

Am I sorry?

I shall probably die soon, so now is the time to give final analysis of 1992 shooting at Concordia, with 10 years of hindsight. During my trial, I expressed my sorrow to the families of professors I killed, and this feeling of sorrow is valid today, as it was then. My position during the trial was: I was not guilty of murder; I did not plan to kill anyone; I was deliberately and maliciously provoked into shooting; the real murderers are former Chief Justice Gold, Sankars, Swamy, Osman, Kenniff, Sheinin and psychiatrists (I know of one name - W.Steiner, but in the newspapers some other names were mentioned), who "scientifically" designed the procedure of provocation, and this procedure succeeded when I felt my life to be in danger.

I have spent past 10 years searching whether I could have done something different back in 1992, because to say I am sorry would mean that there was another way of action. I have asked several jailers, as well as several people on the Internet, who reproached to me 4 murders, what would they have done in my situation. I did not get any answer from anyone, except for general phrase: "I would not kill", to which I always answered: "I am not asking you, what you would NOT do, I am asking you, what you would do", and there was no answer to this question.

The media repeatedly and falsely reported that the shooting took place because I was denied tenure or because I was angry for stolen articles. None of this is true. The shooting took place because I felt my life to be in danger. I was accused of contempt of court, the hearing of the accusation was scheduled for August 25, 1992, and this is why I took the guns to Concordia on August 24. Dr. Hogben told me that the hearing was fixed, that I would be placed in jail and "anything can happen in jail". I took it as a death threat.

For every normal person, killing of another human being is a very traumatic experience. Prison guards like beating up people and killing prisoners, but even for them it is considered a traumatic experience and they are offered psychological counseling after they kill a prisoner. For me, it was more traumatic than for majority of regular people, because in my entire life, I never punched anyone in the face. Even as a schoolboy, I have always run away from any physical confrontation.

I could not tolerate an animal being tortured or killed. When I was about 8, my parents purchased a live cock and kept it for couple of weeks. One morning, I woke up and found that the cock was no longer in his place, and I learned that my father had killed him. Not only I refused to eat it, but I did not speak to my father until I was promised that they would never again buy a live animal for food. My parents kept their word. I am not a vegetarian, but I never bought even live fish for food, and of course, I never went fishing or hunting myself. I did kill some insects, like mosquito, but this was in self-defense.

There exists a notion that all murderers like playing violent computer games and watching violent movies. I am not typical here as well: I never had or played such computer games, and I am reluctant to watch even regular movies about war and I never watch horror movies. When I got married, I made an agreement with my wife that we would not buy any toy weapons for our children. We were lucky: our children never asked for them. I am telling all this for people to understand that if a human being like I can be provoked into killing 4 people, something really terrible has been done to me.

I remember police asking me with indignation, how could I possibly shoot another human being in the mouth. The answer is very simple: I was shooting from the hip and this is why the bullets ended up the way they did. Had I believed in God, I would have said that God directed those bullets, because I did want all 4 dead; I did NOT want the secretary dead and she was spared. As malicious as she was, I did I not want to kill a woman.

Every day in Quebec, about 5 people commit suicide; this is 20 times the number of people killed by criminals and double of people killed in car accidents. Majority of these people were abused so much that they preferred to end up their lives rather than to endure the abuse. One may ask, if you decide to kill yourself, why don't you kill your abusers first? At least, these abusers would not be able to abuse anyone else, and you would do a good service to the mankind. The answer is very simple: it takes a lot of courage to kill another human being. It is so much easier to kill yourself.

Several years ago, one man in Ottawa was abused at his work, because he was stuttering. He took all his money, went to Las Vegas and spend them to have good time, then he came back, took guns, came to his work and killed there several people and then he killed himself. The media reported that he did not kill the main abuser, but rather killed secondary people. If this was true, I can explain who these people were and why they were killed. Most probably, he killed those who stood around when he was abused and laughed encouraging the abuser, rather than stopping him. I assure you that he hated them more than he hated the main abuser, because if it were not for them, no abuse would ever take place.

I know it, because exactly the same thing happened in my case. I also killed secondary people and I also hated them more than I hated the main abusers, because without their help, the abusers would not be able to abuse me. I did nothing wrong to these people, and they were all against me. One of them, Dr. Hogben, was even paid to protect me, and he was the one blackmailing me. These people dragged me through hell of mental suffering, they almost killed me in 1991 when I had my first heart attack and they continued threatening my life. This does not mean that I planned to kill them, but I certainly have no regrets that they are dead.

If you are a secretary and your boss is abusing someone, here are some tips for you. Distance yourself from your boss, never actively participate in the abuse, do not lie for your boss to the abused person. Here are some no-no, which many secretaries do, without realizing that they are putting their life in danger. When an abused person calls, some secretaries put him on hold for a long time, then just disconnect; switch him to someone else, who has nothing to do with the subject, lie that their boss is not in his office, lie that some documents sent by mail were not received, speak in a hostile tone, etc. Never do that.

I repeat below a short description of events leading to the shooting, which was previously posted on several occasions. Those who had read it, can skip 10 pages, going to the phrase "End of quotation from previous posting".

In September of 1991, I have sent Chair Osman a polite note inquiring whether he would support my use of some grant money to hire a replacement to teach my course. I did not ask for anything illegal, on the contrary, all the prestigious scientific awards (fellowships) do exactly that: recipient of awards is given money to pay for his replacement, while he is doing his research, which is deemed to be important. "Post Rouge" is one of such awards in France, "Killam Fellowship" is a similar award here in Canada. Article 16.14 of Collective Agreement explicitly authorized use of "time release stipend or similar funding" for these purposes. This could be done with agreement of Department Chair and the Dean, and this was what I was asking for.

Osman told me to withdraw the letter and threatened me that if I did not withdraw my letter, he would have me fired. That did it. I never liked to be threatened. I have recently had a heart attack, with a difficult recovery, and I did not want to take any abuse from him anymore. So, I told him that I have written a letter, and I wanted an official response. The funny thing here was that Osman, the person, who was reproaching me evasion of my teaching responsibilities, was not doing any teaching at all. He was not doing anything much: he used to appear in the department every other day 2 for couple of hours, often after 5 p.m., and he was not doing any research either: he placed his name as co-author of articles written by graduate students, who were actually supervised by someone else. This is called co-supervision, when one professor really

supervises students, and the other just takes credit for this. So, I told him all this, and he did not like it at all.

