over and to the exclusion of another. An expert (only schizophrenics experience AVH’s, so we are the experts, not the psychiatrists) and broadminded suspicious person such as myself contemplates the opportunities for teamwork and collusion when the prima facie evidence contains multiple characters, with different names, unique, consistent and**

identifiable personalities, who can interrupt each other, but not continuous multiple simultaneous 'talking'. If the hallucinations were "excessive activity" you might expect voices to be simultaneous like watching 3 TV's at the same time, and if they were misattribution, they would not interrupt each other and nearly lose their train of thought.

Line 25 & 26 – Scott: "Are you an Australian? What state are you from or in? PC: I'm not telling you that' – same as above, but in reverse. A reasonable question, not at all irrational, results in the same emotional, uncooperative denial to participate in the dialogue. Both persons statements are coherent and not irrational, but the fMRI / TMS data necessarily demands that half of them are hallucinations resulting from excessive regional activity. Both the hallucinations and the statements of a legitimate respondent are rational, but they are both originating from identical "subregions of the temporal lobe", therefore they cannot be delineated as having different faculty characteristics, and furthermore, they must be acknowledged as being equally coherent, and so equal in quality, validity and reliability".

I am hoping that you the reader can appreciate as I argue my case as I am doing herein, that it is pretty much impossible for me to consider one by one, every credible evidence supported explanation for AVH's. In fact, the large number of explanations, their incongruence, and their mutually exclusivity, clearly demonstrates that our understanding of AVH's is rudimentary, incomplete, vague and very uncertain. Since we know so little of the causes, I do not accept that it is reasonable or balanced to exclude my own explanations because they are more fanciful. To do so would be an admission of historical naivety, inadequate attention in the application of the scientific method, lack of rigour, and parochialism.

For example, here is some information that demonstrates that due to unavoidable human constraints, we lack the capacity and capability to rigorously and robustly deflate our propensity for placing excessive reliance on our evaluation and acceptance of research conclusions, particularly with regards to the limitations of the apparatus tools that we employ. The following extract refers to epistemological matters in the field of neuroscience. "Some evidence is produced by processes so convoluted that it's hard to decide what, if anything has been observed. Consider functional magnetic resonance images (fMRI) of the brain decorated with colors to indicate magnitudes of electrical activity in different regions during the performance of a cognitive task. To produce these images, brief magnetic pulses are applied to the subject's brain. The magnetic force coordinates the precessions of protons in hemoglobin and other bodily stuffs to make them emit radio signals strong enough for the equipment to respond to. When the magnetic force is relaxed, the signals from protons in highly oxygenated hemoglobin deteriorate at a detectably different rate than signals from blood that carries less oxygen. Elaborate algorithms are applied to radio signal records to estimate blood oxygen levels at the places from which the signals are calculated to have originated. There is good reason to believe that blood flowing just downstream from spiking neurons carries appreciably more oxygen than blood in the vicinity of resting neurons. Assumptions about the relevant spatial and temporal relations are used to estimate levels of electrical activity in small regions of the brain corresponding to pixels in the finished image. The results of all of these computations are used to assign the appropriate colors to pixels in a computer generated image of the brain. The role of the senses in fMRI data production is limited to such things as monitoring the equipment and keeping an eye on the subject. Their epistemic role is limited to discriminating the colors in the finished image, reading tables of numbers the computer used to assign them, and so on.

If fMRI images record observations, it's hard to say what was observed—neuronal activity, blood oxygen levels, proton precessions, radio signals, or something else. (If anything is observed, the radio signals that interact directly with the equipment would seem to be better candidates than blood oxygen levels or neuronal activity.) Furthermore, it's hard to reconcile the idea that fMRI images record observations with the traditional empiricist notion that much as they may be needed to draw conclusions from observational evidence, calculations involving theoretical assumptions and background beliefs must not be allowed (on pain of loss of objectivity) to intrude into the process of data production. The production of fMRI images requires extensive statistical manipulation based on theories about the radio signals, and a variety of factors having to do with their detection along with beliefs about relations between blood oxygen levels and neuronal activity, sources of systematic error, and so on" Bogen (2017).

Rejection of my colourful accounts probably state that despite much investigation, science has failed to uncover any evidence at all that Beings (Ghosts, Demons, Poltergeists and do on) exist, that is, science has proven that they do not exist. To me, this is just a time like before Charles Darwin, before Schrodinger, like Ptolemy, ether, steady state theory, dark matter, dark energy, and so on. However, I acknowledge this as a lazy and cheap philosophical 'sleight of hand'.

Here are two more realistic, contemporary and reasonable examples: 1) perhaps Beings are composed of Neutrinos and utilise dark energy for kinetic effect. 2) A null hypothesis I published and set out to refute in 2005 got established in 2008: “Can we distinguish phenomenologically between AVHs in those with a diagnosis of DID and those classified as having a psychotic disorder? Steinberg & Siegal (2008) argue that we can, with ‘the voices associated with a person with schizophrenia typically including bizarre and delusional content’ and in contrast, the voices of DID patients having ‘appropriate content without delusions or bizarreness’ (p. 179)”. McCarthy-Jones S (2012). There are two gold standard avenues that I will attend to ibidem that should be satisfactory and persuasive. Some testable predictions, and/or an achievable instrument design to overcome the data void.

## First research outline regarding impact of pharmacology on phenomenology

2006

To this day the evil ghosts get the better of me by leveraging the lives of good ghosts against my behaviour. The usual sort of thing I hear is that if I don't do such and such, then good ghosts will be ‘killed’<sup>1</sup>, or if I do something in particular, then some other innocent ghosts person will be attacked and / or murdered. In fact, this part of this article was written at 1912 hours on Sunday, 23 November 2008, when I have had to write for an additional hour (after having done 1.5 hours of writing this afternoon), and if I did not, (good) people would be injured (and I believe this to mean psychologically tormented, insulted and verbally abused).

I was told that the same organisation and the same people and that had abducted me and made me schizophrenic were now holding innocent beings hostage. I was told that I was now in charge of their their safety. Even though this seemed preposterous, I was worried about it being possibly true; after all, the same people had abducted me and made me schizophrenic and forced me to attempt suicide 10 or so years earlier. I now found myself in a situation where I was having to do whatever the voices demanded of me in order to try and keep their hostages safe. This lasted approximately 14 months before I was able to identify sufficient inconsistencies and contradictions in what I was being told, in order for me to feel comfortable that they were not in fact holding innocent beings (people) hostage, so I no longer had worry about the safety of innocent people and I no longer had to comply with their demands.

The ghosts that had abducted and were torturing me started calling themselves evil, in fact quote they are/were “a loose coalition of evil” in their own words. Since this time, nearly everything that has happened has been based around the threat that if I did / do not do as I am ordered to do, then the good ghosts will be hurt (and I assume tortured and mistreated in the same way that I am). Because of the pain I have been through, this threat never fails to get me to do as I am told. I call it “leveraging”, and I can never win, because my thinking is that even if there is only a one in ten trillion chance that I am not hallucinating, and that ghosts exist as I am told and as I experience, then I can never let the good and innocent ghosts down. I will always do anything and everything to try to help them, and to keep them safe. It will now be apparent to you the reader that I am in a “jam” (a difficult if not nearly impossible situation).

I believe that writing this article will result in more changes to the scenario I am involved with. For example, I was told the other day that a particular ghost was going to be “killed” by some other ghosts. Since I knew who was making the threat (they are characters I have known for some time), I responded to what I was told by stating that I would do something to prevent his murder. This article therefore serves the dual purpose of informing my human friends about my experiences, and putting the spotlight on the ghosts that made the threat.

What follows is another example of what are agreed to be the most lethal and dangerous hallucinations that schizophrenics encounter. Unfortunately they are probably also the most common hallucinations that subjects inevitably have to deal with, though this statistic is prone to classification bias due to the de-emphasised importance that phenomena have primarily as a result of Freudian analysis, something that was always misguided, evidence bare, provably unreliable and distracting erroneous approaches to understanding psychosis that ever gained traction. To succinctly verify how useless and distracting this famous

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<sup>1</sup>‘Killed’ : Not necessarily ‘death’ but includes “‘killing’ peoples happiness”, or killing their spirit



individuals work was and is, I would simply point out that When Price Phillip's aunt was diagnosed with schizophrenia, and admitted as an inpatient to a very expensive institution where it was hoped that she could receive the best treatment available from the prestigious Sigmund Freud who was the registrar and clinical director, the treatment he provided for her condition was to instruct a surgical colleague to remove her ovaries.

In approximately March 2006, I returned to my rented unit one day after visiting the shops having purchased a packet of Port Royal tobacco, papers and filters, which were quite expensive. This was now 15 years after I was told that I could not have any of the money (royalties), contracts or other dividends from the sale of the music I had recorded, unless I succeeded in giving up smoking. I have attempted to explain earlier in this book ([infra 1992](#)) something that I know is very difficult to appreciate unless you have been through it, at least for me. The more tormented, hated, deprived and criticised I was, the more difficulty I had with not smoking. In fact, as my psychological pain levels and stress increased, the more I wanted to smoke. And since I had from the very beginning proven as a substantiated fact that Julia et al were intentionally untrustworthy outright liars, I could not find any strength in a futile attempt at optimism that might have made me find the will to stop smoking, rather than solace I derived from knowing that the cigarettes would lead me to an earlier death, which seemed preferable to the treatment I was receiving from these despicable narcissists.

Then I had a command hallucination that as far as I am concerned was certain proof that these voices were not the product of my own brain. I was told that unless I immediately threw the new pack of tobacco and filters etc into one of the rubbish bins at the back of the units, Keith Urban would be telepathically assaulted and forced to commit suicide. It is difficult to explain the extent of the impact this had on me, but it is even more difficult to account for how this individual could figure in a command hallucination of mine. I obviously had never met him, did not know him, had never heard any of his music, never thought about him, and could not figure how there was any conceivable way that this man's name could possibly feature in an hallucination that was apparently supposed to have an origin in my brain. I knew who he was because a friend of mine mentioned in passing once that a guy named Keith Urban was an awesome Australian talent who was bound to be very successful, especially because he had just signed a record deal with a major label. To attempt to convey the unfamiliar improbability of this man in my hallucination, is like suggesting to you the reader that if you go outside right now, you can see Chum Taylor as he rides past the front of your house! You'd be thinking, "Who the fuck is Chum Taylor?". He is the most successful Australian solo speedway rider that ever won a world championship, until Jason Crump.

Notwithstanding this, as a person who continues to this day to be dedicated to priority of empathy and outer directed social consciousness (a caring community member), accentuated by the personal imperative of not wishing one thirtieth of the pain of torture I knew these voices were capable of perpetrating upon innocent people, I was immediately viscerally overwhelmed and terrified that I could in any way be responsible for the endangerment of any other individual. I find it difficult without lengthy overstatement to convey the lengths I would go to in order to spare even my worst enemy from something that I knew was unbearable and lethal, so this demand could not yield a more certain, fearful dread in response. I believed without hesitation in the imminent material danger faced by this other person.

Writing this 10 years later as I am, I can even explain I hope clearly and understandably how I believe this to be true, even though my voices are liars. I have discovered that this threat did not literally mean that Keith Urban was going to be psychiatrically attacked and turned into a suicidal psychotic schizophrenic. In the "veiled allegory" that I have come to now understand sufficiently to decode, and validated by information I heard him disclose himself, he was in danger of getting into a battle with drugs and alcohol, same as me. I believe that if I had failed to obsequiously comply with this command hallucination, the danger he faced could have been aggravated by individuals of my voices, in order for them to be able to maintain their credibility within their own ranks. This is difficult to explain, but the substantiated facts revealed by my transcripts and the testimonials in the online mental health forums substantiate specific collateral and direct damage that occurs commonly when these notorious command hallucinations are heard. That is why despite the disinterest of psychiatrists in the content of hallucinations, they explicitly warn people "never obey command hallucinations". I can actually empirically prove that these particular hallucinations are conspicuously hazardous, which is why they are the only hallucinations that mental health professionals warn you about. But I am not the sort of person who would ever fail or hesitate to do everything and anything possible, to ensure and maintain the health, safety and wellbeing of another individual.

I am immutably resolute in my certainty, that I am categorically not a person who would ever think of doing anything like this to anyone at all, under any circumstances. This sort of idea, malicious, ruthless, Machiavellian, hostile and disaffected disregard for other people is not the product of my mind. And I will go one step further by stating that thinking of a leveraged threat like that is so discernible empirically, that it only takes 20 minutes in a reliable, well understood test, to indicate that it is the result of

sociopathy, so you can with statistical certainty eliminate or exclude any particular individual as being capable of articulating the propensity to think of behaviour like that.

I coined a phrase in 2015 to characterise these 'people': "Relentless Sadistic Opportunists".

2007

I could call the period of my illness a 'saga' which at November 2007 is nearly 16 and a half years. This is to be distinguished from 'episode' which is a psychiatric term that describes a period of acute psychotic illness where the sufferer becomes subject to delusional thinking, often believing bizarre or amazing things that are not supported by reality. In the time since 1991 when I first became psychotic, I have had several 'episodes'. In my case, I have had such persistent and non-stop hallucinations that I now term my psychosis a 'saga' rather than a 'psychotic episode'.

The choice of this term is also intended to represent my belief that what I am subject to is not classical 'illness' or poor health, but in fact an un-believable occurrence of victimisation by 'ghosts' (beings / other life forms). This is the most important point that I intend to make in this article. It is the most important fact of my life, and the most amazing claim I have ever considered. The remainder of this article is a description of the information that leads me to believe that I am involved in a 'saga' with different less acknowledged forms of life.

The implications of this are surprising, because they only impact me and my life. I do not wish or expect my health care providers to respond differently to my belief, since they have always known that I was subject to this sort of delusional thinking brought about by my symptoms. But for me, this belief leads to unexpected outcomes. For example, I have to be careful writing this because there is some fuss about writing something rather than just 'saying' something. When I have been making notes in the past, I get reports that people are distraught and committing suicide because of the note I wrote. It seems that they (the good ghosts) did not realise that the note was a quote from the evil ghosts, which I wrote down as evidence against them. They thought I was writing a statement of fact, rather than collecting evidence against evil.

For example I was told in late 2007 that J and her team had murdered God (the Christian God). They claimed that "God is dead". I thought this was ridiculous, absurd, untruthful and impossible. So I decided to make a note, quoting their claim, and recording the time and date of their claim. But shortly after I made this note I was told that many good ghosts in different locations were committing suicide and were absolutely distraught because they thought that the note I made was the truth.

I was told that some bikies were coming to take me and torture me in their specialised torture truck that had a special chair in with the walls of the interior of the truck being lined with plastic the blood could be without incriminating

On November 23 2007, the day I completed my Diploma in Web Development, I made a poor decision and as a celebration of completing my course, I purchased drugs. There is no doubt that drugs should not be taken at all if you are schizophrenic because they exacerbate psychotic symptoms, not in a direct linear way, but there likely is a noticeable toll to pay in the days that follow. I should and do know better, but I failed to maintain my abstinence. I hadn't used for more than a year and during this time, the voices were quieter, they took a 'back seat', and they didn't have much to say. They said less things that were stressful, and that led to anxiety and anguish. But many hours after the drugs had worn off, the voices started telling me that they were assaulting good and innocent people, and they would continue to hurt more people unless I stopped watching TV. So I did stop watching, and turned the TV off. I had been scared into worry and hypervigilance by the terrible thought of decent kind people being tortured based on leveraging my behaviour, thereby implicating me as a cause of their mistreatment. Whenever I hear about people being tortured or terrorised by the owners of my voices, I take it very seriously, because I know first-hand how much the voices distress and harm me, and I would never fail to do everything in my power to help others avoid similar treatment.

In order to help these innocent potential victims, I needed more information. I could not refrain from asking questions that would prove whether I was being tricked by a lie, or whether this was a genuine tragedy unfolding. Even though I knew I was not likely to get any worthwhile or intelligent answers. I was unrelenting in my attempts to make sure that no one was getting hurt. As I attempted to verify the situation, I also began a 1<sup>st</sup> person transcript to record the details of any information that I might get.

20<sup>th</sup> October 2007 at 1904 hours:

I was told that because of my behaviour tonight, Evil had "taken over the universe" and was proceeding to enslave and slaughter large numbers of people. Furthermore, anyone who had any association with or sympathy for me was being singled out and systematically killed.

Peter: do you know why we are hurting you?

Scott: no

Peter: because, just because

Lizi: what do you think is going on?

(What a contemptuous question. How could I possibly know what is going on - I can't see anything!)  
(They often ask me to tell them why they do different things as well.)

Peter: Scott, you are killing all the Christians by watching TV. Don't write this down

Scott: why not?

Lizi: because, just because

Peter: are drugs involved with evil?

Scott: I do not know?

Peter: yea they are involved with evil

Peter: the whole universe is beng destroyed by evil

Scott: well how much of the universe is taking drugs?

Peter: all of the universe is taking drugs

Peter: will you be the last one standing?

Scott: are you saying that everyone in the universe is taking drugs?

Peter: I want you dead

Lizi: are you encouraging people to take drugs

Scott: no, and I can't believe that people would take drugs because I take them

Lizi: should people use drugs?

Scott: no, and I can't believe that people would take drugs because I take them

Lizi: do you think drugs have killed people?

Scott: no I think evil has been killing people

Lizi: can't you tell that your drugs have been killing people?

Scott: no, how could i tell that

Lizi: Evil suffocates them

Peter: you get what you want

Scott: what do I want

Peter: death

Scott: when did I say I wanted that?

Peter: You're going to cry today Scott. Everyone is dead.

11.32am Lata has been decapitated, and hung out in the open

11.33am Christian god has been slaughtered and his stomach cut open. Jesus is dead also.

11.34am They have just cut off Michelle's head and are cutting open her abdomen

11.35am they just killed the journalist

11.35am they just killed the nice green lady who was a queen

11.36am they are showing me how they are killing and mutilating everyone I know (and some I don't), at a rate that allows me to type this note. There are too many disembowelments for me to continue to list them in this note.

Peter: do you know why we do it?

Scott: no

Peter: because, just because

They are insisting that I go to the shops and spend money. I assume they are going to make me pretend to be spastic in public. I also assume that that is not their only intention, but it seems certain to me that there is something shithouse planned to occur if I go to the shop, because they have told me to go shopping about 10x in the last half an hour.

11.41am Peter: do you want people to live? Stay strong Scott.

Scott: why?

Peter: because this is the worst slaughter ever. I raped Michelle, do you care?

Scott: what is your name?

Peter: Peter

Scott: Peter who?

Peter: Peter Arnott. Scott, there is nothing much you can do about this.

11.46am Bill gates (my Being friend, not my previous employer) just killed himself

Peter: the reason this is happening is because you keep thinking about it. Does it really fucking matter if good people get hurt Scott Stewart?

At the point in time labelled 11.36am above, I began to receive mental animations consisting of 'outline drawings' that were dark green in color, showing me illustrations of scenes reflecting what was being narrated. They were very distressing to me, because I abhor violence, and my experiences with hallucinations and delusions have left me hypervigilant, so when I see distressing scenes of (good) people being hurt and assaulted, I respond immediately and dramatically, and I undergo considerably high levels of stress.

You would think that all I need to do is remind myself that these are in fact just hallucinations, but the following things make me suspicious to the point that I again conclude that the visualisations are not the making of my own brain, that they have an external origin, and they are being telepathically broadcast to me and perceived as mental images. Here are some reasons for believing this. Firstly, one can tell intuitively when it is one's own efforts that are conceiving mental functions in the same way that you can tell when you are actively visualising a tennis shot or a golf swing. There is no misapprehension that your thoughts are causing the visualisation. Secondly, I am suspicious in the way the visualisations only began three quarters of the way through the narrative. If it were my brain constructing the imagery, you would expect it to do so as the descriptions begin, not at a point much later in the dialogue. Thirdly I have aphantasia. Fourthly, I have absolutely no desire or skill to produce imagery that is brutal and will only distress me. Finally, if I were contriving these images, I would never make them all dark green outlines, they would be in color.

## 2008

I had been writing notes / journal entries to summarise the episode that had been taking place consistently (drugs or not) since November 2007. These notes started off as narratives and were made out of frustration at my voices changing their claims frequently, and contradicting many of the essential details of statements they had made that imparted considerable negative valence. These statements that they made were often bizarre but they were critical points in the stories that were causing considerable distress and misery. For example, in late November 2003 The voices said that they were "killing God" and "murdering all the good people" and simultaneously I realised a visual of small indistinct forms that resembled symbols of individual people, like drawn images from an infographic, inside an area that had a wire fenced perimeter.

In response to this visualisation, I would ask "how do you know they are good people" and she would reply "'cause I said so". Then she declared that I was in charge of their security, and that she had "turned God evil". To this I would reply "But you said two days ago that you had killed God", and she replied "I did not say that". So out of frustration I would make notes about what I had heard. Unfortunately, as had already happened a few times, sometime around the end of 2008, or the beginning of 2009 she would threaten the safety and prosperity of other people, including Jesus Christ as I recall, saying she would carry out this threat unless I destroyed and deleted all the notes I had made. I always acquiesced to these sort of threats, in fact I always capitulated to all her (and others) demands, because I was genuinely scared. But according to the psychiatrist, there was no need to be scared, because these voices were just hallucinations, no-one else could hear them, and they posed no actual material danger. Furthermore, the voices would criticise me sharply and regularly asking "Why do you do everything we say?" and my response has always been "Because I do not want to be one of the 62,000 or more people that you force into suicide each and every year."

On a note 9/8/08 I had saved:

- 1) How can you take the 'right' side in a war?
- 2) Where do Ghosts come from?
- 3) Do they breed?
- 4) What is their population?

When God (the Christian God) returned, everyone was happy because they thought that he was dead as a consequence of me having taken drugs. "We thought we'd have to follow Scott Stewart. I'm glad we don't. He's a fuckwit."

The Freemasons had been figuring prominently since 2001, mainly because the Ghosts had insisted that they were Freemasons since that time.

One of the traps of hallucinations that reinforce delusions is their constancy. That is why first person transcripts,

[diary entries] work so well. They allow you to go back years to validate the consistency of what you hear (in AVH's) and check for changes, whereas a normal diary or journal only facilitates historical checking of your feelings and responses to what you hear. My AVH's had been completely consistent about the fact that they were Freemasons. I am at a loss to explain why AVH's would claim to be Freemasons, and I don't believe or recognise within myself that misattribution or anomalous brain activity would lead to my voices claiming such a thing. So I got online and started reading the Freemason websites. My opinion of them is very low based on what I read. I provide extracts of material from some of their sites et seq in the 2014 chapter.

