

The Robles Challenge

Dear Reader, I offer you the following:

I have a challenge for you! People keep giving me useless advice because they do not fully understand the situation and no one wants to provide real help so perhaps you will tell me what you would do in the situation I have outlined below. If you can solve this problem I will give you or do anything you want within my power.

Here is your challenge and what you are faced with.

The reality is this: you are a minority of one (a Puerto Rican of Taino Indian extraction) in Russia or another foreign country, you have asylum from the United States but cannot get citizenship no matter that you have done everything necessary and have lived there for 20 years and the US is pushing for war against your new home country.

Next: You are completely and totally isolated and cannot talk freely about your situation or interact with anyone because of real concerns for your security amidst continued targeting by your former country's agents and the fascists they have unleashed next door. You lost your only source of income two years ago and your employment; you have no social or other protection, no benefits, can not leave and have no one to help you.

Even more: on top of all that the foreign country has draconian rules, an impossibly difficult language, endless negative media coverage blaming immigrants and your former country (which you believe is true), widespread corruption, rapidly spreading nationalism, laws that only protect citizens, a court system that will never favor foreigners or immigrants and had once been more or less friendly but has become extremely hostile due to the actions of your own former government which you have renounced, which has stripped you of your citizenship but which you are still considered to be a citizen of by your new country.

If all that were not enough let's add a few more problems to the mix just to make it really, really interesting: add to all that the fact that you can not help your son who has been arrested and imprisoned on trumped up charges because; you know too much and (after being told never to pay a bribe) you

tried to fight against corruption whilst attempting to normalize your status for over 10 years. Also your oldest daughter hates you because you brought her to this country and you have two younger daughters who are citizens but whom you are not allowed to see or even visit but whom you have to pay support for but you can't because you are unemployed and have no income. Your ex-wives hate you because you have no money and in this country many consider a man with no money to be worthless especially when you were from the country where they believe everyone is rich.

Finally imagine your rent is due, you are drowning in debt, no one continues to offer you employment, you have nothing to eat, your cat is hungry, in a few weeks you will have to renew all your documents which will cost you several hundred dollars and the place where all your personal possessions are stored is screaming because you already owe them almost a thousand dollars. You also have no money to go out or travel anywhere and your phones have been blocked because of negatives balances.

Your assets

You have a slight level of fame because of your previous journalistic work but the media will not publish anything about your personal troubles, because they are personal. You have several hundred people on a mailing list who have already been asked a thousand times to help you or support you and now most of your mail goes into their spam folders. You have a site which is blocked from Google because of your activities as a whistle blower and anti-American content but on which you can publish anything you want because it is under your complete control and you have 14,000 followers on Twitter who have not once assisted you in over 2 years. You have a PayPal account, several forms of electronic money, a bank card to receive funds and almost all of the tools and assets to complete journalistic tasks and do sound work. You speak four languages and have an extremely wide employment profile.

Your first mission and the first problem you must solve:

To find your rent in 12 hours or you will be evicted as the weather gets colder and winter is approaching. Oh and you have no friends you can crash with or who can take you in or loan you money.

Clue

All of the above problems can be solved with two things: first obtaining citizenship which will allow you to normalize your status, secure employment, bet benefits and possibly secure a place to live. Second money which will allow you to help your son, pay your support and solve all of your other issues.

Reward:

If you can solve this you will save my life because at this point I see no options and no reason to believe things will get better and will do or give you anything within my power.

Good Luck and please send your answers to jar2@list.ru AND jar2@jar2.com and of course please make a donation of any size.

<http://www.jar2.com/WebMoney/pay.htm>

Please write your solution below and remember this is not a joke this is completely and totally serious:

An Open Letter to the Russian People

Dear Russian People,

Best of the day to all of you. My name is John Robles. I was the first "American" to have received asylum in this great country. I also used to be one of the voices that represented Russia and the Russian world on the Voice of Russia World Service in English. I have spent almost ten years living in Russia with asylum and have lived in Russia for almost 20 years and love Russia, her people, her culture, her vast nature and her brave and fearless leader Vladimir Putin and I consider myself to be a Russian patriot.

I am writing to you today with great sadness and pain in my heart and to offer you a message that I believe represents not only my family and I but the majority of the informed American people, members of the English speaking world and all of the indigenous peoples of North and South America who know the truth and want peace.

Dearest beloved Russia, I am sorry for the government of the United States of America which has long ago ceased to be a representative democracy and I am sorry for the governments of the NATO countries and the countries of the English speaking world who do everything the United States demands.

I am sorry that these governments which do not represent me or my family want to provoke and push Russia into World War III because Russia has a brilliant and strong leader who follows an independent foreign policy and because they want Russia's resources.

I am sorry that these forces want to rob and weaken Russia and the Russian people with their economic sanctions because they cannot balance their own checkbooks and are run by people with insatiable greed for money and resources who believe they have the right to take anything they want and are attempting own and control the world. They do not represent us.

I am sorry for the NATO countries and their unending drive for war, their insane attempt to rule the world by force in order to achieve the unattainable concept of Full Spectral Dominance and their surrounding of peaceful developing Russia with missiles and weapons of death and destruction and military bases. They do not represent us.

I am sorry for the Central Intelligence Agency and the US State Department who believe they have the right to destroy countries by killing the leaders and fomenting armed uprisings and color revolutions and destroying infrastructure and killing you the people. They do not represent us.

I am sorry to you dear Russian and Soviet people that the US Government lied to you and made you believe in some dream of hope and prosperity and democracy that was nothing but a ruse to control and deceive and steal your vast resources and wealth. They do not represent us.

I am sorry for Donbass, Ukraine, Kosovo, Yugoslavia, Iraq, Afghanistan, Yemen, Libya, Syria, Iran, Vietnam, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Venezuela, Cuba, North Korea, China, and all of the countries where these governments have dropped bombs and killed millions of innocent people and manipulated and corrupted leaders and started revolutions, they do not represent us.

I am sorry for them and I beg your forgiveness for they do not know what they do and they do not represent us. They brought themselves to power by controlling all of the instruments and levers of wealth, intelligence, control and power, and have enslaved the populations they control. They do not represent us.

We the people of North and South America and of the world who see the truth do not want war, we do not want to kill your brothers and sisters and children. We do not want to steal your resources and destroy your economy so that ours can improve and the mistakes and wealth of our morally bankrupt leaders can be funded with blood money. They do not represent us.

I am sorry and beg your forgiveness for the people who support these leaders for they do not know what they do. They are blinded and the people are distracted by non-issues such as gay marriage and endless mindless media propaganda to demonize and vilify Russia and its strong charismatic peace loving leader who they despise because he possess all of the qualities and moral fiber that the can only pretend to possess.

I ask you to forgive me, my family and all of us who may have had the misfortune to be a part of the English world at one point or another yet see

the errors in our governments' ways and I want you to know that I have personally done everything that I can to stop the aggression by the US and NATO against the peaceful, beautiful and courageous Russian and Slavic peoples.

Since the US and NATO destroyed Ukraine and pitted brother against brother my family and I have also suffered even though we love Russia and considered ourselves part of the Russian world, yet we are treated as if we are part of that system that wants to destroy you all. Therefore I am writing this letter to all of you and once again I beg you to forgive us and to understand that the non-representative governments and intelligence agencies and the military machine that wants to drag you into World War III does not represent us....

I am so deeply and sadly sorry, please forgive us. I have spent everything I had and spent all of my energies fighting them and attempting to maintain my site www.jar2.com and try to stop the US/NATO machine but I can not alone and for this, I am also sorry.

We love Russia, President Putin, and all of the Russian people no matter what problems we may all have and we consider the Russian people our brothers and sisters in peace. We do not want war, please forgive us.

With all of our love and regret,

John Robles II

Ex-Voice of Russia and Owner of jar2 com

In hiding from CIA/NATO in the Moscow Region

September 27, 2016

Answer to Critics - JAR2: There Should Be an Investigation into the Death of Michael Ratner and Others

I just got a letter from the person who I thought was going to possibly publish my book and what he told me was not good. Perhaps you can help me to understand two of the points he made. The first point that I just don't get, being as it really contradicts everything I am and do and my very person and who I am is that I need to present myself as an American patriot. Why is that if I am not? I have asylum from the United States and have lived over 20 years in a marginalized dangerous situation because of the United States. I was beaten all of my childhood and tortured and abused into adulthood by that system and I have to show that I m a patriot to that country. I am not.

The United States literally occupies the country where I was born (Puerto Rico) and has literally carried out a campaign of genocide (Dr Cornelius Rhoads CIA et al) against not only my people but the indigenous peoples of North America which continues to this day, so how could I be a patriot to that country? I am a patriot to the country where I have lived for 20 years and which has treated me well and the problems I have had here are due to the illegal interference and targeting of the United States and its agents in Russia.

The second point is also one that is raised by journalists even when I do present them with evidence, namely that I am not providing proof of what I am saying. This statement, first off completely marginalizes and discredits me and everything I say meaning my word is not enough and no matter what I say it cannot be believed and it completely annuls everything that I do present (which is substantial) as if it were never presented and in fact did not exist.

I am certain that any thinking person who has read and seen the evidence I have presented in the past and can connect the dots in any elementary fashion would be able to see that. However as that may not be the case then what? I cannot access and copy and release secret US Government directives

concerning myself and my family as I do not have access to them and the people that may have access to them and definitely do if we are to believe their stories will not provide me with anything. So I have to describe and live with the results and effects of those directives which by the actions of the US Government and its agents and officials are proven to be in existence and cannot be denied.

This is a typical tactic and one that was used against us even during my son's trial and during my attempt to gain at least partial custody of my daughter and fight the claims that my ex-wife was making during the divorce proceedings. During these events our evidence was not allowed to be entered and we were almost not allowed to speak and what we did say was not accepted as evidence or allowed to be used to support our positions.

