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Subject: Declaration events 30/12/2013

To whom it may concern

The present exposes the acts of intimidation and harassment which have just been inflicted on me in my capacity of victim and representative of an association which campaigns for the rights of victims of non-consensual experiment of new technologies.

On December 30th, 2013, I return home together with Ms Consuelo GOLMAR, a Spanish friend visiting from Canada and staying with me. We are returning from the supermarket loaded with groceries for New Year's Eve.

I'm about to open the door separating the entrance hall of the apartment building from the stairwell and the elevator when three police officers appear from behind us. I turn around. There are two men, a rather corpulent blond, another one with dark brown hair and a woman. I recognize the blond police officer because I have already seen him at the Etterbeek police station.

The female police officer asks me nervously:

- Say your name! Your name, your name?

The blond police officer corners Consuelo GOLMAR against the mailboxes and blocks her field of vision with his imposing stature. The other two push me against the elevator and close the door which separates us from the entrance hall. My friend cannot see nor hear what is being said to me then.

- The female officer questions me again nervously: What is your name? Your name? What is your name?

- I ask her: Why do you want to know my name? What is this all about?

- The female officer: You must give your name!

- Mélanie Vritschan. (MV)

- The female officer: By order of the King's Prosecutor, we are picking you up for an immediate psychiatric examination.

- MV: I do not agree, why this examination?

- The female officer: it is procedure.

Two of the police officers grab my arms firmly, twist them behind my back and quickly handcuff me. Then, they aggressively shove me inside the police car.

The blond police officer takes my bags containing my groceries and loads them in the vehicle. Then he comes back toward me:

- All I want to know is if you authorize Madam\* to have the keys to your apartment? (\* Consuelo Golmar)

- MV: Yes, she's my guest and has no other place to go.

The blond police officer settles down behind the wheel of the car. He makes a phone call and asks aloud: "For the deprivation of liberty, where do we have to take her?" Then he continues: "UZ Brussel".

We thus go to the university hospital "UZ Brussel" (<http://www.uzbrussel.be>). As I insist on knowing what is going on, the blond police officer snaps:

- I am going to inform the Prosecutor you refuse to conform to his demand!

I answer:

- It seems normal to me that I try to know for which motives you pick me up at my place of residence and handcuff me to take me by force to a psychiatric examination.

He answers:

- It's the procedure. I don't know the case. I'm only the messenger.

We arrive at the hospital. At the reception desk, the formalities of admission take about fifteen minutes.

The whole time, I remain handcuffed. The female officer who is holding my left arm firmly tells me:

- Stay here!

The three police officers then lead me in a room. The blond police officer addresses me in a condescending tone:

- Well, I am going to take the handcuffs off now. Are you going to be nice?

- MV: Of course.

The female officer puts on rubber gloves and proceeds to body search me in the presence of both men.

When the psychiatrist (Dr Steenbergh) arrives, the three police officers leave the room.

Here's the dialogue that I have with the psychiatrist, at first in French, then in English:

- I received an order from the Prosecutor for an interview for psychiatric admission concerning you.

- I'm surprised that it's about an admission because I have been told that it's just a consultation, and I have not been given any motives.

- Yes, it's a little bit strange. Do you have any idea why you're here?

- I do not know.

- Are you in psychiatric or psychological care at the moment? Do you see a psychiatrist at the moment or did you see a psychiatrist in the past?

- No, I was never in psychiatric care. However, in 2011, as my ex-partner had begun a procedure to take custody of my child by declaring that he was worried by my psychological state, I took the initiative. I had, at this moment, seen a psychiatrist and a psychologist. They have both declared and given evidence in writing that I had no psychological disorder and had an adequate relation with my son, for whom I presented no danger.

- Do you work? What is your profession?

- I worked until 2011 as Head of Communications. Having health problems, I was put on disability based on the fact that I am a victim of non-consensual experiments with the implant technology. The doctor from the Onem \* (National Office of Employment) recognized this incapacity. I also co-founded two human rights organizations to raise awareness on the issue of non-consensual implementation of remote influencing technology. We also want appropriate EU legislation to be created to protect our citizens against this kind of abuses. (The rest of the interview is conducted in English.)

In this context, I also participated in an international study aimed at proving the existence of non-consensual implantation by new technologies. A group of fourteen victims was scanned in a protected environment, that is in a Faraday cage, by means of an equipment of detection of radio frequencies. These victims all had positive results, so proving that radio frequencies came from their body. A control group of people without any signs or symptoms generally associated with electronic terrorism was then tested by the same method. Their results were negative; their bodies did not emit radio frequencies. These tests took place in a research center in Belgium.

- So you participated in an international study?

- Yes, that's right. This work of raising awareness, especially with the European Parliament takes up a lot of my time, but I take breaks for nature walks and to get together with friends.

- You still have friends or contacts?

- Yes. And, in fact, I met many of the other victims who are in the same situation as I via these organizations and we have regular meetings.

- Do you take medicine, the pill?

- No. I take only some vitamins from time to time.

- Are you against birth control medication?

- No, but I do not take it.

- What are your symptoms?

- They started immediately after surgery under general anesthesia to remove a fibroid in my uterus. That was in 2008. I have electrical shock sensations, excruciating pain all over my body, especially pressure headaches, ringing in the ears, tinnitus, and difficulty concentrating and remembering things. The pain is so excruciating

that you can call it torture. Since the operation, I have strange materials such as fibers, granules and tiny substances in the form of hexagons coming out of my skin. I had a biopsy at the University Hospital of Leuven <sup>2</sup> (<sup>2</sup> Unit Internal Medicine and Pneumology, with Professor Benedict Neméry de Belleaux, toxicologist). The medical report noted that the sample was made up of pieces of skin contaminated with unknown polymorphic particles, which could not be identified under a microscope. I can send you the reports of laboratory analysis. I also have surgical scars behind the ears (I show the scars) while I have never had surgery in this area.