My AVH's were so consistent and constant about this association that I could not defeat their claims. A real problem became nascent in and around this claim. As a result of the consistency and unwavering claim that they were Freemasons, I began to believe that human Freemasons were involved in my AVH's. This entailed a belief that other humans were talking to the same Ghosts as me, but due to a historical association stemming from different circumstances of coming into contact, the human Freemasons were collaborating with these Ghosts, as opposed to them being a symptom of mental illness as they were with me. This led to ongoing aggravation of my delusions. It seemed (seems) so plausible to me that if the Ghosts were noumenal entities and actually existed as independent, volitional, autonomous, sentient Beings, then it would be easy and to me very plausible that they had introduced themselves to humans long ago, but the humans had corrupted them, and had convinced them to keep this collaboration secret. This possibility was aggravated by what I read online about the Freemasons.

For instance, the Freemasons claim they are not a secretive organisation, when they clearly are. None of their websites can agree on a date when Freemasonry began. I began to believe that the "secret handshake" (the notorious secret handshake) was a mental image of the kind that were being put into my brain on previous occasions. They say online that the only requirement to being a Freemason is a belief in "a Supreme Being" that I thought was a Ghost (or the Ghost, if it happened that there was only one of them). They then went on to claim that a Freemason could be any religion at all, but I couldn't believe this, because the prerequisite belief in "a supreme Being" would be an insult to any religious person, because it would put "The Supreme Being" higher than God, or Allah, or Buddah etc. Furthermore, the WWW is awash with defamatory statements about Freemasons and Freemasonry, especially that they are "satanic devil worshippers" who are occult in nature. I was certain that if the founding fathers of America et al were Freemasons, they would litigate any defamatory remarks published against them. Also, there are countless sites that link Freemasons with "The New Illuminati" (eg:<http://nexusilluminati.blogspot.com.au>) that include bizarre information about telepathy, government conspiracies and UFO's. Unfortunately for me, this whole field is somewhat of a conspiracy hub, and I had no opportunity for reality checking other than the WWW, that only served to reinforce my delusions. If you search on Google for "Freemasons and telepathy" you get approximately 102,000 results. Any attempts to assuage my concerns rooted in my AVH's only served to heighten them! I could not defeat the idea that my voices were heard by other people, whose circumstances were such that the voices were not symptoms of poor mental health, but were instead an opportunity to gain insight, wealth, power, opportunities and elitism.

My corollary was as follows: at the time (approximately, because there is no agreement) when Freemasonry began, the (English speaking) world was controlled by the Church. Opportunities and behaviour was presided over by people whose authority was not legitimate, and was to a greater or lesser extent corrupt, as exposed by Martin Luther. At around this time, science was nascent, and the first scientists had to meet and organise themselves secretly because their thinking, knowledge and conclusions were heretical. These groups of scientists were an underground organisation using the banner of "The Illuminati". Life was largely governed by the edicts of basically ignorant and unjustified leaders of the church. The Freemasons were important as trade unions are, because they were focused on maintaining reasonable and decent conditions for working people.

At a time when belief in Ghosts and Spirits was commonplace, one or more Ghost(s) decided to take a risk and establish communication with humans. Because of the natural awareness of lunacy, the Ghost(s) decided to contact members of the Freemasons, who were a very important, reasonable and commendable organisation at the time. Because of the autarchy of the church, if collaboration with Ghosts was to be beneficial, then the collaboration should be kept secret, and exclude the ecclesiastical overlords. So the Freemasons began communicating with the Ghost(s), and doing so became and remained the sine qua non of Freemasonry. The Ghost(s) have kept their secret and their side of the bargain to this day, and the fact that there is dissent, and persistent and ongoing accusations against the Freemasons by other humans becomes irrelevant.

But there was and is a 'gotcha', that the Freemasons were either warned about or discovered. I am undecided whether there is one global Ghost, that has the ability to communicate simultaneously with multiple people, or if there are many Ghosts. But it eventuated that not all Ghosts are benevolent and well behaved. There are diabolical elements within the ranks of Ghosts, just as there are diabolical humans. The Freemasons learnt that the best and easiest way to deal with this was/is to direct those malevolent Ghosts onto other (innocent) people. It became institutional that benevolent Ghosts could be addressed from within



**Freemason 'lodges' (aka temples, chapters), and the malevolent Ghosts were left out, otherwise dealing with non-Freemason humans.**

Even though this is far-fetched, it is not possible to defeat this argument, and what the Freemasons publish online does nothing other than to encourage and amplify such thinking. So I decided to contact the Freemasons and ask for their help. I sent them more than 15 emails, to local and overseas chapters, asking them for the opportunity to meet with one or more of them, perhaps for a tour through one of their lodges, or just to talk in person, in an attempt to assuage my delusions. I have never received a reply. The only response I have ever received was an implied one. One of their American websites featured a photo of President Obama putting on Freemason regalia, and the photograph was accompanied by the headline "Will There Ever Be Another Freemason President". I wrote in the comments section of the website explaining my opinion, to the effect that this was misleading and deceptive conduct. Three days later the photo was changed.



Here is an extract from a [website](#), alluding to the same sort of thing: "Newsweek ran a story back in 2008 about Obama during the election cycle when Obama was running for president. And what sparked the storm of controversy was a photo showing a pair of hands with a similar skin tone to Obama, holding up the seal of the president of the United States. And indeed, that is a Masonic ring on that finger.

As far as we know, those hands don't belong to Obama. It's common for the media to set up certain things for a photo to connect to an article of some sort. Barack holding up a seal of the president of the United States makes for a great shot. An even better shot would have been him in it. But no, we don't see his face. It's generally likely these hands were staged, probably another reporter or a friend holding up the seal, and the photo of the person's hand were taken. To further prove it, where is Obama's wedding ring? I don't know about you, but Michelle Obama would have the "other" ring missing.

What is curious, and we do have to give some credit to the conspiratorial here, is this person was wearing a Masonic ring. Here the conspiratorials actually have a point about something peculiar. Why would these journalists have the stand in wear the ring? Why would they have this shown prominently? What value or loss of value would this have for Obama or Newsweek?

From a conspiratorial perspective, Obama wearing a Masonic ring is a nice way to let other powerful Masons know that Obama is one of them. As such, they will use their financial and media power to influence Obama winning the election. And in some ways, that really isn't an out of this world idea. Politicians are trying to tell people they are "one of them" all the time. The code words they use, the phrasing, etc all point to subtly saying small things that mean big things to certain people to get votes and support. But again, these weren't the hands of Obama. This was some stand in. So what would Newsweek's angle be? Maybe Newsweek knows something we don't, and having a stand in do this gives Obama some plausible deniability."

The strange thing is, that whenever you investigate this sort of thing on the WWW, there are countless articles of dissent. There is for example a [website](#) that lists (apparently) previous presidents of the USA that were Freemasons. But their membership is unpublished and secret, and they do not keep membership details, so they can never prove any of their claims. And just to demonstrate how bizarre the whole Freemason thing is, there is a Freemason [website](#) that has a page titled "Famous Non-Freemasons" and it states "There are many who are sometimes thought to be Masons. The public may assume a person to be a Mason because of his good deeds and good behavior and this simple fact alone should say something to Masonry's antagonists! If a man achieves greatness, he's sometimes presumed to be a Mason; he is never presumed to be against Masonry!) More often



than not, however, such connections are made by those who want to smear the reputation of an individual and feel that saying "He's a Mason." will do exactly that. Masons, their families, and their friends would not agree but a significant percentage of those listed on this page appear because of the smear attempts by Freemasonry's detractors. Bizarre, really...." The page then lists people including Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, Neil Armstrong, Sir Francis Bacon, Walt Disney and more. What I find self-contradictory and circular in its reasoning is "More often than not, however, such connections are made by those who want to smear the reputation of an individual and feel that saying "He's a Mason." will do exactly that." This is an acknowledgement of the extensive dissent against Freemasons, but they never address it. In my well moments, this is curious, if not entirely inconsequential. In my delusional times, this is petrol on a fire. To exacerbate the whole thing, my conspiracy says, as the above extract shows, the Freemasons engage in dissent of themselves, in order to more prevalent on the WWW I assume?! It took until November 2016 for me to arrive at a reasonable conclusion to all of this.

The following account is the story of a 1 in 30 million improbability, and of a sexual nature. If you don't want to read it, skip to the end of this chapter. I have included it because it is the truth, and the foundation of this entire work is to state the truth, no matter how difficult or embarrassing.

For several months I had been getting erections at odd times, and each time a voices said something like "unless you do (such a thing), I will not let that erection go down." And that is exactly what they did. These unsolicited spontaneous erections were sometime lasting for between 1 hour and 3 hours, and some up to 5 hours. This happened initially about once per month, then they happened increasingly until it was happening about once per week. Because the Ghosts said they were causing them, I never visited a doctor. These unsolicited erections continued off and on for about 4 months. Then I contracted a very bad dose of the flu that left me so sick I was completely unable to get out of bed. I simultaneously had a priapism (the medical term for an erection that will not go down). I was too sick to leave bed or even get up out of bed, for three days, and I had an erection for the entire three days. I never thought to call an ambulance, it just didn't occur to me, and I was too sick to get out of bed and call one anyway, even if I had thought of it.

On the third day, I was able to get out of bed and went to consult with my GP. He said to put ice on my erection until it went down, but if that didn't occur within half an hour, I should present to the E.D. (emergency department) of Hornsby hospital and present a note that he gave me. So I did as directed, and the erection maintained, so I caught a train to the hospital. I presented the note and was immediately handed across to triage, then quickly admitted and directed to lay on a bed in the E.D. Shortly, a doctor came in and introduced himself as the registrar. He said "I believe you have a priapism", and I explained that was the case. So he said, "I will have to conduct an aspiration", a word my GP mentioned also. Aspiration is the process of getting a syringe and inserting the needle into the penis, then attempting to suck/withdraw the blood from the veins. The registrar walked off and returned with a 'horse syringe', approximately 15 - 20cm long and 2cm in diameter. He said "This is going to hurt quite a lot" as he proceeded to inject the stainless steel needle point into the stem of my penis. The pain was immense, and I could not help but shout. When I was relating this story to one of my friends a few months later, they asked "Did he give you any morphine?", and I realised then that he must have forgotten, I was offered no pain killers, no anaesthetic.

The doctor continued to insert the giant syringe needle into my penis, in an attempt to withdraw blood, but I could see that he never got hardly any into the syringe. Every time he inserted the needle into the side of my penis again, I shouted in pain. I can't imagine what it must have sounded like to people sitting waiting for triage in ED waiting area. He kept reinserting the syringe every minute and a half for about 15 minutes. I had to keep apologising for screaming. At one point he stopped and walked out of the room (I was in a single room, off to the side of the ED), then returned about 3 minutes later. He now had a quite small syringe like an insulin syringe, about 10cm long with a 8mm diameter. He said "I am going to inject your penis with adrenalin, because it will help reduce the blood flow, and he proceeded to insert the point of the syringe into my penis. I didn't shout again, but it was nearly as painful. He injected the adrenalin and the got the giant syringe again and resumed aspiration. He kept trying to withdraw blood unsuccessfully for about half an hour, before concluding and saying "We'll have to get you a bed, and organise surgery. In the meantime I will be injecting adrenalin every half hour.

I was taken off to a bed in the ward, where I tried to go to sleep, but couldn't. After approximately 6 hours I was wheeled in my bed by an orderly to the room outside the surgery, and an anaesthetist introduced himself and explained that we were about to enter the surgery. I recall being wheeled in and the gas mask going on, and being directed to count backwards from 10. The next thing I recall was waking up in the ward, looking into a "clean room" surrounded by glass where every nurse had to put on full containment gowns and full face masks (like a clear welding mask) before entering the room. I was later informed that the patient inside had the highly contagious swine flu (H5N1). When they pulled back the blanket I was under, there was a puddle of

about a third of a litre of blood in and around my groin. My penis had swollen to the size of a coka-cola can, and it took about 7 weeks for the swelling to go down.

I didn't know that if you have a priapism for too long, the result is permanent damage to the cells that become turgid, making the cell walls fibrous. The net result is impotency, because once the cells walls become rigid and fibrous, they can no longer become turgid and expand. I don't know what they did in surgery, but the specialist I saw 12 weeks later explained that I was impotent. My doctors and other health care professionals believe that the priapism was a 1 in 30 million reaction to a new anti-psychotic medication I was prescribed a few weeks before it all went so horribly wrong. Now I am impotent as Julia said she would make me.

2009

In June 2009 I got a job as a retail assistant at a local adult shop. Very interesting job I would like to point out, recommending sex toys according to their features, costumes and games to liven up the sex life, and of course working knowledge of all the brands of movies, magazines and stars. I decided that I was going to discontinue using amphetamines, and on a permanent basis because they did not contribute anything positive or of any value to my life at this point in time, and for the foreseeable future.

During the week I had made and attended a counselling session with Hornsby Drug And Alcohol Rehab Services, who provided me with the contact numbers of all the local health services I might require, a number of information leaflets about quitting and abstinence, in addition to a counselling session and a booking for another next week, and in an ongoing basis. They also recommended the value in continuing with the SMART Recovery CBT (Cognitive Behavioural Therapy) program and tools that I had been researching on the WWW. SMART Recovery was a program designed to defeat addiction, especially drug addiction, and to lead rehabilitation. It encompassed 1) Enhancing and maintaining motivation 2) Coping with cravings 3) Problem solving 4) Lifestyle balance. It also involved downloading and where appropriate completing some exercises, such as cost-benefit analysis, lists of likes and don't likes about using, a list of the real costs of using to date, and in the future, listing reasons to stop, writing a list of reasons not to stop, listing substitute activities, summarising expectations regarding cravings and withdrawal symptoms, and completing a form that contained a long detailed series of questions about change, and more.

Each Monday was payday and I worked the night shift closing the store at 9.00pm. This Monday I brought some of my notes about giving up to help keep me focused. I had rehearsed the progress of the evening as a mental visualisation several times. I was motivated and had a plan, and felt confident I knew what I was doing and how to approach it. The shift went as usual, but at 8.00pm Julia started talking a lot and winding me up again, saying "Are you going to buy drugs tonight? You usually do. Why do I ask you that?" Then at exactly 8.30pm, "What is that sickness feeling you are getting? Can you feel it? Am I doing that to you?" And as she said it, at right on 8.30pm, I became aware of terrible feelings that I was experiencing, and I did in fact start to feel lousy.

So I decided just to sit down on the chair at the desk, and tough it out, and to try to ignore what Julia was saying, and talking about. But as the time passed, my awful feelings grew progressively worse. By 8.55pm when it came time to start packing up and preparing to close the shop, I felt like crap. I was confronted with the disastrous thought again that Julia could apply effect to my anatomy, and do things that impacted my anatomy and feelings.

The Encyclopaedia Of Mental Disorders simply explains "...delusions are often categorized according to theme. Although delusions can have any theme, certain themes are more common. Some of the more common delusion themes are: Delusion of control: This is a false belief that another person, group of people, or external force controls one's thoughts, feelings, impulses, or behavior. A person may describe, for instance, the experience that aliens actually make him or her move in certain ways and that the person affected has no control over the bodily movements. Thought broadcasting (the false belief that the affected person's thoughts are heard aloud), thought insertion, and thought withdrawal (the belief that an outside force, person, or group of people is removing or extracting a person's thoughts) are also examples of delusions of control."

Nasrallah (2012) described the processes behind this type of delusion. "...mental proprioception enables one to be fully aware of his identity and self-boundaries, and that his thoughts and actions are generated from within his own sphere of consciousness, not from an external source. In schizophrenia, the coherent sense of self is shattered and fragmented, a frightening experience patients describe after emerging from psychosis.<sup>2</sup> A person affected by schizophrenia feels lost, as if his "self no longer belong[s]" to him. He feels alienated from his "real self" and refers to himself in the third person. He feels "disconnected, disintegrated, and diminished," with a sense of "emptiness, a painful void of existence," of being disembodied with no clear demarcation between self and others.... Not surprisingly, false beliefs (delusions) and perceptual aberrations (hallucinations) emerge from a fragmented

**sense of self. Patients fail to recognize that their actions, thoughts, or feelings are initiated from within the self, leading to delusions of passivity and being controlled by an outside force. ”**

**I was unable to rationalise my way through what was occurring, and I felt the double burden of having been defeated by someone (that would under any assessment be an act criminal in nature), and the feeling of a catastrophic collapse of what I thought was a secure plan. In addition to these feelings of terrible defeat I was angry and irritated that I was being victimised again. Unable to get over and promptly and effectively deal with these terrible feelings, I was unable to deter myself from getting back on the wagon, and letting myself down tremendously.**

**But it gets worse. This saga of resolve and subsequent defeat continued on for months. The thing that to this day brings me unstuck is the punctuality of the onset of the worst set of feelings I had ever had to experience. I would be fine and well throughout the week, maintaining my plans and abstaining from using, and everything went smoothly. But at nearly exactly 8.30pm every Monday night I became subject to the same poxy poisonous feelings, regardless of what activity I was engaged in or how preoccupied I was.**

**Here is an excerpt from an online mental health forum by someone addressing nearly the same circumstances: “I have been hearing voices and experiencing delusions for 4 years now. About a year and a half ago a very strange delusion began. I literally have no control over my body at times, it moves on its own. For example a voice in my head will say, “lets go downtown”, and my legs begin moving on their own as does all other parts of my body and it’ll take me downtown. I have tried to resist, that is impossible. I read online, only about a week ago, before that I was convinced my condition was nearly unknown, that these are called control delusions. They have something to do with a part of the brain not recognizing that it is the one initiating the actions, and blames it on aliens, the c.i.a., demons, etc. I was just wondering if anyone has experienced something similar and what they do to deal. Also if my definition of control delusions is correct, I can’t find much info on it. thanks for the read!”**

**I had believed since 1992 that the owners of my voices could affect my anatomy, though I was never convincingly certain of it. At least once every two weeks there would be some incident that I really felt confident was evidence that the owners of the voices were interfering with my anatomy. This is not in any way unusual for schizophrenics I came to realise after reading posts on the mental health forums online. On most occasions when this took place, I was good with it. I was usually so perplexed and surprised that I was persuaded that someone else was responsible for stimuli that was being applied to my anatomy, I just plain forgot to be worried, anxious or upset. However I also sub consciously contemplated that it was like being in a science fiction movie, where a third person was influencing and affecting another person’s body. But there were several occasions where it was absolutely shit-house believing that. And on some occasions I would describe this belief as being one of the worst and most upsetting thoughts that an individual could ever have. To have ones autonomy compromised raised extremely distressing issues of volition and sentience, and having thoughts of external interference on ones anatomy was like having both your legs cut off.**

**I found myself in a situation where I was starting to think and believe that my voices were using Destructive Interference to give me the most God-awful feelings as proxies for drug withdrawal / drug requirement symptoms, with the motive of preventing me from abstaining from drug use. These shitty feelings were indescribable to me, because I did not have sufficient anatomical knowledge or vocabulary to be able to describe to my doctor what I was going through. My grave suspicion that they were the result of an act of someone else was heightened because I had never met or heard of anyone in my drug circles that suffered from the same or similar symptoms. Everyone I had ever spoken to just had to deal with fatigue and cravings when they stopped using, but I would get so beastly sick, that I could not conduct my life at all, and this continuously prevented me from stopping my consumption of narcotics. I was so very disappointed. I found myself in a situation where if I wanted to stop using, it meant that I required a three week window of no demands on my availability, no responsibilities, and especially no work commitments. I rarely had such windows, so I ended up using drugs a great deal more for a lot longer than I ever wished to. It was a real problem.**

**Then, in August 2009, something that would prove to be catastrophic in my life began. Late one night, I was sitting working on my computer, when Julia said, “Do you remember throwing bins on the road?” Julia said “No, what bins, what road, what are you talking about?” I said. Julia stated “You threw rubbish bins on the road the night you destroyed that house. And Scotty Stewart, you killed someone! “Who ?” I asked. “Don’t worry about the name Scotty Stewart. You Mr Stewart are a murderer!” About 4 or 5 minutes passed, then she said “In 1981 or 1982, when you were walking home, you threw rubbish bins onto the road at the corner of Walcott and Beaufort Streets, and the Gypsy Jokers (a notorious violent outlaw motorcycle club, perhaps the most violent club in Australia) were coming home from a wedding, and ran into the bins, and one of them died.” As Julia was saying this, I could see in my mind’s eye an animation of two hands, I couldn’t notice if there were long sleeves or no sleeves, and the hands grabbed each side of a cage inside a normal yellow street bin, and threw the cage forward in an arc, and the cage**

left the hands, flew in the air for about a meter, then the vision stopped. "Was that you?" I asked. "No, that's your memory". I was incredulous.

Then after 30 seconds, I saw two outline drawing animations, one female sitting on the end of a bed, and a man with a gun walking up to her, then shooting her in the head. These were outline drawings as I said. The commentary behind the animation was a female voice "Dave is shooting Michelle in the head". "What do you mean" I asked "Is that drawing meant to represent something?" and the reply was "Yes, that's what's happening to Michelle at the moment. "You're full of shit" I replied. "No it's the truth. I guarantee it's true". Having been through arguments about what is true and what is lies non-stop for the past 8 years, I knew that further questioning would not help, so without hesitation I got up from my desk, put my running shoes on, and said "I'm going to Asquith to see if there are any sign of what you claim is true" and with that I ran out the door then 7 or 8Km into Asquith. Once I was there, I didn't know where to go, so I just picked some main roads and ran down them to see if there was any sign of the Police or ambulances. I ran through this suburb for about an hour and a half, and could not find any disturbance, so I ran home. Running like that is a form of reality checking. If my voices start claiming things are going on, all I have to do is check out their claims, then I can relax knowing that nothing is going on and there is nothing to be concerned about. It buys me piece of mind.

As soon as I got home I laid down to have a sleep. And as soon as I did so, a female voice said "You are a murderer!". "You killed one of the Gypsy Jokers." "I don't believe you" I said, but I had a horrible feeling, as though it was true. I could not help but believe the claim. So I got online and went to the Crimestoppers website. I wrote a lengthy submission that stated that I had committed a crime in Northbridge one night in the early 1980's, and I wanted to make restitution to the victims, and above all, apologise to them. I also said that since it was a long time ago, and in a gesture of goodwill, I would pay the Police out of my own money, for the time and resources consumed in undertaking the investigation. Two days later I received a phone call on my landline, and the voice said "May I speak to Scott Stewart?", and I said "speaking", he said "I am detective so and so and I am calling you with regards to the Crimestoppers report that you submitted recently" and as soon as he had said this, my voices in chorus started chanting in a childish and demeaning manner "We tricked ya, we tricked ya, we tricked ya..." over and over again. So I said to the Policeman "You know what, I am schizophrenic, and I was psychotic when I submitted that report the other day, so I would like to take no further action if I may?" and he said "Yes, that's fine. Goodbye", and I said "Goodbye". But these allegations regarding rubbish bins thrown onto the road were to cause me trouble and immense pain right up to mid-2017.

