



Brussels

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**To whom it will concern**

This is further to events that took place on 30 December 2013 starting at approximately 2:45 pm when a Spanish friend visiting from Canada, Consuelo Golmar, and I came home from grocery shopping in a nearby supermarket to find three police officers honing in on me asking me to state my name as I was trying to open the front door to the building.

As I asked why they wanted to know my name and what was at hand the female officer replied that I should just answer with my name to which I complied. She then said that by “order of the King's Prosecutor, they would take me to a psychiatric exam right now.” I said, I did not agree and asked on what grounds. They replied that this was the procedure and handcuffed me. My friend, Consuelo Golmar, witnessed the whole scene. They took my bags and shoved me, handcuffed, inside the police car.

One of the two male officers asked if I authorized my keys be given to Ms. Golmar, which I did as she is a guest in my house and wouldn't have any other place to go.

They then took me to the hospital UZ in Jette (<http://www.uzbrussel.be/u/view>), of which the officers requested the address on the way. They told me they would inform the Prosecutor that I did not comply with his order. I replied that it seemed normal to me that I would at least be informed on which grounds they would come and get me at my home, handcuff me and take me by force to a psychiatric exam. They again replied that this is the procedure.

When we arrived at the hospital the admission procedure took about fifteen minutes during which time I stood, handcuffed, at the reception with the female officer holding on to my arm after telling me to “stay here”. They then took me to a room where the female officer searched my body and they waited with me until a psychiatrist arrived at which time they left the room.

The psychiatrist told me that he had received the order from the Prosecutor to have a psychiatric admission exam with me. I said I was quite surprised this was about an admission as I was told it was just a consultation with a psychiatrist and this without being informed on which grounds.

The psychiatrist replied that this was rather strange indeed and asked if I had any idea what this was about. I said I did not. He asked me if I was in psychiatric or psychological care at the moment or if I saw a psychiatrist or had seen a psychiatrist in the past.

I replied I was not and never have been in psychiatric care. However, as my ex-partner had started a custody procedure against me in 2011 declaring he was “concerned about my psychological state”, I had seen a psychiatrist and a psychologist at this time, who both stated in a certificate that I have no psychological disorder and an adequate relationship with my son, to whom I am of no danger.

He then asked me what I did, if I was working and what my occupation was. I explained that I had been working until 2011 when I applied for disability being the victim of a non-consensual experimentation with implant technology. I explained that my request for disability had been accepted by the unemployment benefit doctor and that I co-founded two human rights organizations raising awareness for non-consensual implantation with remote influencing technology with the objective to create appropriate EU legislation to prevent these kinds of abuses.

I further explained that I had been part of an international study involving fourteen victims of covert technologies as well as a control group with no signs or symptoms generally associated with electronic terrorism who were tested for radio frequency emissions in a controlled environment (Faraday cage) in a research facility in Belgium.

I explained the ICAACT 3-phase-testing protocol and that taking care of these two human rights organizations and the work with the European Parliament, which this entails, took a major part of my time. I also mentioned that I did try however to take breaks going for walks in nature and meeting with friends.

He asked, if I still had friends or contacts and I replied that, yes, I did and had also met many fellow victims via these organizations being in the same situation which lead us to having regular gatherings.

He asked me if I took any medication or the pill, to which I said I only take a couple of vitamins from time to time. He asked me if I was “against birth control”, to which I replied I was not but I do not take contraception.

He asked me about my symptoms. I said that they started immediately after an operation with general anesthetic to remove a fibroid in my uterus. These symptoms included electrical shock sensations, excruciating pain all over especially very painful pressure headaches, ringing ears/tinnitus with a constant buzzing sound, difficulties concentrating and remembering things. I stressed that the pain was so excruciating that it could be called torture.

I also explained that since this operation, I have strange material such as fibers, seeds, granules and hexagons coming out of my skin for which I underwent a biopsy in the Leuven University Clinic which stated the material was of inorganic origin but could not be totally identified under the microscope. I offered to send him the laboratory reports.

He asked me, if I sometimes thought of suicide, to which I answered I did not although this physical torture is sometimes hard to bear.

He asked me about my family situation. I explained that I have a four year old son who is with his father who is an engineer working in Brussels. He asked for which company he worked to which I replied I did not know the name as he recently changed company. He asked me if this relationship was very tense. I said it was tense at one moment when my ex-partner had not yet understood what was going on but he now has and has also seen the ICAACT report and the RF scanning in a controlled environment. Following this the tensions have eased a great deal and the relationship is now good as we frequently meet at either my house or his with our son. He asked rather surprised: “So you’re seeing your son and your ex-partner regularly?” which I confirmed.

He asked me if I heard voices and audible commands as well as visual hallucinations. I replied that this is not the case, I just suffered from tinnitus. I said I do really only suffer from physical symptoms.

He asked me, if I had the impression that I was manipulated by an outside source, to which I replied that my dreams sometimes feel induced but I couldn't be certain and otherwise, not.