Just as in the case of my lawsuit for illegal termination. Even the simple fact that I was a newsreader was denied and my words saying this were also not entered into the record or accepted by the judge. The judge only accepted "evidence" from the lawyer which backed up the lawyer's claims. Namely that my termination was legal and that I had not been wronged.

The same thing was done with my son and it was all done on orders from the United States Embassy and the CIA. This was all done just in the same way that the US revoked my passport and then cancelled my citizenship using the claim that I owed child support when in fact I had sole legal and physical custody of my son and daughter and we had lived in Russia since the 90s. Any thinking person would say that is evidence that I could not owe child support even for periods spanning over a decade during which the corrupt criminals in Woodland California continued to collect hundreds of thousands of dollars of Federal money in the names of my children.

Their argument is "Prove it! Do you have a paper saying you live in Russia?"

My answer was "Well yeah, here you go."

With any answer to that being, "Oh we cannot accept that as evidence".

That is what happens when criminals are in power and rather than investigating or arresting these criminals the US just went after me and the CIA

as the protector of this criminal system continues to attempt to have me returned so they can interrogate me about Russia and punish me for blowing the whistle on million dollar corruption. You see the entire Child Protective Services dead beat dad system all over the country is corrupt in the same manner and that is what they have to prevent from being known in my case. Criminals protecting the criminals and anyone who calls them out is discredited and their evidence is denied and then punitive measures against them are initiated. This is a documented fact and happens over and over again,

I was going to mention two points but the question of credibility also applies to the third point he raised and something I have been accused of over and over again and which I would like to put to rest once and for all. That "point" is that I am moaning, that I am just endlessly complaining and whining about what is happening to me and I should just shut up. This is the same thing the rapist or the murderer says to their victim I suppose.

I want all of my critics with jobs and families and normal lives to read this and then read it 20 more times until it sinks in: what I am being put through amounts to torture and is direct evidence of targeting and illegal activity by the US Government and the Central Intelligence Agency as the foreign arm that is making their orders possible in Russia. My employment and income have been eliminated which is clearly a documented tactic by the US Military in dealing with whistleblowers, in fact my employer the Voice of Russia World Service was liquidated after the ex-US Ambassador to Russia Michael McFaul failed twice to have me arrested on false charges and deported back to the US, my family has been destroyed and my son is now in prison on false charges. My reputation has been damaged, I can not secure any kind of employment in Russia, a country where there is absolutely no economic, social or other support for people with asylum and thanks to Edward Snowden and the Limited Hangout Operation he is engaged in any truth about US illegality now has to go through him and anything I say about my case or what they are doing to me and my children is ignored because the Snowden crowd does not support me or even mention a word about me. This is also evidence that Snowden is an Operation.

I am the first American with asylum in Russia not Snowden. Currently Snowden does not even have asylum he has residency status. Snowden has also made it seem mandatory that anyone who has asylum or is a whistle blower must be an American patriot which also damages Assange and anyone else who comes forward, as if that is the only person that can be supported which is the line that even the Russian media promotes.

In none of my interviews or works concerning me or other people seeking asylum is it ever mentioned that they may be a patriot of Russia. It is as if being a patriot of Russia is a crime or something that must be hidden. I am proud to be a patriot of Russia and will never, as the publisher admonished me to, portray or try to portray myself as a patriot of America. It is a country occupying my homeland that was illegally established on the lands of my people and is guilty of the continued genocide of my people.

The reality is that agents working for the CIA and their partners in Moscow are guilty of treason to Russia in carrying out the orders of the US Government and the US Embassy in Moscow and all are guilty of violations of international law and UN statutes when it comes to refugees and person with political asylum which clearly state that we are to be free from punitive targeting, harassment and other measures from the country from which we received asylum. That country in my case is the United States of America. There are also dozens of laws and statutes with regard to the treatment of indigenous persons which apply in my case and those are conveniently just ignored as is the fact that I was born in Puerto Rico which is in fact an occupied territory and not historically nor ever was a part of the United States.

The whole problem was summed up during the trial of my son, the lawyer told me that they would not accept any evidence proving my son's innocence or the planting or fabrication of evidence unless I paid a huge bribe (for these kinds of prosecutions in Russia the price is about 9 million rubles to make it go away) for the reason that then all of the investigators and those prosecuting my son would then have to be charged with crimes and would lose their jobs and no one was going to be a party to that.

So the reality is that to keep their jobs they are all ready to see an innocent young man have his life destroyed and go to prison for five years for a crime that "normal" people would get a few months for. Proof is a recent video which appeared on the Russian news in which one of these "investigators" was secretly filmed talking about these kinds of cases and he described how narcotics were planted and the like and he said that he did not really care what happened even if he knew in his heart that the person he was testifying against was innocent because he was "... just doing his job".

That is the same with the people in the Embassy and everyone else involved in our persecution and continued limbo. From the people who demanded us to pay bribes for citizenship to the agents who are fulfilling orders for the US Embassy and engaged in our persecution and finally to the Director of FMS in Lubertsy who offered me a rope to hang myself after almost ten years attempting to simply normalize my status and obtain a passport.

I have not been allowed to see one of my daughters whom I love for two years, I have a son whom I love who is rotting in a Russian prison because the people who were ordered to fabricate a criminal case against me could not, I have not been able to find a job for two years, I have to continue to live in a state of limbo and no one is helping me or supporting me, I am forced to try to survive by begging strangers for money on the internet and every month it is a question whether I will be able to buy food or pay rent, I have absolutely no support of any kind from the United Nations or Russia as a refugee and I am getting old with the only option every day seeming to be death because there is no chance that things will get better and every day that passes I am getting deeper and deeper into debt. So to those who say I am whining or to stop begging on the internet I say: my only other option is dying quietly. Which is exactly what they want and I will fight them until the end.

In reality there should be an investigation into how far the US has gone to silence me and the case around my family. As time goes on it is clearer to me and every piece of evidence I have proves my thesis that after the failure of the two attempts by McFaul and the State Department under Clinton to have me imprisoned and deported back to the US, Edward Snowden and even the liquidation of the Voice of Russia were operations set up by the CIA.

An investigation also should be started with regard to the deaths of: Michael Ratner who agreed to look into our case in the weeks before his death and then passed of a mysterious cancer, Yury Reshetnikov who died the day after hiring me to work at the VOR of a mysterious cancer like illness, Karl Watts who was also instrumental in my employment who died suddenly of a mysterious cancer, E Nikitenko who supported my work and died of heart conditions and finally N. who also supported me and died the same day I was terminated of a mysterious and quick spreading cancer. There should also be an investigation by Russia into my poisoning and in the events surrounding what appears to be my own looming untimely death.

Like I said I have absolutely no funds and no way of getting any and I have no food and my rent is due so if possible please make any kind of contribution to our fight and help keep us alive a little while longer.

Thank you and may the great spirit protect you,

John Robles

September 28, 2016

Russia

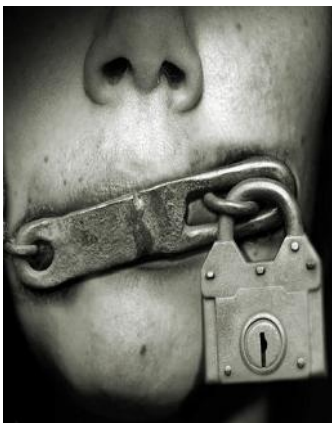
<http://www.jar2.com/WebMoney/pay.htm>

PS I am desperately seeking employment of any kind. You can find my resume at www.jar2.biz

20 YEARS IN EXILE

It is mind-boggling that my family's story has been blacklisted everywhere in the world. Either because it is "not interesting" or not convenient or what have you and to start I would like to say that refugee status is something that should be given to a person as a means or a step to normalize their situation not as a permanent status under which someone has to live in a situation akin to torture, for that is what life is like living as a refugee here. There are absolutely no benefits and no form of social, legal or other support.

It is the elephant in the room that no one wants to talk about. It is the reason I wake up every day and am forced to recall my entire life until that moment instead of trying to move on and think of the future. It is the reason no one will be friends with me or hire me for a job or even listen to what I have to say. It is the reason I have been forced to survive for almost a decade, if not twenty years, isolation and terror and endless suffering. It is also something no one wants to read about or know the truth about but which I have to live with every waking moment and which has come to define my life and my very existence. I am the first American with asylum in the Russian Federation.



As I sit and type this I wonder why I am doing it. I know that no matter what I say, or how I say it nothing will change and there will never be closure or a resolution to what should have been a very simple problem and one whose resolution was promised within weeks, which turned into years and now almost a decade. No matter what happens I will never be granted Russian

citizenship and I will thus never be allowed to live a normal life. Why? Because I refused to pay bribes, because I complained and exposed those who were demanding bribes and finally because the United States has ordered that I be demonized and marginalized and made into the bad deadbeat dad and even weapons dealer that they tried to say I was. There is also the racial reason which I still do not want to believe.

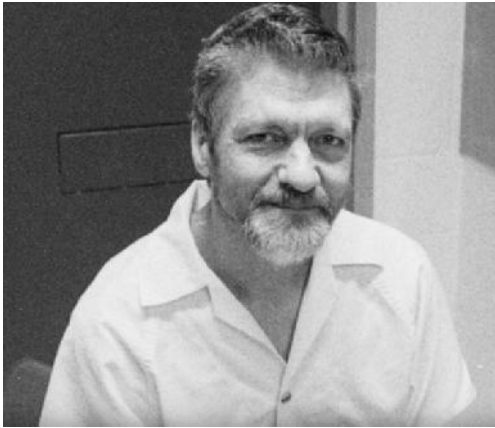
I know my days on this Earth are growing extremely short and I am ready. I know and can feel the end coming and I am relieved and not afraid but I am filled with regret that I cannot leave anything behind for my children. So I want to leave at least my story behind so that no one makes the same mistakes I made and chooses to go down the road I went.