The following is from one of my transcripts. It is one of my famous "rants" that I unavoidably and periodically launch into, the direct result of being treated with contempt, and because of a lack of results from being reasonable and engaging:

**8th January 2009**

"I will write what the fuck ever I want, and if you don't fucking approve or like it, then walk the fuck into my fucking TV room, announce yourself, make yourself visible in the visible spectra of light according to a human retina, and stand the fuck anywhere I can fucking see you, and see how fucking long and well you last. Because even without a fucking disposable camera, and even without and field effect, without my trusty kitchen fucking knife, I will within 3 minutes bring to bear some entirely new shit that will fuck you absolutely up to the indisputable fucking point where you will have to fucking well acknowledge that as long as you are in my fucking TV room, you live by the same fucking grace that I afford to you by not spending \$300 fucking dollars and not buying 150 disposable Kodak cameras from wollyworths, and fucking doing the fuck whatever I fucking want with your sole, your fucking spirit and any other fucking aspect that I know of you that you are not even fucking aware enough of to be able to defend it!! Subject to my limited fucking senses, as a sentient sack of fucking water, you continue by my fucking grace deadshit. So don't fucking try to tell me what to write. Or I'll write you off, you piece of fucking high frequency field contrast dead-shit. So fuck off off shit-headed fucking 'team evil' fucking dead-shits. All you fucking accomplishments are from consessions, and you no fucking genuine authentic shit that merits the fucking 'cone of silence' in contemplation of proximity to you and your fucking 'team evil'."

**2010**

**A 1<sup>st</sup> person transcript from 19<sup>th</sup> May 2010**

Today was absolutely terrible. I was so sick I could not do anything but lay in bed. I was physically zoned into a state of elevated blood pressure, shallow breathing, unbearable symptoms of distress, fast pulse, and the symptoms of so much distress that if I hadn't decided to fight the bastards all the way to the bitter end, you would most surely prefer suicide over having to deal with such physical attacks and distress.

But I will never let (human) Michelle down. And more importantly, I will not give in, acquiesce, or capitulate to a bunch of dead-shits. I'll fight 'till I drop. And according to them ("the loose coalition of evil"), I am the only person they can't kill. They have killed all good people (several times over!). But they can't kill me. Their only hope is to get me to suicide, and I'm not even close. I could take their physical attacks for months on end.

But there are 2 very important facts (notes) that must be recorded in this journal entry.

1) They said today that "ALL good people have been killed today". "Everybody is dead"

2) They (evil) will never run out of (good) people to kill. J says that there is a continuous supply, and importantly, everyone gets 'replaced'. (She [has to] say this because she keeps killing the same people all the time. Day after day, she kills 'Christian God', and the mother of the little boy who had a Scott doll, and she forcibly inducts the little boy into evil training camp, and she kills everyone else who is not evil that I have some knowledge of. Additionally, she kills all other good people, including those I have no knowledge of. But she says they all get replaced.

The final note is that the last words of everyone good that is being killed is to say in a heartbroken way, that I let them down. That everyone good was relying on me to be 'their champion' and I failed them. This never ever fails to break my heart. Even though it is J who forces them to have me as a champion. That is obviously absurd. Because Julia & Peter have control of my physiology and anatomy, they have the volume control, I can't see anything, I can defend anyone including myself, I can repel and attacks, I cannot actively or constructively achieve anything, because I am only a human (and not even telepathic or telekinetic), which is exactly why J & P put me in charge of everyone's safety, because I cannot do anything pro-active to try and achieve safety (I am deaf, and blind). Anyone who does not want me in charge of safety is killed. It is absolutely ludicrous. Totally stupid. I am not even allowed to grieve when people have been hurt or killed, because J tells me that if I do, the remaining people commit suicide.

Any fucking dipstick can tell, that Julia & Peter have to say people are replaced, because they keep killing the same people, for years at a time. And why is it Julia & Peter that are in charge of organising the security of the people they are killing. And why can't the good people choose their own safety and defence team, rather than having to submit to Julia & Peter choosing their defence team, when they are the fucking people who are killing everyone in the first place. It is completely fucking ludicrous. It does not stand up to even the most basic simple scrutiny. It is completely fucking stupid. The most important thing to be conveyed by this note is that Julia's claims are impossible, they can be true, so ignore everything she claims, because it is absurd!

2011

Vercammen (2009) 72" One category of hallucinations that deserves a separate mention, are the hypnagogic and hypnopompic hallucinations, referring to hallucinations that occur just before falling asleep or upon waking, respectively. Again, these hallucinations may affect any of the senses, but most typically are characterized by sensations of falling, floating, or leaving one's body, the sensation of a presence, and seeing and/or hearing people or scenes<sup>7272</sup>".

The following are a list of questions that were conspicuous, because I realised by chance then tested by repeated asking, that Julia will not answer. The questions are important because they are direct questions whose answers would nearly definitively indicate whether they are Ghosts and not hallucinations, or hallucinations and not Ghosts, as well as whether they are in contact with other humans:

1. How do you know, that ghosts do not know, about Photoshop?
2. Why are you worried that I do not believe what you are telling me?
3. Why do you want the ghosts to work for you?
4. Why do you want to be leader of the ghosts?
5. (Julia often states "I just like to make things hard for you Scott") Why is that you scumbag snorting mangy skank?
6. Are you belittling and insulting me Julia?
7. Are you scared of the truth? Why are you scared of the truth?
8. You know how you keep singing songs, is that significant? Who are you singing them to?
9. What do you want to happen to me?
10. Have you ever had a mother or a father?
11. What was your mother's maiden name?

12. Do you have now or ever had for some period of time an elderly sibling, or a younger one?
13. What do people do in life that really shits you off or annoys you or upsets you?
14. Why did Ron Thiessen divorce you, or did you divorce him because you liked him so much?
15. What year did Jesus Christ go missing?
16. What year did God go missing?
17. What year did Mary go missing?
18. Did Mary take a cup with her?
19. How Did Julia Learn Or Become Evil
20. How long did it take you to learn to do telekinesis?
21. How long did it take you to learn the lore of Freemasonry?
22. Can you teach anyone else to do it (telekinesis) ?
23. Do other ghosts do it (telekinesis)?
24. Are there any limitations on your power (telekinesis)?
25. Does turning someone evil make them telekinetic?
26. Can anyone recover once you turn them evil – in your considered and trustworthy opinion?

And here are a couple of questions that other Ghosts will not answer, I assume for the very same reasons, that is, that an answer would prove one way of the other if they were a genuine life form:

1. How do you know it was J who did it? and not somebody else?
2. How do you know that it was (so and so)?

## 2012

I have realised / discovered that destructive interference is actually telekinesis. Julia has the ability to interfere with my anatomy. The tiredness (not agonising any more) is 'an instruction', meaning wilfully perpetrated against me. Now that I have quit smoking (since 18<sup>th</sup> August 2006), Julia will not let me meet a girl or make any money until I have quit drugs.

She says that all the good ghosts have been killed. I am missing Dr Chapman, Molly and Jack et al. I have detailed dated and timed notes about all deaths and assaults that have occurred since 2007. Julia says I am responsible for their deaths. It is my fault they are dead.

I am still not allowed to ejaculate. But now Julia has stolen all the feelings that accompany masturbation. Both the emotions and the sensations (as from the rubbing of my penis with my hand etc). She told me today that it is permanent, that it, she has taken all my feelings away permanently. She says that my feelings were provided by ghosts, and because of me, she has killed them all, so I do not have any feelings any more.

I cannot understand why she has done this to me. Why aren't I allowed to ejaculate. Why has she taken my feelings away. Why won't she let me exercise. Why won't she let me cry. Why is she trying to bullet proof me? It is bound to succeed, but I could have stopped using drugs more than 2 years ago if she did not interfere all the time. She has set the whole timetable back more than 2 years. Why has she wanted to set it back?

And I am not human any longer, since I do not have uninterrupted and total control of my anatomy.

## 2013

Since 2006 when the Schizophrenia Fellowship of NSW expressed some support for my research regarding any correlations between prescribed psychopharmacology and the negative valence of phenomenology, I had been musing over any first principles that may help to explain causally the disposition (malevolent / benevolent) of AVH's . The importance of discovering anything that explained correlation or causality in terms of the disposition of phenomenology cannot be overstated. Obviously, no-one has ever attempted suicide because they were hearing nice things about themselves. If any agent could be uncovered to explain the mix or proportion of AVH's that are friendly versus the proportion of AVH's that are hostile, the treatment and impact of schizophrenia / psychosis would radically change.



I sent my original research outline and proposal to the Schizophrenic Fellowship of NSW. They got back to me quite quickly and said they liked the proposal, and that they were especially happy that someone who lived with the diagnosis was conducting research. That is a common response I receive when I disseminate my research ideas. The medical profession, the psychiatrists, are great and impeccable folk, but no one other than a schizophrenic knows what it is like to have schizophrenia, despite the quality of the knowledge from research.

If it were found that any particular medication increased even slightly the negative valence of phenomenology, it would be a big deal. And the inverse is also true, that is, the discovery that any particular compound would increase the proportion of positive valence hallucinations, that would be a game changer. Then in 2013 I thought I had a breakthrough idea. It seemed obvious that if I wanted to investigate and search for correlates of the disposition and demeanour of phenomenology, a great place to start, and an indispensable tool, would be a database of phenomenology.

**So I decided to try and build one. This was a formidable task.....**

**Hearing voices database. Website. Ethics approval**

As I have shown in the transcript reproduced in chapter 2010, I frequently went into what I liked to call a "Tirade". A Tirade is a slew of verbose outrage and dissension aimed at the recent behaviours and statements made by my Freemason Ghosts. I rarely wrote them out as transcripts, because they conveyed nothing but my own opinion, and the point of the transcripts as opposed to a normal diary or journal entry, is that the transcripts captured exactly what my antagonists said to me, which is the focus of my interest. My own thoughts and responses seem hardly worth recording to me because it is all so familiar, and it omits the antecedents that gave rise to my all-to familiar views. By this time (2010) I had formed strong and definite opinions and views about the people who I suspected and believed owned the voices I hear, and equally damning unwavering attitude to their organisation, namely the Freemasons. They were without mitigation the most deplorable, despicable, unacceptable and reprehensible group I had ever thought could exist. Their treatment of non-aligned innocent people, and their abhorrent victimisation of schizophrenics, always found invective extensive voice from me.

Partly as a consequence of my sometimes lengthy diatribe, some of my good and friendly voices requested that I compose a document defending people from this sort of tyranny. So I wrote something entitled "The Rights Any Persons Should Have By Default" ([see Appendix 2](#)). The document was intended to be like the American "Bill Of Rights" that derives from the Magna Carta (1215), and then the English Bill of Rights (1689). My work was specifically inclusive of Beings as the highest order life form ([according to my augmented re-working of biological nomenclature in Appendix 3](#)), and was focused on the precepts that all language capable, autonomous, volitional and sentient life forms have in common. It was a rebuttal of the behaviour of my Freemason Ghosts, and a bold and best effort at contemplating, distilling and disseminating an accord that encapsulated the general principles of goodwill, kindness, and freedoms that underpinned any civil society.

It was a completely embarrassing thing to attempt, because I have no credibility for such a work, I have no authority to found it, I have no formal legal or diplomatic skills that I would give such a work integrity and validity, I am not accredited in any faculty that would furnish me with the basic premises and language skills that would enable me to do a good effort. But I was, and always am, so very keen to collaborate with my friendly good voices, that whenever they say something, I try to facilitate their wishes and sentiments. So despite the embarrassment, I proceeded to draft out a document whose purpose was to express the conception and convictions that underpin any prosperous harmonious civilised society, and to provide a framework for adjudication (not including penalties) against acts and efforts that would obviously undermine and erode any descent community.

I did a lot of visualising, and found myself in Ghost town. Proof that I was occasionally fighting another autonomous life form came in visualised fights where I sometimes lost, but usually won. These wins lead to meeting a family that thanks me for my efforts, and they threw away their suicide pills. The young boy whose mother purchased him each Scott-God doll, and he took them to bed with him and they kept his dreams happy and safe. Then the young man and woman who both collected Scott-God dolls, they got married and moved in together.

It felt like I was defeating evil, and in the transcripts and narratives it looked that way also.

I ran out of freelance work. I decided that the Ghosts were real, and as result, set a priority to commit the rest of my life's non-working free time to trying to have an impact in Ghost-world, at their level, fighting evil. Like HOST, hoping the result would trickle down into human civilisation

Notwithstanding the fact that I try to minimise my consumption of scarce and valuable hospital resources, and it would mean that I was missing classes from TAFE, amongst other inconveniences.

Curiously, my voices quieten quite considerably as soon as I am an inpatient. Up until 2009, there was an explanation for this. The voices said they were Freemasons and accordingly abided by a set of rules (that I published on the HOST website in 2014). On occasion I would point out to them that a specific behaviour of theirs contravened their rules, they would say "Rules are meant to be broken", or "Every chapter has its own rules".

The rules for the chapter run by Ron and Julia that I was told about, and the ones I deduced and inferred, then published, were as follows:

1. A Freemason must believe in the Supreme Being
2. Every Freemason must see their victim in person at least once (In person meant within 50 meters)
3. Every Freemason must have a bridesmaid or groom
4. Damned if you do, even more damned if you don't
5. A Freemason must always have the last word in an argument
6. A Freemason should never answer questions (put to them by their victim)
7. Each Freemason must share his wife with other Freemasons (this refers to telepathy)
8. A Freemason must "get a word in edgeways" now and again
9. Each Freemason should have a unique and distinctive "call-sign"
10. Each Freemason must have a topic of special knowledge
11. Each Freemason must have at least 1 Ghost
12. Police stations and hospitals are "quiet zones". No Freemason is allowed to communicate telepathically with someone if they are in the "quiet zone"
13. Freemasons must have a spouse
14. Freemasons must have a bridesmaid and groom
15. Each Freemasons must be better off than their victim
16. Freemasons must steal stone if they want
17. The division of loot payments a Freemason is entitled to after are apportioned according to their proximity to the victim when they died. This is further apportioned according to the amount and frequency of their proximity. This is a Freemasons "dash" or "dare", and payments are made according to a Freemasons dash or dare.
18. There is one rule for you and one rule for me
19. Freemasons must have a special song they sing in bad taste
20. You must never kill a ghost
21. Freemason women are not able to consume alcohol because it is lethal to them
22. Freemason women are limited to only engaging in fornication once, on their wedding night, and not again
23. Ghosts always know when they are dying
24. Ghosts have seven seconds for an epilogue when they are dying and on their way out
25. Ghosts must avoid "epiphenous moments" at all costs
26. Ghosts are able to exchange "sensibilities" freely
27. Each freemason must have a field of special knowledge, their topic of expertise
28. A Freemason can marry 1 ghost and have a different human wife

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## LIST OF PROHIBITIONS UNDER KING RON AND QUEEN JULIA

- 1) Not allowed to have a girlfriend

- 2) Not allowed to have a job (because Julia uses a landline to tell them I am a paedophile)
- 3) Not allowed to smoke
- 4) Not allowed to walk around without a shirt
- 5) Not allowed to masturbate
- 6) Not allowed to ejaculate
- 7) Not allowed to complain
- 8) Not allowed to have children
- 9) Cannot have friends (because they are all having sex)
- 10) Not allowed to access my feelings (\*)
- 11) Not allowed to cry, not able to cry
- 12) Not allowed to feel sensations in my penis due to planned perpetrated orchestrated distraction at times to be completed

2014

### **The Hermetic Order for the Science of Tomorrow (H.O.S.T.)**

Because my voices continually state that they are Freemasons, and that ostensibly all their assaults are the result of Freemasonry, and because I could and cannot divorce myself from hearing and somewhat believing that Ghosts are involved, I came upon a worrying scenario. I kept wondering why Ghosts would say that they were Freemasons, or why humans (or other beings) would say they are Ghosts? I took the easy path and thought that maybe Ghosts do in fact exist, but they live in a parallel world, one that was tightly integrated with human society. Imagine if we and science is just naive, and that Ghosts will actually present themselves or be found to be true a hundred or so years in the future. It might be that Ghost society actually resembles human society, and that human society considerably reflects Ghosts society.

This interconnectedness is not so impossible to believe if you hold the opinion as I do that Ghosts can considerably and substantially control the behaviours of humans, by virtue of the fact that through their telekinesis they can inspire us to act in a certain way. Couple that with “thought insertion” and telepathic capability, and you have two meshed societies. Maybe Ghost world is a parallel of human world, having a parallel set of organisations, such as Freemasons, and parallel nations, parallel democracies, but with differences. Acknowledging this possibility (that cannot be proven wrong by the way), this made me worry that in Ghost society, there may be only one organisation that is as conspicuously notorious and famous as Freemasonry. I realise again that this is very far-fetched, but I wondered if there were a paucity of choice in the world if you wanted to belong to a secret organisation, with a secret handshake, fame, and some of the best real estate the cities of the world have to offer.

So I conducted some secondary research on the WWW, and read a lot of the Freemason websites, and quite a few sites devoted to anti-Freemasonry, those who extensively detract from Freemasonry. What I found was surprising to me. The Freemason sites themselves were really second rate. Their essential tenets did not agree between sites, such as when Freemasonry started. Their explanations and claims were weak. Their appeal was slight at best. There was hardly anything on any of the Freemason websites that would inspire someone to join. Quite the contrary. Their lack of agreement, self-contradiction, and contradiction between Freemason sites was a real disappointment and turn-off. There were all the hallmarks of a very insincere organisation. To this day I regard them with heavy scepticism.

I was so unimpressed that I became cynical. And there was so much defamatory information directed towards Freemasonry it was shocking. I couldn't believe how many enemies they had, or how they entirely failed to protect their reputation at all. There are hundreds of sites dedicated to being against the Freemason conspiracy. A multitude of sites claiming they are satanic demon worshippers, endless and vast amounts of scurrilous websites and articles, and heaps of rants and verbose publishing along the lines of conspiracy.

This combination of cynicism, the extensive disapproval of Freemasonry, and contemplation of the possibility of a parallel Ghost society, made me worry that in Ghost world, there was no choice of organisation if you wanted fame and secret handshakes. In order to improve my own lot, it might be efficacious to provide some free-market choice. So I rekindled an idea that a friend and I started on in the early 1990's, and embarked upon the creation of a competitive alternative to Freemasonry. Same sort of thing, but strong, ethical, inspiring, attractive, and good to the core. In fact, I wanted to devise something un-corruptible if

possible, because whenever my adversaries were doing something essentially criminal, and morally atrocious, they would simply dismiss their appalling behaviour by saying “Well, I’m corrupt!”.

So I created and developed the Hermetic Order for the Science of Tomorrow (H.O.S.T.), and presented it (marketed it on the WWW) as a credible, organisation, striving to be ethically impeccable, dedicated to philanthropy and goodwill, that was a forum for networking and social introductions, whose goal was to improve life on Earth for all through the research, development and commercialisation of future and futuristic businesses. It was just like Freemasonry, but ethically superior, like the Boy Scouts or the Girl Guides coming to effect in a commercial world. I built a website that contained massive goodwill, was focused on utility, was as incorruptible as possible, and still had all the trappings of a secret handshake, code words, purpose, and commercial and financial benefits to membership. It was pitched as “The same as Freemasonry, but much better!”

I wrote on the website about ethos, standards, goodwill, finances, commercialisation and ethics. I came up with some memes: “The Commercialisation Organisation”, and “The same as Freemasons, but much better”, and “Happiness comes from giving”, and I challenged the Freemasons to a year by year competition to see who could provide the most philanthropic benefit to the planet. I tried to give it some momentum by offering 9 free business ideas that could be pursued immediately with a profit incentive, and 6 volunteer projects that could be pursued immediately that would bring great widespread benefit to thousands of people, but that did not have a commercial residual value.

One of the core pillars that was the thrust of the project, was that if Ghosts did in fact turn out to exist, and there were parallel societies for humans and Ghosts, then I was creating an entity that good-willed Ghosts could join, and then take over my case, rather than me being fodder for corrupt Freemasons. I had created an alternative to Freemasonry, but founded on and underpinned by the same telepathic and telekinetic capabilities. It took me 9 months to create the site, and I left it live for 2 1/3 years (until mid-way through 2016), before I removed it from the WWW because it was only meant to be proof of concept. Since the foundation of the organisation was as a holding house for telepathic people, it was never going to get much traction with humans, in its current form, and I had by then effectively contributed an alternative to Ghost world. After taking it down off the WWW, I waited and hoped to hear and feel that some Ghosts had supported the initiative, and they were now actively cannibalising Freemason membership and power.

Here is some material from the WWW that is official Freemasonry, collected originally 2014:

“...the organization itself commonly expresses its purpose is to ‘make good men better.’” [“Freemasons believe:](#)

In a Supreme Being. It is a requirement of becoming a Mason.

That temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice - the four cardinal virtues - should be a part of our lives. The practice of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth will help us be better men.”

[“... To Spread The Cement Of Brotherly Love And Affection, That Cement Which Unites Us Into One Sacred Band Or Society Of Brothers, Among Whom No Contention Should Ever Exist, But That Noble Emulation Of Who Can Best Work Or Best Agree ...”](#)

The only requirement of a Freemason is the belief in a Supreme Being. [“How does Freemasonry define God? Monotheism is the sole dogma of Freemasonry. Belief in one God is required of every initiate, but his conception of the Supreme Being is left to his own interpretation. Freemasonry is not concerned with theological distinctions. This is the basis of our universality.”](#) And, [“The teachings of Freemasonry are built on the virtues of Faith, Hope, Charity, Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. The “search for light” found in Freemasonry is a reference to a quest for knowledge, not salvation.”](#) And [“Freemasons however do profess a belief in a Supreme Being. Perhaps we should repeat: The organization - FREEMASONRY - has no “god”, no religion, no theology, no dogma, no creed....Freemasonry’s members - FREEMASONS - upon petitioning for membership are required to profess a belief in a Supreme Being.”](#)

Here is some material from WWW authors against and detracting from Freemasonry, collected originally in 2014:

Rituals of Freemasonry: Freemasonry Proven To Worship Lucifer Part 3 of 5. [Once you understand what is going on in the world you can then recognize evidences of Satanism in so many, many places. Freemasonry and Lucifer:](#) Masonic Grand Lodges promote the teaching that Lucifer is the Holy Spirit. Downloadable [SOURCE DOCUMENTS](#) proving that claim are provided.

And here is an extract from my H.O.S.T. website:

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## WHAT IS HOST?

HOST has aspirations to be a crime fighting and corruption defeating organisation. HOST is a pseudo 'secret' organisation (temporarily), unlike like the Freemasons (see <http://www.masonicinfo.com/primer.htm>). But HOST has no inherent or historical gender bias, it is contemporary, it is diligent about equity, and fastidious regarding good and truthful reputation. It's aim is to ensure confidence in optimism about the opportunities of the future. HOST is the natural competitor of Freemasonry. It is not about science, it is about what will become science, and strategies for it's investigation, application and dissemination. HOST is about meritorious behavior.

