

PPPS - Another thing I said to C at breakfast yesterday was that he and I move in the kinds of circles where we get told things like this: "Anyone who knows how can hack into any computer at any time. They can take your data or plant surveillance software and you would never know." Or, "they can steal your voice (soundtrack) and make you say things you never said."

That is indeed something we have in common. Since our "work" worlds do not connect; since our personal worlds do not connect; and since anyone who is anyone (allegedly) doesn't believe a word I say, you have to wonder what exactly "they" stole off our computer yesterday. L IT can vouch for the fact that IT came by and told us that the "bug" in question was nothing. It was just designed to scare us. What it did, for your information, was keep ME from touching the computer long enough for someone to pinch some data, until C came home from wherever he had gone and got IT to come by and look at it.

I will keep to myself what I had most recently uploaded TO the computer from my phone. Suffice to say that it is most likely that I have revealed to too many other people around here whom it is that I believe is on my team. So, most of them ARE on my team, but there must be a "mole in the hole" somewhere who has warned J B off. SHE is CEO of T L. That's why I have received another "eviction" notice. I don't think it's legal to evict someone for writing emails. But I am not a lawyer. (And, I had set up alternative living arrangements for both me and C in Leesburg more than three years ago. I was going into Monroe House (low-income housing, sponsored by HUD) and C was going into assisted living across the road.) Those folks in Leesburg know about us. If my name hasn't come up on the waiting list at Monroe House, there's a reason. LOTS more there. That wacky hotel across Route Seven from L2's apartment stole my clothes out of my room. There's no other way to describe what they did. I could explain HOW it was done, but this email is already quite long enough. I have long wondered what they did with the clothes. THEY were going to remake themselves as a hotel on the Underground Railroad. Proud exhibit of a grand past with a secret. Last time I was there, it hadn't happened.

Oh, AND there's a paper somewhere that I appear to have signed, as an "employee" of T L. I suppose it had to do with something for which I was volunteering, and I wasn't savvy enough at the time to challenge it. I assure you T L has NEVER paid me a penny for anything I have done for them. Rather the reverse. They have caused me a lot of trouble, and they STILL are not revealing which of my neighbors have requested that I be evicted. At least, they have not paid me with my knowledge. (Er, they bought a lot of calendars from me, a few years ago. Hmmm. My website address was not on those calendars, as best I recall, so I don't know that anyone

could have held that against me.) And, G S gave me a big Christmas present once, from his personal account. I assumed that M had given G a big bonus for work well done, and G wanted to spread the wealth. I still think that. But someone could have orchestrated it to make it look bad. (It might have come in handy if, say, G wanted to call out the folks who sent M's THIRD business into bankruptcy.)

ANYONE could have put money into my accounts, however. It's not illegal to deposit money into someone else's account; it's only illegal to take money out of someone else's account. Unless that law has changed since I was a bank teller. So, (and this is another thing I learned in the mental hospital) "anyone can be framed for anything." The lawyers take the "evidence" and tell the jury that you have accepted a bribe. They make a deepfake and send it about. They trash your reputation. They take things you say and do, out of context. They get your "good" relatives to turn you in for a minor crime, and then they beat the be-Jesus out of you. Etcetera. Etcetera.

I was watching the movie "Swordfish" until it stopped mid-frame. There was nothing I could do to get the TV to show me what came next, but I found a way to skip that part. Seems the VERY bad guy and his special woman drove their speedboat off into the sunset at the end of the movie. If anyone wants a nefarious password, they should try "Swordfish." Or maybe they REALLY don't want whatever that will give them access to. Any questions? (J - isn't it time you shared that little story? Either someone made the movie who knew about it, OR there's something to it. Either way, I say there's something to it. But the rest of you are going to tell me it's just a coincidence, aren't you???)

Some of those people who are so proud of what they do behind closed doors like to write about it. Or make movies about it. "I write fiction so that I can tell the truth." Try John Buchan for spy novels. HE was quite a guy on the world stage. One learns a lot of stuff from reading things, and viewing things, analytically rather than emotionally. It amuses me greatly to have people think that I am a) "all heart and no brains," or b) autistic. Seems a bona fide techie woman with a (somewhat) pretty face cannot possibly exist.