I have tried to gain support and raise awareness for the plight of my children and myself for years but to no avail. I then had the naiveté to believe that I could take on the corruption I was faced with here in Russia by cooperating with the proper authorities and writing letters to the Presidential Administration, I was very wrong. Those letters were simply forwarded to the corrupt officials I had complained about.

I did not make the same mistakes when in 1992 I attempted to go against the corruption I came across in Woodland California when I attempted to expose the entire network of officials in that town who were stealing federal money through a scheme using Child Protective Services and the war on “deadbeat” parents, whom they created themselves. That proved to be completely useless and these scum continued even until 2007 stealing federal money in the name of my children even though I had raised them alone in Russia since 1996 and had not even been in the US since 1995. It is because of those scum who continue stealing and destroying innocent fathers and mothers that I have been through what I have been through for the last 20 years.

Who was the President of the US at the time? You guessed it Bill Clinton, and it was not only corruption that they were trying to hide in Woodland, California but it was also the selling of children and biological agents that were being developed for the CIA in that nothing of a town. All the stories about

Bohemian Grove and Tim Osman are true. Believe me I lived in Monte Rio as well.



These facts were not entirely known to me at the time when I reported these people but later it became clear why they came down on me like a ton of bricks when I requested a Grand Jury convene on the officials of Woodland and their use of children to steal federal money. You will never hear any of that anywhere and no one will ever report on it because they will be liquidated just as they attempted to liquidate me. It is not just 911 and my exposing of CIA projects that they want me for, it is also so I never speak about what happened to me as a child in Fresno, California where I was forced to be the subject of an MKULTRA program, the memories of which just came back to me a few months ago and one which I detest having to tell anyone about as it may immediately call my sanity into question, but you cannot change reality and you cannot change the past.

Why Am I Writing This?

Logically there should be a purpose for any piece of literary or any other work for that matter. This can be to meet a goal or receive some form of compensation or to get a message out to an audience that will receive it. There should also be some motivation inside the writer, some inner drive and belief in what the message is that the writer is trying to convey.

Unfortunately I have lost all motivation and purpose for writing that I once possessed thanks to my last 9 months in Crimea and everything that I have been through over the course of the last few years. First off I have been told so many times that what I write is not interesting, it is too controversial and I should stop complaining about everything that is happening because the same things happen to other people and I should just be glad that I am still alive.

Well if you are reading this then at least the question of an audience has been resolved, that would be you.

Historical Context

The Hyper Security PNAC Endless War Paradigm of US Hegemony

It is now 2016 and the war on journalism and journalists continues unabated. Despite the Internet (or perhaps because of it) and the efforts of truth seekers, hacktivists, whistleblowers, real journalists, lawyers and anyone else concerned with human rights and justice, the criminal elites that took power 16 years ago continue to amass and consolidate their control as they attempt to establish a state of complete hegemony and military "Full Spectrum Dominance" throughout the world.

Since the planned and orchestrated "Catalyst" that were the events of September 11, 2001, the US/FVEY Military-Industrial-Intelligence-Complex has successfully taken over the world's information sphere, waging a non-stop war on anyone who would attempt to expose their crimes and illegality and filling the minds of the world with disinformation, obfuscation and propaganda carefully crafted to brainwash and manipulate the global population.

With the coming of the computer age and the internet rather than using the incredible resources available to them for good and which the youth of today take for granted, those in power decided to use them to control and enslave and kill. As time wears on, now 16 years since the start of the events that brought the PNAC loons to power, those of us who remember what the world used to be like are becoming fewer and fewer.

Those of us who remember a time when there were actually real concepts such as rule of law, human rights and justice are slowly fading away and the new youth know nothing of such things and have little interest in changing the world for the better or bringing anyone to account. The world according to George Orwell's 1984 is slowly becoming a reality with everyone convinced of an endless war and the need for the state to have complete control in order to maintain their safety. They believe their security is supposedly constantly under threat by terrorists whom the CIA and NATO secretly fund and arm in order to keep the whole house of cards from coming down.

They used to say that words are more powerful than swords and even today this may still hold true. For even though we are living through what I would call a “disgraceful age” for all of humanity, one of complete and total media manipulation, where all sources of information are controlled by what can only be described as genocidal elites and corporate powers possessed by insatiable murderous greed, sometimes a word can still get through. Sometimes the seed of an idea can still be planted, even if only to one or two people, and this is the only hope that I have for the human race. For I have tried my best to make a difference and shine the light on the darkness that has engulfed the world.

Introduction

It has been quite a long time since I have written to you dear reader, because not only am I haunted by memories of every vicious attack and every attempt to say that my work is useless, not interesting and long-winded that inadvertently comes with every article I write leading to a writer's block difficult to overcome and one that I have struggled with for years.

This time the reasons causing my long absence from the keyboard are so dark and evil that they are not things that I would want to write to you about so as not to risk weighing down your minds and thoughts and very soul with the pain and suffering of an aging, marginalized and completely crucified "former" truth seeker whom I am sure you are tired of hearing about.

No matter how those pains are more and more taking on the quality of torture designed to silence me forever I will convey a fraction of the story. Maybe I am delusional but I think somewhere down the line, maybe 100 years from now someone will actually be interested to know what happened to the first American who received political asylum in Russia and what was occurring in the months and days leading up to his untimely death of a heart attack for I am sure that is what they have in store for me.

I am with you dear reader and I am of the mind that we, you and I, may be the last of a dying breed, the last of what we once called the civilized world, where we cared about human rights and our fellow man and we took interest in the trials and tribulations and the stories that our fellow brothers and sisters had to tell.

I will take a phrase from one of my favorite childhood authors Steven King (or is it Stephen, I can not recall in my diminished state, one mind you not brought about not by drink or song or degenerate ways but from living in abject poverty, begging, humiliation, constant fear for the life of my son and a permanent state of limbo that the Russian Government has left me in and one that I will get into a little further on down, in this, what may be, my last letter to all of you) and one that has come back to me time and again for the last several decades. That phrase dear reader is "... the world has moved on."

Sadly yes the world has moved on and as we bravely go forward in time getting deeper and deeper into the 21st century we are faced with a world that is growing worse by the day and a condition that goes beyond anything that could be characterized as being entropy and more as one that may be called devolution.

It is becoming more and more evident by the day that the result of the information technology age is not one where we are all enlightened and informed and are helping one another but one in which we are like isolated animals ready to pounce on and carve each other up just to ensure our own meager continued existence on this planet which we are destroying by the day.

My thoughts keeping flashing back (albeit with abiding ferocity that has debilitated me for the last three weeks) and images of what I went through and the things that I saw in Crimea, but then I am not supposed to tell you anything bad about the realities that are in existence there but the reality is a horror and I am afraid that if I do not tell you, you will never hear anything at all about the suffering that the people are going through due to no fault of their own. There is no Russian invasion, there is no occupation, there is isolation and growing desperation from poverty.

The tale needs to be told and it must be told but it is sadly not one that is really in the sphere of the literary expertise that is the domain of the geopolitical commentator or conspiracy investigator but rather one that would be better told by a writer of terror and one who writes about the horrors experienced by our fellow humans and which may have a complete and total metaphysical source not entirely of this world.

A story teller such as Mr. King would be better suited to convey to you the realities that I observed but unfortunately there is no way that I could even begin to entertain obtaining the cooperation let alone even the passing interest of a writer of his stature and world renown. So dear reader bear with me as I take you down a little road to hell and attempt to convey to you the horrors that I witnessed and the ones that have made my hair begin to turn white.

For you see dear reader there really is no conflict in Crimea, what there is is the slow and sure stinking decay and slow drawn out death of that one human quality that has made all of us fight and endure throughout the ages and that quality and that stinking rotting corpse waiting for burial in a sepulcher long forgotten has a name, and its name is Hope.

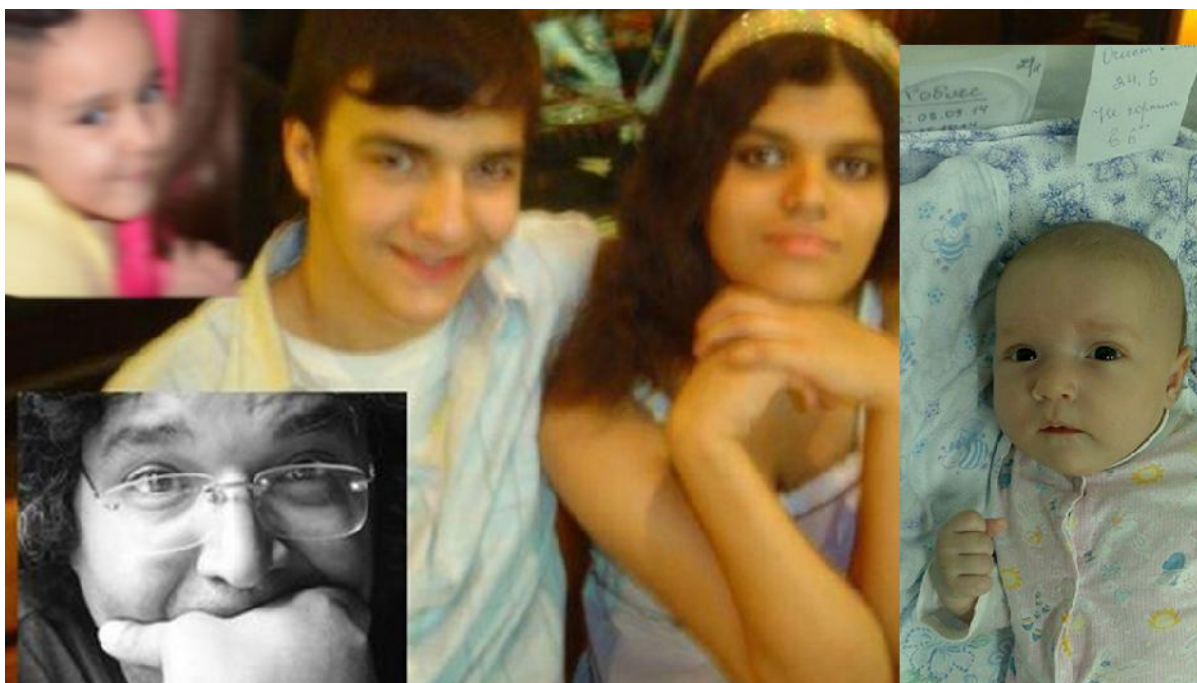
A Heart Attack and One Step in the Grave

My Trip to Write My Book and Die

My readers and followers know that I recently spent about nine months living in the Republic of Crimea in the Russian Federation, and that I went there not fully under the best of circumstances. What you do not know is that I actually went to Crimea to die. A fact that I have many times revisited in my mind as perhaps it is exactly for that reason that I chose to go to the place I went to which led to events that I am about to partake.