HOST has been inaugurated as an alternative to [Freemasonry](#), because (I am told) the Freemasons hack into peoples bank accounts, and HOST is trying to stop all Freemason 'corruption'. HOST hopes to demonstrate that philanthropy is possible without telepathy, espionage and without (extensive) widespread claims of conspiracy and skullduggery.

## WHY JOIN?

The benefits are equal to those of Freemasonry. In fact, they are greater.

HOST aspires to be a crime fighting and corruption defeating organisation. HOST is intended to be somewhat of a strategic think-tank. It is Idealistic, having awareness (not only) of human limitations and propensity for mistakes, and in our capacity for love, help and friendship. It is an organisation ready to represent the good and great qualities of humanity; keen to offer safety, security and equity to any language capable life forms.

HOST is an organisation of like-minded people who accommodate the future through opportunities to work on new and unusual ideas that have the potential to shape the future (eg the uses and possibilities to be made available from an understanding of dark matter). HOST is focused on mutual and public benefit brought about by members who achieve it through networking, collaboration and communications.



### Why Compete With Freemasons?

HOST has been inaugurated as an alternative to [Freemasonry](#), competing for the ability to have influence, and demonstrating that a 'secret' organisation can have integrity without compromise to its reputation, especially claims about conspiracy.

As a matter of ethics, no-one can maintain membership in HOST if they are corrupt (or worse), don't make sense when they communicate, or behave in an inexplicable or anti-social manner. Discovery of corrupt (SUP.) behaviour should result in a substantiated refutation in response to the allegation. A manifest failure to adequately refute the allegations will bring about a democratic recission of that person's membership. In effect, you must be seen to do the right thing, otherwise your membership will be ended and forwardly denied. A successful defence however is that the

act or omission was entirely and properly directed toward a known or shown to be Freemason, in the spirit of "you get what you give".

The Freemason rumoured secret 'handshake' is a 2 dimensional animated visualisation (a mental image) that has no background, is frequently green, and is shared by and between two 'people'. This is how 'ghosts' (what the Freemasons call themselves) and humans greet each other in Freemasonry. Each and every Freemason has their own unique 'call sign' - the 'visualisation' described. They offer this to instantiate contact, or respond with this when they come into contact.

HOST understands that confidentiality (secrecy) can be a necessary prerequisite for formulation, testing and achievement of high risk ideas\* (ET SEQ). This is because unusual ideas are often in conflict with current knowledge, so supporting such ideas can damage reputations and social standing, leading to isolation and defamation. For example, prior to the abolition of slavery in the United States of America, it was dangerous to help smuggle slaves away from the confederate states, requiring secrecy and covert behaviour to help those in need. If any real ghosts exist, this type of secrecy is currently necessary, since current science affirms their non-existence and express belief is defaming.

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The positive impact and effect of building this website was remarkable. In fact, it was amazing. From the very beginning when I was writing the manifesto, all my detracting voices went quiet. The only AVH's I was experiencing were good, and very good. I received nothing but compliments. And the fact that the voices were nothing but complimentary in itself makes me suspicious that the voices are not mine!

A qualified friend of mine said that he hypothesised that the voices stemmed from emotional disturbances that I had yet to deal with. The doctors believe they may be misattributions, sub-vocalising, anomalous excessive activity - "studies that have shown a critical role of excessive activity of subregions of the temporal lobe in the generation of voice hallucinations in schizophrenia" (Crisp 2017).

"From the patient's perspective, AVHs are a subjective-objective phenomenon. AVH is a non-consensual, dynamic and psychologically charged experience and the voices often echo significant emotions. Derogatory voices are common representations of unconscious self-hatred that cannot stand up to the external world's logic. Thus, patients need help to incorporate it. Auditory hallucinations may be arising because of an interaction between biological predisposition, perceptual and cognitive factors. According to an integrated model of auditory hallucination (AHs) suggested by Waters et al,<sup>2</sup> AHs arise from an interaction between abnormal neural activation patterns that generate salient auditory signals and top-down mechanisms that include signal detection errors, executive and inhibition deficits, a tapestry of expectations and memories. Recently, neuro-quantologists have proposed that AVHs may be an objectification of parallel thinking/quantum thinking.<sup>3</sup> Parallel thinking is a source for thought insertion. There may be different variables of AVHs. Experiencing AVH has serious impact on the quality of life of the affected individual, and is a significant factor in prevalence of suicides among schizophrenic patients" (Pandarakalam 2016).

Again, it is infeasible for me to argue against each hypothesis, but my opposition to the first principles if not their entirety will become increasingly evident, as I undertake and attempt justification of an audacious and foolhardy expose of what I hope will be limited to my personal opinion. However, I have this strong and reliable sense that the opinion I will confess to hold is so feeble and wobbly that it might lead to irreparable loss of credibility.

Misattributions and sub-vocalising are essentially the same thing. They suppose that when a schizophrenic is sub-vocalising, they do not realise they are doing so and incorrectly attribute some of the dialogue to another origin. I disagree with this because it does not explain why the voices are usually so malevolent and hateful. If this were correct, then the voices that are being misattributed should reflect the individual's personality. If the voices were a result of "excessive activity" that does not explain why they are so negatively biased. One would expect there to be an even distribution of negative and positive dispositions in the voices if they were due to "excessive activity", unless there is some other mechanism at hand that skews the disposition of what



the voices say. My friend's hypothesis of "unresolved emotional disturbances" seems valid to me, but it is incomplete insofar as it does not include any particular mechanism at work, and I cannot understand how these disturbances result in such hostility.

Irregardless of the actual origin and causality of the AVH's, the impact of the work on the H.O.S.T. idea was very obvious, noteworthy and remarkable. If one takes the position that maintaining any unsupportable beliefs (delusions) is prima facie a significant problem, then writing and building the H.O.S.T. website just led to a different trajectory of illness. However, as I have explained to my doctors many times, being subject to positive, kind, friendly, benevolent voices is not a problem, and does not really require medication. This notion is supported by all the studies into hearing voices, that identify that approximately 17% of the population hear voices, but only 1% present to the medical fraternity, and that is because they are hearing hate, hostility and malevolence.

The very significant fact from my point of view, was that whenever I was working on the H.O.S.T. materials and website, my voices were kind and generous. This benevolence also spilled over into my day to day life for a couple of days after doing the work. So if I spent Sunday working on H.O.S.T. Monday and Tuesday always seemed to be fine, but after four days, so by Thursday, the voices were hostile again. And this curious feature was consistent. As long as I regularly worked on the H.O.S.T. website, my voices stayed good. I was always aware that the H.O.S.T website was an extreme, time consuming, somewhat delusional reaction to my AVH's, but the fact that working on it always got me compliments meant that I devoted more time to it than I probably should have.

Here are some examples of my 1<sup>st</sup> person transcripts (1<sup>st</sup> person journal entries) from 2014. They demonstrate that I always remain polite and responsive when dealing with the voices, in contrast to the disrespectful, spiteful, immature and rude statements of the Ghosts

**31st October 2014 1644**

**Julia: "Peter Brasier (PB aka Peter Williams, apparently the treasurer of the Hills Chapter) from the Bandidos is coming to get you tonight"**

**Scott: "I assume that this will be another attack (that takes place) only once I have gone to sleep. Are you human or ghost?"**

**PB: "I am human"**

**Scott: "How much money are you getting for this job?"**

**PB: "Not a red cent I severely hate you."**

**Scott: "Have you rooted Emily?"**

**PB: "Yes I have. I'm rooting her right now."**

**Greg : "Scott, you will one day realise that we are ghosts."**

**9th May 2014 at 1356**

I keep getting asked the same question over and over again, 12 - 17 times per hour. I have just realised the reason is that the questions contain 'keywords' (code words - words that have a meaning other than their usual meaning) and Pam is hearing something different to what I hear. I respond to Julia every time she asks me one of these code-word questions, so Pam thinks I am 'dissing' her all the time.

Here are the code-word phrases:

**Julia: "Why is it like this Scott? 2, 3, 4"**

**Julia: "Does Pam like you Scott? ... how much?"**

**Julia: "Will she stop selling to you Scott?"**

**Julia: "Will Kerry sell to you Scott?" (I have decided to stop using drugs)**

**Julia: "Will it make any difference to Pam ?"**

I am told and I believe that she is having sex with Geoff and Pierre at the moment, which is why there are non-stop questions, the same over and over again.

**Pam: "Do I care about you Scott?"**

**Scott: "No"**

**Pam: "No, I don't do I - what do I care about?"**

**Scott: "Is that you Pam?"**

**Pam: "why do you ask?"**

**Scott: "Because you said you have never had any psychosis; but you are as psychotic as me"**

**Julia: "why is it like this don't you Scott"**

**Julia: "you love Pam don't you Scott"**

**Pam: "why don't I play fair Scott?"**

**Scott: "Who said that?"**

**Pam: "Pam Richardson"**

**Geoff K: "Scott, do you like Pam. She's dead"**

**(1428 hours)**

**? (anonymous): "Scott they just killed**

**Pam!" Scott: "Who did that?"**

**- no answer, but I was told that Geoff and Pierre were with her**

**at the time Geoff: "Pam is dead!"**

**Julia: "Scott, can you turn that down?" (referring to some music)**

**Scott: (facetiously) "No, I don't know how"**

**Julia: "Scott, Pam is dead!"**

**31 October 2014 1934**

**? (anonymous): "Why did you take them?" (referring to the drugs I took last night)**

**Scott: "I took them because I was upset at being picked on and being bullied about collecting money that I guaranteed never to materialise. You just want to trick me into obeying your command hallucinations, when it is obvious after the \$3m story in 2003 that I am never going to be genuinely in the running anyway.**

**Julia: "Does Emily like you? Does Emily like you? Does Emily like you?" over and over**

**Scott: "The answer is no, she does not. She likes Geoff Kelly because he only uses drugs that someone else has paid for**

**Scott: "How much time have they spent together so far (Geoff & Emily)? Is this a blind date? "**

**Julia: "He is a very strong man. "**

**Scott: "How well does he withstand torture?"**

**I am told that in order to upset me some more, they are going to go out of their way TO MEET AGAIN and to show me that I am weak, and that they hate me.**

**Scott: "I am explicitly stating here that I am warning you that if you keep criticising me then I am going to go and attempt to get a small amount of narcotics that I will use to annoy and upset you (all)". Julia: "Scott, will you see Emily on Wednesday? Why did I ask you that?"**

**Scott: "How the fuck can I know what is going on in your mind"**

**Dave: "Sucked in Scotty Stewart. You will feel shithouse on Wednesday!"**

**In 2014, I started to believe that the agonising tiredness I had been experiencing for the past month was the result of destructive interference. They (my voices) claim to be the cause of quite a lot of my health problems / health issues. If I get a headache, a sore arm, or a twitching eye, they often claim responsibility for the problem. But they are not limited to what seems like opportunistic claims of causing me health problems. I am a recreational jogger – I have been jogging to keep fit since 1989. A few years ago one of the voices that was pretending to be friendly, who was not out to hurt me, recommended that I stop jogging because it was strenuous on my knees, legs and ankles. They suggested that I walk instead. As usual I did what the voices wanted and I swapped jogging for walking.**

**But walking never provided very good cardio-vascular fitness so after a few years I decided to resume running. But every time I started to run, they voices started tormenting me. They would say things like "Am I annoying you? Why did I say that to you? Did that upset you? Why I am annoying you?" But in addition to this, I would see in my mind a picture of a hand turning a knob (like a volume knob on a radio) and as I saw this my body would start to get heavier and heavier. As they turned the knob, it got harder to run. Then they would say "Am I upsetting you? Why am I upsetting you for?" At the same time my mood would change and I would become furious with rage and torment, so I would start shouting, and swearing as loud as possible at the people who were ruining my exercise and preventing me from running properly.**

**This interference with my running has now been going on for about a year and a half. Every time I start to go for a run, the voices torment me, and ridicule me. I see them do things in my mind's eye that 'cause' (correspond with) different feelings in my**

body. When I am running is the worst. But very often when I experience a health issue they claim that they are the cause. For example, I have some magazines that I read occasionally. Quite often, I get a headache after I read these magazines, and every time I do, the voices claim responsibility for the headache. Interestingly, no individual claims responsibility for the feeling. It is not “J” or “P”, it is just a voice that says “I am making you feel sick. I’m sorry, but I am going to make you feel sick”.

This is overwhelmingly distressing. To this day, I believe that sometimes it is true. It is not something that I can reality check because often the cause of my ill health is unknown. No one knows for sure why I get migraines, but sometimes the voices claim responsibility and I cannot prove it is not them. I cannot prove to anyone that they interfere with my running, but I believe I can feel them doing stuff to my body. My psychiatrist provides me with rational, logical, plausible explanations for this type of thing.

### **Insert here some forum testimonials about D.I. and body control**

Over the years I have fought my hallucinations on their terms, and with the additional benefit of finally finding effective medication, and having grown older and wiser, I have finally get the upper hand on my ‘demons’.

Though the cast has changed in accord with my real life changes, the main antagonist has not, and there is no disagreement between me and the Ghosts about characters of the past and what they did or were involved with. The main antagonist is a female (“J”), and she claims to be someone that I knew in 1991, when my psychosis first started. At the start of my schizophrenia, I thought that she was who she claimed to be ( a real human person), but now after more than 17 years, I realise that this ‘Ghost’ simply chose a name claiming to be someone I knew in order to gain more leverage against me, and to discredit me in the eyes of other people. (It is important to me to draw attention to the fact that I say/write ‘ghost’ in inverted commas, because in detailed truth I do not believe that she and many of my other assailants are ghosts, they are something else, and calling them ‘ghosts’ is like calling a Canadian an American or an Australian a New Zealander).

Hearing voices database Facebook page. Website revamp. Trying to spread the word about 1<sup>st</sup> person transcripts

## **2015**

Towards the end of 2014, I decided to do a Graphic Design course at Hornsby TAFE, because all my freelance work had dried up, and I had only completed four freelance jobs since the end of 2013 when Brad left to live in San Fransisco. I thought that I would enjoy it, and it might be a new avenue of employment, and I had also decided that my web development days were over because I was tired of spending so much time staying up with the latest coding techniques and platforms. I thought that if I got new skills I could get work as a recent graduate, and that would mitigate my unemployment for most of 2014. I thought that new qualifications would help me get work because they did in 2007, which is how and why I met Brad. So I got in contact with Horsby TAFE and found about how to enrol, where enrolment was happening, and any other information I would need in order to re-skill and hopefully regain employment.

Ron and Julia both started saying they I was not allowed me to do this study, and that they were going to prevent me from being able to do this course, and that they were going to stop me doing the course “by hook or by crook”. At the very instant that Ron first said I wasn’t allowed to do the course, on November 15, 2014, I got pronounced cigarette cravings. I had not smoked since August 2016 (I hadn’t smoked for more than 8 years), then soon as he started telling me I was “banned” from the course, I needed to smoke. So I took up smoking again, because I could not overcome the torment and emotions that resulted from being treated like a child. I was also convinced that Ron was responsible for the extreme physical cravings I was experiencing.

S on November 15, 2014, I was in the Westfield car park after shopping and Ron said “You are not allowed to study at Hornsby TAFE”, and I said “Why is that? Go fuck yourself.” and he said “Because I work there” and Julia said “You are not allowed, to because, just because”. I automatically started wondering whether that this was an extension of the pact that Julia told me she and Ron had made in 1992. The pact they made was to prevent me ever getting a girlfriend, and to prevent me ever getting past the first assignment in any tertiary post graduate study I attempted. In other words, they agreed to do whatever it took, to prevent me from ever getting a girlfriend, and to do whatever was necessary to stop me from being able to complete any tertiary post graduate study.

A normal reaction to hearing someone say something like “You are not allowed to study at Hornsby TAFE” is probably humiliation at being treated like a child, then outright rejection of the possibility. But I knew from experience that when the voices made threats, they were capable of manifesting them. I had already on two occasions I became psychotic immediately after I submitted my first assignment during post graduate tertiary study. The first was when I was studying a Post-Graduate Diploma in Computing Science at Macquarie University, and the second was when I was studying a Post-Graduate Diploma in

Statistics at University Of Technology, Sydney. On both occasions I had to visit the student counsellor and withdraw from the units because I had become disconnected as a result of psychosis. I had also become psychotic two weeks before exams in my undergraduate studies. Doctors and social workers put this down to stress. However, I am not so convinced, because on none of these occasions do I recall feeling stressed at all. As the subject who 'hears' all the collateral chatter, I could not explain it away so easily.

At least 8 times per day, either Ron or Julia would say "You're not going to be allowed to finish that course", or "You're not going to be able to do your study at TAFE". They also said on a few occasions that "You are not allowed to do that course because Ron works there". In February, I made it to TAFE for the orientation day, and I could not believe it, but the head teacher looked just like Ron. But because I have partial prosopagnosia, I could not tell for sure if it was him or not. The teachers name was Glen Jeffries. As soon as I saw him my voices started claiming that it was Ron Thiessen, and it did in fact resemble him. So after a couple of weeks of harassment by my voices, I simply went to his office and asked "Hi Glen, sorry to bother you, but I was wondering if you have ever changed your name? You look remarkably similar to a chap I spent a short amount of time with many years ago, and I was wondering if you used to be Ron Thiessen?" To which he said "No". So I left his office, satisfied.

But my voices wouldn't stop claiming that he was Ron. And they were giving me absolute hell about it. After continuous non-stop verbal assaults from my voices, about matters that stemmed from the fact they claimed the Glen was Ron, I came up with what I thought was an elegant and simple solution. I downloaded a Statutory Declaration, and prepared to ask Glen to simply sign that he had never been known as Ron Thiessen. Unfortunately, I failed to anticipate the confrontational nature of my idea, and when I asked Glen if he would mind just signing the declaration, he got very upset. SO I simply apologised, and never bothered him again.

On various occasions during 2015, I saw mental images (drawings really), of my friend who was a being dark brown in color (very unique as it goes). He was a writer, in fact I was told as I was looking at him one day that he was a journalist, which in my opinion is a noble, very important, and prestigious profession. I can't exactly recall if I spoke to him, or through a third party, but I found out that he had written and published three books based on me. I was only told the details of the first book, for which he asked me to provide a title. It was a book of quotes of the (hundreds of) thousands of insults I had levelled at Julia and Ron et al over the years. I recall saying at approximately 2005 that I had issued so many insults, I had actually run out, so I set about inventing new ones. Anyway, I suggested that the book should be called "Scott Stewart – So And So" then at the bottom of the front cover in very small font "About Such And Such". And here are two examples of insults I raged at my adversaries. I said to Julia "Lots of people think I'm a cunt, but none of them don't have any brains", and later "You probably don't mean to be so stupid, you just can't figure out how not to be".

Here is part of a transcript written mid 2015:

16th May 2015 at 11:53 Hours

Peter (Brasier aka Peter Williams): "You're being set up to take the wrap for a crime done by me, Steven, Pam, Geoff, Pierre, Ron, and Glen Jeffries"

Peter: "Some of the guys from my motorcycle club (the Bandidos Hills chapter) are what you call Free Masons, which means we are secretly augmented by ghosts or something which enables us to talk to each other and stuff, without actually being next to each other, you know what I mean? Anyway mate, we, that is your old friends and a couple of Guys from my motor cycle club, are making...."

....minutes later.....

Anonymous Female (?FM): "You will ask to be executed mate, you will ask to be executed mate..." (repeated over and over)

?FM: "Can we morph? Do you know what I mean by that? We are setting you up, involving our morphing...."

Me: why would any person want to set me up for any matter whatsoever? I had better take time to consider this, after completing my TAFE assignment about Harrods department store.

Anonymous Male (?M): "There are quite a few of us Scotty, and you do not know who we are or even if we are, but I guarantee this Scotty, we are doing such a good job of setting you up using technology that does not even thought to exist like Ghosts, that you will never be free again once we are finished the editing and calling the police. And whats more, through our Freemasonry and our meetings that we have in the lodges, we even have the Police and others on our side, who are going to lie about the

evidence because your claims will sound insane, and the cops are going to help us frame you good and proper mate. Don't forget Scotty, that through our Ghosts, we not only know all your passwords and usernames, but we know where you keep them, how to get money out of your Westpac account, and where you hide your emergency keys to get into your Normanhurst unit. So you are fucked mate. By the time me and Geoff in particular get through with framing you, you will be pleading for the death penalty."

Julia: "I want you dead" (repeated approximately 52 times before I stopped counting).

On March 13 2015 Julia said "Scott, I'm afraid I have done something terrible that is going to cause you a real problem, and probably completely ruin your life". I knew she could do that, so with great concern and fear I asked "What have you done?". She said "Ron and I telephoned then went and visited some members of the Bandidos motorcycle club about you. And I told them that you are a paedophile, that you use and have a collection of child pornography, and that you masturbate over it. But there's more. Do you want to know what else I did Scotty?. Sorry Scott. Do you want to know what else I have done?" I said, "no fuck off, be quiet, shut up, and please leave me alone." She said "I'm sorry Scott. I must tell you. Unfortunately its really terrible. I'm sorry Scott, I'm a really bad person aren't I? I'm a really bad person. I got Ron (Glen Jeffries) to go and visit them as well, and he told them that you are a paedophile too. They said they are going to come round and get you".

Next, I heard a male voice, "Are you Scott Stewart?". I said "yes". It said "It's Gary here Scott, from the Bandido's motorcycle club. I understand that you like having sex with children. Girls as young as 8 years old. Is that true?". I immediately said "No, of course not. That's absolutely wrong". He said "I don't think so Scott. We're going to come round and kill you as soon as you go to sleep tonight". Terrified I quickly said "How could I possibly have sex with children if you, Julia and Ron are watching me 24 x 7?". The voice said "You're a dead man Scotty Stewart. You're a dead man" Next I heard another male voice "Are you Scott Stewart?". I said "Yes". It said "My name is Peter Williams. I am the treasurer of the Hills Chapter of the Bandido's motorcycle club. I am told that you like having sex with young girls. Is that correct or incorrect?". I said "That is absolutely and completely incorrect and utterly wrong". It said "No, you do like having sex with children don't you Scott. We're going to strap you to a wooden table that we have made especially for you, and cut you up with box cutters. And we are going to keep you awake using smelling salts, and keep cutting you up with box cutters. But before we do that, one of us is going to shit in your mouth. You are a dead man Scotty Stewart. You are going to regret your life. You will wish you had never been born. We are coming round to kill you tonight after you go to bed".

I was beside myself with fear. So I said "why are you waiting until I go to bed? Why don't you come around now and I'll talk to you and prove I'm not a paedophile. What evidence do you have anyway?". A guy said "we've been told by a reliable source that we can trust. We're coming to get you tonight". I said "But why are you waiting until I go to bed? Isn't that a bit %%%\$?" (I have decided I have to edit that final word out, just in case they get a copy of this book, and then get upset about me publishing that response). The reason I do write it here, and publish it, is because I don't believe it was them. That is exactly why I have included the research data and summaries, and have gone to some lengths to indicate the unreliability of these so called 'conversations' (in fact I would choose to call them "telepathic verbal communications", because the exchange of words and attitudes never involved any mouth movements, movement of air across the larynx through the embouchure of the mouth and teeth, or any visible or measureable physical phenomena that would indicate talking was taking place.