So, here's the scoop on the mental hospitals around here. Riverside is for techies. I have been there about four times now. I lose count after a while. There are SOME people who keep going into mental hospital, voluntarily. They can become mentalists. The hospital can train you in that, if that's what floats your boat. And insurance will pay for it. Once diagnosed, always diagnosed.

Convenient, eh? Eastern State is for the criminally insane. It looks like a jail. I have worked with some people from there, but I have not been admitted myself. Poplar Springs is for political activists, sports stars, and natural "mentalists." Oh, and ESPECIALLY for musicians. There were some terrific ones there. If and when the time comes that someone wants my family in the music business, we will be contacted. I have been to that hospital once.

Technically, I was not "admitted." I refused to sign the paperwork. Some of you have copies of that paperwork. It has NO NO NO all over it. Only an idiot would want to call that "incapacity" rather than "refuses." My credit card information was stolen out of that hospital, from a supposedly "safe" room. The discharge papers (er??? I wasn't admitted, right?) make clear that what needs to happen is that my husband should stop triggering me. That is, he needs to stop annoying me. THAT hospital seems to think that he is very good at harassing me. If it's not on my medical record from Riverside, or Sentara, or any of the local hospitals, it's on my medical record from THAT hospital.

Since he worked very closely with the FBI on the Brady Bill (the FBI's database of violent offenders and spousal abusers who shouldn't have guns), my charming husband is INTIMATELY acquainted with the whole process. He helped make the rules around mental defectives and hospital commitments. The Brady Act came into being right after President Reagan's bodyguard (name of Brady) got killed in the altercation when President Reagan was shot. (Oh, AND the shooter, name of John Hinckley, has been in hospital around here for many many years. I have not met him, as far as I know. He was recently released or at least allowed out of the hospital sometimes. It was in the news. HE is not dead yet. Maybe HE can explain how "they" spun him up. His poor, condescending parents, had no clue how THAT attitude would go over. They might have made him worse.) C is MOST proud of his ten years working on the Brady Bill. It was the highlight of his career. He did do other things, of course, like, say, de-briefing Ambassador Rurargh when the latter defected. Polish Ambassador to Japan, according to the internet. (That's just a guess. The Brady Act work is not.) Many years ago, before "little wifey" was shut out of his world, he showed me around the FBI's fingerprint department. I expect they have something similar for DNA these days.

Someone knows what's what. If the perps haven't been arrested yet, there's a reason. "They" think they have a shot at the big wheels who somehow survive to do it again. Above Epstein. Above Profumo. Above Steven Ward and Christine Keeler. "The Third Man." All right? If YOU aren't dead yet, there's a security detail on YOUR tail. All of you. And it's not necessarily the FBI.

And don't you DARE blame me. I am not the nut job who thought the netherworld was glamorous. As best I can figure it out, Mr. Wonderful who can't juggle two balls at once finally realized what his workaholism was costing his family. At first, he wanted to avoid accountability and did what they asked him to do. More recently, since someone got me exploring the Kennedy assassination, I told him that, if he did what they asked, he was a dead man. (First "assassin" killed. Person who killed him likewise killed. Trail goes cold.) So now Chuck is trying to save his skin. I think he believed ME about the likelihood that any other option but cling to me, be rude to me, and confuse the heck out of everyone, would isolate him and enable them to pick him off before he could talk.

Like I said, if the prospect facing you is either certain death, or a slim chance to survive, you have one heck of a choice to make. Most of us would choose the chance to live. Only those who have nothing left to lose would walk gladly into the fire. If that is what you nitwits were experimentally trying to discover, thanks a lot! (Sarcasm alert.) (I am sure it doesn't look like I have nothing left to lose. I am sure those who have been tortured to death know what's worse. But one thing we learn in mental hospital is not to judge other people's pain. We know neither what floats their boat, nor what they might be willing to die for.) "Don't pick a fight with an old man. He will just kill you." Chinese saying.

Annie

----- Forwarded Message -----

From:

To:

Sent: Wednesday, July 1, 2026 at 02:46:58 AM EDT

Subject: Fw: Seeing L?