For the location that for some strange reason I found myself, as if not by chance but by design, was a place of pure and primordial horror once the veneer began to fade away.

#ThereIsNoConflictInCrimea



After being black listed from the media by a 5th column working for the CIA, having my marriage destroyed, losing my only son who was imprisoned in a

fabricated arrest and trial which followed a pre-determined outcome, the sham that was my divorce “trial”, having my baby daughter ripped away from me forever, the complete joke that was my lawsuit against my illegal racist political termination, my forced eviction in the middle of the night, the physical shutting down of my site, threats from an over-zealous naïve and completely ignorant government agent and several physical attacks on my person, I had had more than most human beings could bear and decided to leave Moscow forever before I was found dead hanging in the garage I rent or the casualty of a mugging or terrible car accident or worse a fabricated heart attack.

There is also the permanent and ever present psychological torture of knowing I have asylum which is supposed to be permanent but which is reviewed every year and requires a huge effort and huge money to renew all my documents and knowing that even though I had lived by the law, paid taxes, worked for the state and assisted the Security Services with more than I can say and even had two Russian (Muscovite) wives and speak fluent Russian and even more have two children who are Muscovites, me and my US born children would never and will never get citizenship because I refused to pay and then reported the demand for payment of bribes. But bribes are the real law and the criminals run the system. There can be no hope for anyone in such a system.

After almost 20 years in Moscow this was literally how I felt.





In the middle of winter, during the month of December and for the New Year I made a secret trip to Crimea, only informing the member of the Security Services who I was keeping up to date on the events around me and no one else. During the trip I scraped together everything I had and could raise on the Internet and rented a very humble and cheap studio apartment in the middle of nowhere with a view of the sea near Yalta and paid for three months.

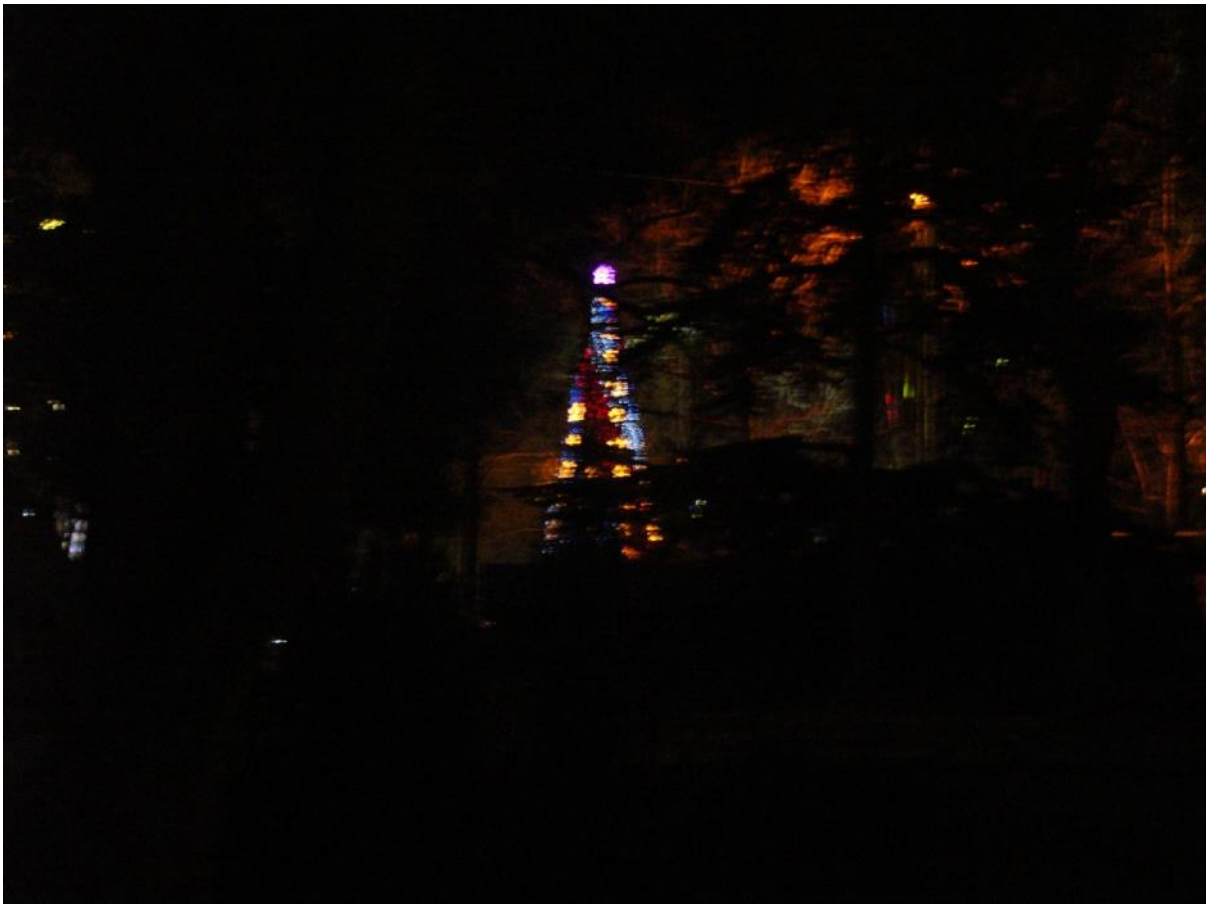


The idea was to find work and I was hoping to report on and to get the world the truth about one of the greatest lies being orchestrated in modern history and that is the bald-faced US lie about an annexation or occupation having occurred in the Republic of Crimea which I knew to be false (this was after they organized, funded and backed the most obvious coup in modern world history). My other intention was to finish my book which I was sure would force them to free my son once the world knew about the real (secret) reasons he had been targeted, set up and arrested.

Пятница пошёл на собеседование к школе в Крым.. Разговариваю с директором в классе ... смотрю назад и на стену Украинский флаг и флаг США висеть... И что делать? Мне очень денег нужен не чем даже кушать но работает под Флаг Украина в КРЫМ не могу!!!



My intentions and plans were noble and I thought desperately needed and I was sure they would be supported after having been to Crimea almost a dozen times but I was wrong and I hit a wall of racism, indifference and in the end pure evil.



I spent the New Year alone near the main square in Sevastopol. My rich student Kayta, a champion sportswoman, who I was rather fond and whose family was rather rich, had given me a bottle of champagne, I suspect meant for someone else and a box of chocolates for the New Year.

I sat alone on a bench in the dark park next to square, freezing my bottom off, and watched the couples and crowds of young people going by all happy and drunk. I had not been allowed on the main square with the champagne by the police who were very nice to me, so I had to sit in the damn park. It was New Year's my son was in prison, my daughter did not send a greeting, and neither did anyone else for that matter, and I was there in the cold all alone without even an acquaintance in the town, wondering what I was going to do next.

The fireworks were great and a drunk woman came over to sit next to me. I thought wow, great, maybe I won't have to be alone on New Year's and that will be a good way to start the year. But when she saw I was not white, even though I had the friendliest face I could muster and even smiled, she got up as

if I was diseased or something and walked away and sat on another bench by herself. Nice!

Oh well, I thought downing the last of the expensive Asti-Spumante Champagne that Katya had given me by mistake no doubt. I carefully placed the bottle in the trash bin, as the park was surprisingly clean and I never like to leave a mess after myself, and made my way alone back to the car. I checked the phone for messages, checked the perimeter of where I was parked and got in the back seat where I finished the chocolates and went to sleep in the freezing cold. What else could I do. I was drunk so obviously I could not drive anywhere and the people I did know had not invited me anywhere and surely did not offer me a place to stay for the night so I went to sleep in the car.

The Ghost

During the night I was awoken by a voice coming from behind me but there was no one there. This voice or presence had been appearing on and off for quite some time so I did not give it much thought. I was freezing and I could not feel my feet so I idled the car for 15 minutes to warm up. I could do so no longer because I needed to conserve my gas or I might not make it back to Moscow.

In my frozen drunk state I thought of Katya and how the only present I had got was from her and how it was not really meant for me. I wrote an SMS to Katya, something about how I loved her for being so kind or something but she never answered me. You see I had shown up for a lesson on the 29th when she had thought she cancelled but I had not got the text. She then gave me the Champagne and chocolates which were already by the door. So you see the only present I did get was not even for me. My present was to have been a cancelled lesson. But that is how they are. They have no idea what they do and how it is obvious the way they treat those they think they do not have to be nice to. Katya was decent it was her parents who had not bought me anything. I in turn gave her the present I had brought.

