

TARGETED INDIVIDUALS

GANG STALKING

ARANEUS

AMADEUS

IN FIGHT FOR A NEW WORLD



Like the web of a huge spider, the phenomenon of gang-stalking has now spread to every country in the world.

Corrupt governments, which are often linked to mafia networks, engage in these criminal practices: they involve targeting a human being with the goal of either weakening, torturing, and possibly killing him in order to obtain real estate (for instance) at a lower price, even if it means killing the target, or getting him fired by using rumors, lies, and slander and then taking over his job. But the most heinous aspect of these practices is that they involve violating the contents of his mind.

It is clear, of course, that those who engage in these kinds of criminal practices are not “human” beings, because to be able to carry out the vile acts they do, one must necessarily have little respect for Others. Physical torture is often combined with voice-to-skull (or V2K) technology, which is used to transmit voices into the skull of the targeted individual. The tales we are hearing of befit the worst dungeons of the Inquisition. I usually describe them as combining Guantanamo’s shithouses with Josef Mengele's operating tables.

I have been a victim of one of these criminal gangs because I uncovered that they trafficked drugs (which I reported in a complaint) and because I have always spoken out against all kinds of fascism since I was a child. I’m writing this diary, which is the story of a hell, from which I have emerged day after day, by writing these texts, while these criminals who carry out group

harassment target my brain with all kinds of weapons, while I am delirious with insults, insults, while these sordid women metamorphose my body.

These texts are linked to this phenomenon, which focuses all the frustrations, jealousies, revenge, stupidity, the negation of poetry, of difference, and stupefaction linked to the overcrowding of human beings in cities, women who have had no life, or with pathetic people, people who have never had any PERSPECTIVE. These people target everything that represents freedom and difference, which they abhor.

Targeted Individuals are revealing the truth about the contemporary world, and they all say this: we used to have a world of great beauty and diversity, and we are now reaching a limit.

But that limit will condemn us ALL.

NO ONE SHALL BE HELD IN SLAVERY OR
SERVITUDE; SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE
SHALL BE PROHIBITED IN ALL THEIR FORMS.

NO ONE SHALL BE SUBJECTED TO TORTURE OR
TO CRUEL, INHUMAN, OR DEGRADING
TREATMENT OR PUNISHMENT.

Universal Declaration of Human Rights



From 12 to 15 June 2020, Russia hosted a conference on directed-energy weapons.

We, Targeted Individuals, have been demanding a moratorium on these weapons for so long!

And now it is the United Nations that has appointed several rapporteurs, including Nils Melzer, who is in direct contact with my organisation Icator, especially Magnus Olsson, who will speak out and denounce CYBERTORTURE at the 75th conference in October 2020.

On 31 July and on 29 August 2020, demonstrations against electronic torture took place in cities all over the world.

I would like to tell the world...

With this Targeted Individuals program and these directed-energy weapons, we are approaching a point of no return.

And in this inability to turn back the clock lies the end of all civilization, since everyone will be able to freely shoot at each other and kill their neighbors from a distance.

There exist certain networks that make their own laws, which are all based on the idea that 'might makes right'.

We are going back to prehistoric times.

And Fukuyama was right to talk about an end of history, and his book is the most important book of the last few years.

We the RIDICULOUS are all here, and no Authority, Police Force, or Court can do anything about it. We have all been overwhelmed by this unsurpassable force.

We have become nothing.

There is nothing left any more.

So let us make a decision as rational beings who are overwhelmed by what has gone ahead faster than us:

Let us decide that the only solution for this doomed world is to have enclaves of sensible people, of geniuses, because certain decision-makers have placed their bets on extremely idiotic ideas.

Even science and neurological research are having a hard time finding a foothold in this maelstrom. Their importance is being denied. And yet, that is exactly what is important: this brain, which can do everything but is so fragile.

... I would like to tell the world that humankind is now
FOUNDERING.

GANG STALKING ARANEUS

The earthquake of stalking

One day, an earthquake shook Umbria.

I suddenly thought of my friend Jérôme, who lives in Rome, a city that I love. A city where I feel at home.

Jérôme whom I lost because of the stalking operated by this network in the 13th arrondissement of Paris that I came across by chance, just because I lived above a crazy woman. The only thing I talked to him about was harassment. He had had enough of it.

Stalking has the effect of an earthquake in the personal, sexual, and future life of every victim.

V2K can reveal the extent to which certain people are crazy. Among these people are certain frustrated and wretched women who try to rebuild their lives using mind control, using the stranglehold they can have over a person through the gibberish they spew out, and by using the money they can make in this way, as they are paid by mafia networks that have no scruples.

