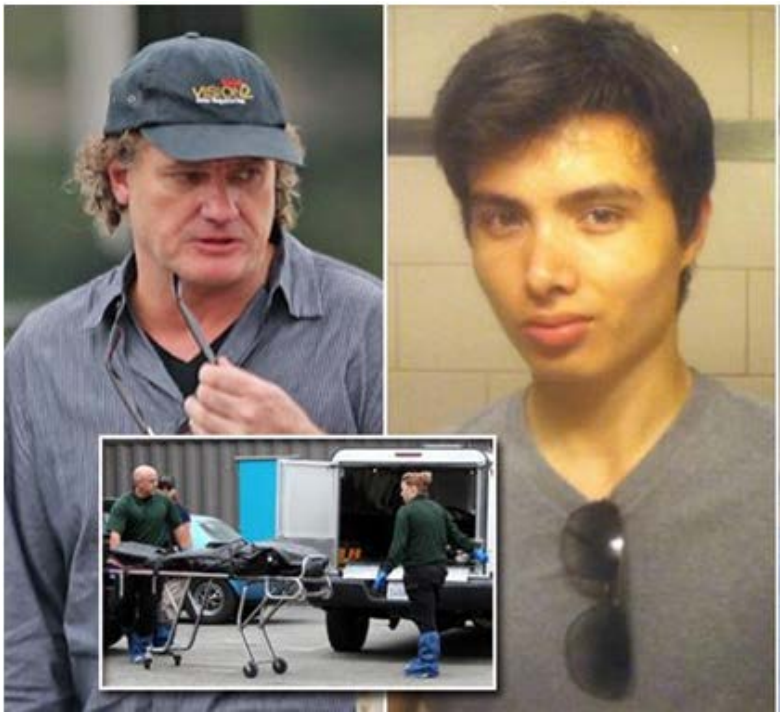
THE COMPLICITY OF THE RODGER'S FAMILY IN THE ISLA VISTA MURDERS



YOU WON'T FIND THIS ANALYSIS OF THESE HORRIFIC EVENTS ANYWHERE ELSE ON THE INTERNET. MOST JOURNALISTS FIGURE THE RODGER'S FAMILY HAS HAD ENOUGH GRIEF AND RICHARD "THE GUN GRABBER" MARTINEZ HAS FORGIVEN PETER RODGERS SO WHY BEAT A DEAD HORSE? BUT A. J. WEBERMAN WON'T REST UNTIL JUSTICE IS DONE IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

CHAPTER ONE: SYNOPSIS

Mass murderer Elliot Rodger's therapist, Gavin James Linderman, telephoned Elliot Rodger's mother, LiChin Rodger, (instead of calling 911) after he discovered Elliot Rodger's murderous plan. Technically, under California law, he had 24 hours to report the threat, but his loyalty was to the Rodger's family so he sat on the information

LiChin failed to telephone 911, or the Santa Barbara sheriff's office, after Linderman had called her, because she believed the event was going to be on Saturday, not on Friday night. Linderman assured her that Elliot would stick to his schedule as autistic people always do. She called her ex-husband.

LiChin and Peter Rodger met and agreed they would handle the matter themselves so both failed to call the authorities. Instead they drove to Isle Vista in order to toss the miscreant in the bin on the down low. But what they didn't factor in was that he had to carry out the event that night having sent out his communiqué. Innocent people lost their lives because they didn't want the scandal that would have ensued had the police foiled his plot rather than them. They thought only of themselves and not of the potential victims of this woman hating psycho.