He said "if this has happened today, somebody must be worried for you" then he asked me if I didn't think that I could be paranoid as the symptoms I describe resemble those we find in people with paranoid delusions, to which I replied that I did not think this is my case.

He said he would need to do a couple of phone calls and then wait for the decision but, if I wanted, he could offer me to stay a few days in the hospital to calm down. I replied that I'd rather not as I am neither stressed nor nervous and also had someone staying in my house and people coming for New Year's Eve. I told him that he could leave me his card and if I ever felt the need to talk to him I would contact him for an appointment but I did not wish to stay in the hospital.

He then asked me if I have a medical file and a doctor, to which I replied that I do of course have a General Practitioner who is Dr. Roger Lamboray. He said he would give my doctor a call and would try to be back as soon as possible.

The three police officers came back in and we waited for a long time. I requested them to take me to the restroom, which they did. We came back and the female officer explained she was taking a career break to go to Canada and one of the men asked me if the lady in my house was Canadian from Quebec. I answered that she resides in Canada but is Spanish and does not live in Quebec.

One of the male officers said: "... and she is a nurse, isn't she? She told me she is a nurse." to which I answered, she is not. The female officer said that she had understood this as well. I said that this is not the case and that she is just a friend who is staying with me for a while. I then said: "However, I do not know if you know the criminologist Nicolas Desurmont, who has worked with the Brussels police and wrote very interesting articles about organized stalking and harassment techniques. He is Canadian and indeed from Quebec." They did not answer.

The psychiatrist came back in and asked for my land line number as he wanted to double check that there was indeed someone at my house and I was not alone. I replied that I was not sure the lady would take the phone but I gave him the phone number. I also told him the police officers could testify that they saw my friend as we came home together and I authorized them to give her the keys to my apartment.

One of the police officers then asked the doctor: "Can I see you two minutes in private?" and both stepped out together. The officer came back and a long while passed again after which I said I was sorry but I needed to go to the restroom once more. He answered that we would wait as the doctor was just going to be a few minutes with a phone call. A long while passed after which I said I was sorry but I really needed to use the restroom, to which they then took me.

When we came back one of the officers asked me if I had a baby as my neighbors had said so. I replied that I have a four year old son. He asked me where my son was and I replied that he is on vacation with his father. He asked me again if my son was not with me, which I again denied.

He then said that I had put three locks on my door. I answered: "I beg your pardon?" and he repeated that there were three locks on my door, to which I replied, this is indeed true and there always have been.

Dr. Steenberghe came back and said that I could leave now. I took my bags and all of them accompanied me to the exit. While we were walking the psychiatrist gave me a card which had the number for "psychiatric consultations" written on it. I have put his name here, as we now know it.

I asked the police officers if they could take me home, to which they replied they had other things to do and I had to take a taxi. I then asked the secretary to call me a taxi and, while waiting, called EUCACH's Director, Magnus Olsson, to explain to him what had happened. Mr. Olsson then contacted EUCACH's Legal Advisor, Dr. Henning Witte. I also sent a text message to my son's father explaining briefly what had happened, to which he replied by asking me who had initiated this.

I took a taxi home which cost me 29,50 €.

When I came home I found my friend Consuelo Golmar very shaken up. She said she could not understand how something like this is possible and she is ready to testify of what she has seen. She also told me that, when questioning the police officer about what was going on, he replied with a question, asking if we had a child up there.

The police picked me up at approximately 2:45 pm and I came home at approximately 6:00 pm.

The following day I called the hospital and got the psychiatrist's name: Dr. Steenbergh.

Yours sincerely,



Melanie Vritschan  
*EUCACH Public Relations & Events Manager*

*Witness Statement by Ms. Consuelo Golmar*

**A QUIEN CONCIERNA**

*Mi declaracion sobre lo sucedido el 30 de diciembre 2013 acerca de las tres y cuarto de la tarde:*

*Veniamos de hacer unas compras a la hora citada mi amiga Melanie Vritschan y yo cuando al llegar al portal de entrada tres oficiales de policia vinieron hacia nosotras preguntando nerviosamente cual es su nombre repetidas veces, cuando entramos en el portal uno de los oficiales me separo de ella, oi que hablaban como ya dije con un tono nervioso con ella y cuando abrieron la puerta para salir vi que la habian puesto las esposas como si fuera un vulgar criminal, encuentre la situacion algo chocante y desaradable.*

*Bruselas, 01/01/2014*

*Consuelo Golmar*

**TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**

*This is my statement about what happened on 30th December 2013 at about 2.45 pm:*

*My friend Melanie Vritschan and I came home from grocery shopping and when we arrived at the front door to enter the building, 3 police officers homed in on us asking her nervously and repeatly to state her name.*

*When we entered the portal an officer separated me from her in speaking, as I said, with a nervous tone with her and when they opened the door to leave I saw that they had handcuffed her like a common criminal. I found the situation rather shocking and disturbing.*

*Brussels, 1 January 2014*

*Consuelo Golmar*