From then onward, I stopped talking to Osman. All communications were in writing. Osman made several attempts to create physical confrontation. For example, once he was waiting for me at the department entrance, and as soon as I pulled the door to open, he exited from the department pushing me with his body, like a bully. At first, I did not understand, who this was, since he was dressed not the way he usually was and he had his hat pulled over his forehead and eyes. I just ignored this stunt.

The university administration continued its campaign of character assassination. They hired a body-guard for the CONCAVE building, though none of the witnesses alleged that I threatened anyone there at that time. As the guard from Canadian Security Agency Cantin testified at my trial on June 8, 1993, he was hired in September of 1991. He was not shown my picture, instead, he was told that, should I appear, one of the graduate students from the first floor will rush to him and warn him. This arrangement seems to be very strange, taking into consideration that graduate students have their work to do, rather than be on the permanent look-out for me.

The explanation for this strange arrangement is very simple: this was just a public relations exercise: the university administration, in order to protect the crooks like Swamy and Sankars, wanted to have me fired, but they needed to present it as a need to protect the ordinary people, like secretaries or graduate students. They needed to create panic among them, and this is why the students were told to be on the look-out for me. As, guard Cantin testified, when one day they saw me at a distance, one of them came rushing to him, telling him that I was in the vicinity. Their public relations campaign seemed to be working well.

As I learned later, they also hired a body-guard at the Dean's office. At the same time, I was not accused of anything, nothing was reproached to me, so there was nothing I could do against this character assassination campaign, and all this made me very angry: I was the abused, and the abusers were adding insult to injury by claiming that I was dangerous. Try to treat this way any normal person: first, abuse him, and then hire body-guards and declare this person dangerous. There is a great probability that the person would be so outraged that he would really become dangerous. Had I been openly accused of something, I could defend myself, but in the situation of trial by rumors, I was defenseless.

There is one more argument to prove that the hiring of body-guards was a public relations exercise. Several witnesses claimed that I threatened to kill many people, nobody testified that I threatened to punch someone or to spit on someone. In this situation hiring of an unarmed body-guard serves no purpose: Cantin in his testimony admitted that he could do nothing against an armed person. There was also no need to hire someone from outside the university: there were enough security guards employed by the university. The fact that a guard was hired from an outside agency created impression of a more serious danger, as compared to a placement of a regular university security guard.

I recall that about that time I saw on couple occasions a stranger entering the department together with me and going to the back door of Osman's office, making some special knock on the door, and then he would be let in. It was obviously done for me to see. I thought at that time that it was just an intimidation spectacle: to show me a criminally looking stranger, who instead of going through the secretary, comes through the back door. Now I think that it was not just for intimidation, but also to entice me into eavesdropping and then to "catch" me. I came to such a conclusion from the event, which took place on October 30, 1991. The members of DPC (Department Personnel Committee) tried to provoke a physical confrontation with me. I described what happened in a complaint filed with the university Code Administrator J.Relton.

(I reproduce below the abbreviated text of my complaint made at that time)

I have returned to my office after a late lecture at about 11.10 p.m., on 30 October, with my graduate student,

and had a discussion with him for about half-hour, after which he left. I have mailed some letters and prepared to go home, but before that I stood in the corridor (as I often do) looking at the pictures of earlier graduates. I had not been in that position even 20 seconds, as suddenly and quickly the door of the Chairman's office opens, and Dr. Osman runs towards me (I was standing about 5-6 meters from the door of his office) shouting that they had a meeting of DPC, and that I was spying on diem.

I have said that he had no right to shout at me, that I was standing in the corridor too far from his door, looking at the pictures. Using his logic, no one can stand in the corridor, because the doors of other professors offices are around, and everyone can claim that the person standing in corridor is spying on him. Besides, his door was soundproofed. Dr. Osman immediately made an "experiment": Dr. S Sankar went inside his office and started talking inside very loudly, so he was heard not only 5 meters away, this way he could be heard even 15 meters away. That was the proof for Dr. Osman that I was spying.

He started calling security, so that the security would come and testify that I was in the department, which was ridiculous, since I had no intention to deny that I was in the Department, more than that, I had exactly the same right to be in the Department as they. In the meantime, professors Hoa, Lin and S.Sankar surrounded me, as a group of bandits, when they want to mug someone. When I made an attempt to go home, Dr. Osman tried to stop me by force. I left anyway, and all of them went with me harassing me on my way downstairs to the garage. There is a hard evidence that the whole thing was staged: 1)No one in his right mind makes a DPC meeting at about midnight; 2)Dr. Osman admitted that he knew I had a late lecture, and that nobody else would be in the Department; 3)They knew that I stand very often near those pictures; 4)The timing is extremely suspicious: I was not standing there even 20 seconds, as the door opened, they clearly were watching me from behind the door. They should apologize.

End of quote.

The university administration delayed adjudication of my complaint until June of 1992. Finally, it was adjudicated, and three individuals, who had no reason to favor me, came to the following conclusion:

"We find that the defendants S. V. Hoa, S. Lin, S. Osman and S. Sankar did harass and intimidate V. Fabrikant on the evening of October thirtieth (30th), nineteen ninety-one (1991). The defendants' conduct constitutes an act of assault because V. Fabrikant was physically controlled, unlawfully detained and unlawfully restricted in his movements. These actions are in violation of the rights of members of the university, as laid down in article 2 of the Concordia University Code of Conduct."

"Professors Hoa, Lin, Osman and Sankar, reprimanded for having harassed and intimidated Fabrikant and for having attacked his dignity, reputation and honor."

The provocations and intimidation continued on a daily basis. On November 1, 1991, I came to the open meeting of the Senate. When the meeting was finished, I was approached by two policemen, who arrested me and searched for weapon in the full view of the university. I reproduce below the text of my second complaint describing what happened on November 1, 1991.

This is a complaint against the University (Art. 2). I came November 1 at about 4.30p.m. to the Senate meeting. Immediately, several security officers appeared nearby in the Senate Chamber. I did not pay much attention to it, at least it never crossed my mind that they were watching me. When the Meeting was over, and I went outside, I was approached by two policemen who said that someone from the University called them and told them that I have a concealed firearm and about to commit a crime. They have arrested me and searched me in full view of the University community. Of course, no weapon was found.

This is done in the University where "dignity, reputation and honour" of its members are annunciated as Governing Principles. This is yet another part of badly orchestrated campaign against me. I call it badly

orchestrated, because here everyone pretends to be afraid of me, while my other complaint clearly indicates that if my colleagues in the Department would be really afraid of me they would not dare to stage what they did.