There was a progression of events here that was ignored by Elliot Roger's parents and documented in his communiqué, *My Twisted World,* which is in many ways an indictment against his parents for criminal negligence. First the kid would mouth off to everyone he knew how he hated women and wanted revenge. This prompted one of his friends to tell him not to become a mass murderer. It also caused his friends to cut him off one by one. His parents asked what happened to James, what

happened to Bill? They knew he was becoming more and more sociopathic. His ideas about women became so radical and laced with violent imagery that his parents shipped him off to Morocco. He began acting out with a super soaker and other liquids against women he didn't even know! He started incidents in restaurants with couples out on dates. He tried to push several co-eds off a ten foot ledge. He made videos vowing revenge on women that prompted a welfare check. His mass murder did not just happen out of the blue. His parents knew about all of this and could see it coming. What *My Twisted W*orld indicates is that after all that went down prior to the issuance of his communiqué his parents should have called the cops the minute they received it. But Peter Rodger's told Barbara Walter's the family did not see it coming:

PETER RODGER IS HAPPY WITH BARBARA WALTER'S PIECE, BUT NOT WITH THIS ONE

In the late 1960's I shared a telephone line with Zev Guber, the stepson of Barbara Walters, whose father owned Westbury Music Fair. Walters is show biz through and through and that was why Peter Rodger chose her to facilitate his rehabilitation into Hollywood society. Of course she refused to bring up the fact he never called 911 or the Santa Barbara Sheriff's Office. It was alright with Barbara that he attempted to handle it on his own even though he knew what the miscreant's intentions were. "I have to save my son. I have to get to Santa Barbara now. I didn't know what -- what he was doing. And then suddenly he's saying he's going to do other things to other people. I was confused. I just wanted to go and find him and -- and talk to him, do something." The minute he got this info this Hollywood scumbag should have called 911. He wanted to "talk to him?" *Now Elliot didn't I teach you that it is not nice to break into a Sorority House and shoot the girls there then burn the place down? We went over that so many times. I am really angry. You are grounded son.* "We were driving up there not knowing what to do trying to get information." Oh bullshit! They were driving there to handle it themselves. The information they needed was directions to the nearest private mental hospital. "We were just driving up there in absolute fear for him and -- and confusion. Witnesses say a BMW with two people inside had people open fire and also run over people. I was hearing, you know, reports of a black BMW, and I was going, "Oh, no, no, no." The two turd bags were in absolute fear for him – in other words they figured he would just kill himself. They were not in fear for his intended victims. It was the BMW that clinched it. Their son says he is going on a killing spree in Santa Barbara and one takes place in Santa Barbara but they had no idea until the BMW was mentioned. They knew the minute it came on

the news it was him. Walters asked: “Did you inform anyone either at the college or the parents of his roommates that he had mental problems?” “I didn't see any reason to because as far as I was concerned he wasn't a threat to himself or anybody else.” Peter Rodger witnessed his son go psycho on couples in various restaurants. His son told him of other attacks on women with water etc. He knew Elliot was unstable. Peter continues “Elliot was far from evil. Something happened to him. I think he became very mentally ill.” That’s the understatement of the year. He knew his son was seriously ill and sent him to a top Hollywood shrink. Peter “What I don't get is, we didn't see this coming at all.” Dirty lie. They sent the Deputies over to his apartment to check on him. Peter Rodgers blamed the deputies for not doing a gun check. But what he left out was that his mom covered for him in a cell phone call the deputies made to her while they were interviewing him. Peter Rodger denied receiving a cell phone call from the Santa Barbara’s Sheriff’s in a letter from Peter Rodger to ABC-News:

> Rodger said at first he thought his son was a victim of the shootings in the community of Isla Vista. **Only when he went on the Internet in the early-morning hours following the killings did he learn that Elliot was the main suspect.**

Did they have internet on their cell phone in the car? Was there Wi Fi on the highway? This contradicted the Santa Barbara Sheriff’s Report which stated Elliot’s therapist called at 10:15 PM and gave them the cell phone numbers of his parents who were called immediately. It also contradicted statements from the family attorney and PR man.

“We didn’t see this coming at all,” There’s no way I thought this boy could hurt a flea. This is the most unbelievable thing ever.” Another dirty lie! Elliot wrote that his parents felt he was become “too radical” in his woman hating beliefs and had shipped him off to Morocco. Later they observed his disturbing videos. They had observed his hostility and frustration when it came to females on numerous occasions. They knew he was a time bomb that was about to explode.