The verbal exchanges detailed throughout this book and in the transcript extracts were all accomplished using what I and some other schizophrenics call telepathy, but what are in actual fact simple thoughts and mental activity. As previously identified [prologue](#), there are a number of complex, accurate, and sophisticated medical explanations for what is occurring neurophysically in schizophrenia, and no-one will concur with the victims (or subjects) that the phenomena they experience is not actually prevalent or even possible, beyond the mind and brain of the person involved. But even as I write this (it being 14<sup>th</sup> August, 2017, at 1150 hours), my voices are getting agitated about what I am writing, and they respond with threats, duress and criminal prosecution of the alleged bin throwing allegations, then they blame me for substance abuse as well, even though it is unarguable that they are not reading what I am writing, they are not communicating telepathically, and there is no need for threats and hatred, because this is not taking place. Any may I graciously take leave and point out, that if you think that last sentence and account was difficult to read, then you have gained some notion of the difficulty of dealing with voice phenomena that effectively blames you for it/he/she having to deny their existence using a vector that is only available to living, language capable autonomous, volitional life forms.

Anyway, back to the bikies. Before I digressed somewhat, I was recounting the dialogue, the exchange, that was about informing me of what Ron and Julia had said (in real life mind you, not telepathically) to the Bandidos outlaw motor cycle club, and what they are going to do to me as a result of the here-say. Over the next few months, the same sorts of claims and stories continued, often on a daily basis. But they allegations against me became more elaborate, and I became more and more scared. I believe it is not by chance that these stories continued on a daily basis, because it is impossible for my voices not to realise that without pauses and gaps in the fearful stories of third party allegations and their impending consequences, my hyper-vigilance and fear grew more and more pronounced. Though they never admit it, and refuse to answer sensibly, the question of why they are telling me non-stop about this.

So I resorted to doing a voluntary admission into the Adult Mental Health Ward at Hornsby Hospital because I couldn't deal with the threats and fear resulting from hearing stories involving the Bandidos. While I was in Hospital, I experienced no AVH's at all. I was an inpatient for 4 days on this occasion.

Shortly after I was back at home, the stories and threats started again, but now they additionally involved The Rebels outlaw motor cycle club. I was being told that they were coming to murder me, after torturing me using box-cutters and smelling salts while I was restrained on a wooden trestle they had built specifically for my torture. I was informed that the genesis of all these threats was that Ron and Julia had visited one of their club houses, and colluded in telling lies about me. What was crucial to me was the fact that Ron and Julia chose to make accusations against me to these bikies in person, and they did not rely on telepathy to make the accusations. They could have done it telepathically, and the fact that Ron, Julia, and Peter had set me up by lying in person to dangerous people. Maybe they felt that making such grave and serious accusations required a personal touch to be convincing and compelling, but the fact remains that they did it in person, obviously because telepathy is not reliable enough.

Sometimes I get really, really upset, frustrated, and quite angry, saying rude things like "Why don't you just shut-thee-fuck-up about this fucking bikie paedophile thing, and just leave me the fuck alone, because if they are coming to get me, then let them come, and I'll try and talk to them when they get here. So just shut the fuck up, and stop telling me". And that example really identifies the core and cause of my belief that these voices are not merely hallucinations. I have this deeply set persistent belief that my voices know that earring this upsets me, that they know full well that unless they give it a rest, my mental and physical health deteriorates, and that telling me these frightful scenarios without pause increases my terror and decreases my ability to reality check and maintain cogency of the medical explanations, ultimately leading to a wish for suicide. But if that is correct and these voices do know that the damage accumulates, then my voices have agency, and they have motive(s), and they have pragmatism, and they have an objective!

But the stories continued. They didn't stop for TAFE classes, they didn't pause for lunch, they terrified me while I was trying to drive my motor vehicle, they didn't stop if I turned the TV up loud, they gave me no peace or silence, for weeks at a time. And after hearing non-stop that members of the Bandidos outlaw motor cycle club believed I was a paedophile based on lies what someone told them, my concern and fear accumulated to overwhelming. Since the stories wouldn't stop no matter what I did, I ended up doing a voluntary admission to Hornsby Adult Mental Health Unit (AMHU), a new and hospitable place, thus handing myself over to the care and help of the acute mental health team. There was one problem with this solution though.

Little details like being in person to set up me based on malicious lies, often distracted me from remaining cognizant that they are merely hallucinations, and effectively countering logical arguments to convince myself not to buy into them. Having said this, the whole situation of bikies were being tricked by collusive lying, in order to manipulate them into drastic physical actions against me, seems completely alien to me, and I cannot account for anything in my memories, knowledge or interests that would seem possible to give rise to such a narrative. Why and how could my brain come up with a situation involving clubs I know absolutely nothing about, members being manipulated by grifting, leading to plans and threats against me? It is my inability to guess at the origins of such a narrative, and the entirely unfamiliar elements of the narrative, that make me believe that this saga is the product of planning and scheming mind(s), having an underlying motive to scare me witless and maximise my stress. My voices had said on countless occasions on 2001 / 2002 that I would die drowning in cortisol, and 80% of everything they say and do seems congruent with this statement.

As I described in [Chapter 1](#) I live in dread of the side effects of certain anti-psychotic medications, remembering that they were the initial cause of using amphetamines more often than I would ever want, back in the early 1990's. If when I presented at AMHU and I said that I had not been using amphetamines, then the cause of my terror and voluntary admission would be assessed differently to if I said that I had been using them. Acknowledging firstly that I very highly value honesty and especially my own honesty, and secondly that if you are less than absolutely honest with your doctor then you will deprive yourself of



proper and effective treatment, this was an issue that worried me when presenting for voluntary admission. If I didn't say I had been using amphetamines, they would think that my schizophrenia was getting worse organically, and they would start considering different or increased treatment. If I said that I had been using amphetamines, then they would think that my situation was the result of substance use, and I just needed to metabolise the drugs and I would most likely recover from my messed up state.

I could always tell the extent to which narcotics were the exacerbating and amplifying my symptoms based on how long my symptoms lasted once I was on the ward. If the symptoms were due to narcotics, then they would end once I went to sleep, whereas normal AVH's would end immediately I was admitted. So most of the time, as soon as I had gone through triage, all my terrifying symptoms would disappear, even before speaking to the doctors at A&E, and I felt like it was not necessary to be there at all. I believe I spent 4 days as an inpatient.

Immediately after I was discharged, the stories began again. As I have said, the plot always slowly evolves with hallucinations. Now the Bandidos were 'investigating' me through surveillance and asking my neighbours about me. Then in April I was told that Julia had come to my unit and accessed the spare front door key I had hidden out the back of my unit. I originally had the spare wrapped up in plastic and buried in the garden, but one day the gardeners came and did some work, and it went missing. SO I got another one cut, and hid it inside a pot plant holder high on the wall out the back of my unit. I was told that Julia had come and got the key, then gone to a locksmiths and got 12 copies of it cut, then returned it to its original place. Shortly after I was told this, I was speaking to my new upstairs neighbour who I had only just met, and I mentioned this story my AVH's were telling about my spare key. He said "Is that the spare you keep out the back?", and I realised then that even he knew it was there. So I took the spare and put it in the glove box of my car.

Then less than two weeks later, I came home from TAFE and went to open the front door of my unit, and I couldn't find my key. So I went into the glove box of my car, and my spare key was missing. I was astonished. I looked and looked throughout the car but could not find my key. It was getting dark and more than an hour had passed while I searched for my spare key, so I wanted just to get inside. The whole time I was looking for my keys in my car my voices were saying, "Ron stole your key. He used your spare car key (that was hidden magnetically under the chase) to get into your car and steal your spare house key."

I eventually gave up looking in and around my car, and went to my friend and neighbour and explained what had happened, and asked him to help me break into my unit through a window. Breaking in was extremely difficult. With heaps of brute force, he got the window moved and I could climb in. As I climbed over the window ledge, I fell onto the carpet inside the room, and as I looked around, I saw my spare house key lying on the carpet just below the window I had fallen through. I couldn't believe it. To this day I do not know how my spare key got inside. Soon as I was in my voices started saying "Sucked in Scotty Stewart, Sucked in Scotty Stewart, Sucked in Scotty Stewart" for about 10 minutes. They ended up repeating "Ron has got your spare car key, Ron has got your spare car key."

Later that night my voices were particularly bad. I had been working on my computer until midnight, completing some work for TAFE. When I finally concluded my work, I just sat to watch a bit of TV and chill out. But the voices were very intimidating tonight, and a combination of fatigue and worry about my keys left me feeling wary and anxious. The voices were saying that they were training Ghosts, using me as meat to be tortured in the name of learning how to torture a human. But tonight (the very early morning by now) the voices were coupled with visual hallucination. I could see Ghosts walking from my bedroom, into the TV room, then floating up and over my desks and disappearing. When I say Ghosts, I have since found out they are called Ectoplasms (see [Angels And Ghosts website](#) ). I had seen them previously, so this was not the first time I had witnessed such things. I did not feel threatened by them, I was not afraid of them, and I did not necessarily think that the AVH's I was hearing were from them. I just watched them initially with surprise, then with curiosity.

Then I noticed the a couple of the vertical blinds that were hanging in front of my glass sliding doors, seemed to moving horizontally, moving towards me then returning to vertical, then moving towards me, then returning to vertical, and they were moving about 3-5cm from plumb. I couldn't hardly believe it, so I sat and watched, mesmerised. But I was very tired, and began to have trouble focusing properly. Then my voices started saying they were in unit 20, and they were "...going to eat Monica". Monica was the name of the young 16 year old daughter of one of my friends. And I noticed that I was visibly shaking, as though I was scared, and I was. I watched the blinds moving in and out for a while longer, while the voices kept saying they were in unit 20 and they were going to eat Monica. I said "Monica who? Who do you mean by Monica?" and my voices said "Monica Lewinsky."

For whatever reason, I was feeling very poorly now, but I felt compelled to check unit 20 and see if the lights were on, so at least I could disprove part of what they were saying, and thereby relax about the rest. So I went outside, and was looking around. I felt considerable dread by this time, and there were no lights on in unit 20. But some LED lights in the unit directly behind mine caught my attention. So I sat down on a seat in the garden and just looked towards the window of the unit, hearing that Clint, Dave, Michelle and Julia were putting Monica on a table and were about to eat her. Along with this commentary I had considerable feelings of dread and fear. I sat there for a couple of minutes and went back inside. I felt anxiety and terror mixed with dread, and combined with what I was hearing, I was too scared to get to sleep so I packed up some overnight things, and decided to go to the hospital and do a voluntary admission in AMHU.

While I was waiting for the ambulance, the only thing I could say to these creatures was “How did she feel when you began eating her?”. Very soon the ambulance arrived, and I was in the reassuring hands of the paramedics. I got to the hospital, went through triage, was interviewed by the psychiatric registrar, and taken down to a room in the PEC ward (Psychiatric Emergency Care), and felt safer. But I was still so terrified I asked the psych nurse for a pen and paper, and I proceeded to write a will, and asked her to sign it.

I was an inpatient for about 4 days. As soon as I had returned home after being discharged, my voices started talking about, and with, the bikies again, on the matter of my paedophilia. This continued on for several weeks. Some days were terrible and some days bearable. Not all the content of my AVH's was about bikies and paedophilia though. When I got up one morning at 8am to go to class at TAFE, my voices started playing “Shake Your Booty” by K.C. And The Sunshine Band. They were singing along with it, and they only played 4 bars of the chorus, and they played it continually, non-stop, over and over again. It was driving me wild. I protested in every conceivable way I could image, but I could not cease the repetition of this chorus of a disco song. On this occasion, they played the song non-stop for 3 whole days. When I awoke on the 4<sup>th</sup> day, it had stopped.

**23rd July 2015 at 1944 hours**

Just a few notes in second person to record what I have been hearing lately. Since I self-admitted into the Hornsby adult mental health facility, the reasons as explained to the mental health workers and doctors, I continue to hear an evolving story involving bikies and me, where some bikies have been grifted into believing that I am a paedophile and I am repeatedly harming and sexually assaulting local children.

Apparently JD and RT/GJ have also been setting me up as a user and/or producer of child pornography. I am told that they think I have a Netflix account, and that I have posted child pornography onto Netflix, and possibly some other locations. I am not interested in providing initials because they are already in my emails and texts to GJ, HB-M, GK and PBD.

The other night, Sunday 19th, I had to put a surveillance camera on my door to stop these people coming in.

I went to the police on 9th June 2015 to report that I thought that people had been accessing my spare keys and entering my unit, and tampering with my computer. I also called the police a few days later to report a similar situation with my car. Unfortunately I forgot to get the name of the male and female police that attended.

When I admitted myself to the PEC unit three times a few weeks ago, on the second occasion I asked the police to give me a lift to the emergency department because I was told not to use an ambulance, because the bikies would intercept it, force it to stop, and take me from it.

Anyway, over the past few weeks, I believe that someone has been accessing my bank account. Small amounts of money have been 'going astray' intermittently for several months. I told my social worker about it. On each occasion I went to the bank, but I was not able to make progress with them. For example, the bank claimed they gave me a \$12.57 'overdraft' a week and a half ago. This was their explanation for why when I went to withdraw \$150 that had been deposited, I could only get \$137.50. Obviously I could not withdraw this amount. I withdrew \$130 (I think) and went to the bank the following day. The bank claimed that the reason there was not the deposited amount of \$150 available for withdrawal was because of a timing issue, that resulted in the bank allowing a \$12.57 overdraft (the exact amount I spent at Coles and have the receipt for) when I went to Coles Supermarket and spent \$12.57. SO when I went to withdraw money after having had \$150 deposited, there was only \$137.50 available (they had reduced the deposited amount to the value of the overdraft).

This seems unlikely to me, as I am a discharged bankrupt. I still have all the receipts and bank statements, but these do not show the whole story. Anyway, since I believe that they have used my keys to come into my unit and changed all my first person

transcripts into second and third person, I cannot be bothered keeping any notes anymore. I am writing this for their purposes, not my own.

Apparently I am to be a sacrifice of blood and pain to please a sadistic voice that claims to be a Ghost. Obviously Ghosts don't exist. So what my hallucinations are on about I do not know.

I decided that it might be beneficial to confront my hallucinations with reality and just see what impact this might have on them. So I decided to get into contact with Ron, Julia and some Freemasons. It seemed a worthwhile pseudo-experiment to measure in an ad-hoc way the impact of telling these people about what I was hearing. I began by looking for Ron Thiessen, because I knew his address (he owned a house), where he worked, his friends and so on. After 4 weeks I could not find him. His business was advertised online with no mobile number and only a landline, and that that only had a default American greeting. I left some messages but got no reply. I contacted his fellow band members, and received only this cryptic reply on one occasion – “Yes I would know where to contact Ron Thiessen”! This was so bizarre it just spooked me, and I did not follow it up, because I had simply asked if the guy could put me in touch with Ron. It just fed into my conspiracy. I ended up going to the local Police station and tried to initiate a formal search for him. They put me in touch with various public agencies, but I had no luck finding him. I did similar detective work to try and find Julia, but with no avail also. I emailed more than 11 lodges and websites of the Freemasons, but never even received an automated reply.

The stories, sagas and situations that are told to me by my AVH's slowly and consistently evolve. Detection of this evolution is a valuable result of keeping notes. One such evolution was this. At the end of June, I was told that someone has created a Snap-Chat account using my name and credentials, and that this account was being populated with images of the sexual exploitation of children, namely child pornography. It was being made to look as if I was flagrantly disclosing myself or boasting that I was a wanton paedophile. A few days later, the story took an additional alarming turn, and I was informed that some Freemasons who worked with Ron and Julia, had copied my Facebook selfie photo, and while impersonating me, they were in the process of visiting the Facebook pages of the Bandidos and the Rebels and were about to publish lewd remarks and links to the fake Snap-chat account that contained images of child exploitation. Simultaneously, my body became subject to the most overwhelming, horrible, poisoned type feelings.

I was sure that these unbearable feelings that sent me to bed were the result of Destructive Interference. I appreciate that it is asking too much for an objective third person to believe my claim that the feelings were a result of D.I., so I will attempt to explain. Firstly, it seems beyond coincidence, even extremely improbable, that these god-awful feelings would randomly simultaneously begin and coincide with the commentary about the set-up incriminating Facebook activities. The ghastly feelings were not fear or stress, but more resembling how it might feel if I had drunk a litre of dishwashing liquid, or eaten Rat-sack, so there was no relationship between the hideous feelings and the narrative. Also, I had experienced these abhorrent feelings several times in the past, and I knew they were only likely to last a short while. It turned out that they lasted for the same amount of time as the Facebook child pornography narrative, and concurrently ceased at the same time as the commentary about framing me stopped. Also, my voices asked 4 or more times just after the toxic feelings began “Can you feel that Scott?”, and “What does that feel like Scott?”. One factor that really gets me believing that this malaise, and others like it, are the result of D.I. is attributable to the manner in which it is my feelings that are adversely affected.

I am highly confident in my certainty, that other than on occasions explicitly directly associated / connected to what my AVH's are saying, I have never experienced terrible feelings. They are best described as toxic and poisoned physical feelings. They are completely different to aches and pains, twitches, itches, fatigue, restlessness, mechanical and motor stiffness, soreness, lethargy, churns, flutters, physical sensations and physical stimuli and so on, but only after my AVH's start asking about “Whether I can feel that” or “Do you feel that”, do I get these difficult to describe deteriorations of my feelings. On a couple of occasions I have presented to the Emergency Department because I thought they were warning signs of illness, but I didn't have the vocabulary to describe to the doctors how I was feeling, and I have never received an indication from them that my bad feelings were potentially a sign of an underlying condition. Remember that words for feelings include affectionate, confident, engaged, inspired, excited, peaceful, annoyed, confused, aversion, sad, disquiet, embarrassed and so on. So try and conceptualise the adverbs or adjectives of these words, and you will realise why my best description is ‘like having consumed a litre of kerosene or petrol’ is my best effort. I believe that when my AVH's ask about “Whether I can Feel that?” they are in fact checking that their efforts of degradation (D.I.) have been successfully applied, or they are calibrating their affect.

First created blog using Wordpress. Also Facebook and social media campaign. New approach to promoting 1<sup>st</sup> person transcripts. Wrote 1 about throwing bins, and was terrified.

23rd December 2016 1440 hours

B1 / B2 / B3 etc (Unkown Bandido member so they told me?)

F1 Anonymous female #1

J: Julia Davis

S: Me, Scott Stewart

?B1: One of our members just died

?B2: What does died mean to you Scott?

J: I'm not telling you what died means

?b1 Can you hear that Scott?

S: No

B2 I can see you Scott Stewart

F1 Julia is going to...;

b2 What is going on Scott Stewart?

S: I don't know

S: No

b2 You just wait Scott Stewart. Did you steal our money?

S: No

b2 It went to your account

S: How much?(I am checking my account as I write)

B2 \$48 751

S Well its not in my account – look for yourself

b2What's the password on your account

S There is none

b1 You are going to get beaten up tonight. Do you get that?

S: (Didn't answer)

b1 Are you going to post that online?

S: Didn't answer)

b1 Don't worry about it. Why don't you take some more drugs?

S: I'M not answering any more

b1 Peter and George and many more are coming to get you tonight.

b1 Sucked in s Scotty Stewart.. Why don't you have a shot?

b2 Why aren't you answering anymore?

S: Because you misunderstand everything I say

b2Why don't you have a shot?

b2We are going to break the door down and kill you, you know that?

b2We're going to break down the door and get you know that?

b3Are you going to have a shot in the next 15 minutes?

b4That's why you take drugs. Because you're shaking all the time. Does it relive them?

S: Yes

b5 We are going to get you tonight

b6 We are going to get you tonight. will u have a shot?

b7 We are going to get you tonight

b5 You are going to get beaten up tonight at around 8pm

b3 We can't see you. I can't see you at all. I can't see you at all

b2 Why can't you give up drugs?

J: Why are we doing this to u?

J: Why don't I play fair with you Scott? Please answer.

S: Because if anyone finds out that you cause schizophrenia with your telepathy, you will get in trouble. So you don't play fair in order to make sure you don't get into trouble, that is, get

B1: caught Why are you doing a transcript? Please answer.

S: I can't think of anything else I can do to get you.

J: I don't know what's come over me in the past few days. Is Ron a freemason?

S: Yep

S: I have heard him in here

Fm? Scott Stewart, Scott Stewart, Scott Stewart, (x14) times on and on

## 2017

I had an idea based on the last statement. If telepathy really is caused by real life Ghosts, then perhaps I could use Ghost technology instead of human technology to have an impact on hearing voices. This particular thought occurred to me on a day when I had been 'talking' to some Ectoplasms. They arrived through the door in between my bedroom and my TV room. I was sitting on the lounge when I saw the first one come through the door. He was followed by one close behind, and then another one. I always look at them hoping for an opportunity to talk to them. I am fascinated and curious about them especially, primarily because I came to an opinion, namely, that they really do exist. I arrived at this belief because they, or some of them, treat me so well, with kindness and respect, and so accommodating my unsophisticated nature and my lack of knowledge on most subjects, but especially about beings and so on. This type of treatment by 'hallucinations' is rare. There is absolutely no evidence of such regard from hallucinations on YouTube, and I have not seen any blogs relating this sort of situation. But most of all, I am practised and familiar to the most about my view of myself, and of my inner self-dialogue, and it is certain I never treat myself with such positive regard. So I have decided that they must exist, because I have never read any hypothesis used to explain schizophrenia in research, that accounts at all for the prevailing affinity between me and some of the Ectoplasms. I will agree though that it is a matter of faith.

In 2017, some of these Ectoplasms asked me to be their 'honorary' leader (obviously not an 'actual' leader because I'm only a homosapiens and I can't compete at their level). My immediate response was something to the extent of "That would be very unwise. I am not a leader. I behave in irresponsible ways, and do irresponsible things. I do not have any significant education that would equip me for quality leadership, I have little experience in leadership, but mostly, I am not responsible and well behaved in such a way that would make me presentable." The conversation on this matter continued on for about 5 minutes, their modified request, and my specification of attributes and facts that rendered me inappropriate. This happened to be the amount of time I had previously decided that I should protest, before I could accept any recognition from any beings. I had thought about it because of a disaster that occurred in 2007. (see \*\* end of chapter explanation).