End of quote. This complaint was also delayed until June 1992. I reproduce part of their decision: 1. We find that Concordia University, as represented by doctor Catherine MacKenzie, violated article 4 of the Code of Conduct, which is members of the university with supervisory authority of any kind, are to use such authority both on campus and off solely for the purposes stated, or implied in university policies, and with due regard to the overall aims and purposes of the university.

MacKenzie did not take due care to ascertain facts, and therefore acted impulsively abusing her authority, and thus depriving a member of the university of his rights.

2. We find that Concordia University, as represented by doctor Catherine MacKenzie, violated article 2 of the Code of Conduct, she attacked the dignity, reputation and honor of doctor Valery Fabrikant by causing him to be arrested by the M.U.C. police, particularly as such was accomplished in full view of colleagues and the public.

End of quote.

Concordia administration became desperate: all their attempts to provoke me into violence failed. They even had me arrested and searched by police in full view of University, and I still kept my cool, so they needed something stronger: they decided to threaten my life, and they needed a gullible person to do the dirty job. They found such a person in Dr. Hogben.

Somehow they managed to convince Dr. Hogben that he would not be in any danger if he threatens my life. The top officials of Concordia University themselves understood perfectly well, that they were playing a very dangerous game, since all of them left the town from August 19, 1992 (the day when I was served the Special order to appear against accusation of contempt of court). One of them, Mr. Gervais even resigned his post as Chair of the Board of Governors of Concordia University. There is little doubt as to the real reasons of his resignation, since there was no activity of the Board of Governors in August.

The plot was as follows. In July of 1992, I have distributed through E-mail a document where I have described total disrespect for the law displayed by two judges Barbeau and Bishop in the adjudication of some motions, related to my legal action for the authorship of my scientific papers against two Concordia Professors Swamy and T.S. Sankar. I have also expressed there my opinion that they were acting this way at the direction the Chief Justice Gold, and I called him "Chief Injustice".

The conspirators have decided to use this E-mail to bring an accusation of contempt of court against me which carried a maximum penalty of 1 year in jail. Dr. Hogben has undertaken the dirty part: to be the blackmailer. He was at that time the President of the Concordia University Faculty Association (CUFA); his duty was to defend me against the administration and he was paid a special addition to his salary for fulfillment of this duty, he nevertheless had chosen the opposite: to cooperate with the administration against me. He was clearly brainwashed into believing that he could threaten my life and to scare me into an unconditional surrender.

Here is a brief account of what really happened.

On August 19, 1992, I was served a special court order to appear on August 25, 1992, before a judge and to answer to the accusation of contempt of court. The accusation was officially made by lawyer Judd who defended Sankar and Swamy in the lawsuit filed against them by me.

The same evening I received a phone call from Dr. Hogben, who informed me that he, Dr. Hogben, knew about the contempt of court accusation, that most probably I would receive maximum sentence of one year in jail and "anything can happen in jail". I understood it as a death threat. He hypocritically presented it as if he were my friend concerned for the well-being of me and my family. The pitch was: "I am your friend, I know you are in danger and I want to help you". This hypocrisy was so revolting, that I hanged up on him.

The next day I have met Dr. Hogben at the entrance of CUFA. He continued in the same vein: that he was

concerned for my small children and what would happen to them should I be sent to jail. He told me "confidentially" that Chief Justice of Quebec Gold has made arrangements that judge Chaloux will adjudicate the action. According to Dr. Hogben, judge Chaloux's wife and daughter were raped in his presence by some criminals. The judge has decided since then to give maximum sentences to anyone appearing before him. (I later verified this information and it seems to be correct). Dr. Hogben repeated again that "anything can happen in jail", and suggested that the only way out was to accept the university administration offer: to take about \$200,000 in exchange for my resignation from the university, withdrawal of lawsuit against Sankar and Swamy, and renouncement of all future claims against Concordia University.

It was an offer of "shut-up" money, which I have rejected on several occasions before as dishonest, and I rejected it again. (During the trial, the Associate Vice-Rector Dr. Proppe has confirmed in his testimony that such an offer was made to me and that I have rejected it).

On August 20, 1992, I have applied for delay of contempt of court hearing, stating that I had a presentation at the International Congress of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics in Haifa scheduled on August 24, so that I could not possibly appear in the morning of August 25 for the contempt of court hearing. I approached two judges with this application. Both judges refused to grant a delay, stating no reason for such a refusal. I knew from previous experience that there was nothing easier in the legal system than a delay, so the categorical and unjustified refusal of two judges to grant a delay strengthened my concern that the threats made by Dr. Hogben should be taken very seriously.

This concern has prompted me to send several E-mail appeals to scientific community for help. I did not get any response, and this increased the sense of being alone and defenseless. I have no doubt that this isolation was part of the plot. During the trial I have discovered that a number of scientists did respond sending messages to the Rector. They probably sent some to me too, but my messages were blocked, so I did not get any. I was a subject of a massive psychological attack: the main computer was shut off from the afternoon of August 21 to late evening of August 23 in order to make me feel isolated; every day one or more messengers arrived with threatening legal documents. One such letter was written by the lawyer retained by the university Mr. Hilton, and I received it on August 24. This letter threatened me with termination of my employment. All this was done to psychologically destabilize me.

On August 21, in the afternoon, I got a phone call from the secretary of judge Bishop. She informed me that judge Bishop had been on vacations and that it would be better to delay the hearing till mid-September. In reality, it was just an attempt to check my mood. Probably, I sounded quite desperate, so she was very satisfied. I told her that I already pleaded for a delay unsuccessfully, but if she called any of the judges on behalf of judge Bishop and ask for a delay, no judge would refuse. She promised to do so and to call me back to inform about the delay but she never did.

Yet another attempt to check my mood: a phone call after 10 p.m. that day when I was already asleep. Someone who presented himself as Dr. McKinnon from Physics Department told my wife that it was an emergency, so she had awaken me. The caller did not convey to me anything urgent, he just asked what was new in my case and said that there was someone from the television "Fifth Estate" interested in the story, and the caller wanted me to write down the telephone number of that person. My previous experience with media was very disappointing, so I responded to the caller that if that person from television is interested, nothing prevents him to call me directly. As far as what was new, I asked the caller to give his E-mail address, so that I could mail him all the information. The caller responded that he did not have an E-mail address and that was the end of conversation.

The call was very strange: the caller claimed emergency, and nothing urgent came up; everybody at that time already knew about contempt of court accusations from my E-mail, so his question about what's new was nothing but a testing of my mood. When later during the trial I tried to subpoena Dr. McKinnon, the Friend of Court assured me that nobody under such name was found at Concordia University. Only later I have discovered that I have misspelled his name which should be MacKinnon, and the Friend of Court used my misspelling to deprive me of a witness.