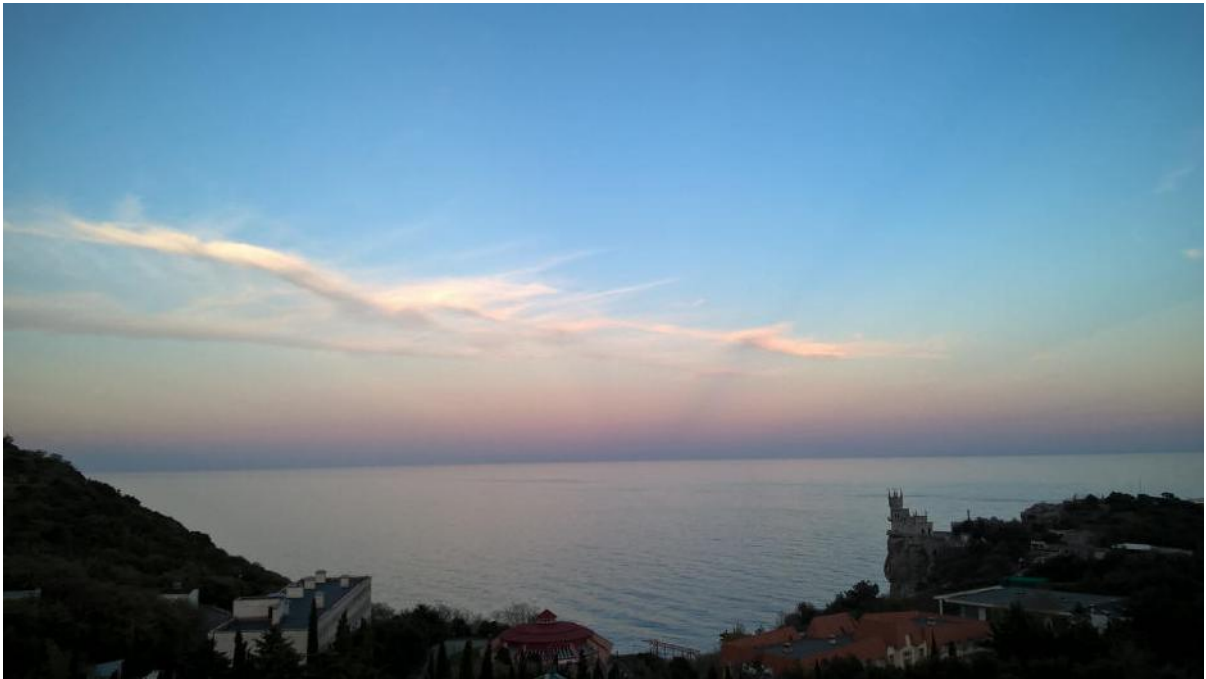
I did love her for that, because she had gone against her parents just to treat me like a person. She was always being nice to me, and she understood the hardships I was going through better than anyone else. I never even had to tell

her she always could tell when I had had a difficult day, even though I rarely showed anything.

I slept and in the morning started the long trip back to Moscow, alone, isolated but with something cautiously approaching hope.



First Trip to Crimea



Having lived in Sebastopol California as a teen I had read extensively about and had always wanted to visit Crimea. Yalta in particular, nestled between craggy

cliffs and the Black Sea, due to its long history and unique balmy weather. Surviving horrible child abuse, being moved all over the world and then abandoned to a state home, it always seemed like a magical peaceful place where no one would hurt me.



The State Home for MENSA kids they did MK experiments on us

There was something rather odd that happened when I was near Yalta. It was one of the first really strange events that began when I was writing my book. I was talking to a Balkan contact and either she triggered it or something else, she was fond of talking about the MK programs and all you see, and was pretty well versed and even seemed that she may have undergone MK-Golden Girl training herself which was even more alarming and one night I myself began recalling experiments that had been done to me when I was 14 and living in the state home Fresno California. But I will get to that later.



My late-teen home in Sebastopol California

Having been abused extensively as a child and raised all over the world and even in that state home, Yalta always seemed like a magical peaceful place where no one would hurt me. Some life journeys are unusual, mine started in a small town in Puerto Rico and led to being a broadcast journalist and newscaster for the liquidated Voice of Russia World Service in English in Moscow and included even stranger things that most “normal” people only dream about, including perhaps being the first American political refugee in Russia if not the world.



At the time of the fascist coup in Ukraine I was actively interviewing referendum observers and had information from varied sources and was astounded by the completely contradictory nature of the reports that were coming in on our internal Russian and Western newswires. Consequently I was very eager to see the situation on the ground in Crimea for myself and so as to be able to get at the truth.





One of the refugee camps in Russia where I helped out

Although I had lived in Russia for decades before the reunification as the first American with asylum I had not been able to leave mainland Russia at all, let alone to visit Crimea, so after the referendum it was like a dream come true. I immediately requested an overdue vacation and made the trip down from Moscow by car on the new M4, the new toll highway built for the Sochi Olympics.



No one knew about me until Snowden showed up

By any standards the M4 is almost dreamlike in its smoothness, speed limits and controlled access. I still recall how in the 90s the route had been an old two lane of busted up slabs of Soviet concrete with potholes that literally tore wheels off of vehicles.



It is about 1,200 miles between Crimea and Moscow, the equivalent distance from say New York to Miami or Los Angeles to Seattle, so it is not a day trip. Time wise it will take you about two days with half the trip taken up by the drive across the Kuban (the Krasnodar Region) on two lane roads from Rostov on the Don to the ferry near Temruk, a route made necessary by the war raging on the Ukrainian side of the border.



In the not too distant past the trip was only attempted by those with intimate inside knowledge of the area, one reason being that every small town on the route has a traffic circle when entering and one when exiting and there were no road signs whatsoever, something common in Russia. I had detailed instructions from a General the first time I visited the region due in part to poor mapping and the fact that GPS devices do not work well in the region.



My travel companion on that first trip

My first trip shortly after the referendum was memorable to say the least. I had about 10 days off and spent 3 of them just waiting to cross the Kerch straight which joins the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea. The trip there after about 36 hours on the road included 42 hours to cover the last 14 kilometers during we inched along at a rate of several meters every ten or fifteen minutes which made sleep impossible as I was the only driver. There was a lot of time to foster grand expectations most of which turned out to be false.



At about 7:15PM on a Friday night after over 42 hours going through the entire process which included careful checking of documents and vehicles by security personnel and officials, a ferry cost of about 3,400 rubles (about \$100) and an encounter with hundreds of spiders in a café in one of the staging areas which were allowed to run freely about by the proprietors, we were finally on the ferry with about 150 other cars and the sea air was finally in our faces after the

intense heat of the last two days. My travel companion and I were ecstatic and couldn't wait to get to the other side and finally be in Crimea.



Just to note as a journalist I was very careful to record everything and took thousands of photographs, especially as we were supposedly entering an “annexed and occupied territory”, and I can report that other than the customs and security officers who carefully inspected all vehicles there was no visible military or even police presence. Clear evidence of Western lies.



When we finally got on the other side of the Kerch Strait and were finally on Crimean soil we were instantly greeted by the worst road I had been on in over a decade. If anyone remembers the George Washington bridge circa 1990 just

imagine roads about 100 times worse. Despite being lucky enough to be driving a Suburban with reinforced suspension we did not travel more than 20 miles per hour for most of the long night ahead for fear of busting a wheel.

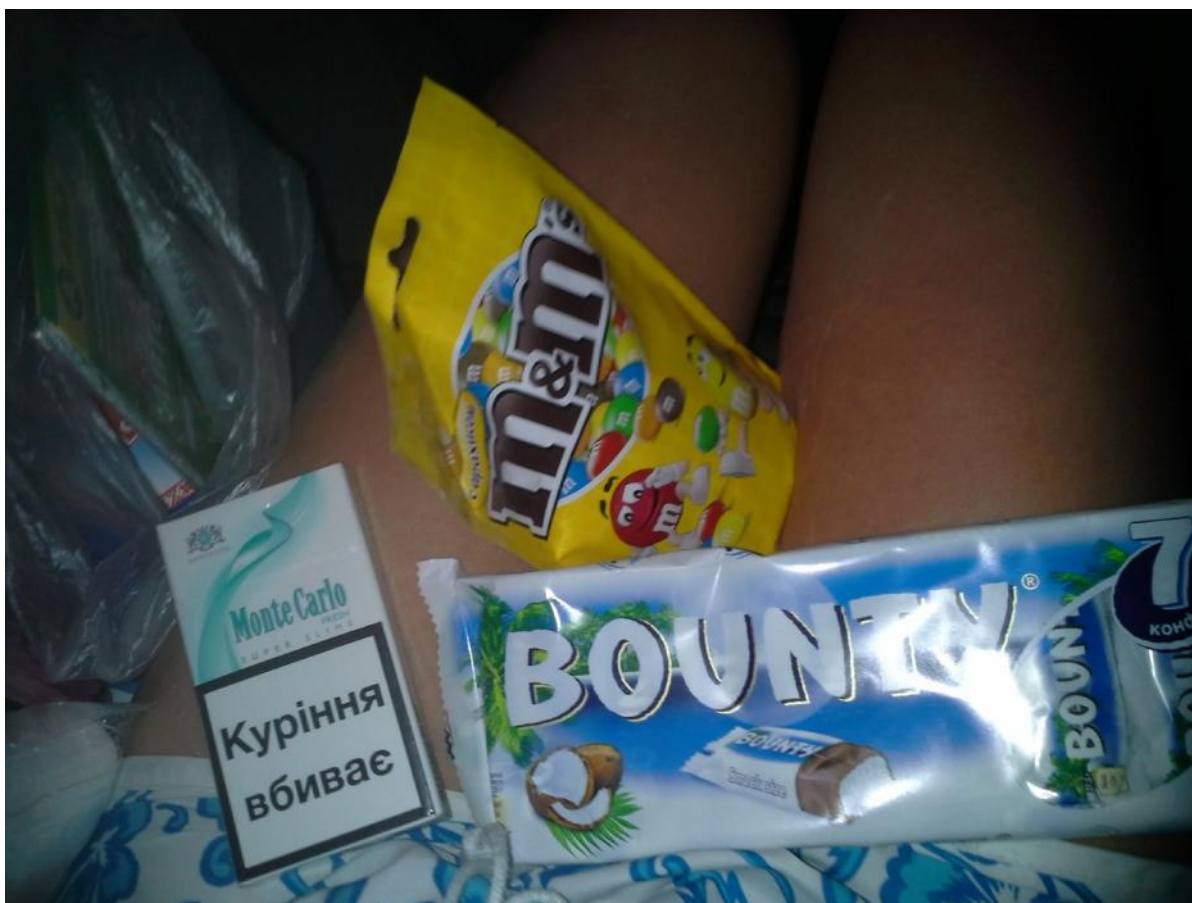
All of our hopes and expectations were quickly dashed not only by pot-holes from hell but also by an air of palpable neglect and abandonment which hung in the dust filled air thick enough to cut with a knife. Not only the roads but the infrastructure gave the distinct impression that it had not been repaired or properly looked after since it had been built in Soviet times. It was clear that Ukraine had not invested a dime in Crimea, ever!

