

To Those Interested in  
the Gangstalking of a  
Targeted Individual

Part 2



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to find a way we can meet and have a forum. There seems to be fake websites intended to discourage and mislead us. I wrote letters to four “T.I. help groups” found online, and no one wrote back. Perhaps the feds plucked the letters out of the mail before they made it, I don't know. But where there's a will, there's a way. I encourage anyone with ideas, or just any T.I.s, to write to me at the address below. You are not alone!

## To Those Interested in the Gangstalking of a Targeted Individual Part 2

by David Matthew Strunk

Here now I will undertake to put down, as best I can, the details of my very first “gangstalking” incident. “Gangstalking” follows a systematic step-by-step procedure, and the first step is secret surveillance of the T.I. (the Targeted Individual, the victim of the gangstalking). The second step is to make the surveillance obvious to the target, which is intended to create paranoia, but still doesn't necessarily indicate “gangstalking” proper – after all, you could be getting followed by a variety of possible suspects, including known enemies, ex-boyfriends/ex-girlfriends, or the DEA or police if you use drugs or might be suspected of something. It doesn't become obvious that it's “gangstalking” until Step Three of it, with the introduction of bizarre electronic harassment, including a microwave device aimed at the target which makes them “hear voices”. Called “the Frey Effect” after one Dr. Frey who discovered it, it's a way to “piggyback” an RF signal (a radio signal that broadcasts sound) on a microwave, so that when the microwave beam hits a person, that person's ear hears it as sound, because the fluid-sac behind the eardrum that does your sense of balance is connected to the same set of nerves your eardrum is connected to. The people targeted hear it as sound but no sound is in the air, so no one else hears it, which leads to a diagnosis of a mental health disorder in 90% (at least 90%!) of people who report the “gangstalking” incidents to the authorities. Other types of electronic torture besides the “hearing voices” effect can and is being done with these

microwave-based DEW's (Directed- Energy Weapons), but the "hearing voices" thing is the most common one, and is done in every case of "gangstalking" that I know of.

Therefore, my "gangstalking" had already advanced to the third step by the time I noticed it in 2004, so when I say this is my first "incident" it only means this is my first obvious attack on my person by these shadowy people. In truth, I had probably been a target of these people for years, without knowing it. I had already noticed the "step two" of being followed, but I thought it was some police organization, because I already had a criminal record and had been to jail before. Plus I had no idea what "gangstalking" is at that point – in fact, I didn't find out until 2017 or maybe 2018, when I read the book "Guinea Pigs– Technologies of Control" by John Hall. I had heard a talk show on the radio and they were mentioning all the different tell-tale signs of "gangstalking" – as I listened, I thought: "That's me! That happened to me!". So I ordered the book, read it, and realized I'm a "T.I."

One of the steps in "gangstalking" includes rendering a person unconscious with a date-rape drug like "roofies" or GHB, if you can get close enough to the target. Women who are a T.I. often report this – targets are raped while unconscious, if the perpetrator is fairly certain they will never be discovered (and they are). The gangstalkers have expert lockpicking ability and break into the T.I.'s home, putting the date-rape drug in food or drink the T.I. will most likely consume soon. When the food or drink is consumed, the gangstalkers – who were watching the whole time on a video monitor hooked up to surveillance gear – simply wait for the target to pass out, reenter the target's home, and do whatever

or "Frey Effect": it was a digital thermostat on my wall, or at least, disguised as such. We had an old gas heater in the corner of the living room with its own thermostat, analog rheostat knobs. One day, I noticed a "Honeywell" digital thermostat on the wall – except, we have no central heat or AC. The size of a pack of cigarettes, it was stuck on the wall with two-sided tape, with no wires connecting it to anything. Certainly it did not connect to the old analog gas heater. Why was it there?