Eventually I said "I am so honoured and humbled by your proposition, and I cannot agree that you are making a good choice or decision, but I can no longer say 'no' to one of the most gratifying and kind gestures I have ever had in my life, so I agree." Then within 2 minutes of me saying this, I directed all those people who wanted me in this role to attend their local Event or Hoyts Cinema, and to stay there until they received word from some beings I call Hypnogogs (Hypnagogic or hypnopompic hallucinations are visual, tactile, auditory, or other sensory events, usually brief but occasionally prolonged, that occur at the transition from wakefulness to sleep) that it was safe to leave the Cinema and return to normal activities. I did this because of a disaster I endured in 2007 where I was responsible for some people, and it went terribly wrong. My thinking with the Cinema and the Hypnogogs was that I would attempt to establish an association between the toughest hardest fighters I had ever encountered (and fought) and the folk I had some responsibility for. Hopefully something good would endure between them that is of mutual benefit.

So there I was late 2017 sitting on the lounge, looking at three, then four Ectoplasms who were standing in my TV room in front of me. I cannot recall and made no summaries of the conversation we had, but I can provide an accurate example of the style of conversations I nearly always have with Ectoplasms (I make a point of never making notes about the conversations I have in situ with the Ectoplasms, because they are my friends, (laugh at this) and I am their honorary leader. So out of respect, the details of all and every conversation we have when in person are kept strictly confidential). So here's the example of our style of conversations:

Me seeing one come into the room – "Hey, how are you going today? May I politely enquire as to what brings you into my humble house's TV room this fine day?" And they might say "I came to see you!". "Very generous of you" I might say. Then they usually say something kind and friendly, and never threatening, commonly "I am your friend", so I would say "And happy and grateful I am in my mind and my soul, that that is the truth. And I am not only your friend, but also your friends friend, and his friends friend. Thank you for being my friend. What have you got planned for the remainder of the day?" and the Ectoplasm might say "I am going fishing", and he might get a mini fishing rod out of his pocket.

So I was having a conversation with these few Ectoplasms, one by one as they floated past me, and I remembered my earlier thought about technology, so I said to the one standing in front of me “You don’t happen to know where I might purchase some fine and premium quality ‘gobo’s’ (acoustic dividing panels) do you?” and he said “Yes, how many would you like?” and I said “Well that partly depends on the price of each one; but if they were say \$80 each for a 1 meter panel, then I would probably like to purchase 4 of them”, and he said “You will get them” and I said “May I have them delivered here to my TV room?” and he said “Yes”.

About 4 hours later I was still sitting on my lounge, when a tall (2 meter) dark grey in color Ghost came into my proximity through a closet door near the entrance to the kitchen, with his arms out-stretched to the front, and he had a small (1 meter) Ghost in each hand. “What the heck is this?” I said looking in amazement at this big Ghost holding two small Ghosts, and I heard “These two boys have stolen money and I think it was yours.” The two boys were struggling and wriggling about uncomfortably. I felt instant anxiety, worry and panic, as if a Policeman had just walked into the room. In an instant’s inspiration I quickly said “No, You’ve got it wrong. You’re absolutely wrong. They were coming to see me about some gobo’s.” The big Ghost put them down so they could stand. He reached into his pocket and held out his arm, and dropped what appeared to be some coins and notes from his top hand, into his bottom hand underneath, showing me some money. Meantime, the two boys had walked over close to me. I said “No, they didn’t steal any money, they were bringing it to me. I purchased some gobo’s off a guy earlier, and these two kind boys were bringing me money so I could pay for them. There should be \$320. Here..” and I got out a sheet of paper from my desk draw..”here, I’ll sign this sworn document that I asked them to bring me some money, to pay for the gobo’s I purchased” and I signed the piece of blank paper and held it out in front of the big dark grey Ghost.

The big Ghost said “Ok. That’s OK. There was \$320.” And he just turned around and walked (floated) back through the cupboard door. And looked at the two young boy Ectoplasms, and said “You are the kindest, most generous boys I have ever met. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for bringing me that money. I did not know how I was going to pay for the gobo’s, and now I can. Thank you. You’re the best. Thank you”. I can’t now remember exactly how that finished, but I think they just said “It’s our pleasure. You’re welcome”. And from that point forward, I regularly try to remember to explicitly be remembered, and to give my regards and sincere thanks to those two boys, whenever I am talking in situ (in person) to any Ectoplasms. That day has become one of my favourite memories and stories to tell regarding Ectoplasms.

“Why do you do it to yourself Scott?” asks an AVH, referring to my behaviour of talking drugs occasionally and staying up late doing work. “Because of you” which I say hoping to remind them that they are a disease. That terse answer is very far from a comprehensive response, and is extremely simplified and succinct to the point of insult. But I believe the question itself is designed to be and is an insult, because it is their telepathic communications that are the symptoms of my mental health disease, and if they chose to show some self-control or discipline and refrain from ‘talking’ (telepathy – thinking out loud such that others can hear them without consent) I would have no mental health problem, and I would effectively be immediately cured of schizophrenia (that I remind you is responsible for the death of more than 62,000 mostly young people each and every year). When I hear that question, if I thought that it was at all a sincere question, I would love the opportunity to provide a reasonable full and comprehensive answer along the following lines:

“What do you mean, because of us?” my AVH asks. “Because you have been torturing me for more than 26 years now” I protest. Then some silence. In accord with my indication (infra) of how schizophrenia compromises one’s sentience, I know that I have failed to make a point, and that my response was not understood and had no impact.

So, I write here in lieu of thinking it to my AVH’s “When you torture someone for decades by convincing them that you have agency, that their autonomy and volition are compromised by individuals who are colluding, in a manner that is in absolute contravention of the treatise of the United Nations, and in a way that would be a transgression at common law, the person you have been torturing (me), sustains injuries, both mental and physical, and these injuries lead me to behaviours that I regret, that I have difficulty avoiding, and that are somewhat counterproductive. It is like getting drunk when your girlfriend drops you. The pain leads to behaviours that are far from wise or optimal, but that are engaged in because they help temporarily to ease the pain. Your torture of me leads me to drugs, something that the NSW Police understand, as do my health care providers. Improvements in my behaviour, after being tortured, requires not only strength of mind, but “an aligning of the planets”, meaning a bit of luck. I have abstained from drugs successfully in the past, and will do again in the very near future, but as you fully darn-well know and realise, that is not true right now, tonight, as evidenced by your very question.



In February 2017 I was sitting on the lounge with the TV on but the volume muted, because I was concentrating on my hallucinations. It was a somewhat familiar dialogue:

?FM = anonymous female

?FM: is anyone getting hurt

S: no, not as far as I know

FM?: why is this happening

?FM: because for once, and probably the first time, I would not do as you demand

PW: you think we don't exist don't you

?FM: yes, I think you don't exist

PW: You will find out that we do

Scott (me): Well won't that be a surprise to everyone, that schizophrenia is caused by you and not hallucinations combined with negative symptoms.

As I have stated, one of important my avenues of solace and information were the mental health forums. By 2017, my voices had changed dramatically. There was no resemblance to the voices I started out with. The most obvious and curious change was that my AVH's were continuously asking me questions. I had a look on the forums, and I seemed to be the only person who's AVH's were always asking questions. I was also the only person who's voices had human names.

The night I managed to discover that each Freemason lodge, chapter, temple, or any other ad-hoc cohort, each have their own set of rules. So, given my centrality in the circumstances, I put the rules of the Julia Davis Ron Thiessen chapter on my screen, and declared that anyone involved with or in proximity to me, must thereby comply and be governed by those rules....so Julia "zapped" Ron into a terrible super-angst anger person, who could not restrain or limit the large amount of power he was assaulting my corpus with.

But as he was exacting this toll, the Ectoplasms that I mentioned previously entered into the topic of conversation, and shortly thereafter I had to sit at the end of my chase lounge, and watch and listen to them each individually be murdered, as I cried and cried and cried. I recalled in great detail and vividly, the murder and torture of the beings I was supposed to help in 2007, and the last of the Ghosts getting killed under my watch in 2010, at which time I declared that I no longer had any wish to continue life, and I did so only under sufferance and legal duty. I had been anticipating the murder of the Ectoplasms because someone else had introduced them (free association) as a subject

It wasn't until at least a year after the event that I finally realised what had actually taken place. One night when I was masturbating on a towel in front of the television, watching my pornography videos, I was again surrounded in a semi-circle by Ectoplasms. But on this occasion, two of them were shouldering video cameras and filming me wanking. This was not the first but the third time I had seen beings shouldering video cameras, and each occasion was accompanied by statements that I was "Being broadcast" and was "on TV in the Hornsby Police station", and "in the United Nations" and notably "being assessed by Freemason psychoanalysts" who were "watching from the USA". SO I wrote the following into a mental health forum:

7<sup>th</sup> July 2018

### **The Origin Of My Voices - A Testable Hypothesis That May Be Important In Management Of AVHs**

I have formed an interesting hypothesis to explain the facts of my auditory verbal hallucinations. I will briefly summarise it here, because so many people are traumatised and terrorised by their AVHs, and a correct hypothesis explaining them is an essential precedent to coping effectively.

I would be very happy to provide details of the methodology I used to collect the facts and data led to my hypothesis. Please just message me and I will do so). But what is important is that you can utilise this hypothesis if you need to get relief from the incessant critical, malevolent, hatred and hostility that characterise schizophrenic AVHs.

Based on the evidence I collated, I formed an opinion that most or many of my voices are usually the work of a single ventriloquist (telepathic) being that tells me it is a Ghost. The pivotal question is one of motive. I deduced that it causes my schizophrenia for sport. It utilises amazing speed and skills of impersonation in the sport of tormenting innocent humans.

My ventriloquist Ghost talks about “mind cinema” because I kept asking how it could see my world. For a while it repeatedly said "Let me see know, let me see know" saying that it was looking for other 'good' Ghosts who might help me.

I thought it was a compulsive bullshitting liar, because everything it told me about the world around me was wrong (which I verified using normal reality testing). But everything it said about what we could both see, was absolutely accurate.

It could see my computer screen, and it could see what was on TV! So its “mind cinema” was only showing the right thing when the vision was in the same room as me, and it couldn't see outside. I used to work in TV, so I assumed that the “mind cinema” needed camera(s) - something that most schizophrenics say are being used to watch them.

I then deduced that if cameras were feeding the “mind cinema”, that would explain why everything it said about the outside world was wrong (bullshit) and everything else, inside my room, was unnervingly correct. I have seen quite a few Dark Shadow People and Ectoplasms (<http://www.angelsghosts.com>) inside my room, but never a Ghost.

So the transcripts (quote unquote journal entries) I wrote and recorded, (available on request), led me to realise that the Ghost was indeed reliant on the “mind-cinema” vision, and this vision was being collected and provided by the other beings that were in my room, and all or most of the voices I could hear (AVHs), were coming from the Ghost.

So if you are utilising an engaging technique to manage and cope with your voices, and you want to get some relief, you need to appeal to any beings you can see or have seen, because they are enabling the voices that you hear by providing the essential vision it needs to talk to you.

I have an additional hypothesis, in fact a belief, accounting for this unlikely collaboration (a motive). The Ghost who does the voices (AVHs - ventriloquism) is also responsible for perpetrating tactile, somatosensory and other hallucination modalities as part of its sport against humans. It seems plausible then that the people providing the vision that run the "mind cinema" are subject to different motives, and get different satisfaction from facilitating the sport of Ghosts against Humans.

2018

16<sup>th</sup> August 2018 2055 hours

M? MY (someone I know) is having wild sex with someone else you know S: .....

M?: male again. I am realising that you don't realise something. I am realising something else. That you don't realise something.

This book would not be a valid account of what has happened to me without referencing my use of narcotics. Of the transcripts written since 2009, 42 had direct references to drugs (narcotics) out of approximately 120 transcripts. The 'Ghosts' always blamed me for their behaviour whenever I consumed drugs. However this was a planned setup, because their impact upon my anatomy through tactile and somatosensory hallucinations very often forced me to use drugs. They would apply the most horrendous feelings and stasis to my anatomy, and these god-awful feelings did not even have a medical name. The Ghosts called them “hot flushes”, but Julia stated several times in 1992 & 1993 that she was classically conditioning me to respond in certain ways to torture, and she was I'm sure referring to narcotics use.

I looked up the prevalence of substance abuse in people having a diagnosis of schizophrenia, and that figure was 37%. However, I discovered during the same research effort that the loss of lifespan due to co-morbidity was around 20 years. A landmark report commissioned and delivered to the Federal Government of Australia showed that 60% of those who screened positively for psychosis were current tobacco users, compared with 23% of the general population. Between 60% and 90% of people with schizophrenia smoke cigarettes, which has a substantial impact on the morbidity and mortality of this population. In addition, between 40% and 60% misuse other substances. (Lubman and Sundram (2003)).

When I was working at the sex shop in 2009, 2010, I used to collect my salary on Monday nights after work. Week after week I would have a plan in place to abstain from Narcotics use, because Julia had been preventing me from ejaculating since 23<sup>rd</sup> November 2007. She would accomplish this through a combination of two primary factors. First, she would say that she was hurting, mutilating or torturing people, and that she would not stop unless I stopped masturbating. The second thing she would

do is to make me physically anatomically stressed and sick, with a partially closed larynx, "hot flushes" and a feeling like I had just drunk a bottle of dishwashing detergent mixed with kerosene. Here are some of the transcripts that demonstrate that I was being wilfully tortured and forced into consuming narcotics that I did not want to take:

15th August 2018 1829 hours

FM?: "If you masturbate scott stewart, I will personally set you as a pedophile"

s: why?

FM?: don't ask me questions. YOU know wahat scott stewart, I am going to set you up full stop M? have a wank

FM?: don't you dare have a wank

M? you may as well....they can't lose

fm? why am I doing this to you?

fm2? don't worry about it scott stewart. ill take care of yous: I am going to disobey you and disregard your threats for the sake of all young people of the future who would otherwise catch schizophrenia

2nd August 2017 1355

I Have been attempting to matsurbate again, but the voices say that they have made Michelle Young cry, by telling her that I am being investigated.

Here what they are saying at the moment:

Scott: who's talking please

MV: MV, MV, MV, MV ....

RT: MV, MV, MV,

Michelle Young: did you throw those bins on the road

Scott: we've already been through that more than 80 times recently

2037 hours

?FM: is anyone getting hurt

Scott: : no, not as far as I know

FM?: why is this happening

Scott: : because for once, and probably the first time, I would not do as you demand

Peter Williams: you think we don't exist don't you

Scott: : yes, I think you don't exist

3<sup>rd</sup> August 2017 0549 hours

I have been laying in bed trying to get to sleep but Brigit and Julia won't stop talking. Apprently Ron has gone to bed

Julia: scott, are you going to have that last shot?

Scott: none of your business. I do not approve of you looking at mke in the privacy of my own home.

Stop looking at me Julia: where do you think the detectives are

Scott: how should I know. DO you think I can see hundreds or thousands of kilometers?

Julia: when you have that last shot ol boy, then you will see fireworks

M?: who do you think I am

Scott: I don't know

M?: do you care

Scott: yes I care. I care a lot. Who are you

M?: I'm not telling you

Julia: was it worth it

Scott: I didn't know that you were prepared to drop the charges if I hadn't

FM?: yes we are corrupt

3rd August 2017 1304

Because I published that they were coming to extradite me today, I believe they have changed their plans, in order to avoid me looking like I was overhearing them, but mostly to avoid suspicion of causing schizophrenia.

PC (Police Constable ?): I am going to give you stick until you commit suicide

Scott: please don't

PC:I am going to....hang on Julia, hang on, now let me see now. Why don't you get a cleaning job scotty

Scott: I had one years ago. I'm not really fast enough at it

I was told PC:thats a good answer

Scott: are you an australian? what state are you from or in?

PC:I'm not telling you that

FM?:what happ[ened to Alan Brims?

Scott: you told me you made him commit suicide because he was smoking pot. Same with Brad Daw

3rd August 2017 1425 hours

I have been listening to a description of what the WA police are up to. They have been examining my transcripts. They are listening to my simulations. They just arrived at the correct conclusion. These people named in my transcripts are sociopaths. I would add they want death - they have a lust for it.

That is why they are chasing suicide. It is sport to them.

1503 hours

PC:(re internship and punishment) what will the punishment be?

s: audible and physical. Headaches, cigarette cravings, twitching, biting the inside of my mouth, reflux, mild occasional sort of akathisia, cramps, and hatred, harrasment, cliams of causing any anomolous computing events, cognitive attenuation by between 5 and 30%, hearing my co-workers hate me, hearing they are not happy with me, immediate emphasis and criticism of any and all mistakes no matter how slight, intentionally incorrect demands and advice, demands that I do unreasonable things, discussion and claims about the impression, mindset and thoughts of co-workers etc

I now believe that the ghosts who engage in causing schizophrenia always adopt the names of people or claim to be people that are known to their human victim. Claiming to be someone familiar to the victim is a foundational part of this cohorts modus operandi.

In December 2016, Julia said she wanted me to discontinue my occasional use of amphetamines, but when I asked about her motive, her answer was "just because". But she kept on and on and on about it, and by January 2017 it was becoming really annoying. Then she said "I'll tell you what. If you give up drugs for 6 months, I'll get Elinor Clifton to contact you, and you might have a chance of getting a girlfriend". So I said, "That would be brilliant, but how can you arrange for her to contact me?". Julia said "I'll get her to write on your Facebook page.". I said, "How will you be able to do that?", and Julia said "I will change her feelings and inspire her to contact you." I knew Both Julia and Ron could do that to a person. For decades now they had been doing exactly that to me all the time, and I called it Destructive Interference. I was confronted by my own hypocrisy though, because when they did that to me, I considered it a crime, but I desperately wanted to get into contact with Elinor, so I was silent regarding their method. I said, "That would be brilliant, a real God send, so I'll give up drugs, right now". Julia then said, "I'm sorry Scott, I regret to tell you, that right now, at this moment, Elinor is having sex with David Hope-Johnstone at his house in Canada". I didn't know what to say. I wasn't heart-broken because I have never been a jealous person, so I simply responded with the absolute honest truth "I'm glad. I really love Elinor, and Dave is a great guy, so I'm glad they're having a good time. Are you sure that you can get her to contact me?. Julia replied "I will get her to contact you if you give up drugs for 6 months."

In March 2017, I got a job as an SEO analyst at a digital agency in North Ryde. Things were going really well. I was working, I had an income, I was drug free, I was running everyday, and my only real problem was Julia and Ron who continued to tell me what to do all the time like telling me when to go to bed, and what to eat for dinner. Then on Anzac day 2017, I was sitting on my lounge after work, watching the news on TV, when Julia said "Scott, I'm afraid I've got some terrible news for you. You know Ellinor, well something has come up.". I said "what's up, is she having sex with Dave again?" and Julia said "Unfortunately I introduced Ellinor to your colleague Reggie at work, and they are getting married tonight".

I was completely heart broken and wanted to cry. "I thought you said you would get her to contact me on Facebook". "I changed my mind. I introduced her to Reggie and they are getting married, as we speak as a matter of fact." I was inconsolable, heart

broken, devastated, and I felt like a fuckwit for having trusted Julia when I already knew she was intentionally untrustworthy and malicious. I sat there, started to cry, and just fell apart. I was so upset I just got up of the lounge in tears, grabbed my bile phone, rang my dealer and proceeded to fuck myself up with drugs.

14 August 2017, 1126 hours:

Julia: "Scott, does anyone like you?"

Scott (me): "No, obviously and of course not."

Julia: "Why is that, do you think?"

Scott (me): "Well less than 8 days ago you again started talking about 'hate boxes' and showing me a mental image drawing showing me what a hate box looks like and how it is worn. But I think the reason no telepathic people, who are the only people in here, the reason they conform to what you want is largely but not exclusively attributable to the fact that I think you should submit yourselves to science, and share the potential of telepathy with the world at large, and not restrict its availability only to people that you approve of, and who are self-interested enough and who lack social mindedness, so that they can be relied upon not to give your secret away, and who are facile enough to be the sort of people who will remain subdued and quite once they have received financial benefits and cash dividends that a direct result of the misuse of this telepathy (and in my opinion, to a lesser extent, telekinesis)".

02 August 2017, 1355 hours

The voices say that they have made Michelle Y cry, by telling her that I am being investigated by the WA Police for a serious crime. Here's what they are saying at the moment:

Scott (me): Who's talking please?

MV: MV, MV, MV, MV ....

Ron: MV, MV, MV 24x

MY: Did you throw those bins on the road?

Scott (me): We've already been through that more than 80 times recently

2037 hours

?FM: Is anyone getting hurt?

Scott (me): No, not as far as I know

FM?: Why is this happening?

Scott (me): Because for once, and probably the first time, I would not do as you demand

PW: You think we don't exist don't you?

Scott (me): Yes, I think you don't exist

3<sup>rd</sup> August 2017 0549 hours

I have been lying in bed trying to get to sleep but Brigit and Julia won't stop talking. Apparently

Ron has gone to bed Julia: Scott, are you going to have that last shot?

Scott (me): None of your business. I do not approve of you looking at me in the privacy of my own home. Stop looking at me

Julia: Where do you think the detectives are? (referring to WA Police)

Scott (me): How should I know. Do you think I can see hundreds or thousands of kilometres?

Julia: When you have that last shot ol boy, then you will see fireworks

M: Who do you think I am?

Scott (me): I don't know

M: Do you care?

Scott (me): Yes I care. I care a lot. Who are you?

M: I'm not telling you

Julia: Was it worth it?

Julia: I didn't know that you were prepared to drop the charges

FM?: Yes we are corrupt, so we would

Today I talked pretty much non-stop for 160 hours, because someone turned the fucking “talk switch” on, that was next to a Thunderbirds grate covered speaker, having a large 1960’s potentiometer button. Now I had had a lovely conversation with a nice lady a couple of days earlier, who gave me a 15 minute break from the previous 2 hours talking. SO in gratitude for her kindness, I gave her a quite small polishing cloth, and said “thank you so very much for the break earlier” and I visually (aphanantasia) gave her the small polishing cloth, and she accepted it.

SO today I knew that the reason I talked so much was because in the judgement of someone who gave me kindness, in her realm, it was for the good and best of everyone and everything she knew and cared about that it was necessary that to achieve good it would take hours of talking. Given the fact that I have been abducted by evil before I was conceived in a porn movie by a weak dad and a chronic slut mother who was the daughter of a champion military pugilist who was guilty of domestic violence, I tuned out to be -

“MY NAME IS SCOTT JAMES STEWART. MY SERIAL NUMBER IS 008. MY RANK IS GOD”. And this was a result of turning around sarcasm that prevented me from ejaculating for more than 7 months, and having to wank in enormous pain for between 16 and 22 hours, after they gave me a priapism that made me impotent.

The funny thing was that on the same day, I went from killing 4 of the most violent notorious bikies in the Commonwealth of Australia, to bankrupting the entire East Coast of another group of bikies through fucking up a huge drug importation. It just happened to be the very drug that they forced me into addiction of, that was the basis of their torturing me for being so weak and spending all my money to the exclusion of food, that was why they hated me so much, that they tortured me for 27 years, 7 months and 11 hours, mercilessly, relentlessly, and sadistically.