I had two agonizing days, Saturday and Sunday, August 22 and 23, 1992. I considered my life in danger, and it was necessary to decide how to defend myself.

On the one hand, I had a good formal defense because I could argue that E-mail message is not an admissible evidence, since it does not bear the signature of the sender and theoretically could be sent by anybody else who might get access to my computer account or who could very simply falsify the sender's name in the printout. I have even prepared some such examples for the hearing, one of them being a message which I have sent to myself via Universite de Montreal, and another one - a false message from Dr. Swamy which looked like a real thing. Had these arguments been accepted - the case would be thrown out of court.

Besides this purely formal defense, I have prepared a substantive defense as well. I sent court orders to come and to testify to three judges involved, Barbeau, Bishop and to former Chief Justice Gold. I would have no difficulty to establish the veracity of my E-mail message by questioning these three judges, and the truth is a good defense in contempt of court cases. (Indeed, when on February 13, 1993, I demanded the case to be heard, the other party withdrew the accusations, and this is the best proof that the accusations were without foundation). My main concern was that the judge would just ignore both defenses.

In 1992 I informed Minister of Transport of Canada, Minister of Higher Education of Quebec, MPs Sheila Feinstone and Don Boudria, granting agencies NSERC and FCAR about criminal and unethical activities at Concordia. All of them ignored this information.

My experience with the media was even worse. In March of 1992 I have approached a reporter from The Gazette C.Adolph. I showed her all the documents proving fraud and extortion at Concordia University. At the beginning she looked very impressed, made copies of the documents and promised to investigate. All of a sudden, about two weeks later, she left a message on my answering machine to the effect that she found my allegations totally unfounded, that she did not want to talk to me, and should I dare to call her, she would ask the telephone company for protection.

I was flabbergasted: if a reporter had some legitimate doubts as to validity of my accusations, she should have discussed them with me, rather than hiding from a discussion in such a ridiculous manner. There is no doubt that her actions were part of the psychiatrist's design: the more shocking and unexpected is the action, the greater is the probability that I explode.

When later on, on April 1, 1992, C.Adolph has published in The Gazette an article about me, stating that she found no proof of my allegations, and that it was I harassing everybody else, rather than vice-versa, I had no doubt that she (or her superiors) was bribed.

On the other hand, the threat made by Dr. Hogben that the whole hearing was fixed in advance and that "anything can happen in jail", made me very concerned for my life. My own experience with judges strengthened this concern that my life was in danger indeed. It was totally unthinkable for me to accept the "shut-up" money offered by Dr. Hogben on behalf of Concordia administration.

I had two reasons to believe that my life, rather than only my freedom, was in danger. First, I had a very serious heart attack in the winter of 1991. A major coronary artery was blocked 100%. I never smoked, did not use any alcohol and was otherwise in excellent physical condition, and this was the reason why I survived. I had no doubt that this heart attack was a result of extreme psychological torture I underwent during the second half of 1990. I felt that I was being murdered, very methodically, very professionally and very legally, since there is no such crime in The Criminal Code as deliberate infliction of a heart attack. I underwent an operation of angioplasty and recovered, but I knew that the ballooned arteries have tendency to clog up again. My very serious concern was that should his second heart attack occur in jail, it would be the last one. I suspected that the jail administration paid no attention to the health of prisoners. My present jail experience proved me right. Just this summer a prisoner, 43 years of age, had a heart attack. They kept him in jail for about 6 hours, so that when they have finally delivered him to the hospital, he was already dead.

The second grave concern of mine was the vague threat made by Dr. Hogben who said that "anything can

happen in jail". From time to time, I have read in the press about highly suspicious deaths at the police stations and in jails. If the former Chief Justice Gold (he was also Concordia Chancellor at that time) could "fix" that I be sentenced to jail, he could also arrange with his police friends and/or Correctional Service friends my "accidental" death. My present jail experience proved me right here as well.

The situation was aggravated by the fact that I was 52 at that time, my wife could not provide for the family, and I had two small children: a son, 9 years old, and my daughter was only 7. Despite my first-rate research and teaching record, I was unable to find a job elsewhere though I applied to about 1000 institutions over a number of years not only in Canada or USA, but also in countries as far away as Australia and New Zealand, and I applied not just to universities but also to technical schools and private companies.

Taking into consideration that all the legal means seemed to fail, I had no choice but to resort to an illegal way of protection. I decided to take all my guns to the University, to show the guns to one of the conspirators and to tell him that, unless they leave me alone, I would have no choice but to shoot all of them dead. I also took a hammer with me in order to tell them that even if they take my guns away, I would kill them with a hammer, so they better leave me alone.

I decided to delay the final decision till Monday, August 24, 1992, to call in the morning the secretary of judge Bishop and to ask her whether she arranged the delay of the hearing. If yes, then everything was fine, nothing was to be done. If no, then to ask whether judge Bishop was coming to testify, and again, if yes, that would be an indication of some respect for the due process, and since I considered my defense perfect, I would be prepared to face the court. If judge Bishop was not coming to court to testify, that would be a clear indication that Dr. Hogben's threats are real. Even in this case I was not yet prepared to execute my plan. I appealed earlier to the university community, asking them to come to the courthouse on August 25. I was sure that if many scientists come to support me, no judge would dare to put me in jail.

In the morning of August 24, 1992, I came to my office and made a phone call to the secretary of judge Bishop. The result was worse than I expected: not only Judge Bishop was not coming, his secretary did not even bother to inform him about the subpoena. It was clear to me that lawlessness ruled in court. I noticed on my desk a copy of the document granting me \$1000 in travel expenses for my presentation in Haifa which was scheduled that day, and which I obviously could not make. I took the document and went to the Dean's office and returned it to the budget officer. I noticed that Dean Swamy's door was closed, so I asked the officer if the Dean was in, and she said yes. Usually all the doors at the university were open. I knew from the past experience that whenever some dirty tricks were in the making, Dean Swamy was pretending being scared, hired bodyguards, kept the door of his cabinet locked, etc. (At my trial, Dr. Swamy has admitted that I never threatened him). For me, closed door of Dean Swamy's cabinet was a clear indication that some dirty tricks were in the making again, and I have decided that I had no choice but to implement my plan.

I went home, took guns, ammunition and hammer and returned back to the university. I was still very reluctant to implement the plan. I tried once again to check my computer account if there were any support messages coming from colleagues. There were none. Computer still keeps the login time at 1.34 p.m.