Today, that earthquake that shook Umbria is one of my memories.

My memories have been shaken up just as the Earth shook up whole areas of a village.

Wonderful memories that don't include those degenerates from another time who try to insert themselves into them through V2K.

The collapsed houses of a village in Umbria: such are the memories that the earthquake of stalking shakes up.

The victims of gang-stalking are necessarily MORE than their tormentors, than those who inflict this emptiness upon them.

This is what the victims of gang-stalking have to realize and what will make them stronger: they will be enriched by what was sought to be wrested away from them. If they are targeted for gang-stalking, it is because they had (and have) something the tormentors do not have and wanted to take away: desire and life.

In the underground areas at Olympiades

In the underground passage at Olympiades, a pregnant woman was looking in vain, I think, for a place to sleep. Her gaze was festering with what she considered, and what I consider, unjust.

Some mattresses in a corner shelter penniless Indians who dream of the Ganges, where the dead are piled up and where they drink the water poisoned by the drifting bodies.

But the idea of death over there is different. Over there, you live the same way you die: without making a scene. In contrast, at Olympiades, you can see yourself dying, under the crossed gazes of the idiots who linger in the basements where women pass by on their bikes, women who find a semblance of love in the networks they desperately weave over the years but which do not give a damn about them.

In the underground areas at Olympiades, I once crossed paths with my university professor: I was in a car, and he was headed towards Sapporo Tower. For a moment, I thought he was a bum. And there was no obvious reason for that. And that worries me, because the networks I clash against are also capable of making people sick. And I would not want anyone to hurt him.

I remember this dashing man at the Sorbonne who used to pose around and get all the female students, who would eagerly listen to him talk about André Pieyre de Mandiargues and André Breton.

I didn't consider myself to be Nadja, because I already was Nadja, an impossible ideal that I myself had no idea of.

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Yes, I'm repeating myself.

The point is that it's not at all enough to have learned something: you also have to live it and, above all, embody it.

And I embody her.

The underground areas at Olympiades are like the Acheron, the river of the Underworld: piled up there are garbage cans as well as garbage consisting of people. It is as if some monsters have found refuge there for a while, only so that they can end their stupid and mind-numbing life by poisoning themselves with all the little hoodlums and all the little cuties that hang around there. Life is hard, but it only lasts a while.

I, too, have come across people there who seem like clones, all cursed with inconsistent lives, who, in simply believing that they were moving a few meters, would have managed to build a reputation for themselves. Ridiculous lives.

In the underground areas at Olympiades, you don't sort through stuff. The garbage cans overflow with the trash of people who have never sorted anything in their lives.

In the underground areas at Olympiades, while waiting in my well-dented car, I was at a point when I was well and truly over everything, especially the gang-stalking that it

was subjected to, and I was subjected to. Some innocent-looking COINTELPRO agents pass by near the garbage cans of failed lives, to discern what, in my eyes, could very well be a bonanza, a sort of uncontrolled slip-up, a sort of hairpin bend, something that somehow escapes (practically??) banality and vulgarity.

Something more insolent than insolence, a plus; I don't know how to describe it myself.

But I say this to these people who want to destroy me:

What I carry inside me, what you tried to destroy, will destroy you.

The scars from my first major initiation have closed up, they're on my arm, and I don't need any tattoos.

Life possesses me, not death. Life has triumphed.

The chasms waiting for you are not far away.

There's nothing difficult about arming oneself with something like Cointelpro, that serves to first annoy and then disconcert a person.

But when he's firmly in the saddle, when his heart is filled with all the love that bewitches him, then it's very difficult to unseat him.

In the underground areas at Olympiades, I rubbed shoulders with death again, but in garbage cans, not in graves. And it wasn't an initiation, it was meant to damage, to ravage. And those two things rhyme.

When we agree to bring people into harmony with life, beauty, and poetry, it is very difficult to destroy someone we want to target.

In the underground areas at Olympiades, I am tired of seeing that such people exist: not underground, but in caulked apartments, where the only things let in are ignorance, vulgar stupidity, stultifying idleness, and a sort of abnegation of life.

As for me,

in the underground areas at Olympiades,

I look at this pregnant woman who refuses to roll over for those who want to target her. And I'd like to say to her: "Run away, run away from here". It is better to go live in a sunny place elsewhere, anywhere other than in these underground areas where poor women who ride their bikes and live off the misfortune of others have lost hope of ever living under the sun.

In the underground areas at Olympiades,

you have to find a way out quickly, like spelunkers who are unsure of being able to see daylight.