Well, in 2004 I wasn't familiar with the "Google" search engine but I used something called "AllTheWeb.com", and I went to the CSU library on the Fort Collins campus and got on a computer: I typed in "Spy devices disguised as household items". That digital thermostat was the very first item to pop up on the search! I went to the webpage, and it had a photo of the device which was exactly like the one at my house. The blurb next to it described it as a device that sends out some kind of pulsing radar signal that can see and hear everything within a set distance of the device, like 50 or 100 ft. around it, then stores the info on a chip inside the device similar to a thumb-drive. I don't remember but I imagine it's a microwave-based signal. It both "receives" and "transmits", and can communicate with a remote device. So in other words, this spy device disguised as a digital thermostat in 2004, did what the modern-day "smart meter" that your local electric company wants to install on your house now to replace your old analog electric meter. They want to sell it as being able to "talk to" your "smart appliances", but any police agency or spy outfit with the right software can use it to spy on you inside your home. In my case in 2004, someone used it to send the V2K "voices" at me.

I'm hoping T.I.'s like me can band together. I'm hoping for someone

manage to escape with my life. The police were no help. But the “end-game” for most, if not all, “gangstalking”, is to get the T.I. to commit suicide. Barring that, they want you to go insane and murder someone else, so they can lock you up in some place forever. The point of the “experiment” of “gangstalking” is to accomplish what the FBI’s “COINTELPRO” operations did in the 1960s and 1970s to infiltrate fringe political groups fighting the status quo federal government to end things such as the Vietnam War and “Jim Crow” racism – send “bad actors” to surround the target, paid to “follow a script” intended to mislead and create chaos in the life of the target. Once you publicly shame and discredit the target, you can do whatever you wish to them. Except with “gangstalking”, the targets are randomly selected, for any reason, or for no reason. Whereas the old “COINTELPRO” was aimed at political-protest figures like MLK, Malcolm X and Abbie Hoffman among others, the targets of “gangstalking” are so random that it’s as if their names were pulled out of a hat in some evil lottery. Why? It adds to the unbelievability of it. The first question people ask me is: “Why would someone do that to you?” My answer is: “Why not?” It’s like the old LSD experiments in the 1950s performed as part of the CIA’s “MK-ULTRA” program: the LSD was slipped into the drinks of random subjects, who were then observed and their behavior recorded by those spying on them. When those people reported to their friends & family, or the police, what happened, don’t you think they were written off as insane? Since no one knew about LSD at that time? And were probably asked: “Why would someone do that to you?”

I ended up finding the device in my house that was causing the “V2K”

they wish.

In my case, a drug addict neighbor I had was bribed to come over and give me a cigarette laced with a knock-out drug. Through their surveillance, they knew I had run out of cigarettes and was having a “nicotine fit”. “They” timed it just right, waiting until I was poking around ashtrays in the house looking for a half-smoked butt. Then, “they” sent him over, knowing I’d let him in. He pretended to be just there for a visit to see how I’m doing, and offered me a cigarette. As soon as I lit it, he excused himself and left.

About 15 or 20 minutes after I smoked the cigarette, the date-rape drug hit: all of a sudden I didn’t seem to be able to keep my balance. I got up from my chair at the kitchen table and almost fell over. The room seemed to be tilting sideways. I fell. I knew I was passing out, so I crawled on my hands & knees to bed. As I was getting there, I saw “them” enter my house through the back door. Then – unconsciousness.

When I woke up the next day, I noticed my diamond earring was missing. I also noticed a framed piece of art was gone off my wall, but not all my art – just the one. The art was in a set, but only one was missing. I decided, I better go thru the rest of the house and see what else had been stolen. It mostly looked like nothing had been “ransacked” – no mess, nothing had been broken or obviously rifled through. “They” seemed to already know where the things were that they wanted, and left everything else alone. That’s when I realized: my money! I didn’t trust banks and kept my money in a stash.

So, I go to my “personal safe” where I keep my cash, and of course it’s gone. My cash I would keep flattened out inside a book on a bookshelf

with literally thousands of books: my roommate was a book-collector and she had a bookshelf that covered an entire wall, plus piles of books on the floors that came up to your knees. You had to wade thru a maze of books to get to the bed. She was still fast asleep – it occurred to me that “they” may have given her a “date-rape drug” too, and maybe even could’ve raped her? I wouldn’t know, and if she knew, she wouldn’t be able to articulate it to me because she was an invalid. She was a woman in her late 40s with the mind of a 4-year-old, on a good day. On most days, she was mostly speechless & incoherent. I paid my rent by taking care of her. Anyways, later on when she woke up she seemed to be scared to death about something, and wouldn’t tell me what (or couldn’t). The point being, I kept my money in one of the 1,000s of books and I was the ONLY ONE who knew which book. No one— I mean NO ONE— had EVER seen me putting my money in that book! I got a disability check for over \$600 and I didn’t trust banks, so I’d cash the checks and put the money in that one book. That means “they” could see inside the house with surveillance gear. Or else they wouldn’t know which book my money was in! In fact “they” wouldn’t even think I kept my money inside a book! In the first place! I never told anyone! What good is a hiding place for my money, if I tell someone?