Civilization

Due to the last two 4 days of travelling and staging we were out of food and gas and the first place we stopped was a huge well-lit supermarket.

“Finally civilization!” we thought.

However we were sadly mistaken, the place was empty. There was no bread, milk, cold cuts or even mayonnaise and the rows and rows of shelves were completely bare. Other than outrageously over-priced gourmet items and the beer section which was crammed with brands of beer we had never seen before, there was nothing. We managed to find some chips and candy bars, at least for energy they were good, and made our way to the cash register and our first encounter with “real” Crimeans.



They all seemed rather nervous for some reason as they stood in line and kept looking at me as if I was from another planet only calming down when they heard me speaking Russian. Almost all of the people seemed to be under varying degrees of intoxication and few had more than one or two items.

There was one cashier and we were all waiting for some fat overfed “big boy” with a full shopping cart of the most expensive alcohol and gourmet items the shop had. He was immaculately dressed and with three very hot looking girls and they were making a big fuss about this or that when one of them dropped a bottle of imported vodka.

They big shot said some swear words in Russian and was quickly corrected by one of his girls who told him he had to be polite. We all stood watching all of this, us looking scruffy and hungry after four days on the road, and the other poor people counting their change obviously aware that this fat pig was spending what for most of us was more than a months’ salary, and nobody said a word. You couldn’t. These kinds of guys had connections and would

likely go out to their waiting Mercedes and bring back a gun if you said anything, so we waited, breathing in the wretched smell of spilled vodka and cheap smelling high cost French perfume emanating like a poisonous cloud from the girls.

My first impression of Crimea? One word: “decay” and poverty.



There are places like this anywhere in the world, once prospering factory towns decaying into disrepair when the factories pack up and move town, booming mining towns in the middle of nowhere when the mines dry up and the source of wealth and employment all of a sudden ceases to exist with nothing to replace it, but this was something else.

I made 17 such trips to Crimea and lived there for 9 months and hope to be telling you more in the near future. Oh, I also lived with the Night Wolves Motorcycle Club which should be an interesting tale to tell one day!

A Heart Attack and One Step in the Grave



The House Built on a Grave Yard

The apartment I had rented was not really an apartment per se. It was part of a haphazardly built slapped together house on a hill and seemed only half finished like everything in this particular area. There did not seem to be any rhyme or reason to these structures other than they seemed to be built only to fill up the certain spaces they were filling up and in hindsight I wish I had taken more pictures of the homes and the structures in which people lived.

In the beginning I should have paid better attention but I had come to write my book and I had rented the place because it was the cheapest I could find and because of the view. There was also the inaccessible nature of the place and the location seemed one where none of the nazis who were hunting me would find me or even look. It also had a high speed Internet connection and seemed well built at the time.



It had a view of the Black Sea and I really believed the view would help to heal my soul and give me inspiration to finish my book and finally start making some money and find work. Unfortunately nothing of the sort happened and in fact the sea, from this high above and only accessible by making a long hike up and down the mountainside we were on, became like a cruel and sadistic torturer, mocking me and laughing at all my efforts which I would soon find would get me nowhere.



After a short time there the sea seemed to be sucking the life right out of me and even the very will to live. Little did I know it was not the sea but other much darker and more evil forces, ones not out beyond the window but under the floorboards and in the walls. I did not know the place was already occupied, by a spirit which would never leave and had been there for a very very long time before I had ever come along.



In the picture above you can see Musya sitting and calmly looking out the window. She is not trying to jump out or run. This is important for reasons that I will get to soon.

For my followers who I tried to update and inform and endlessly begged for donations I will not bore you with the next several months, between February 26th or thereabouts and the middle of June, but there were many events which took place which warrant further attention and which I will get into later

but now as time may be very short I am going to go right to the heart of the matter and events which I must convey and which shed a real light on what is happening in Crimea.

After spending months attempting to find work, any work, in Crimea and finding very little support from my followers and my contacts, things began to get desperate and just when I thought they could not get worse they did.

At the time it seemed rather odd, the meeting with an individual I will only name S, the timing was too perfect and the person was too kind and the things he said were all too right and too in keeping with my own ideals and beliefs but he did appear to genuinely want to help and he really truly seemed to do so at first. However I knew no one does anything for free, even people who go to church all the time and pretend to be all charitable and caring of their fellow humans.



I had been going to the local Orthodox church in Kariz for several weeks and had been lighting candles for my son and it was from that church that the man S made my acquaintance. He passed himself off quite well at first, he seemed cultured and respectable and knew the history of the area very well and went on and on about it, citing dates and times and events from the last hundred years as if they had happened yesterday. He did not swear and spoke good

Russian without the slight Ukrainian accent that many of the local people spoke with.

I was very cautious at first in telling him anything because there had been several attempts to obtain information from me and about me and I was actually in hiding at the time. I believed that I was being protected and that I would be taken care of by the Service but this in the end did not appear to be the case.



S attempted to be my friend and since I had none and he even admitted to be that he worked for the security and even gave me his pseudonym, so I began to trust him. He won me over when he helped me to save the site by paying for the extension of my URL and in helping me to deal with my Tatar landlord who was trying to take my property after I could no longer pay the rent when he decided to double it. Little did I know at the time that he was also after not only my property, in particular my servers and jeep, but also information for people in Dnieprpetrovsk including Kolomoisky.

Kolomoisky is the financier and leader of the Azov battalions in Ukraine who are killing the people in Donbass. They work arm in arm with the Right Sector, the Ukrainian SBU and of course Greystone, Rand Corporation and the CIA. The price on my head at the time was already at 20 000 dead, which is another reason I went into hiding. So I was being attacked and hunted on all fronts.

Things got so bad in Kariz that this guy S was bringing me loaves of bread to eat and I ended up having a heart attack and being placed in the hospital for about two weeks. After which I was evicted after which I took my last pennies and got gas and travelled to Sebastopol. Halfway there I stopped and my only thought was "I got out! I am free!" I don't know why.



It was as if I had escaped from a huge black force that had been sucking the life out of me. I can't describe it but 5 months of nightmares and hunger and begging and horrible worries about my son and endless measures to protect myself from a hit by the Russian mafia, Ukrainian nazis and security people who were taking orders from the US Embassy and the CIA were behind me I thought.

On my way to Sebastopol I stopped by the base of the Russian bikers the Night Wolves. It was supposed to have been just a social visit but when I told them about my son and all the shit that had been going on they took me in and fed me and gave me a place to stay for a few weeks. That was another very strange and in the end unpleasant experience.



I attempted to help out Hirurg and the Night Wolves with promotion and articles and offered to set up my servers in their base but there was so much infighting and jealousy and paranoia that in the end my servers stayed in the car and no money was offered to me for the work I was doing.

Hirurg even argued with his brother about me as his brother was paranoid about me because I was “American”. Living with the most notorious biker gang in Eastern Europe is a subject for an entire book I suppose and if you dear reader are interested I will detail it later. Although they were good to me living with alcoholics and societal outcasts was not pleasant to say the least. The other people who worked there were forever drunk and forever drinking and me as a 50 year old teetotaler who was interested in attempting to obtain help from the highest levels to save my son, did not really fit in.

In the end I agreed to help the Night Wolves with the selling of tickets to the Bike Show and even though the money they offered was almost nothing I would be fighting for an idea I believed in.



For some reason after living like I did in the picture above, and then like you see in the pictures that follow, I could not become accustomed to such Spartan surroundings, namely living in an abandoned building with no windows or running water or anything else.

I mean I was grateful and I had nowhere else to go but I saw it as temporary.





After I left the Night Wolves base I lived in Sebastopol for about a week and even managed to get the site back up and working hoping that I could raise money and find work there but that did not go that well either. I could not make enough money fast enough for the landlady who evicted me after a couple days before I could even get anything going.



Return to Hell “How I Spent My Summer”

As it is the first of September and those involved in any way in the education sphere are for the most part returning to work or to their studies, then many may be recalling how they spent the precious months of summer as they enjoyed time off and vacations or sabbaticals or what have you.