PPS -

Some of my charming photo club members (for whom I did a whole lot of work) got a much better view, and much better photos, than I did. They must have had an "in" to a fancy restaurant overlooking the celebrations. It's somewhere in Arlington. I don't think the food is up to much, but then, one goes for the view of course. Something similar happened when Joan and I went down to watch an inaugural parade once. We staked out a spot under the bleachers. The view was pretty good, but everyone stood up as the important people went by and we saw nothing.

Lots of people, including Mum and Dad and my fellow students at Maryland, went into DC for Reagan's inauguration. No one invited me, and I didn't care to go alone. I spent the day in bed. I wonder whether Chuck and his office got to see it. (Shrug.) One of the advantages of having an office in DC is that you get to sit on a roof with your buddies and watch that sort of thing.

Kinda like L, R, and the movers and shakers at the NATO Azalea Festival. They "forgot" to tell us where we could meet them. L and R were in charge. I am sure they had VIP seats. I wasn't even nutty then. If I remember correctly. I believe they were in Norfolk before they were in Kansas. We did the Out West trip in 1995, one year after my breakdown. I arranged most of it. I suppose I could be mistaken about their time in Norfolk. Perhaps it was R's education in the War College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, that got him qualified to be a big muckety-muck in NATO in the first place.

Any blankety-blank questions?

Annie

----- Forwarded Message -----

From:

To:

Sent: Wednesday, July 1, 2026 at 02:28:19 AM EDT

Subject: Fw: Seeing L?

Thanks, L!

No, I have not said I don't want to walk around William and Mary. Wherever did you get that idea? I have said that I don't enjoy the company of people who think I am mentally ill. To the point where I am making a stand about it. I rather think there are a lot of mental patients rooting for me. Quite a lot of them know things about "the system" and the underworld, simply because that's where society places them, that it is quite handy to know.

For example, yesterday I was saying to C at breakfast that I know a little something about how electrical repair shops operate, AND a little something about how to wire up an English record player so that it will work in the USA. It's not a whole lot of engineering savvy, but it has its uses. (Main point is, if something is too expensive to fix on company time, it can be fixed on one's own time. Lots more there, of course. We got a second opinion on our "totaled" car, and the garage that gave us the second opinion re-did the bodywork, for exactly what GEICO gave us, as its blue-book value. It looks like a brand new car. Funny that. It was only the back of the car that got bashed, but there wasn't a match for the paint, so they really HAD to do the whole car.) Are we there yet? L once gave me a very nice pink tweed suit "off the back of a lorry." It was a genuine mistake, but corporations have to "eat" that kind of thing. They probably want an end to the graft just as much as anyone else.

I meant "speak" literally, of course. Emails don't count. Funny you were mentioning the Supreme Court. I just signed on at this hour, to suggest R.W. Emerson for the SCOTUS. That would be R W Emerson, of course. He comes from a family history of R.W. Emersons. Probably not a coincidence. Robert W Emerson. Robert W Emerson. But most definitely NOT Ralph Waldo Emerson. We lose the trail right around great-grandad. BUT the Tuttle CAN be found to have a direct line to the famous Emersons. If you don't know about the U.S. "aristocracy," please ask around. Our charming daughter COULD belong to the DAR, if she wanted to. That is practically royalty! (L2, of course, could not. Last time I knew, he was not a daughter. Shame!) After all, isn't a business lawyer more valuable to POTUS than a judge? And, we could get the US Congress to investigate Brother R for any odd behaviors. I am sure they would find nothing. He is above reproach. Then the rest of you would actually have some "evidence" that there's truly no

problem with Emerson men. The government said so. And the government would have done the work for us. I like that idea, a whole lot. (Sarcasm alert. For you Brits, that is necessary here in the US. Some of them don't "get" Oxford sarcasm.)

So, we were watching the news yesterday and I wondered whether a business lawyer academic with impeccable credentials would qualify for the Supreme Court. I supposed, aloud, that you have to be a judge, not an academic. (Brother R is a global expert on Franchise Law. He spends some cushy hours in France, for some reason.) C said you don't actually have to be a lawyer at all to be on SCOTUS. Surely, he jested? Perhaps he meant that, if you can fake your resume well enough, and know the right people, you can get yourself on. I didn't think it was about bribing the government to put you on. I thought the government bribed the justices to rule in its favor. Well, I never. Live and learn!