So, I’m going thru the house looking to see if anything else is taken— it wasn’t. But the art piece missing off the wall was directly over my head where I sleep. I would sleep next to Jamie, to protect her. There was no sex and no “relationship” – she was an invalid, and my job was to take care of her. But only my side of the bed was messed with. The art over her head was left alone. Also, the diamond earring I had was a fugazi, and not

and he opened fire trying to get rid of the perpetrators of the voices. Either way, when “the voices” didn’t stop, suicide was the only way to end the torture. And it is torture. The day “they” did it to me, I would’ve done anything to get it to stop. Also keep in mind, “the voices” are being transmitted to you on a microwave. Also known as “Voice To Skull” or “V2K” for short, “The Frey Effect” can only be accomplished with microwaves. So in addition to making you hear voices, the microwaves are somewhat cooking you, and making the glands in the brain and along the spine release such things as adrenaline into the bloodstream, creating a panic attack. I don’t mean the amount of adrenaline released from something like watching a horror movie in the dark, I mean the amount released by being chased by a psycho with a gun, intent on killing you. I mean, it was enough to cause me to run up to a strange woman on the sidewalk in a state of total panic and accost her to use her cell phone to dial 9-1-1, and I’m not a big fan of police under any circumstances. And what would I have told them, anyways? It’s not wonder these mass shootings end in suicide if this is why— which is what “they” want.

In any literature you read about “gangstalking”, you will discover that “they” never kill the target – “they” want the target to kill themselves. Or if “they” kill you, they don’t do it directly: they will often use slander and manipulation techniques to get someone else, or even an angry mob, to murder you. I once got trapped inside a grocery store at closing time by 15 or 20 members of a well-known Spanish street gang, who were intent on killing me because “they” told them I had molested one of their women. Only by showing them a Greyhound bus-ticket stub that proved I was in Salt Lake City when the incident was said to have occurred, did I

been outside earlier, had already left to walk home. I was alone.

When I said that, “the voices” instantly stopped. I didn’t know this until just recently, but this tactic is all part of the “program”: it is a mental entrainment tactic, intended to take you beyond your morals. My investigation into this revealed that this is how “they” have created a lot of these nonsensical public mass shootings that happen at schools, shopping malls, and the like, including I suspect this most recent one at a bowling alley in Maine. The gangstalkers harass the target with “the voices” until they will do anything to make it stop. After you’ve been driven insane by it, at a certain point “the voices” will suggest that if you do what they tell you, they will finally let you be. Then, they suggest some heinous, outrageous crime, like going into a shopping mall with an AR-15 and opening fire on the customers. At least, my contacts have seen statements to that effect online made by the shooters – statements that don’t often make it into mainstream corporate news outlets. As for the bowling alley shooter, I was channel surfing and something told me to pause on CNN, a news outlet I don’t often watch. They were saying that the bowling alley shooter, before the incident, checked himself into a mental ward for two weeks, telling a friend he had an acute attack of “hearing voices” even though he had never heard voices in his life up to that point, and was otherwise in good mental health; had never been diagnosed as schizophrenic. The mental ward released him after two weeks, and his shooting rampage happened shortly afterwards. He committed suicide shortly after the shooting rampage. I suspect “the voices” promised to leave him alone after he did the shooting, then – surprise, surprise! – didn’t. Or, “the voices” told him they were coming from the bowling alley,

even worth five bucks. The money isn’t the object – the object is to show how close “they” can get to you, and how powerless you are to stop them.

About a half-hour into my house-check, “they” started with “the voices”. They have an electronic gadget they can point at you from a distance – or if your house has a SmartMeter instead of the old analog meters for your electric, they can be anywhere in the world and do it from a laptop that has the software, such as a Panasonic Tough-Book – and use a microwave beam to deliver sound to your ears, without the sound traveling thru the air. It’s called “The Frey-Effect” because it was discovered by a Dr. Frey in the 1950s as he experimented in his laboratory with electronics.