A common and recurring theme and one which many kids find familiar and some dread outright is the essay topic called how I spent my summer. As for myself I thought this would be a great way to introduce my latest article for I am sure there are few in the world who spent their summers as I did and being thus I would like to share my experiences with you dear reader.

The Return

I had absolutely no options left. So I had no choice but to call Mr. S who had promised me a room but delivered me into a home for drug addicts and bums who lived like real pigs. Every night they were drinking and doing drugs and

playing music and I had to cook and clean up for them and tell them how frickin wonderful they were, real racist pigs they turned out to be. I am understating actually but imagine 24/7 drinking and drug taking going on next to you when you are trying to recover from a heart attack and are trying to write a book. It was all summed up for me when the son noticed that my cat was ill and look at her and said “oh she’s dying” like it was nothing in the world and then told me I was too American and I was not doing enough for them. They expected me to cook, do their dishes and what else? Why because I am the mud person slave? Unbelievable. The danger was me being killed and my stuff taken one night when someone needed money for a fix.

In the picture below you can see the nice façade they attempted to make me believe. This was on the first night when they were trying to get me to agree to live with them and S was trying to get me to help him do business, including with the Night Wolves, with whom he thought he could get rich quick.

At first my impression was that they all thought that me being an “American” journalist I would be their ticket to the good life and would publicize their causes and help them solve all of their problems. However S had darker plans and on the first night in that god forsaken house, I received a warning, from none other than his son and his nephew.



After the above feast and the big show they did and filling me with vodka I was feeling fairly well and was ready to retire. The nephew and the son called me out of the room which I was trying to make inhabitable. During the day when I was shown the room they had taken boxes filled with someone else's stuff and placed them in a steel garage they had on the premises, a fact that later would ring off alarm bells. It seemed rather odd at the time and I asked what had happened to the previous tenant and they tried to tell me it was just some storage room and the stuff was theirs.

Stories that the son later told me, the horrible events of the next few months and the "business" that S took away from me, namely the selling of the tickets to the Bike Show made me leave the location happy to have simply gotten out alive.

According to the son S had been a Ukrainian business man and had been quite well off. But after the reunification his businesses had collapsed and he had set up a "humanitarian aid fund".

What he would do according to his own son, was lure people he found at the church into his web by offering them help and a place to stay, namely the room I was currently occupying. Then he would start going around and collecting money to help these people, women with children who had escaped the war and the like, and would put it in his own pocket, taking money and goods from churches and companies and the like. He even went to the Red Cross without telling me and tried to get humanitarian aid in my name.

According to the son some of the refugees from Donetsk had simply disappeared and he believes several had committed suicide after his father's "care". The previous tenant had also disappeared, apparently some hopeless alcoholic who was a worthless person according to these "people of worth". The son and nephew warned me not to get into any kind of business with S which I soon found out the hard way.

The first night after getting the servers back on-line went well but there was one horrible problem with the place this S put me into. There were insects, spiders, fleas, huge cockroaches and even these huge poisonous centipedes. It was crawling with insects of every kind.



After a few days my legs looked like this.

During the first night I had my first meeting with the spirit that lived in this house. This is what woke me up in the middle of the night. My servers and all my hardware on the floor as the table had just collapsed.



I constantly try to explain away the events that were about to take place by making excuses for the people who were living there but I cannot any longer. There can be no excuse for choices and conscious decisions and there are people on this earth who are in reality just simply evil.

I firmly believe that these people were taking instructions from Ukraine as there can be no other explanation and the circumstances of where I set me up were truly that, a set up. But I was penniless and had no option but to try to make out the best I could. I was also trying to recover after my heart attack but these people did not seem to understand that, or they did in retrospect and were doing everything they could to ensure that I passed away as quickly and quietly as possible.

I do not have a lot of time to go into the details but I will if you are interested in this story and can support my efforts. I want to tell you everything, down to the pure evil that emanated from and beneath that god forsaken place.

The home is located in Kariz near the "Respect Hall" where Julia Timoshenko has an apartment and which is run by a member of Turkish Intelligence according to the stories told by the locals.

This is the interior of the horror house.





Some drunk making a nazi salute



Dinner is served!



I lived off this box of humanitarian aid from the Red Cross for almost three months.



I must tell you more and I will when time permits. I don't really care how I am supposed to behave or how humble and forgiving and understanding I am supposed to be anymore. It is not every day one has to recover from being forced to live with drug addicts and as a slave to the same, but I am recovering s is Musya who almost died amongst those insects!

CURRENT WORK

Report

Crimea

After the Referendum

This 150+ page report will be sent to anyone who makes a donation today. It is a fact finding report I have just completed after recently spending nine months living in and travelling around the Republic of Crimea. There are a lot of surprises in the report and it is full of facts you will not find anywhere else. It is a completely unbiased presentation of what I observed and an analysis of the current situation on the peninsula with forecasts and recommendations that are sure to be useful to anyone with an interest in the region. The report includes material that may not be politically expedient for parties on both side of the Crimean issue but I am sure it will open your eyes on what is really happening there. I hope you will order the report or make a donation today.

Site Updates

I have been working day and night on the site and can offer the following new materials for all of you.

New material and a better organized FTP

<ftp://www.jar2.biz/>

Continuing the huge task of reorganizing and reworking over a decade of data and have begun organizing the material more cohesively and in an easier to find format.

In this regard I have started topic pages and interview pages arranged by author. Here are just a few of the new pages:

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/911.html>

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Anonymous.html>

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/CIA.html>

<http://www.jar2.com/Crimea/Crimea.html>

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Indigenous.html>

This page also continues my efforts to defend indigenous issues

[http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Indigenous/Indigenous Memes Images.html](http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Indigenous/Indigenous_Memes_Images.html)

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/NATO.html>

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Russia.html>

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Serbia.html>

Time has proven to me that Edward Snowden is not what he says he is and I have begun to publish material which proves this thesis. I am saving inside information proving Snowden was sent especially to Moscow in insurance files which I published months ago.

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Snowden.html>

[http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Terror ISIS CIA.html](http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Terror%20ISIS%20CIA.html)

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/Ukraine.html>

<http://www.jar2.com/Topics/WikiLeaks.html>

Interviews

[http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Kevin Barret.html](http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Kevin_Barret.html)

[http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Kahntineta Bear.html](http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Kahntineta_Bear.html)

[http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Alon Ben Meir.html](http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Alon_Ben_Meir.html)

[http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Len Bracken.html](http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Len_Bracken.html)

[http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Dr Daniel Paul.html](http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Dr_Daniel_Paul.html)

My interviews with the late Michael Ratner

[http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Michael Ratner.html](http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Michael_Ratner.html)

[http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Tekarontake Paul Delaronde%20.html](http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Tekarontake_Paul_Delaronde%20.html)

Insurance files

http://www.jar2.com/_private/01.zip

http://www.jar2.com/_private/02.zip

I published 2 interviews that were banned from publication in Russia by the Moskovsky Komsomolets and Komsomolskaya Pravda.

[http://www.jar2.com/Personal/Forbidden Interviews.html](http://www.jar2.com/Personal/Forbidden_Interviews.html)

And sent you all an article which was to have been for the New York Times but which they then refused to publish after they found out who I am.

The missing 28 pages of the 911 report are here

[http://www.jar2.com/Files/911 28 Pages.pdf](http://www.jar2.com/Files/911_28_Pages.pdf)

A file which was related to the April Croatian-Russian spy spat

http://www.jar2.com/Files/CIA_Owns_Croatian_Elites.docx

The Soros files

<http://www.jar2.com/Default.htm>

And after the US banned the paralympians I had to publish the WADA files

here: <http://www.jar2.com/Files/ALLWADA02.zip>

And I made a little video here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fDu2l9RMTdw>

My last big article was this if you missed it

http://www.jar2.com/Articles/2016/July/The_Truth_About_Crimea.html

There have been 5 companies added to the CIA Front list

<http://www.jar2.com/2/Intel/CIA/CIA%20Fronts.htm>

And if you missed it the Clinton e-mails

<http://jar2.com/Files/hillary-clinton-emails-7-31-15.pdf>

And spread this report of CIA color revolution attempts in Armenia here:

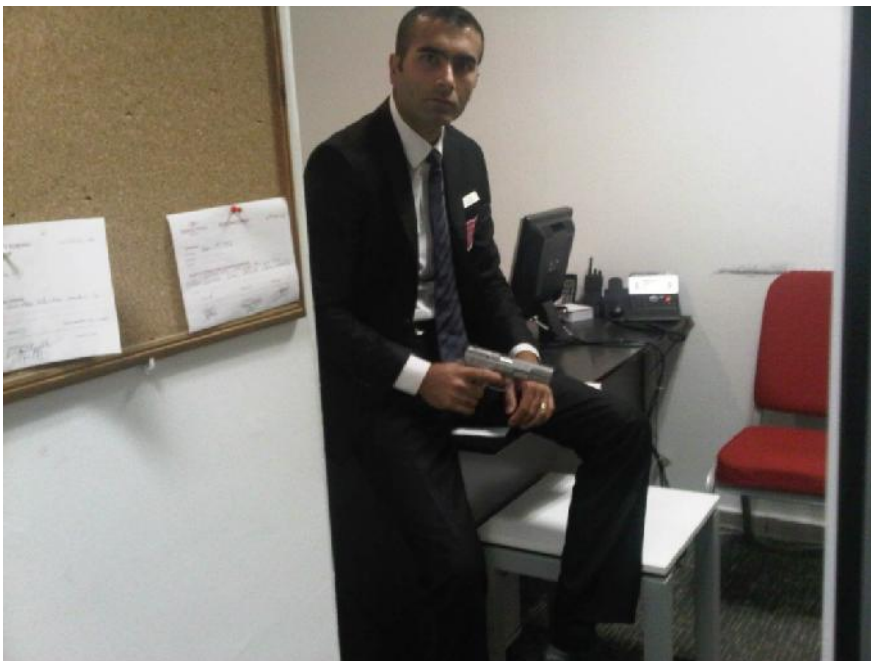
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FMtJE7sqfRM>

And I saved a bee here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l6wrUI5BK0Q>

Personal Fight

I was forced to leave Crimea after a series of events including the appearance of Greystone mercenaries and SBU and the following pictures which were part of a “message” clearly sent to me as a warning and threat as the CIA and their “secret” allies continue to apply “pressure”.