L, is there a TV in your rented cottage? The show to watch is WHRO. It's full of information. The Atlantic itself is just "full of it." They send me so much stuff, all over the opinion map, that I can't read it all. (My subscription began the day Dr. L Emerson told me a friend of hers had written an article about mental illness, that was published in it. Not only did I get myself a subscription, but also, I read the article and commented on it. L hasn't spoken to me since. But she DID send me a save the date for her wedding. But C and I were not invited to the actual wedding, and HE didn't seem concerned about that. It's all a bit odd.)

Then again, if you want more than what public TV offers on the PBS Newshour, you might try Al-Jazeera or the Japanese news. It CAN be difficult to find international news on American TV. You also might want to scroll through the hundred or so stations on the "wretched TV" (that's what I used to call it), to see what amuses the general public around here. J and L2 may have been too young, when their father and I used to fight over the TV, to remember that, but if either of them says I am a fan of watching TV, which is certainly "beneath" J, I hope they will ask their father. (And I hope their father will tell them the truth, as well.)

Annie

PS - Did you hear the one about the batty old lady who got pulled over by a police officer somewhere near Concord, Massachusetts because she had covered her license plates with

protest notices? (It's illegal to cover your license plates. But apparently, it's not illegal not to have a front license plate. I see it all around. Good way not to get snitched on for tailgating, or worse.) He took the notices off, for her, and offered to escort her back onto the road. Funny that! I told that one to C as though it were a true story and I was the activist in question. I added - what I had not remembered the last few times I had told that story - that she had called the police around there to tell them the ground was shaking and they might want to talk to a seismologist. Said batty old lady saw a thingy that looked like a water container, with the name of an oil company on it. She concluded (she forgets why) that there was fracking going on around there. Earthquakes in the Concord/Boston area are not completely unknown. Even without fracking. If and when THAT fault blows, say bye-bye to Harvard University, AND the special library in Concord where so many records are kept about the transcendentalists. Not to mention an iconic baseball field. Oh, and a few ordinary people as well.

I have forgotten the correct name for the thingys that hold water way above the ground around here, but as far as I know, one doesn't see them in England. I believe they are necessary in order to provide some water pressure in regions that are quite flat. They look like giant balloons. I rather suspect that, if they were to lose water pressure, then taps (er, faucets) would offer merely a trickle or less. (So, someone has to pump the water from the reservoirs up into them. That's probably electric. Shrug emoji here! Time to stockpile water? Heatwave coming. Pressure on electric power plants. But water in plastic bottles is bad for you. Hmmm. "They" tell you to fill up the bathtub if a power outage is anticipated. For tasks that don't require drinking water.) Just sayin'.

I wonder what Washington DC will do, if anything goes wrong with the "super spectacular" for the 250th anniversary on the hottest day of the year? C got terrible vertigo one day when we were there for the fireworks. It was my fault, of course, for wanting to be there all day. Not his fault at all, for not drinking enough even though I told him he should drink SOMETHING. AND we missed the concert because I wanted to take photos of the fireworks. AND people got in front of me and my camera at the last minute. I had staked out a really good spot. Sarcasm alert.

----- Forwarded Message -----

From: E

To:

Cc:

Sent: Tuesday, June 30, 2026 at 05:45:13 PM EDT

Subject: Re: Seeing L?

Dear A,

There's lots going on at CW & I'm quite happy on my own here. I haven't walked round Wm & Mary yet, which could be fun to do together, if you want to - but you've said you don't. Let me know if you change your mind for tomorrow.

By the way, R has a CMG & an OBE, and S's award is also an OBE. You're right that R has a new partner who's a Supreme Court lawyer in Victoria. She's Australian, which is why HE moved there (she didn't need to!).