I didn’t know any of that then, and would not find it out until 2018 when I was already in Larimer Co. Jail on this 2nd degree murder charge, CAUSED BY “THEM”, and another Targeted Individual (a victim of “gangstalking”) told me about “the Frey Effect” and how they used it on him, and I looked it up to see if he was telling the truth, sure enough there is a U.S. Patent Office Serial # for it. Estimates run to over a million T.I.s now. Very many probably do not know about the Frey Effect or the other technologies.

At that point in 2004, I just knew someone was making me hear voices. And I knew it was a “someone” because, you can tell it’s some kind of electronic gadget. It has sort of like a “feedback whine” to it, like a hot mic. Like when you are at a mic turned up too loud. Well, that’s something like that “the Frey Effect” was doing to me that day: it was obviously some kind of electronic gadget, and not: I suddenly “went schizo” out of the blue and started “hearing voices”.

So, “the voices” would tell me what I did as I did it: a running commentary of every move I made in my living room. Like a sportscaster for a radio station who wants to give listeners a mental image of a game: “they” announced the “play-by-play”. When I noticed it, I began to test it: I’d go towards my coffee table, and they’d say “He’s going towards the table!” – so then I’d back away from the table, and they’d say: “He’s backing away from the table!” Everything was, like, yelled at me, like it was an important announcement. So I went to the fridge and tested if “they” could notice minuscule decisions I made: so I’d reach for a beer, and they’d say: “He’s reaching for a beer!” – so then I’d not grab the beer, and grab a soda instead. So they’d say “No! He’s grabbing a soda instead!” So I’d put it back and go away from the fridge, and they say: “Guess he’s not thirsty after all!” And so on. In other words, “they” can watch me, in real time.

There was more than one “voice” – it was two, maybe three. Having fun. It was like a sick competition to see who could “announce” what I did first, as I did it. Then “they” would get into the pervert stuff. Like, when I went to the bathroom, “they” said: “Oooh! I bet he’s gonna go masturbate!” Then when I peed, “they” said: “Aaawwww! He’s only peeing this time!” You know, “this time” as if to imply: yes, “we” watch you when you masturbate. So it was like this sick game to let me know “they” watch me and nothing I do is “private”.

Then, they got really evil and started name-calling; then they played like a techno beat on one of those programmable DJ beat-machines and between the beats, they’d yell “PUNK!” or “BITCH!” into an echo/reverb effects box, so it would sound like: “PUNK-UNK-UNK-UNK-UNK-NK-

NK-K-K!” “BITCH-ITCH-ITCH-ITCH-CH-CH-CH!!” – and so on. Years later I was told by a fellow T.I. that that is intended as “entrainment”: the beats sync up with your brainwaves, and the music is intended to drive the insults into your subconscious mind, so you’ll be insecure and afraid.

They kept it up for about an hour, until I ran out of the house screaming. I was in a complete & total panic. Who would do this to me? Why? And most important: WHERE ARE THEY?? I accosted a woman walking down the sidewalk to use her cell phone – I had planned to call 9-1-1 and report it, but didn’t know what “it” is to report. As luck would have it, a friend of mine also just happened to be walking by and saw me accosting the woman – who was already on her phone, but saw the panic in my eyes and was totally ready to loan me her phone. That’s what “they” want: you call the police and report something like that, then the police think you’re crazy and put you in a mental hospital, as a nut-case, against your will. My friend who was walking by, saw me in a state of panic and accosting this woman about her cell phone, and was wise enough to see it meant trouble for me, so he pulled me away from her. Got me over to the side of the house off of the sidewalk, and after a brief conversation with me, determined I was “on drugs”. I wasn’t. But I realized others would think what he thought, and it would be useless to report it to the police – especially the police. They would just put me in the loony bin. I went back in the house, and “the voices” only attacked me inside the house, but not outside. So this time, I tried talking back to them. I reasoned with them, saying: “You know what? How about if I join you? You tell me how to find you, I’ll join your ‘group’ or whatever it is, and we can do this together!” I said this out loud to “them” in my empty living room. My friend who had