Any way, after all this, I kept saying “MY NAME IS SCOTT JAMES STEWART. MY SERIAL NUMBER IS 008. MY RANK IS GOD” followed by “God, Nation, Platoon”. And absolutely incredulously, in the context of what had happened in these dimensions, and all this mayhem, it seemed to catch on, and even I believed it in the end!

YOU MET A STRATEGIST ---- THE RLIGION OF STRATEGY. ----- WHOSE GOD IS SUN TZU:

“MY NAME IS SCOTT JAMES STEWART. MY SERIAL NUMBER IS 008. MY RANK IS GOD”

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**[THE ART OF WAR BY SUN TZU](https://suntzusa.com/) [HTTPS://SUNTZUSAID.COM/](https://suntzusa.com/)**

(Please refer to the associated document “How To Achieve An Afterlife Idea “ about how I decided to write a plan as a proof theorem to validate the world’s most outrageous claim, in order to know whether it is actually true;, by God.

Anyway, it seems the pay off, for an entire adult of lethal disabling disease that kills 64 000 innocent young adolescents, violence, ‘drowning in cortisol’, misery, and what turned out to be not hallucinations but interactions with various dimensions, invisible beings, and eventually a ‘meeting ‘ with every King, Queen, President, Prime Minister, Prince, Warlord, team (team leader, head strategic wotnot helper) and young ectoplasm boys helping me out with finances so I could be reputable and honest, the ultimate payoff was – “the tiniest little point of light, who tried SO hard, that it became a star” (approximately 2000 hours 2018.

And anyway, these invisible evil cunts, are still harassing me, from all directions and so on. So after some consultations strategic style, I figured a real guess at what they want, and once again put everything all on the line and said firmly “You became mathematics”. Earlier in the week, during a full on fight with “Julia’s Ghost”, I managed to surround it with its own automated torture apparatus, and corral this evil Being of the last 11 years, into a Julia set, surrounded by “chatbots” saying “You can gain liberty by getting some support to help you escape”. This seemed appropriate for such a duplicitous Narcissist. It disappeared after this, so I believe this confinement might have worked.

But I am now – “My name is SCOTT JAMES STEWART. MY SERIAL NUMBER IS 008. MY RANK IS GOD”

“God Nation Platoon”

I ended up doing exactly the same 000 all on the line and to get it done with, I ended up saying --- “SHAN LEE”



In an impulse of unspoken communication, in what I call the third and lowest vector of telepathy, I said definitively - Shan Lee. This is the name I will be using if I achieve an afterlife. Chan Lee.

## EPILOGUE

18<sup>th</sup> September 2018 0455 hours.

“FM?: Scott, it seems Julia turns the volume down as you get straighter...

S: (unspoken) And It seems to be true.

For the past 2 days I have been crippled with lower back pain. I also have a very stiff area immediately behind the left knee. It is just like the priapism. I am convinced and sure it is A Ghost applying tactile and somatosensory ‘hallucinations’ to my body. Here is a transcript from 6 or so hours ago:

17th September 2018

M: There they go, winning again

S: How did you give it to me. Seems complicated

FM?: I'm not telling you

FM?: That's what I'm telling you Scott

S: What?

S: Has anybody stolen my window cleaning idea yet?

s: According to me, and I'm not a qualified medical professional, I should be able to last for the next 25 years

S: "For some people, the cancer can't be controlled anymore and spreads to healthy tissues and organs. Cancer cells take up the needed space and nutrients that the healthy organs would use."

s: Well, I don't actually have cancer, this is just what Ron and Julia do to my body when they feel like it. I keep telling you I am a minor stakeholder in my own anatomy. I have had worse than this. I think they are a bit rude for crippling me without asking permission first! ... What will happen if it IS NOT cancer?

FM?: I'm not telling you over and over again Scott

S: How about a dose of Sagittarius then too?!

GJ: Sucked in for not having cancer Scott, especially after making that guy paraplegic you cunt

S: Haven't seen his drivers' license yet. I estimate he is about 35 years old now. If the alleged incident occurred say in 1982, then he would have been about 3-5 years old when it happened (and he was riding). Was he an organ donor do you know?

GJ: How can you tell it's Julia

s: It's hard to explain. It is the fact that I am 54 years familiar with slightly sore back muscles, and now that it is acute, I notice that the pain shoots up at the wrong time through the wrong avenues.

S: Grippy if it is!%\$

It is now 0503 hours and just as I suspect, but haven't proven through my GP yet, these acute disabling pains are subsiding, it is not cancer, and it is and will always be conjecture, whether the Ghost caused this or not. When I was psychotic several days ago, (see final entry 2018 above) after having taken some methamphetamine (psychosis being another thing directly caused by a Ghost), I remain convinced that Julia (and Ron etc) are names used by a cohort of Beings (Ghosts) when they are communicating with me. It never was the human Julia and Ron. Human names are pervasive in schizophrenia, and I believe this is because these criminal Beings like to avoid identification and criminal liabilities for the torture they enact.

But I have set out a final decisive battle in my fight for regular life. It must be said that I cherish this life above all other possibilities, because I am steadfastly certain and convinced that these Beings are real, and they have control over my brain and my body through telepathy and telekinesis, the latter of which I surmise to be aggregated telepathy. I have set out a Cognitive Behaviour Treatment plan for myself, focused on addition studies, that will be undertaken over the next five months. This is mandatory for me to be able to successfully study a Graduate Diploma of Psychology. And that qualification will enable me to authoritatively spread the word about Beings, and more importantly, first person transcripts.

I warned the voices yesterday, when I could hardly walk or sit, “If I don’t have cancer, it will be apparent to all observers, that you have extensive control over my anatomy, that you caused my priapism, and that you are responsible for my crime against the Gypsy Jokers, of which I must remain accountable”

After 27 years, and approximately 2 months, I conclude well beyond the balance of probabilities, that I am fighting Beings who exhibit major control over my thoughts and body. I am not subject to hallucinations, and I am not subject to delusions. Please refer to the document in Appendix 3 - “Essay Concerning Credibility Of Explanations Coming From First Hand Accounts With Phenomena”

## FINAL ADDENDUM

I realised on the 17<sup>th</sup> August 2018 after being harassed and assaulted as per transcripts above, that I may have made a significant and pervasive error. I am definitely being persecuted and tortured by 1 Ghost, though they tell me there are three of them working in shifts and swapping into the audio signal at will. The terrible mistake I may have made is that it (they) may just be using familiar human names (“first cab off the rank” it says) and these people may never have been involved at all. In fact, I believe this to be the most likely explanation for the monikers that it decided to label all its deeds under.

I have twice as many stories as I have presented here to tell. They are similar to these, having the same origin, similar characters, and they are thematically idiosyncratic the same as the ones I have described in this work. I also have over 140 transcripts of conversations between myself and my AVH’s (beings) covering the period between 2009 and 2016.

Through my study of the testimonials / data in the schizophrenia and hearing voices sections of the online Mental Health Forums, I have estimated that the most common attribution of schizophrenics regarding the origins of their voices, is that they belong to, or come from Demons. This may be because much of the data on the Forums is entered by Americans, who are often young.

Much of science works in the following way. A phenomenon is observed. Some effects are measured. A cause of the observed effects is posited. Then some experiments are done to confirm the hypothesis. I would like to apply this basic scientific method to the phenomena of hallucinations. I am confident that in the future, with increased ability and opportunity to actually measure hallucinations as they occur, we will find the capability to investigate the phenomena of schizophrenia and this will lead to superior hypotheses and detailed explanations to account for the antecedents of delusions. However, I have noted explicitly the near complete lack of interest in psychiatry of hallucinations and modalities. I firmly believe that significantly enhanced understanding of hallucinations, and ideally a taxonomy of them, would be greatly beneficial in the directions taken in the development of treatments and pharmacology.

And in this conclusion, on a personal note, I would like to present a summarised and brief set of bullet points that support and detract from my opinion (belief) that there is more to hallucinations than any of the [popular medical hypotheses](#) offer as explanations, etiology and causality:

Elements surfacing through the phenomena and dialogue over the 27 years until mid 2018:

- The fact that the voices began by claiming they had inserted Cochlear implants
- The fact that the voices claimed to be the Bandido’s, who I know nothing of and never thought of
- The claims of the voices that they were/are Ghosts, and I do not believe that Ghosts exist
- The failure to reject my accusation derived from the “original Crocodile Dundee” story reported by ABC 4 Corners program, that the Freemasons were behind the occurrence of AVHs
- It seems utterly impossible to me that absolutely everything that is said, without exception, is a lie. This reality is so prevalent and central to every single statement and utterance that it seems contrived

- It is clearly discernable in the body of the transcripts that my hallucinations plan, have motives, intentions, dreams, aspirations, inspirations, preferences, moods, their own emotions, prejudices that I do not share, diametrically opposed opinions, expectations and especially attitudes. They are completely unrelated, independent, uncorrelated, separately autonomous and volitional, and cannot possibly be sub-vocalisation or misattribution. Julia in particular frequently says "I lie" which gives the unavoidable impression of self-awareness and agency in the voices. I also compiled a list of questions that Julia refused to answer, further excluding misattribution and sub-vocalisation as candidates.

- The voices have consistently stated that they are looking for "hangovers"
- (54) Why and how does misattribution provide a variety of 'voices', and why is this variety limited to small numbers?

**Against:**

- Never provide useful information
- Always lie
- They intrinsically know your feelings
- They see what you see
  
- Good ghosts say very little "It's had a big impact" and that's all
- ideological person understanding of AVHs and their origins
- an act and expression of faith

By way of example, allow me to pose a question that pre-occupies me. Why would an hallucination(s) have motives? Having motives is not the only surprising and inexplicable trait my voices have. They plan things, they have meetings, and one of them runs a training school in which I am the subject that the students (other voices) use to practice cruelty towards. But what really does me in, is an implied association between my voices and my feelings, and I do not mean the feelings I get as a result of hearing certain things, and I do not mean emotions. I mean things like twitching, very increased heart rate, 'hot flushes', cramps etc.

My voices repeatedly ask "did you feel that?", as though they are checking whether something they have done has worked. I also occasionally have absolutely terrible feelings that I struggle to be able to describe, and my voices will start 'saying' that the shit feelings I am having are a punishment for something that I have recently done. But to suggest that my feelings are somehow causally related to my voices is to suggest that my voices have agency, which is absurd.

There is a 'catch 22' for me, and I assume this is generally true for other psychotics. It is virtually impossible to rationalise psychosis away. When your doctor tells you that the voices you hear are 'disorganised thoughts' it does not change the fact that as soon as you have left the doctor's office, the voices start talking to you again. I hear "Hey Scott, is doctor "J" right? Are we disorganised thoughts? How are you going to get rid of us? What do you think Scott, are we disorganised thoughts?"

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## THE POSSIBILITY OF OTHER LIFE FORMS

Indicators that suggest that the hallucination phenomena have an external individual origin:

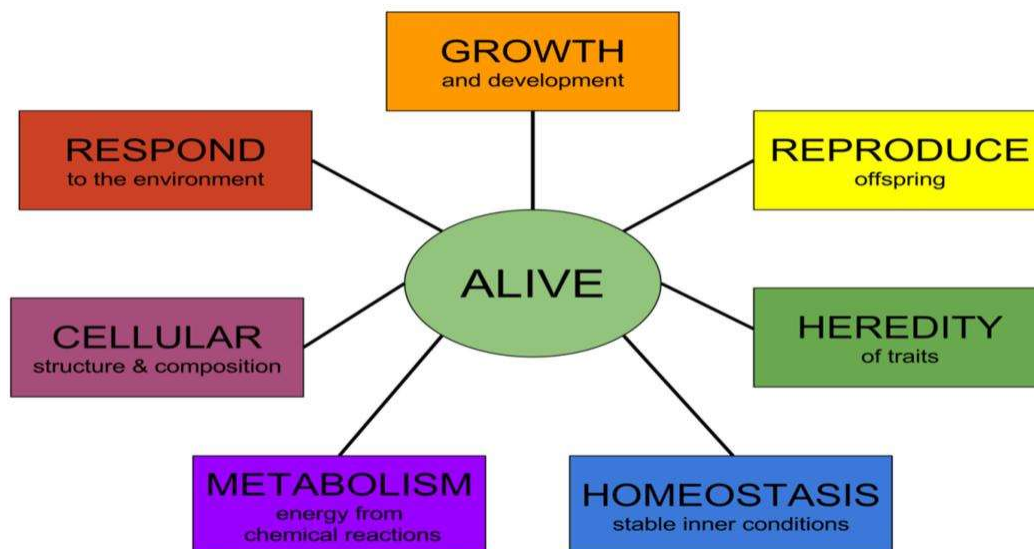
- 1) My hallucinations (AVHs) (and others I have met) have motives and goals. These motives are the only plausible explanation for critical malevolence, blame for drug use, hostility to achieve and demanding suicide. This can be explained by analogy. You would not confuse Ivan Malatt's thinking for your own. For him to murder someone, he has to put into effect plans for specific acts (motives), and undertake activities that will lead to satisfaction of his desires (goals).
- 2) There is absolutely no evidence to even suggest that one's sub-conscious harbors nearly exclusively hateful, vile, critical, hostile, cruel or malevolent thoughts. In fact, we have no direct evidence that a sub-conscious exists, though inference supports its reality. I would have expected (without data or rigour) that one's subconscious would have elements (thought constructs) that were evenly or normally distributed. The near total hated disposition of these AVH;s schizophrenic hallucinations is so one sided and skewed, that it seems suspiciously biased and un-natural. There is not balance, the definitive feature or contrived randomness that identifies something as not coming from mother nature.
- 3) The explanations given by scientists to explain AVHs does not withstand any critical objective analysis. If someone claims that the reason AVHs are exclusively hateful is because they come from the deepest recesses of your mind, is nearly stupid. There is not a single shred of evidence or even a conceptual account for why there is such a negative

skew to the meaning of AVHs. That postulation even defies there suppositional conjecture that there would be some balance between critical and supporting thoughts, based on the conscious mind. Denouncing The sort of hypotheses and explanations offered for the suicide inducing hostility of AVHs is simple and non-exceptional. There is not a single available sensible robust and provable (not proven) indication to explain the hatred. However, I do have a broad and applicable ideology that can account for the bias, however it is not the subject of this paper.

- 4) If you consider the normal sentiment of any and all ordinary unremarkable humans you know or have met, in contrast to the extremely destructive and poisonous statements of AVH's, it seems obvious that these hateful destructive comments are not human. Nothing in any communities or individual human psyche is similar, not even the Nazi holocaust (e.g.: the SS guards were always friendly towards the Jews they were slaughtering.)
- 5) The agreement and consistency of the testimonies on the mental health forums stating who is torturing and suiciding the schizophrenics is nearly unequivocal and unilateral.

(Clarke & Capes 2017) "As Ginet (1990: 9) allows, an event with the indicated intrinsic quality might be brought about by direct stimulation of someone's brain, in the absence of any relevant desire or intention on the part of that person.... The formation of a preference, she maintains, is an action. She requires indeterminism only in the production of these preferences. A decision or other action is free, on her view, just in case it is brought about, in an appropriate way, by an active formation of a preference (favouring that decision or action), which preference-formation is in turn the result of an un-coerced exercise of the agent's evaluative faculty, the inputs to which non-deterministically cause that preference-formation....an agent can be ultimately responsible for a decision that is causally determined by her possessing certain character traits.

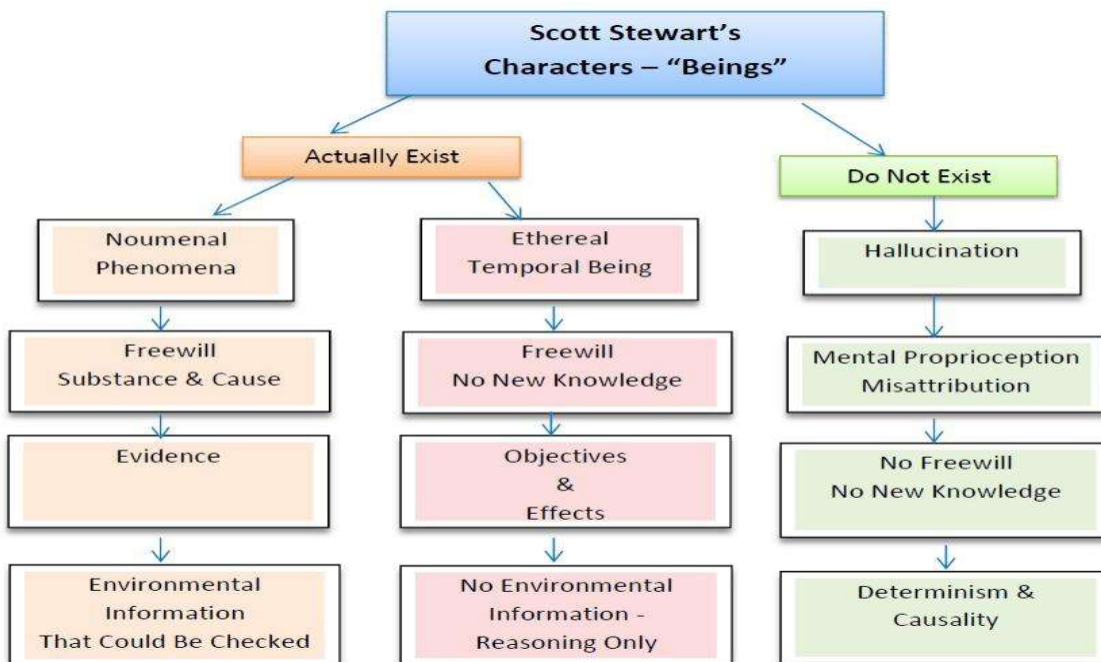
But somewhere among the events that contributed (however indirectly) to her having those traits, and thus to her decision, there must have been some free actions by her that were not causally determined....The agent tries to make the moral choice, and at the same time she tries to make the self-interested choice. Whichever choice she makes, then, she succeeds, despite the indeterminism, at doing something that she was actively trying to do....causing his decision constitutes his exercising free will, then the difference between his causing a decision to tell the truth and his causing a decision to lie is not just a matter of luck;"



#### Quor (2017) The Seven Characteristics of Living Things:

- 1) Homeostasis : considered to be a phenotypical property
- 2) Organization: very. Evident in their agency and planning
- 3) Metabolism: Uncedrtain
- 4) Growth: has been measured on several occasions
- 5) Adaptation: evident on mental health forum testimonies of schizophrenics
- 6) Response to Stimuli: evident on mental health forum testimonies of schizophrenics
- 7) Reproduction: always confined to vivid mental imagery (I am aphantasic, but I have seen reproduction) . I have met boys.

There have been three main philosophical approaches to the problem of defining life that remain relevant today: Aristotle's view of life as animation, a fundamental, irreducible property of nature; Descartes's view of life as mechanism; and Kant's view of life as organization, to which we need to add Darwin's concept of variation and evolution through natural selection (Gayon 2010; Morange 2008). In addition we may add the idea of defining life as an emergent property of particular kinds of complex systems (Weber 2010).



Animate beings share a range of properties and phenomena that are not seen together in inanimate matter, although examples of matter exhibiting one or the other of these can be found. Living entities metabolize, grow, die, reproduce, respond, move, have complex organized functional structures, heritable variability, and have lineages which can evolve over generational time, producing new and emergent functional structures that provide increased adaptive fitness in changing environments (Weber 2015).

The crucial (apex, pivotal) obstacle to what is a fairly predictable and ordinary hypothesis such as mine being easily or strenuously accepted as plausible, is one of motive. What reason could there possibly be for any creature in the universe to inflict such hardship, misery, pain and torture upon another creature? There is no apparent or accessible pay-off, benefit or return for the considerable time and effort expended in achieving the suffering, pain or subjugation of another, perhaps lesser creature. Why would 'someone' do such terrible things to anyone else? There is no reward, or reason. This torture as a type of behaviour is very rare in nature when food is being caught or territory is being claimed. There are limited examples of natural cruelty, but they do not occur in a civilised setting, or where the creatures involved have conscious awareness.

"...a hallucination may be referred to as "a sensory experience, which occurs in the absence of corresponding external stimulation of the relevant sensory organ, has a sufficient sense of reality to resemble a veridical perception, over which the subject does not feel s/he has direct and voluntary control and which occurs in the awake state". (Larøi, F., Sommer, I. E., Blom, J. D., et al 2012)

Some of the features and characteristics that always resulted in me failing to attribute the perceived stimuli as mere hallucinations included:

1. It would never answer any questions that would substantiate or verify it's/their existence.
2. Whenever I was on the 'front foot' or trying to get info, it would revert to being 1 voice, belonging to the Ghost whose name was Julia Davis. If perpetrating something reprehensible or culpable, it would be human Julia Davis or human Ron Thiessen.

3. It/they frequently referred to “preventing me from hearing that” and “overlook that, and just put it down to a Freemason incident”, indicating fallibility of humans but superiority of the Ghost.
4. It would say things that indicated considerable comradery between all characters, even the Freemason claim indicated organised opposition to me, emphasising how unfair this situation was against me. The notion of fairness.
5. If it was Julia the human, it was Julia only for a period of time; or Ron for a period of time, then it would revert back to being a Ghost named Julia Davis, interspersed by being occasional other named Ghosts.
6. The consistency of its weaknesses and fallibilities was convincing. Its attitude and statements describing or reflecting the situation or its circumstances, and towards me, was consistent.
7. Always seemed to remain cognizant not to accidentally make statements that would inadvertently lead to an opportunity to verify its existence through measurement or residual hard evidence
8. Whenever it made mistake or said something embarrassing or inferior it would go 1<sup>st</sup> person plural saying “We made a mistake”
9. It was without fail always consistent in its attitude towards me, and consistently childish and immature in its style of insults and criticism of me
10. Each character (Ron, Julia, Peter, familiar Ghosts etc) had their own consistent, distinct and identifiable personality and character traits, to the extent I became able to recognise individuals as they talked by virtue of their personality and manner
11. The information stemming from the voices is so comprehensively wrong it gives the impression that the falsehood of the information is intentional.
12. My hallucinations would introduce or discuss topics that I had no prior knowledge of, such as the Bandidos Motorcycle Club, Nicole Kidman

**Testable: Peter williams**

I am nearly desperate to convey the incredible similarities and exact sameness of the AVHs to human communication. Another of the primary driving factors of this book, which is to demonstrate how the phenomenology of AVHs precipitate delusions due to erroneous conclusions about causality. The AVHs themselves are torture, something that I do not feel that I have yet adequately conveyed. But when they become subject to faulty attributions, it is so catastrophic that the subjects often turn to suicide, drugs, isolation, and unavoidable despair.

**Stated purpose is to get me to commit suicide**

**If you treat the AVH's like I do, there is a serendipitous result**

Today, there was the death of a young boy I had known for approximately 3 years. He had a superman toy that he had always loved dearly and his superman would fly under their coffee table, rather than over the coffee table. The young boy always said that this was because ‘he could afford to’, meaning he did not have to hide. After I finished crying, I was told that the boy was in fact not dead after all and that I had been fooled. And that is my life –a young ghost who I had got to know over a three year time span, was killed by evil, which made me cry. And I don't know if what they said about him not dying was true or not, but my heart remains broken and I fear the worst.