Since for me Dean Swamy's hiding was an ominous sign, I decided to check again if his door was still closed. I passed through the Dean's office. The door was closed, Swamy was in. At the exit I was stopped by a secretary who asked me to identify myself. I never was stopped before and I did not see anyone else being stopped, so this confirmed to me that the Dean was playing his usual game, telling his secretaries that I wanted to kill him (some secretaries confirmed this at the trial). I have identified myself to the secretary but my feeling of anger has increased. I went to my office to think again whether to proceed with the plan. I was desperately trying to find the reason why not to proceed with my plan but could not find any.

I knew that all Canadians are taught that if someone points a gun at you, you should cooperate. Taken this for granted, I could not possibly imagine that my plan might turn into a shooting, but regrettably, it did. Here is how it happened. I phoned Dr. Hogben and invited him to come over to discuss the situation. Dr. Hogben was reluctant to come, but at the end agreed. Almost immediately after that, Dr. MacKay appeared, clearly, he was sent to check my mood and to see whether it would be dangerous for Dr. Hogben to come. The pretext of his arrival was ridiculous: he planned to file some kind of complaint against Dr. Osman, who had

no dealings with Dr. MacKay. It was Dr. MacKay who informed me about resignation of Mr. Gervais from his position of the Chair of the Board of Governors of Concordia University. How would he know that, unless Mr. Gervais, who understood the dangerousness of the plot and who was concerned that I might try to kill him, asked Dr. MacKay to inform me about his resignation?

I asked Dr. MacKay to come next day to court to testify on my behalf, but Dr. MacKay refused. So, I told him to get out of my office. Probably, Dr. MacKay concluded that it was safe for Dr. Hogben to come. I met Dr. Hogben in the corridor and showed him to the office. I pleaded with Dr. Hogben for about 20 minutes. I told Dr. Hogben that it was Dr. Hogben's duty, as the Union President, to defend me against Administration, that I had a wife and two small children, that I was 52 years old and had no way to provide for my family, should I lose my job, etc. Dr. Hogben could not care less about his duties or about me and my children. He stated again that he negotiated a very good deal for me and that the only alternative is going to court and facing the contempt of court charges and it might end badly. Here I mentioned that I called Palais de Justice, and that I was told that it was another judge Rouleau, not Chaloux, who was assigned to hear the case. This was not a surprise for Dr. Hogben. He explained that judge Chaloux could not be assigned directly to hear the case since he was from the Criminal Division, while the case belonged to the Practice Division. The arrangement, according to Dr. Hogben, was that on the day of hearing judge Rouleau would call in sick, and in the whole courthouse there would be no other judge available but judge Chaloux. How on earth could he possibly know all these details unless someone very qualified has informed him? And who this someone could be but Concordia Chancellor Gold? Even if I had a slightest doubt about the hearing being fixed, they disappeared with this explanation of Dr. Hogben.

At this point I decided that I had no choice but to execute my plan. Dr. Hogben in the meantime probably noticed some change in the expression of my face and might have misinterpreted it as fear, because he decided to "go for a kill". He said: "Now you have two options: to go to court or to accept a good deal. Tell me quickly what it would be because I have to go". To this I responded: "Now you have a choice: to be dead or to find a third option, and you tell me quickly what it would be". And with these words I pulled out a revolver and pointed it at Dr. Hogben. I was absolutely sure that Dr. Hogben would choose to cooperate and that I would be able to finally resolve all the problems in a peaceful and satisfactory manner. Regretfully, this did not happen. Although facing a fully loaded revolver (in a revolver bullets are visible), Dr. Hogben did not take it seriously. For some unknown reasons, he was absolutely sure that I under no circumstances would pull the trigger. He said: "This is exactly what we wanted you to do, and now we can put you in jail not for one year but for good". After that he stood up and moved towards the door. And this is where I lost it and started shooting.

Dr. Hogben was not surprised at all when he saw the revolver. Someone has prepared him for the situation, and this someone has managed to convince him that there was no way I would shoot. Thus, Dr. Hogben was deliberately and maliciously sacrificed, as were the other victims of shooting, by the conspirators - the university administration: former Chief Justice Gold (who was at that time Concordia Chancellor), Kenniff, Sheinin, Swamy, Osman, and others.

End of quotation from previous posting.

After reviewing the facts, it is time to pose the question: am I sorry? In order to answer positively, I should determine that there was an alternative way of action. For example, instead of taking my guns and the hammer to the university, to go on August 25 to the court and expect a fair judgment. Was I paranoid to think that Canadian judges are corrupt, have no respect for the law and can render any judgment they please? Here is what I have done to check it.

First, I experimented with my own life during criminal proceedings. Authorities did not want me in jail, they wanted me insane. They also wanted to avoid trial, since they knew that former Chief Justice Gold (who was at that time Chancellor of Concordia University) was deeply involved in conspiracy. Lawyer Leclerc, after meeting with Crown, told me that Crown was prepared to accept insanity, without even going to trial, they were also prepared to take the plea of manslaughter. I did not want any of this. I wanted to go to trial, even

though I risked to spend the rest of my life in jail. It was more important for me to find out whether I was a crazy murderer, obsessed with paranoia and imagining things, which were just not there, or a reasonable person who acted according to insane circumstances, and did, what anybody else would or should have done.

I tested the system thoroughly, whether it respects its own laws. Since I was defending myself, I requested proper conditions to prepare my defense. Remember, officially I was considered innocent, until proven guilty. There was even a precedent: judge Boilard has ordered that one of the accused, who defended himself, was given a trailer, where he could work on his defense. I was refused.

There was a fraud with jury selection: it was obvious that the group of people called for jury duty, was not taken at random. I requested access to the records related to jury selection, and judge Martin has refused. I asked him, if he was sure that no fraud was committed, why not let me see the records. And his response was: when something is honest, no proof is necessary! Good argument. I have noticed also that the court clerk did not mix the cards with juror names, but rather placed on top of the hip cards from separate envelope. This is why I, in protest, refused to question the prospected jury.

On July 29, 1993, Martin has stopped examination of one very important witness - Swamy, so that I could not help to tell him that he was behaving like little low crook. This is what he said in his judgment that day:

I find you guilty of contempt of Court and for that last contempt I sentence you to six months imprisonment to be served consecutively to the sentences which you already served. I can tell you that if an incident such as this morning repeats itself, the same approach will be adopted, and your trial will continue.

In passing: policeman, who killed a child by speeding car, got 3 months, policemen, who killed Barnabe, got even less. To call judge a crook is worse than killing a child or beating somebody into a coma.