MARTINEZ BLAMES NRA RATHER THAN PETER RODGER

Peter Rodger and Richard Martinez, whose son will killed by Elliot Rodger met privately at a coffee shop in Santa Barbara, according to KEYT-TV. “I have met with Peter Rodger and we plan to work

together so other families such as ours will not suffer as ours have." Martinez is being played for a sucker – a recently released police document indicates that Peter Rodger was responsible for Martinez's son's death. I contacted Mr. Martinez and subsequently received a reply from Every Town For Gun Safety. It contained questions such as:

> Do you support a law that would prohibit convicted stalkers, people convicted of abusing a dating partner, and people subject to a domestic violence restraining order against a dating partner from having guns?
>
> Do you support increased funding for the programs that help states submit records to the National Instant Criminal Background Check System (NICS) to block severely mentally ill people from buying guns?

The sponsors of this group are billionaires and gun crime victims. The oligarchs live in compounds with body guards. Like Eli Broad and Irwin M. Jacobs, two Jews who along with Mike Bloomberg want to make it more difficult for Jews to defend themselves if the Nazi should ever God forbid come to power in America. Another is the head of the Urban League. Hadiya Pendleton was shot just days after traveling to Washington, D.C., to participate in festivities surrounding President Obama's inauguration. Her death made national headlines, adding fuel to calls for stricter gun control and focusing attention on Chicago, where more than 500 people were killed last year. Her parents are part of this group. Could stricter gun laws have prevented this psycho from carrying out his act? Elliot Rodger had a clean criminal record. Had the Santa Barbara Sheriff's office arrested him for attempting to push the coeds off a 10 foot ledge he wouldn't have gotten the guns. But his father had a talk with them and something transpired. When he got pushed off instead he suffered severe injuries and the cops knew that. They messed up with the welfare check because his mother covered for him during a cell phone call the deputies made to her. She had second thoughts about having reporting him. And as stated Peter Rodger never called 911 nor did his wife Ong Li Chin Rodger nor did the therapist Gavin James Linderman immediately notify police that a maniac was on the loose in Isla Vista. Here is the real story, not the Barbara Walter's lie.

THE RODGERS AND LINDERMAN FAILED TO CALL 911 UPON RECEIPT OF EMAIL CONTAINING DEADLY THREATS

About 30 minutes before opening fire in central Isla Vista on Friday May 23, Rodger emailed his manifesto to 30 people including his parents, therapists and former teachers. Gavin Linderman immediately telephoned Rodger's mother LiChin Rodger. He said "Have you gotten Elliot's email? I think you should see it." Gavin sat on the information. Did he reason that under a recent California State law he had 24 hours to report this threat to the authorities so he and Elliot Rodger's parents might be able to manage this by themselves and stay within the law? Gavin also believed Elliot would adhere to the date of Retribution Day as Saturday May 24. Who is Gavin Linderman? Gavin's website:

> Gavin Linderman works with clients one-on-one both in their homes and in the community to enhance skills needed to reduce the impact their ***mental illness*** or

developmental disability, or other specific challenge has on their life. Gavin Linderman's person-centered plans are guided by the participant and recognize incremental goals.

Gavin Linderman is a mentor, ally, coach, life instructor, and friend. He takes the time to understand you, the client, because this is your life and he is here to support your dreams! Come get to know Gavin and see if you want him to travel on your life journey with you.

Contact: Gavin@Gavinlinderman.com

1231 S Bundy Dr, Apt 2 Los Angeles, CA 90025

California has 21 regional centers with more than 40 offices located throughout the state that serve individuals with developmental disabilities and their families. Michael Danneker, Director 5901 Green Valley Circle, Suite 320 Culver City, CA 90230 Telephone: (310) 258-4000 Fax: (310) 649-1024 Website: http://www.westsiderc.org (website shut down)

Gavin rolled up his therapist operation and has disappeared from the radar after the mass murder because he wants to keep a low profile and not get indicted for going along with LiChin and not calling the cops earlier. This is what Elliot Rodgers had to say about Linderman:

> While I visited home, my parents, along with my psychiatrist ***Dr. Charles Sophy***, arranged for a counsellor to meet me frequently and help me out with my life. His name was Gavin Linderman, a clean-cut twenty five-year-old. He had a similar role to Tony, my old counsellor from ***the regional center*** back when I was nineteen, except Gavin was much younger and acted more like a friend who could take me out to places. Every time I went back to visit my parents, I would meet up with Gavin once. We usually met up at a restaurant somewhere, or went on a hike. I told him about all of my problems with girls, and all of the hardships I've had to face in Santa Barbara. Being familiar with Isla Vista himself, since he spent a great deal of time there when he was younger, he confirmed to me that yes, the girls in Isla Vista prefer tall, muscular, rowdy jock-type men.
>
> Gavin was the only young person I really interacted with at the time, besides the occasional meetings with Philip and Addison. He was a good-looking guy, with a chiseled jaw and bright blonde hair. Whenever we went out to a restaurant, or anywhere that had girls, I got extremely jealous when I saw that girls were checking him out instead of me. This one girl at a restaurant in Santa Monica was staring at him the whole time we were sitting there. No girl had ever done that to me. This only made me more aware that girls did not consider me physically attractive. My hatred of the female gender could grow no stronger. It was too much.
>
> Gavin came to visit me at the hotel, [where Elliot Rodger was recuperating from a broken leg he received after he attacked women at a lawn party] and he was welcome

company. It was really getting lonely there, though it was definitely better than being lonely in Isla Vista. The two of us sat down for three hours in my hotel room to have an important conversation. I explained to him my finely altered version of everything that happened on that night in Isla Vista. He didn't seem surprised. When he was my age, he used to go up to Isla Vista quite often. He told me that the kind of brutal, rowdy atmosphere I've witnessed was part of the culture there. The boisterous, wild frat boys get all of the beautiful girls, and everyone is looking for a fight, like the vicious animals they are. ***He said it was a truth I had to accept, advising me to move out of there.*** I couldn't accept this truth, because it was unjust. I couldn't let such evil exist, and I will not run away from it by moving out of there. I will either thrive there, or destroy the place utterly. Since I failed to thrive there, I had no choice but to plan my Retribution…

When my mother came back from Hawaii, I went to stay at her house for the next month, until my leg healed enough for me to lose the crutches. I didn't want to go back to Santa Barbara while still in crutches, it would be too humiliating, and I had felt humiliated enough there already.

For the first week after surgery, my leg suffered intense searing pain, though that searing pain was nothing compared to the hatred that burned in my heart. During that time, I could barely leave my bed, because whenever I did, the blood rushed to my leg and triggered the pain. For the entire time that I was in the hotel, I stayed in my bed like a vegetable. After that initial week, the pain subsided, and I was able to move about on my crutches with greater ease***. I often did laps around my mother's backyard as a way of venting my anger, sometimes swinging my crutches around as if they were swords, slashing at all of the enemies who had wronged me in life.***

The month that I spent at mother's house was very relaxing, and I tried my best to calm myself down as time passed. I spent a lot of time watching movies, reading books, introspecting, and contemplating about life. I stayed in the house all the time, for I despised having to go out and be seen as a cripple. I already felt insecure enough about myself for being a lonely virgin. Being seen as a cripple was too much salt on the wound.

Gavin came to visit me again, and this time we sat in my mother's dining room to have yet another important conversation about my life and where I was going. ***He tried to advise me again to move out of Isla Vista, but I refused to hear it.*** I moved to Isla Vista with the goal of losing my virginity and attaining the life I desire. If I'm unable to have it, I will destroy it. I will never run away in defeat.

Elliot liked Gavin and confided in him. Gavin had heard Elliot's complaints about being a virgin, how women were unfair to him blah blah blah and when he saw that this had progressed to a declaration of violence he should have dialed 911. He was in over his head. He was the wrong place at the wrong time and did the wrong thing. Who knows what Elliot told him? Perhaps Elliot told Gavin

about his video channel? How early in the game did Gavin see it? Was Linderman told to keep it quiet by LiChin? Was he offered big money?