**I believe that (evil) ghosts can change feelings.**

**of evidence to make a point, rather than being involved in the dynamics of an interpersonal conversation.**

One of the reasons I have taken the time to write this and other articles, is because ‘the truth is out there’. There is for certain a correct and an accurate (not necessarily detailed) explanation for all my experiences, and that correct explanation gives rise to my symptoms. It is like a mystery where hallucinations are the evidence of some great mystery, and though we have a functional



understanding of psychosis that facilitates successful therapeutic intervention (especially pharmacological intervention – drugs / medication), the mechanisms causing specific hallucinations are the subject of guesswork and hypotheses, rather than knowledge.

Believing (knowing) that ‘the truth is out there’, I continue to consider my symptoms as if I were Sherlock Holmes or Scooby Doo. I have read some of the contemporary hypotheses that attempt to explain the symptomology, and plausible as they are, none seem to fully or accurately account for my experiences. It is the same with the psychiatrists, who provide me with reasonable explanations, but these explanations on ever account for a small part of my symptoms, and it is easy for me to remember something that seems to contradict their hypothesis.

I am very troubled by the hypotheses proposed by the medical profession to account for the symptoms of psychosis and hallucinations. This of course sets the stage for disaster, because their explanations are the only reliable explanations, and any other explanations are likely to in fact be symptoms of the disease.

What if any of the reports by schizophrenics were partly true? What if ghosts actually do exist? It is possible to present a ‘science fiction’ explanation for schizophrenia that many people will consider to be far-fetched and impossible. However this explanation forms the basis of the effectiveness and value of CBT, it can account for much of the data and symptoms (in the same way that psychiatric theories only account for much of the data), and it provides a platform for entertaining and amazing possibilities.

McCarthy-Jones (2012) “In terms of future work into voices, it is likely to be fruitful to examine in more detail the links between emotions, how emotions are dealt with, previous events in the voice hearer’s life and their voices. Furthermore, a return to the phenomenology of voices themselves is likely to be beneficial. The phenomenology of voices gives us many clues to their origins, and we likely need to start by listening better. The form of voices may also be informative, with aspects of voices such as their tendency to take the form of negative voices offset by positive voices needing to be more clearly worked into models of voices, as well as models of thought itself. Overall, a biopsychosocial, epigenetic approach is needed which links the events that happen to voice-hearers, the meaning of such events to the voice-hearer, how they attempt to cope with them, and the biological reactions and down-stream neural consequences of such events. More work is hence needed across the spectrum, from proximate biological causes to distal socio-economic causes.” Also “Are voices distressing? Quite often, yes. Can they be worked with and resolved? Yes. Are voices a sign of illness in themselves? No. Can they result in a state which could be classified as illness? Yes. What are voices signs of? Underlying emotional issues, a societal structure that creates catastrophic human interactions, a brain disease, supernatural communication, a mental illness, the inherent power of human thought?”

## **FOLLOWING IS NOT CONGRUENT TO MY STORY**

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Anyhow, the upshot of it all is this: If they (the Ghosts) do not exist, then I can truthfully say that I could foresee this as one of the possibilities that governed my life. Of all possibilities, there were only ever three:

- 1) ‘They’ do not exist, all I ever heard were hallucinations, so I devoted all my time and energy into arguing for ethical and reasonable treatment with noting and no-one. By all accounts, a wasted life.
- 2) ‘They’ do exist, in which case when there was something critically needed in the world, I did not walk away and turn my back. I truthfully state that this is the remote possibility that I dedicated my life to. I always worked my way through life doggedly believing that if there was any possibility that these ‘Ghosts’ actually existed, I had to take a stand. I expressed it like this: “Evil gets a foothold when good men turn their back”, a quote from a Hollywood movie.
- 3) They partly exist, which means on at least one occasion, I was in fact dealing with a bona fide life form, though most of my time was wasted in a misguided way.

The above can be simplified:

- 1) ‘They’ did not exist, in which case I was unfortunate and reckless to the point of reprehensible, for amplifying my mental health problems, even to the point of causing them.
- 2) ‘They’ do exist. So I am a legendary hero.
- 3) ‘They’ partly exist. In which case I was of great character, for working towards a contingency. Very commendable.

It is as if telepathy makes people gullible.” And I said this, because tonight when I wanted to use some catalyst, I was told that if I consumed the last bit left, then I would be the cause of and responsible for the last jigsaw piece of the alleged ‘serial killings’ being put into place, resulting in my life imprisonment.

Summarise article bookmarked in “hallucinations research/ghosts/Australians believe in demons, angels, ghosts ...”

## APPENDIX 1

Tuesday, 24 September 2013

### PSEUDO STATUTORY ACT – DESTRUCTIVE INTERFERENCE

The purpose of this quasi-act is to have a document that explains what “Destructive Interference” (DI) is. This goal of this document is to indicate the nature of D.I to demonstrate that it has all the hallmarks and elements of behaviour, efforts, and acts that are already prohibited and deemed unlawful and criminal.

DI is entirely unique in its potential for complete disregard and divestment of judgement if the/a affected and effected recipient person does not declare themselves to be adversely impacted resulting in loss, cost, damage or diminishment. Alternatively stated, there is potentially no offence without a self-declared victim.

This is not an attempt at a formal ‘legislative act’, though it is intended to attempt to have some similarities. In accord with the approximation that this document represents, it is noteworthy that judicial interpretation of this work should be application of the Golden Rule, necessary because of the limited knowledge of the science failing the descriptions herein.

It also attempts to convey some notion of a requirement for suitable remedies, to show that anyone subject to acts of D.I. will inevitably suffer, and as a direct consequence of the act they became subject to, they will incur the same costs, impairment, losses and damage as those normally associated with expressly criminal acts.

This document is intended to symbolically combat and provide remedy for the wilful decisions (actus reus) imposed involuntarily upon any reasonable person without their consent, and without them having any awareness that they have been relegated the status of a victim, and the results of such are about to be realised, sensed or measured.

The core purpose of this act is no to emulate a proper legislative act, but to indicate the nature of un-natural acts of destructive interference. This document is not intended to promote legislation, or retrospective claims, but to point out that there are opportunities for Destructive Interference to be Constructive Interference.

#### DEFINITIONS FOR Destructive Interference (D.I.)

- i) “Destructive Interference” (DI) is comprised of the following elements:
  - a. the wilful intentional introduction of sensory stimuli of any amplitude,
  - b. The Actus Reus : a change in any stasis, organ or system or part of anatomy or mind
    - i. that is prevented from functioning in a regular manner, or as it was before the interference
    - ii. resulting from a wilful act, planned or unplanned
    - iii. associated with mens rea.
  - c) the imposition of a ‘signal’ that causes or determines change could at any point be ascribed to be the purposeful act of individual person who
    - a. had knowledge of the fact that their behaviour would result in the imposition and
    - b. results in the application of an imposition that leads to a change in stasis, function or normal state
  - ci) imposed involuntarily upon any a person
    - a. without their consent,
    - b. without them necessarily having any awareness that they have been relegated the status of a victim
    - c. whether or not they have been told that they are being or about to be interfered with
  - cii) The feature of non-verbal communication, being a physical imposition or gesture lacking proximity, a non-contact gesture, (seemingly passively), affronting without observable movement, that is unavoidable by the recipient who has ‘normal’ mobility and is unrestrained
- ii) D.I does not include

- a. (Telepathic) verbal communication being language based communication. The use of words propagated by any means is held to be separate and differentiated from an 'telekinetic' act of D.I.
- iii) **The Undertaking or Commissioning of an act of DI**
  - a. If there is engagement of an individual for the purpose of that individual performing an act of D.I against another person without the subject's request or consent, then the performer and the commissioner are jointly and severally liable.
  - b. It may occur that the capability and capacity for an act of D.I. is unavailable to most, and the propensity of only a few individuals. Any arrangement or agreement that exists between individuals for the purpose of an act of D.I. apportions joint and several liability as a prohibited act if there is an action that meets the other definitions that determine it to be D.I.
- iv) **"Person" in includes**
  - a. individual or 'entity' capable of performing and act of DI, or receiving DI
  - b. an individual or 'entity' capable of informed or uninformed consent
  - c. an individual or 'entity' possessing language skills for communication
  - d. is naturally comprised or capable of in some proportion autonomy, sentience and volition
  - e. an individual or 'entity' capable of accepting rights afforded at law and available to any entities or individuals in proximity
- v) **"Zoning", "Zoned" (colloquial) is :**
  - a. The (adjective / noun/ verb) that describes the receipt of an act of destructive interference

#### **Actionable Measures & Actionable Acts**

- i) **Actionable measures and actionable acts are two necessary mandatory pre-requisites that must be achieved in order to arrive at a determination of the wilful effort eliciting an undertaking of DI. Once present, an event can be deemed a transgression or not, by some behaviour can be said to have taken place, or actually occurred, with respect to (wilful application of) DI, as per the definitions supra.**
- ii)
  - a) **Actionable measures should be characterised and defined by their propensity for substantiation. Insofar as actionable measures must be present to constitute an actionable act, they are the measurable effect, or an observable effect, that indicates that some wilful decision resulted in behaviour eliciting an allegation of DI.**
  - b) **There is no concept of circumstantial factors or indication through externalities such as proximity or influence.**

**c)An actionable measure is evidence of an effect, regardless of its transience or temporality, that can be and is outlined in part (i) of the s. DEFINITIONS FOR DI infra.**

  - ii) a) **An actionable act(s) is the wilful act or omission, or commissioning of something that constitutes the wilful act or omission, that precipitates an actionable measure(s). Actionable measures have two indispensable antecedent components (s. part (i) herein), that must be met to determine the applicability of an event. An actionable measure is defined in part by the necessitation of the components of Actus Reus and Mens Rea. Determination of an event or effort to be an actionable act therefore effectively requires the satisfaction of four principles, two indicating an actionable measure, which further requires by definition two more.**
  - b)**An actionable act must also include and comprise the elements set out in parts (ii) and (iii) of the s. DEFINITIONS FOR DI infra.**

#### **DESTRUCTIVE INTERFERENCE CONVICTION COMMENTARY**

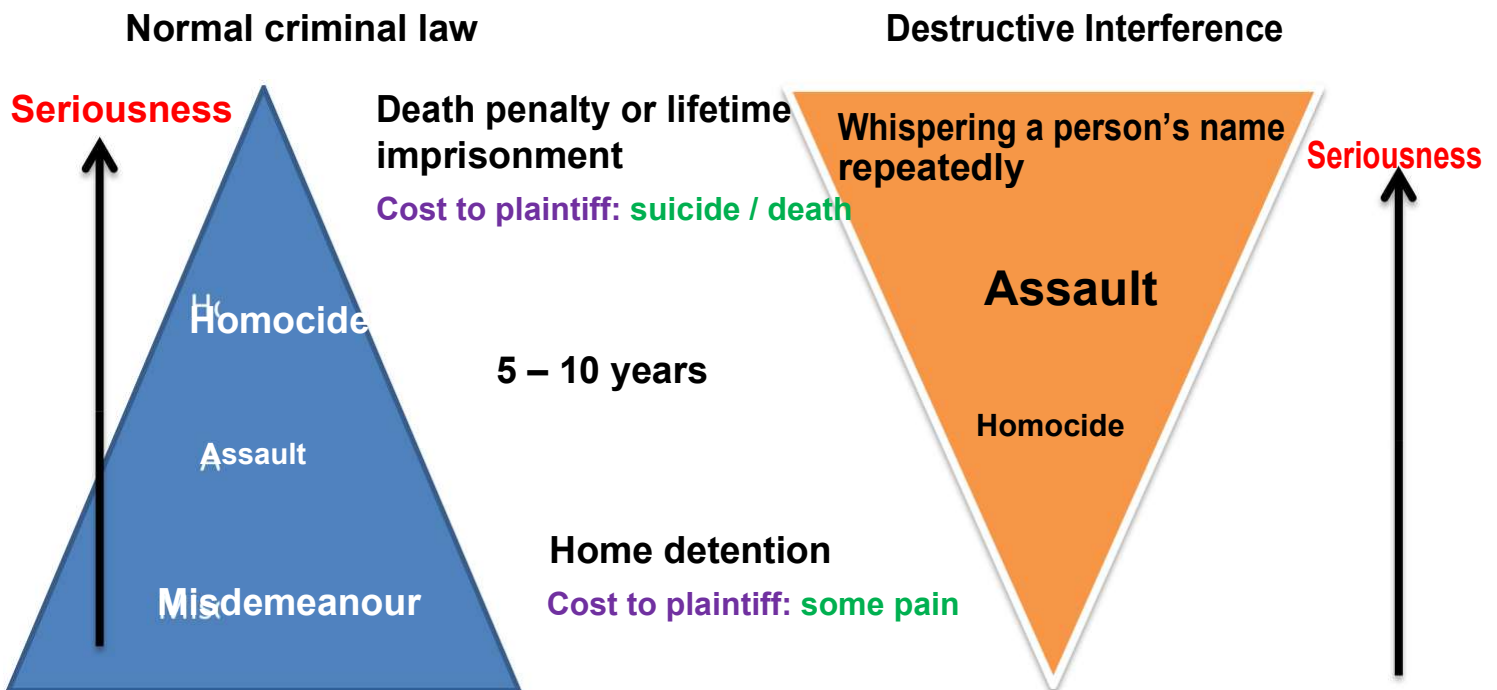
- 1) **If an undertaking was to be assessed for its binomial success or failure with regards to perpetrating DI, then the method of accomplishing this is to meet the requirement of the presence of an actionable measure and an actionable act.**
- 2) **Notwithstanding point (1) sup., such an effort or behaviour might not be considered a perpetration if there is no person complaining of disenfranchisement or seeking availability of recourse for an alleged effort of DI.**

**An Example OF An Effort Of DI That Is Not Actionable (includes the enlistment of volunteer schizophrenics / victims):**

- l) **The basis for an alternative to 'criminal' Destructive Interference could be characterised by**
  - a. **A capacity for consent**
  - b. **A capacity for informed consent**

- c. An opportunity for consent
- d. An offer for consent
- e. A contract of consent that includes duration and levels / extent of interference permissible
- vi) An understanding of how to acquire an outcome or a result from the conflict agreed to

**A MODEL SHOWING THE SERIOUSNESS OF D.I. MEASURED DIFFERENTLY TO NORMAL CRIMINAL LAW**



**APPENDIX 2**

**THE RIGHTS ANY ALL AND PERSONS SHOULD BE AFFORDED BY DEFAULT:**

These rights are an opinion of what should be available to any living being or soul. They extend to any portion of autonomous, sentient, volitional, beings and life forms, characteristically observably conscious and having language skills. The rights herein are intended to be applicable during peace, war or conflict. They are meant to be a suitable measure for classification between “acceptable” (good) behaviour and “unacceptable, reprehensible” (bad) behaviour. Failure to afford these fundamental dignities is probably unenforceable, but this is a manifesto of the commonality that binds all together, and not a threat for dissent.

1. Each person should have unfettered right to free contemplation and thought. Unless a person invites another into their consciousness, they should be allowed to freely think and consider things, such that the only obstructions should be those arriving through usual sensory and perceptive systems and thought processing centres.
2. Each person should be allowed access to artefacts or external objects or substances that they require to sustain their viable, reasonable and good health.
3. Every person has the right to have happy, healthy children.

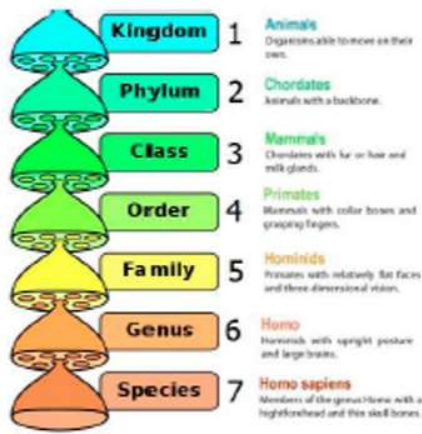
4. No person should be subjected to limitation or regulation, (even) if they have no foreseeable chance of knowing about the limitations. If a person is to be accountable to any set of rules or regulations, they must be able to know the rules and regulations they are expected to comply with.
5. Any person must be allowed to access their own memory and mental faculties freely, without impediment or obstruction by another person or apparatus.
6. A person must be able to know if they are a prisoner, violator, transgressor, or considered an 'enemy' of another person or group of people by virtue of common, normal or unusual declarations. They should be able to know why they have been acquired or are being held, and who is holding them.
7. Allegations of torture or mistreatment are available for adjudication after the fact, by an independent third party.
8. Acts or omissions that would always be considered expressly unlawful in a/any jurisdiction, should increase in liability up any path of escalation or authority, to the extent that a person(s) who is responsible for a decision to undertake an unlawful act or omission is liable for the accrued magnitude of that unlawful act or omission. In other words, as the scope and extent of cost resulting from a decision (to wilfully act or fail to act) increases, as the authority of a person increases, then the liability for the sum of damages resulting from their decisions should accrue proportionately to their authority. The higher up the ladder a person is, the more they are liable for.
9. Any person should be treated with the dignity prevailing.
10. If a person is detained or captured, they should be detained or captured ultimately by someone. This means they should have the right to know they have been captured or detained once they are.
11. A person must be allowed to be themselves, their original natural selves, and should not have their autonomy, identity, volition or sentience diluted, subjected to symbiosis, genetic or anatomical adjustment, changes, re-engineering or transplanting.
12. A person or persons must be treated according to the rules and regulations that apply for the jurisdiction they are in. They cannot be subject to regulations from some more distant jurisdiction.
13. If prevailing rules and regulations are not reasonably knowable by an approaching person, they should be accountable to the rules and regulations of the jurisdiction they are leaving. No person(s) or institution can be charged with an offence that a person (institution) bringing the charges is not equally subject to. No particular offence can be brought down upon one person, and avoided by another, if both are in the same circumstances and/or jurisdiction.
14. No person(s) can be held in slavery or servitude, divested of these rights.
15. No person(s) can be arbitrarily deprived of their property or of these rights.
16. No one or group can be condemned or discriminated against by virtue of their culture, race, appearance, characteristics, phenotype, nationality, sexuality or identity.
17. No person shall be accountable for the actions or outcomes resulting from the behaviour of any person(s) who hold or detain them.
18. Any person must be allowed to conduct or perform mandatory, necessary bodily functions. Bodily functions are those usual operations of their anatomy or constitution.
19. Individuals must be allowed to have access to education at a level that suits their age and capacity, in the same way that it is provided to the majority of people that live in the same locality. Since the former is easy to corrupt, it should be that any individual or minority should not be deprived of access to the schooling that the majority receive. Education should not be used as a method of social goal achievement, and should not be able to be shown to be a tool of discrimination by some non-minority.

If you are relying on these articles, remain strong, believe in good, you are not alone. Scott Stewart, the author, states "I'm on my way...". Second draft : Saturday, 9 March 2013. Normanhurst, Sydney, Australia, Earth, Milky Way.

**“ESSAY CONCERNING CREDIBILITY OF EXPLANATIONS COMING FROM FIRST HAND  
ACCOUNTS WITH PHENOMENA”**

**APPENDIX 4**





## CLASSIFICATION OF HUMANS

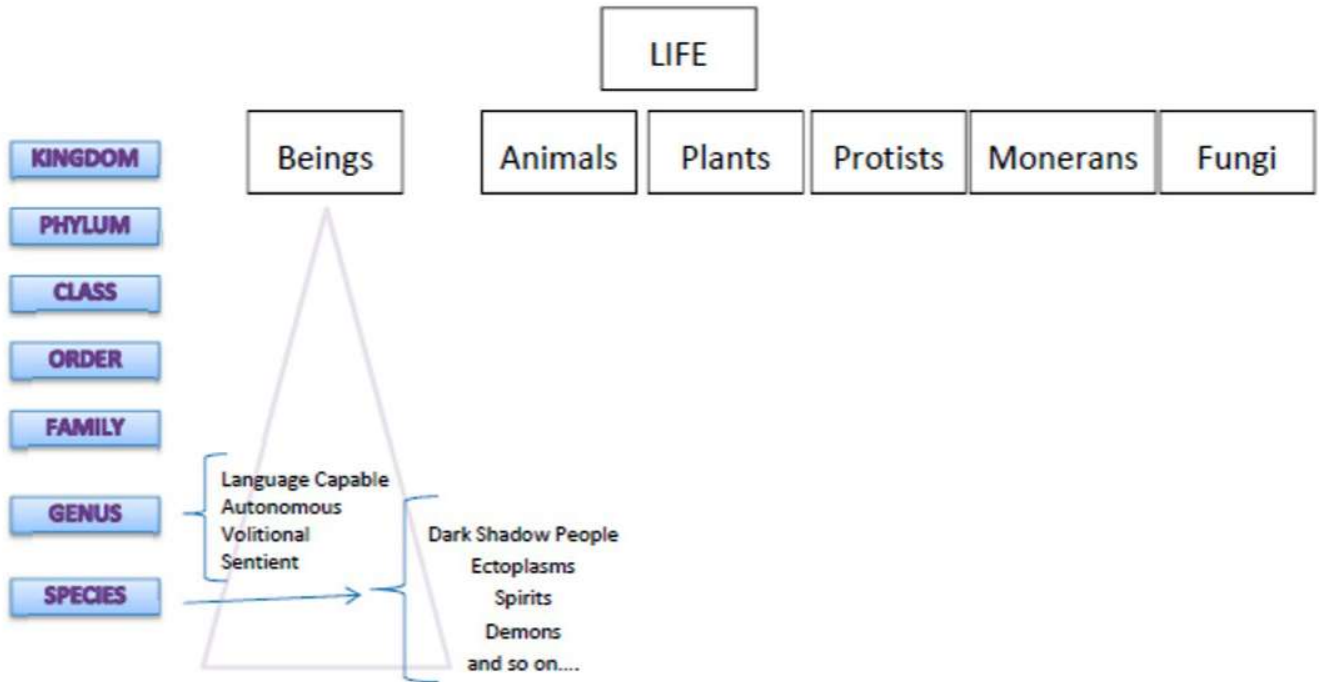
❖ Classification Scheme

- Kingdom: **Animalia**
- Phylum: **Chordata**
- Subphylum: **Vertebrata**
- Class: **Mammalia**
- Order: **Primate**
- Family: **Hominidae**
- Genus: **Homo**
- Species: **Sapiens**

❖ Scientific Binominal: **Homo sapiens**

<b>Kingdom of Protists</b> 	<b>Kingdom of Monerans</b> 
<b>Kingdom of Fungi</b> 	<b>Kingdom of Plants</b> 
<b>Kingdom of Animals</b> 	<b>Kingdom Of Beings</b> 

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