I have decided to test Martin whether he would keep his own word that "if an incident such as this morning repeats itself, the same approach will be adopted, and your trial will continue". So, when he terminated, without any reason, the examination of the next witness, I told him once again, that he was behaving like a crook. He did not keep his word: he closed my defense, without allowing me to testify. In addition, Martin has stopped my address to the jury, which was also illegal. He did it as soon as I stopped reading documents and started discussing the evidence.

Accused is not obliged to testify, but when an accused wants to tell his side of the story to the jury, he certainly should be allowed to do so, no matter what his behavior was. For example, there were precedents, where accused had physically attacked jury and/or other witnesses. He got another charge of assault, but his trial continued, as if nothing happened. Judge is dealing with criminals, he should not be sensitive to whatever a criminal says. Nobody should be convicted of the crime he did not commit (in my case I was convicted of premeditated murder, though I certainly did not PLAN to kill anyone), just because he insulted a judge.

So, my next test was Court of Appeal, would they have the judicial honesty? The answer is a resounding no. The judgment was written by Proulx. Not only he had no precedent to support his position that accused can exercise his rights only when he is polite, he also wrote an obvious lie, namely, he wrote that provocation is not a defense in the case of murder: he knew very well that Criminal Code considers provocations as a partial defense.

The Supreme Court was not any better - it refused to hear my case, without giving any reason, though Supreme Court Act (Sec. 26) states clearly that every judgment should be accompanied by written reason. When I asked why Supreme Court did not give the reason, the Registrar Roland responded that Supreme Court never gives the reason. I wrote then that the fact, that Supreme Court never respected its own law, is

not a justification. I asked: if a rapist says that he always raped women, would you accept this as a justification of his actions. They did not like my comparison. So, judges of all levels showed clearly that they have no respect for the law.

The next step was to check out judges in civil cases. I have filed several civil lawsuits, where I was absolutely right, in order to see whether I can win any. Here is a short description of what happened in all of them.

In April of 1992 I have filed a lawsuit against Sankar and Swamy for the authorship of my articles. After the shooting, I have been told that civil case can not proceed, until criminal trial is finished. Well, in 1993 the trial was finished, then I was told by judge Lagace that I can not proceed, because the exhibits, which I deposited in 1992, have been mysteriously lost. In order not to waste time, I in the meantime have included two more professors from Concordia (Hoa and Xistris), who were also listed in couple of my articles as co-authors, and whose contribution was also zero. It took several years to achieve. Judges did their best to delay the proceedings.

Lawyer Percival-Hilton, who defended Hoa and Xistris, delayed filing defense for almost 2 years, claiming that without exhibits, she could not do it. My argument that her clients had everything they needed in theory possession was ignored by judges: they did their best to support crooks. Each my motion was sent to Associate Chief Justice Deslongchamps for his approval, which introduced additional delay of several months per motion.

A good question to ask here, does not Associate Chief Justice have better things to do than to review motions written by convicted murderer Fabrikant? I decided to test the court further: I have filed a motion saying point-blank that Associate Chief Justice is bribed by Defendants, this is why he is delaying the proceedings, and I asked the court to order Associate Chief Justice to stop his illegal activity. Wow, the hell broke loose: now I can not even exercise one of my fundamental rights: to examine Defendants prior to the trial. Judge Journet has refused me this right, without giving any valid reason. I filed an application to the Court of Appeal and was refused even permission to appeal by judge Forget, and I quote the total judgment:

Considering that the motion for leave to appeal the judgment rendered on August 11, 2000 by the Hon. Pierre R. Journet of the Superior Court is ill-founded in law, the motion is dismissed, without costs.

One does not have to have a law degree to decide whether I was right. Here is a quote from the Code of Civil Procedure of Quebec, Sec. 398:

After defense filed, any party may ... summon to be examined before the judge or prothonotary any other party

The word "party" means either Defendant(s) or Plaintiff(s). I knew judges were corrupt and had no respect for the law, but the latest events were astounding even to me: I still hoped that there existed certain limit for their disrespect of the law. I was wrong. Little detail: Journet in his judgment wrote that poor Defendants have already suffered for too long - he had the nerve to reproach to me the Defendants tactics of delays.

In 1993, right after the trial, The Gazette had published a totally false article about me claiming that I was a false scientist, knew nothing about Mechanical Engineering, etc. In order to test judicial system, I have filed a libel lawsuit. I have posted separately a long file describing falsity of the article and I shall not repeat it here. Anyone interested can, find it at this web site. I have lost the case. The judge wrote that the article was "well researched". Need I say more?

One of my concerns was that a corrupt judge will put me in jail, I might have there yet another heart attack and die due to denial of medical care. In a way, this scenario did take place: I had a heart attack while in jail

in May of 1998. I survived it not because I got proper medical care, but just I was lucky that the heart attack was not deadly, probably, due to the fact that I never smoked, my blood pressure and cholesterol are normal, etc. With several hours of delay, jailers finally brought me to Saint-Francois Hospital in Quebec-City. This hospital is not equipped to perform either angioplasty or bypass surgery. So, if a serious complication took place, I would have died there.

Now I give a brief explanation of some terminology used. Angiography is a test of the status of coronary arteries. A catheter is inserted through a vein in the leg up to the heart. Some ink is injected from that catheter into the bloodstream of coronary arteries, and simultaneously, X-ray film is being shot, thus giving a clear picture of coronary arteries of working heart in motion. Angioplasty is a procedure of opening up of clogged coronary arteries. A catheter, containing a small balloon, is inserted in a leg vein and moved up to the clogged coronary artery, the balloon is inflated thus opening the artery, and that's it. The whole operation takes less than an hour, and the next day the patient goes home.

Bypass surgery is a very complicated and serious operation. The patient's chest is cut open, the heart is stopped, and the patient is attached to the heart-lungs machine. A vein is taken from the patient's leg and one end of that vein is sawn to aorta, while the other end is sawn to the clogged artery, thus by-passing the clogged place. Many things can go wrong during such a complicated operation, and even if everything is fine, the recovery time is about 30 days.

The doctor at St-Francois hospital did his best to kill me passively: he did not offer me the blood-clot baster, which needs to be applied within 3 hours after a heart attack, though I requested it. His response was that he was not sure I had a heart attack. Twelve hours later, when the medical Mafiosi saw that I did not die, they finally used this blood-clot baster, which was too late: the harm to my heart has been done.

From day one, I demanded angiography and angioplasty to be done. Instead, cardiologist Couture connected me to several IV pumping into me various medications. These IV were defective, since they carried a lot of air bubbles, so I had to be vigilant and shake the tube whenever I saw next bubble. Usually, intravenous machine signals alarm, when air bubble comes to patient. My machines did not: I suspect that alarm was deliberately disconnected.