- Do you sometimes think about suicide?

- No, although this physical torture is sometimes difficult to bear.

- What is your family situation?

- I have a four year old son who is with his father, an engineer working in Brussels.

- In which company?

- I don't know the name because he has recently changed company.

- Is your relationship strained?

- It was at one time when my ex-partner had not yet understood what was happening, but he now does. He saw the ICAACT report <sup>3</sup> (<sup>3</sup> International Center Against Abuse of Covert Technologies) on the radio frequency scanning in a shielded environment. Therefore, tensions eased greatly and we now live a good relationship. We often meet together with our son, either at his home or mine.

- So you see your son and your ex-partner regularly?

- Yes, indeed.

- Do you hear voices ... audible commands? Do you have visual hallucinations?

- No, I just suffer from tinnitus. My symptoms are only physical.

- Do you feel manipulated by an outside source?

- It seems to me that my dreams are induced, but I'm not sure.

- If this has happened today, someone must be worried about you. Because the symptoms you describe are those we find in patients with paranoid delusions. Do you think you are paranoid?

- No, I'm not.

- I must now give a few phone calls and then we must wait for the decision. But what I could already offer you now is to stay a few days in the hospital to relax and calm down.

- No, I do not want to. I am neither stressed nor nervous. In addition, I have someone staying at my house and I have people coming for New Year's Eve tomorrow. But what I suggest is that you leave me your card and, if I feel the need to talk to you, I will contact you for an appointment.

- Do you have a general medical file and a general practitioner who follows you?

- Yes, of course, I have a GP: Dr. Roger Lamboray.

- Well, I will call your doctor and get back as soon as possible.

The three officers returned to the room. We waited for about thirty minutes.

While waiting, my mobile rings several times.

- MV: My mobile rings.

- The blond police officer: That will have to wait.

A few minutes later:

- MV: I have to go to the restroom.

- The blond police officer: There are no restrooms here.

A few minutes later:

- The blond police officer, addressing the female police officer: Can you take her?

I can finally go to the restroom. Then the conversation continues with the three police officers.

- The woman, speaking to everyone: I will soon take a career break to go to Canada.

- The officer with dark brown hair: "The woman who is staying with you, she's Canadian from Quebec?" (Note: I'm thinking to myself: How does he know since I didn't tell him that my guest is from Canada?) .

- MV: She's in fact Spanish. She lives in Canada, but not in Quebec.

- The blond police officer: She's a caregiver, isn't she? She told me she's a caregiver.

- MV, surprised: No, she's not a caregiver.

- Female police officer: Isn't she? I understood that too, actually.

- MV: No, this is not the case. She's just a friend who is staying with me a while. However, I don't know if you know the criminologist Nicolas Desurmont. He worked with the Brussels police, Ixelles, I believe it was, and wrote some very interesting articles on organized harassment and harassment techniques. He's Canadian, indeed from Quebec.

The police are silent.

The psychiatrist comes back and asks me:

- Can I have your phone number to verify that there's someone at your home and that you're not alone?

I give him the number and answer:

- I'm not sure my friend will answer the phone. But the police can testify that they saw my friend and we entered the building together. I even allowed them to give her the keys to my apartment.

The blond police officer addresses the psychiatrist:

- Doctor, can I see you two minutes in private?

They leave the room together. Moments later, the officer returns to the room.

As I drank a lot of water before the arrest, I feel again the need to go to the restroom. I address the police

officers:

- I'm sorry; I must again go to the restroom.
- We will wait; the doctor will only be a few minutes.

As time goes by and my request remains unanswered, I reiterate it. The police finally agree to let me go to the restroom. All three of them escort me.

Back in the room, the blond police officer asks me:

- But you have a baby at home? Your neighbors told us that you have a baby.
- MV: Not a baby. I have a four year old son.
- Police: Where's your son?
- MV: On vacation with his father.
- Police officer: He's not with you now?
- MV: No, he's not at the moment. He's on vacation with his father.
- And besides, you put the lock.
- MV: I beg your pardon?
- Police officer: There are three locks on your door.
- MV: Yes, indeed there are and there always have been.

The psychiatrist comes back and says to me:

- You can go.

I take my bags. They all escort me to the exit. As we walk, the psychiatrist hands me a card with the number for psychiatric consultations.

I ask the police officers:

- Can you take me back home?

The blond police officer:

- No, we have something else to do now. We must go to Heysel.

I then ask the secretary to call me a taxi. In the meantime, I'm phoning Mr. Magnus Olsson, Director of the association EUCACH, to explain what just happened.

Mr. Olsson then contacts EUCACH's Legal Advisor for counsel, Dr. Henning Witte. I also briefly inform my son's dad by SMS, who replies: "Who ordered that?"

The taxi takes me home around 18:00. Fare: 29.50 €.

Upon my return, I find my friend, Consuelo Golmar, very shaken. She tells me, stunned:

- I can't understand how such a thing is possible! I'm ready to testify to what I saw.

She adds:

- While you were stuck against the elevator by the two police officers, I asked the police officer who had separated me from you what was happening. He didn't answer and asked me: "You have a child up there?" I informed him that the child was on vacation with his father.

The next day, my neighbors came to me. They reported that at 2:30 pm, three police officers came and pounded violently on the door of my apartment screaming, "Police, police, open, open." My neighbor intervened, saying: "Gently, gently, she has a child! But I don't think she's there because she's not answering."

The police officers did not believe them and said: "She is there, but she doesn't want to open." They finally left the building to wait outside. I discovered that the front door of my apartment, which is made of wood, is damaged by these violent beatings by the police. Marks of these poundings are visible. (See photos)



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