These were conveyed to me after the death of Michael Ratner who died less than a month after I sent him a long letter telling him what happened to my son and after he agreed to “see what he could do”. I was therefore completely shocked and in a horrible state when I heard the news.

http://www.jar2.com/Interviews/Michael_Ratner.html



The late Michael Ratner may God protect his soul

I was moved to a place where I am safe and the servers are now on a 1 Gb ISDN/Fiber Optic channel. The only big drawback is that now I am completely isolated and I have to pay much more and I still have not secured normal employment so I am forced to try to make money with the site which had been my “hobby” up until recently.

Nothing is free and Internet now is three times as expensive as it was so I really ask you to donate ANY amount if you find my work useful or interesting or even if you think it has any value whatsoever. I don’t want to tell you how bad things are or tell you about my health or beg for mercy, all I ask is that if you find the site or my work informative or useful simply donate a small amount here <http://www.jar2.com/WebMoney/pay.htm> . Things have gotten

worse for my son and two of my daughters and I would really like to help them. My cat Musya almost died in Crimea but she is much better now.

Again thank you all who have supported me and the site and I wish you all the best wherever you may be.

Warmly yours,

John

The first American with asylum in Russia.(((

PS I am very active on Twitter so please check that out too.

<https://twitter.com/JohnARobles>

PPS No one has reported any problems after sending donations or receiving my e-mails so please don't worry about that. I am afraid that Mr. Ratner started investigating and their alarms went off. The situation of my family and the fact that we have asylum is a fact that both the CIA and the Russians want to keep quiet although the Russians continue to offer minimal protection and have assisted in ways I cannot go into here but honestly I am beginning to think they just want us to die out.((((

Hope you find something useful or interesting on the site www.jar2.com and check out the MI6 lists.

Free Work for RT Television

If one wants to form an opinion on the European Union (EU) as a whole and the Brexit issue in particular one has to first consider who are the proponents of the issue and who is against it and what their real reasons are for putting forward their arguments and advancing their positions.

I have always been a strong defender and promoter of national sovereignty and against any organization, state or body that infringes on any other country's sovereignty when that infringement directly interferes with the independence of a nation's external policies and leads to subservience which harms national interests be they economic or military.

As the EU, in my opinion, is merely the political arm of the anachronism that is NATO, which forces countries to give a significant part of their GDP to be members and is nothing more, in reality, than a protection racket, it behooves me why ANY country and any rational thinking individual would WANT to be a member of NATO and in that regard the EU.

As we have seen by the West's demonization of President Putin for pursuing independent foreign policies the EU is a body which forces countries to bend to the will of the US which in reality has no business meddling in Europe. I must remind you that the largest country in Europe is Russia so the entire EU seems like a truly bizarre organization when controlled from across the Atlantic and denying integration with the largest of European countries.

Although the EU was supposed to solve many problems involving the movement of people and trade, in reality either by design or by mutation, it is merely an entity of geopolitical control for the United States which of course is against the United Kingdom leaving the EU.

The British people want their independence but the British Government wishes to maintain the country's lap dog relationship with the US so the UK Government will do everything it can to stifle Brexit. If the UK leaves the EU due to the will of the people then the next step could be the people deciding

for more independence from NATO and the US and those in power cannot allow that to stand.

As for the EU suffering from Brexit MORE than the UK I would have to study the economic ramifications closer but I would agree that is correct. Germany and the UK are the economic drivers of the EU and the exit of either would lead to the eventual collapse of the EU and thus to the anachronism of NATO which in my opinion would lead to world peace but of course those in power in the West would not allow that to happen.

As the UK has never integrated its currency with the EU the economic damage to the UK would be minimal and the reinstitution of trade tariffs and similar instruments would be extremely beneficial to the UK's economy. Similarly such a move would allow the UK to pursue a more independent foreign trade policy and allow for the reinstatement and advancement of the former trade relationship with the Russian Federation which was in fact at a level higher than trade between Russia and the US.

As we have seen the EU is used as a geopolitical tool by the US to maintain and promote its hegemony and the maintenance of its global expeditionary force NATO. In this regard the US, through the EU, forced most European countries to shoot their collective selves in the foot with the ridiculous sanctions they promote over their own orchestrated coup in Ukraine.

If Brexit allows the UK to seek and reinstate a positive economic and political relationship with the Russian Federation (the largest country in Europe) and will not be used by nationalists and radical forces inside the UK to trample on the rights of immigrants and pursue an isolationist stance, then I am all for it.

On another note Brexit will also allow for an end to the international disgrace that is the forced detention of Julian Assange who continues to be forced to live in a basement in the Ecuadorian Embassy in London and in that we can all only pray.

Submitted: New York Times

Part of the expanded story above, although I am sure they will not publish it. Not after they realize who I am.(((

From Sebastopol to Sevastopol, First Impressions of Crimea

Having lived in Sebastopol California as a teen I had read extensively about and had always wanted to visit Crimea. Yalta in particular, nestled between craggy cliffs and the Black Sea, due to its long history and unique balmy weather. Surviving horrible child abuse, being moved all over the world and then abandoned to a state home, it always seemed like a magical peaceful place where no one would hurt me.

My life journey started in a tiny town in the Caribbean and led to being an investigative journalist and newscaster for the liquidated Voice of Russia World Service in English in Moscow, where I was actively covering the fascist coup in Ukraine and the Crimean Referendum.

I was astounded by the completely contradictory nature of the reports that were coming in and thus very eager to see the situation on the ground in Crimea for myself to get at the truth. That was my job and then became my mission.

Before the reunification, as the first American with asylum in Russia, I had not been able to leave the mainland at all, so after the referendum it was like a dream come true and I immediately requested an overdue vacation.

I made the trip down from Moscow by car on the new M4, the new toll highway built for the Sochi Olympics which not long ago had been a two lane of busted up slabs of Soviet concrete with potholes that literally tore wheels off of vehicles.

It is about 1,200 miles between Crimea and Moscow, the equivalent distance from say New York to Miami or Los Angeles to Seattle. Time wise it will take you about two days with half the trip taken up by the drive across the Kuban (Kransodar Region) on dangerous two lane roads from Rostov on the Don to

the ferry near Temruk, a route made necessary by the war raging on the Ukrainian side of the border.

The trip used to require intimate inside knowledge of the area, one reason being that every small town on the route has a traffic circle when entering and exiting and there were no road signs whatsoever. I had detailed instructions from a General the first time I visited the region, necessitated in part to poor mapping and the fact that GPS devices did not work well in the region.

On my first trip shortly after the referendum I had about 10 days off and spent about 39 hours on the road and 42 hours to cover the last 14 kilometers as we staged to cross the Kerch straight which joins the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea (the area is one of the few places on Earth where you can swim in two seas in less than an hour). We inched along every fifteen minutes so even though I was already exhausted sleeping was impossible. However there was a lot of time to foster grand expectations, most of which turned out to be false.

At 7:15PM on a Friday evening after careful checks of documents and vehicles by security personnel, a ferry cost of 3,400 rubles (about \$100) and an encounter with hundreds of spiders in a café in one of the staging areas, we were finally on the ferry. My travel companion and I were ecstatic and couldn't wait to get to the other side and finally be in Crimea.

As we were supposedly entering an annexed and occupied territory I took thousands of photos and carefully recorded everything during my trips and can state as fact that there is no military or even police presence there.

Once on Crimean soil we were instantly greeted by the worst road I had been on in years. Imagine 100 times worse than the George Washington Bridge circa 1990. Our hopes and expectations were quickly dashed. Not only by the pot-holes from hell but by an aura of palpable neglect and abandonment which hung in the dust filled air thick enough to cut with a knife. Not only the roads but everything gave the distinct impression that it had not been repaired or properly looked after since it had been built in Soviet times.

We were out of food and supplies so the first place we stopped was a hug well-lit supermarket which we happened upon.

“Finally civilization!” we thought.

However we were sadly mistaken again, the place was empty. There was not even bread and the rows and rows of shelves were completely bare. Other than outrageously over-priced gourmet items and the beer section crammed with brands of beer we had never seen before, there was nothing.

There are horrible forgotten haunted places everywhere on Earth. Once prospering isolated towns succumbing to entropy when the source of income suddenly ceases to exist with nothing to replace it, but this was something else, something entirely different.

Summary

So you see I have been working very hard for you and I hope that you found something of interest here and on the site and on my Twitter feed. I have to pay the rent and the garage and have to survive somehow as Russia provides no benefits or assistance whatsoever to people with asylum. I ask you to please donate any sum, even the price of a cup of coffee. The site has about 7,000 visitors a day and if everyone just gave one single ruble life would be possible and I could continue my work. Every day I apply for about 40 jobs and every day I have about 40 rejections. I can do anything with computers and the internet and also with sound recordings and more and would work cheap so if you can help with that I would appreciate it.

<http://www.jar2.com/WebMoney/pay.htm>

Again I have to pay the garage and the flat and need to raise 50,000 rubles for that because I am behind so if you like the work I have sent you please donate something. I am not begging, I have given you original, exclusive and I hope interesting information and I hope you appreciate it.

May the Great Spirit protect you!

P.S.



Alexander should get a Hero of Russia medal for his work!

Best wishes! From Russia with Love!