The purpose was obvious: sufficient amount of air pumped into my veins can kill, with no trace of fowl play. When I got hold of my medical file, I saw a lab test of my blood, indicating that Couture deliberately used the dosage of Heparine either too much or too low to have a beneficial effect. Heparine inhibits blood coagulation thus preventing blood clots, but too much Heparine can result in brain hemorrhage, and this is what Couture hoped for.

For example, on May 9, 1998 at 3 p.m., my blood test showed the coagulation time 240 seconds, while normal value (without Heparine) is between 26 and 32 seconds; the therapeutic zone is 63-114 seconds. Couture overmedicated me more than double. This can not be an honest mistake. The blood test on the same date at 10.45 p.m. gave my coagulation time at 44.7 seconds, which is too low for any therapeutic effect. Couture deliberately jumped between overmedicating me to undermedicating, hoping to trigger a disastrous reaction. He did not succeed, because I ordered to be disconnected from all IV needles. After this was done, I immediately felt myself better.

When Couture learned about my refusal to accept IV, he called a psychiatrist to evaluate whether I am mentally fit to make the decisions about my health care. He wanted to declare me mentally inapt, so the he could kill me by his "treatment" against my will. I was smart enough to refuse to speak with his psychiatrist, because if I did speak with her, no matter what I would say, she could write that she examined me and that I was mentally inapt. Since I did not speak with her, she could not come to any conclusion about me, and this saved me. As soon as Couture learned about his defeat, he changed his mind and told me that he had

arranged for an angiography and angioplasty on May 15, 1998, exactly as I demanded from the very beginning.

Several months later, I have heard of a young boy, killed in Montreal hospital - they just pumped too much liquid in his body. I just might have saved my life by pulling those needles out.

On May 15, 1998, Dr. Barbeau has performed an angiography, but refused to do angioplasty, saying that it was "too difficult". He suggested by-pass surgery, and even made an appointment for me on the next working day - May 19, 1998. It looked strange to me: they certainly had a waiting list, why would they allow a convicted murderer to jump the queue? I would have understood, if they had told me that I was to die next day, if I had not done the bypass surgery, but this was not the case. Besides, they could not explain to me, why angioplasty was not possible. Since I did not feel that I was about to die, I decided to take some time and to ask for second opinion.

I have sent my angiography film to several Montreal hospitals. The result was surprising: all doctors claimed that angioplasty was too dangerous (not just difficult, as Barbeau said), and that I should opt for bypass surgery. None though could explain why would the angioplasty be dangerous. So, I decided to make an experiment. I asked my wife to send a copy of the angiography film to several doctors in US, using her name, rather than mine. As I expected, all the US doctors were unanimous: angioplasty was possible, and each was prepared to do it. My next step - to show these opinions to Quebec doctors and ask them why their opinion was so different from that of US colleagues. None agreed to comment on these opinions. I had opinions from such respectable places as Harvard Medical School, New York University and Columbia University.

My next step - since all those recommending by-pass surgery were not surgeons themselves, I requested an appointment with a cardiac surgeon to discuss possible by-pass. I had such an appointment in November of 1998 with surgeon C. Pelletier at the Montreal Heart Institute. He told me that two arteries - Circumflex and Marginal were non-operable, while two others LAD and Diagonal were operable. He did not explain why, and he refused to discuss the option of angioplasty. A funny thing happened in 2000: I got an opinion of yet another cardiac surgeon Tejjiera (Sherbrooke). He also did not recommend bypass surgery though for reasons totally opposite to those of Pelletier. According to Tejjiera, Circumflex and Marginal were operable, while the other 2 were not.

There was one specialist from BC, who also agreed to do angioplasty. Jailers wanted me dead, so they refused to bring me to British Columbia for angioplasty, though some of my colleagues and relatives were prepared to pay all the related expenses. Based on false statements of Quebec medical Mafiosi, jailers declared that I was getting the best treatment available and that all I needed was available in Quebec.

I decided to check once again our judiciary. I filed several motions in Federal Court explaining that my life was in danger, that my heart was deteriorating and that I needed to be transported to British Columbia for angioplasty. Judge of Federal Court McGillis has declared me vexatious pleader and has forbidden me to file any action in Federal Court. I moved to Quebec Superior Court. I filed an action for damages against jail doctor Corbin and a motion asking court to order jailers to bring me to BC for an angioplasty. My action was dismissed even without hearing and judge of Superior Court Rolland has declared me also a vexatious pleader and now I was forbidden to file any action in Superior Court.

Jailers knew that shooting in Concordia took place because I felt my life to be in danger and that the courts were corrupt and would not protect my life. Now they created exactly the same situation: my life was again in danger and both Federal and Superior Court judges demonstrated themselves as totally corrupt. Jailers hoped that they once again would be able to provoke me into a violent reaction. They failed: I never even raised my voice at anyone; I never begged for my life, but I demanded treatment and I filed numerous

complaints.

My next step was to file complaints against jail doctors and nurses with their respective Discipline Committee. I was not going to let them kill me quietly. One such complaint was considered against jail doctor Corbin and the Discipline Committee has decided that my complaint was totally without merit, that I was getting the best treatment possible. Of course, Corbin found 2 other doctors to testify as experts that this indeed was the case. Mafiosi are one family, supporting each other in any crime. In the meantime, my heart continued to deteriorate.

Quebec doctors were ready to help government to kill me, but they did not want to be bothered by my complaints, so they demanded government to forbid me filing complaints; government was happy to oblige. In June of 2001, Attorney General of Canada on behalf of Solicitor General of Canada went to court against me asking the judge to forbid me filing complaints against doctors, nurses and lawyers. Judge Durand was also happy to oblige: he immediately issued an order stopping all complaints already filed and forbidding me to file new ones. Now I was silenced completely. Jailers hoped that this would provoke me, they were wrong again. I passed the provocation school at Concordia, I am immune now to any provocation. I have written a separate posting about these proceedings if anyone wants more details.

A new test was done on July 4, 2001, and it showed that my angina has spread over the heart, so that even corrupt Quebec cardiologist Ayas had to write that my life was "possibly" in danger, but still he deliberately lost months by writing letters to Montreal Heart Institute and Jewish General Hospital, thus giving jailers excuse not to bring me to BC since they were waiting for response from these places. In December of 2001, jailers finally have transferred me to BC and on January 7, 2002, I had finally angioplasty done.