L

Sent from my iPhone

On 30 Jun 2026, at 15:18,

Dear J

Well, let me answer your question. I have explained to L, and the rest of you, on multiple occasions, that I am not mentally ill. When she stops thinking that I AM mentally ill, then I will deign to speak with her. I also think SHE probably needs my knowledge of Williamsburg more than she needs mine. I could be mistaken. (She did once live just down the road from here, so perhaps she has visited often, or her friends have, and they have given her some good tips. Moreover, since I didn't anticipate any companion, of any sort, relative, neighbor or other, at this very special time in our nation's history, I have not kept an eye out for what might be going on. So perhaps she will be just fine on her own.)

You can, of course, continue to believe the many relatives, doctors and lawyers who fear for their jobs/reputations rather than admit a mistake, over your own mother/sister. But that is your choice (J's and L's), not mine.

Love, M

BTW - It's C R's birthday today. C seemed to have remembered that. The Thursday group had a dinner at P.F. Chang's one time, on MY birthday. It seemed as though no-one present remembered that it was, in fact, my birthday. Funny that. (Well, I did of course, but I didn't want to ruin the party.)

----- Forwarded Message -----

From:

To:

Sent: Tuesday, June 30, 2026 at 02:38:47 PM EDT

Subject: Fw: Seeing L?

Sorry -

Computer wouldn't let me finish the below. The sidebar on this email account (for which I do not pay good money, or bad) suddenly started chinging away, as though Yahoo might be making a lot of moollah off that one. What you might not know is that R I and S D have a couple of awards between them. One of them is an OBE and the other is an MBE. I never can get it straight. And R left L for a fancy lawyer and they moved to Australia!

You seem not to understand who is "chinging" whom here. I am not making a lot of money off whether or not my theory is "heard," but somebody is. The FIFA World Cup that is going on at the moment is quite a spectacle. I hope you are not such a "straight" scientist that you can't see that somebody is being had. It might be me. But if so, it's a lot of other people too.

Ask an economist about the "New Economic Growth." According to them, the reason that Ph.D. economists are paid a lot of money is that it's a very expensive education. Well, Mick Jagger surely didn't need a very expensive education at the London School of Economics in order to become one of the world's richest bad boys. This information was "out there" a long time ago!

Love,

M

----- Forwarded Message -----

From:

To:

Sent: Tuesday, June 30, 2026 at 02:27:36 PM EDT

Subject: Fw: Seeing L?

Hi J -

Seeing is believing. I got this off Wikipedia, but there's lots more there. If you knew anything about Mick Jagger as a young man (and my generation mostly did) you would have a hard time keeping the giggles away, in the face of his knighthood! I have sent more to G and L2, but really! If Mick Jagger can get a knighthood, even the Queen must be a little "touched." I wonder whether OBEs and MBEs are equally good sops to

Love, M

Sir Michael Philip Jagger (born 26 July 1943) is an English musician, songwriter, and film producer known as the lead singer and founder member of [the Rolling Stones](#). Jagger has co-written most of the Stones' songs with lead guitarist [Keith Richards](#); [their songwriting partnership](#) is one of the most successful in rock music history. His career has spanned more than six decades, and he has been widely described as one of the most popular and influential front men in the [history of rock music](#). His distinctive voice and energetic live performances, along with Richards's guitar style, have been the Rolling Stones' trademark throughout the band's career. Early in his career, Jagger gained notoriety for his romantic involvements and illicit drug use, and has often been portrayed as a [countercultural](#) figure.

Jagger was born and grew up in [Dartford](#). He studied at the [London School of Economics](#) before abandoning his studies to focus on his career with the Rolling Stones. In the early 1970s, Jagger starred in the films [Performance](#) (1970) and [Ned Kelly](#) (1970), to mixed receptions. Beginning in the 1980s, he released a number of solo works, including four albums and the single "[Dancing in the Street](#)", a 1985 duet with [David Bowie](#) that reached No. 1 in the UK and Australia and was a top-ten hit in other countries.

----- Forwarded Message -----

From:

To:

Sent: Tuesday, June 30, 2026 at 10:57:39 AM EDT

Subject: Seeing L?

Hi M,

I gather that L is in Williamsburg with a flexible itinerary until Thursday morning. I assume that you know that already. Having a bit of company walking around CW sounds really nice to me; I expect that you would enjoy it in the end, with or without Dad. Up to you, obviously.

Love,

J