One of the 4 blocked arteries in the left side was open, but for the other 3 it was too late, they were blocked 100%. BC doctor, who did the procedure told me that my life was hanging on 10% opening of the fourth artery; he also told me that all 4 could have been open, had jailers brought me to BC 3 years earlier. This doctor also confirmed to me that what he did was an ordinary procedure which could be easily done in Quebec.

After these events, one might think that I have proven beyond reasonable doubt that I was not vexatious, that I was right when I demanded medical care, and that Canadian judges should reverse their judgments and Quebec doctors should feel ashamed for bringing me to the brink of death - not at all. Attorney General of Canada is still insisting on the request to forbid me to file complaints against doctors, and judge Durand is still refusing to rescind his order.

In June of 2002, I started feeling chest pain during the night. This was an indicator that my dilated arteries were re-closing again. I needed a new angioplasty to open them up.

Each time, when I came to infirmary, claiming chest pain and demanding to be sent to a hospital, criminal nurses took my blood pressure and lied that it was normal, while I have my own apparatus and usually take my blood pressure myself. They were "cooking books", writing in my medical file all false information, like I refuse to take medication, so that in case of my death they would have a justification saying that my vital signs were OK; there was no need to send me to a hospital and that I died because I refused to take the prescribed medication.

Here is what happened on July 4, 2002. I had chest pain in the morning. A call was made to the Infirmary and a nurse there agreed to see me. I was not given a written pass. When I came to Infirmary, a guard there told me that I can not come in without a pass. He told me to walk back and to get a pass. I explained to the guard that I had chest pain, it might be urgent, I asked him to inform the nurse. He refused.

Nurse Miller appeared at a distance of 3 meters, I started shouting at the top of my lungs that I had chest pain, she pretended not to hear me. The Head Nurse Duquet passed by. I told him that I had chest pain and that the guard does not let me enter. Duquet nodded as if he was to fix the situation, and did nothing. Jailers let me in the Infirmary about 30 minutes later, still without a pass, when it became obvious to them that I was not going to die that day.

Jail doctor Coche played the same dishonorable game as his predecessors did. He saw me on July 2, 2002. I told him that I felt like the arteries dilated back in January were affected by restenosis. If this was so, it was life-threatening and the only way to deal with it was to perform a new angiography and angioplasty. He told me that he had recommendations of 5 (?) cardiologists saying that I needed only medication and this was what he wished to discuss with me. This is exactly the story I heard for the past 4 years that I needed only medication, and it is well known how it ended: a year ago, this medication had brought me to the brink of death, and I had to be transported to B.C. for an angioplasty.

On July 15, 2002, Coche has finally decided to send me to the hospital Emergency. In the past, each time I was sent to the hospital, an ambulance was called. Jail doctor Coche not only refused to call an ambulance, he made me walk all the way from Infirmary to jail car (about 200 meters) despite my acute chest pain and high blood pressure 180/120 (he also falsified in his records my blood pressure). It is well known that patients with chest pain are not allowed to walk because of possible death. Jail doctor Coche just wanted to use his last chance to have me dead. I have offered to pay for the ambulance and Coche refused.

When I came to the hospital Cite de la Sante, I was not seen by a cardiologist until the next day, July 16, 2002. Cardiologist Mayrand then told me that since I did not follow their recommendation for a bypass surgery, there was nothing they could do for me. She also wanted me dead.

Here I had to remind Mayrand, that it was not I who refused the bypass surgery: I consulted 2 cardiac surgeons and both did not recommend it, while the cardiologists, who did recommend bypass surgery, were not surgeons themselves.

Next, I reminded Mayrand that it was her colleague Ayas, who recommended the angioplasty and he did it because he felt my life to be in danger. Mayrand still insisted that I had to undergo bypass surgery, she could not though tell bypass surgery of WHICH artery. Finally, she understood the stupidity of her position and hastily exited. While she was getting out, I told her that as soon as she figured out which artery should be bypassed, I agree in advance.

Several minutes later, she returned back and admitted that it were indeed Quebec surgeons, who did NOT recommend bypass surgery. Her next idea was to call B.C. doctor and ask him whether he would be ready to perform a new angioplasty, and if yes, she would send me there. Imagine the stupidity: to go from one end of the country to another for an elementary procedure, which can be easily done here. By the evening of July 16, 2002, I was finally told that the angiography will be done at the Sacre-Coeur hospital on July 19. I guess, Quebec doctors understood that their actions were clear and shameless murder, so they backed off.

Angioplasty was performed on July 19, 2002, and it showed that I was right yet gain: jail doctor Coche brought me to the brink of death indeed. Almost all arteries were re-stenosed, and the main Right Coronary artery was blocked 80%; a small clot there would kill me for sure. It also showed that Quebec doctors were perfectly qualified to do the job, and were refusing out of maliciousness, helping Canadian Government to kill me.

On my return from the hospital I spoke with jail doctor Coche. I asked him whether the results of the last angioplasty convinced him that he made serious mistakes by ignoring my symptoms for over 3 weeks, by refusing to call an ambulance, and by effectively bringing me to the brink of death yet again. He admitted

that I could have died, but insisted that he did nothing wrong.

In 1994, a guard has broken my ribs and a doctor did her best to cover up this crime. I complained to police, they not only refused to press charges, they did not even bother to interview the criminal guard, though they had in their possession a video-tape of the crime. I went to court against the doctor also, and judge Goodwin decided that I had not a shred of evidence (look for another posting for details).

CONCLUSION

I was abused for 12 years, and when my life was threatened, the abusers succeeded in provoking me. I lived so far 62 years, during which I never displayed any violent behavior, I never had even a speeding ticket; there were 3 minutes in my life when I killed 4 people. Should I be judged by these 3 minutes or by remaining 62 years?

I was the victim, not a perpetrator, I acted in self-defense, and the above mentioned facts prove that my actions were justified: the judges are corrupt to the core, police protects criminal guards, medical doctors do not hesitate to kill a patient by denial of medical care and ready to lie that the patient is receiving the best medical care possible. I hope to be remembered as a person who had enough courage to fight lawlessness with deadly force and I hope to encourage others to do the same.

Majority of people knows the famous Hamlet monologue "To be or not to be..." though I have discovered that majority has no idea what Hamlet is talking about. Here is the summary. Hamlet is asking himself, why do people put up with all the injustice around them, why don't they fight it? Hamlet comes to the conclusion that the reason is fear of death. He asks himself whether he is prepared to face death in his struggle against evil and he decides: "To be!". I am very proud that at the crucial moment I was able to act as if I also said: "TO BE!"

Fabrikant