ELLIOT RODGER'S MOTHER, LiCHIN NEVER CALLED 911 OR THE SANTA BARBARA SHERIFF'S OFFICE

LiChin never made that 911 call as she said she did: According to Simon Astaire Elliot Rodger's mother realized he was going on a killing spree at 9:11 pm and called 911 but the first police reports about this mass murder came when police received the first reports of gunfire at 9:27 p.m. So had she made this call they had 16 minutes to get to the Alpha Phi Sorority named in his suicide note. This is from Elliot Rodger's manifesto suicide note where he describes what he will do after he commits mass murder there: "I will quickly get into the SUV before the police arrive, assuming they would arrive within 3 minutes." If she had called 911 or the Sheriff's office there would have been time to stop him. Note: Having watched the Day of Retribution video Rodger's mother would have mentioned Alpha Phi in her 911 call. Elliott Rogers wrote: "The hottest sorority of UCSB. After doing a lot of extensive research within the last year, I found out that the sorority with the most beautiful girls is Alpha Phi Sorority."

I sent a copy of this research to the Santa Barbara Sheriff's Office, posted it on the Sheriff's Facebook page to find out about the calls to 911 and the Sheriff's Office. The Sheriff's Office released this via the OEM:

THE TIMELINE FOR RECEIPT OF THE "MANIFESTO" AND "RETRIBUTION" VIDEO

> The Sheriff's Office became aware of and received the "Retribution" video and the 137-page "manifesto" approximately one hour after the shooting rampage occurred. The first gunshots were reported at 9:27 p.m. on May 23rd and approximately eight minutes later the incident was over.
>
> Rodger uploaded his "Retribution" video on YouTube at 9:17 p.m. At 9:18 p.m., he e-mailed his "manifesto" to several people, including his mother, father and therapist. The therapist saw the e-mail at approximately 10:00 p.m. and contacted the Santa Barbara Police Department at approximately 10:11 p.m. The Santa Barbara Police Department contacted Rodger's mother to obtain further information. This information was subsequently forwarded to Sheriff's detectives at approximately 10:26 p.m., at which time they first viewed the "manifesto" and "Retribution" video.

LiChin's story and the therapists don't match. She said he called her at 9:11 pm; she checked her sons e-mail and his YouTube Channel and then immediately either dialed 911 or the Sheriff's office. The therapist said he didn't see the email until 10 pm and called the Sheriff's office 10 minutes later. He never mentioned calling LiChin at 9:11 pm. The Sheriff's office confirmed it received this call at that time. What happened was the therapist saw the event on TV or on the internet and realized this happened earlier than the date he had seen in the manifesto so it could not be handled by his employers on the down low and he called the police. He also realized that his not calling the police immediately may have resulted in a mass murder. Gov. Jerry Brown signed into law two bills, one that extended a ban on gun ownership for those who have made a credible threat to a psychotherapist and another that requires a psychotherapist to report a credible violent threat to police within a 24-hour period. So he is off the hook legally but not morally and there are other statutes he could be prosecuted under. After Linderman called it was only then the Sheriff's Office contacted LiChin rather than vise versa. LiChin never called the authorities nor did Peter. When they called her she told them about the video and manifesto only after they questioned her. When the Sheriff's office called her she was on the way to Santa Barbara with her ex-husband to throw a net over her son quietly and discreetly. But it didn't work out, did it? College kids with their lives ahead of them lost everything so she could save face. And they are going to get away with it because they come from a privileged Hollywood caste.

LiChin went to his YOUTUBE channel and viewed his Day of Retribution video. Rather than dial 911 or the Sheriff's office she chatted up Peter Rodgers. Then she got together with him who was dining with 2 women when he was called on his cell phone. They decided to drive to Isla Vista because as stated Elliot had scheduled the mass murder for the next day. From the manifesto:

> As April 26th drew ever closer, I prepared myself to the fullest extent. All I had left to do was finish writing this story and film my final video. But then, on Thursday, April 24th, I woke up with a terrible cold. I rarely ever get colds! I've always had a strong immune system. It was as if fate itself was trying to stop me from doing it. But what other reason do I have for living? Alas, there was no way I could carry out my plans if I had a cold. Everything had to be perfect. In addition, I found out that father had arrived home two days earlier than he originally said he would, so if I had indeed went forth with my plans, I would have had to kill my father, which I wouldn't be mentally prepared for. I hastily decided to postpone it to ***Saturday, May 24th, 2014.*** I would definitely be fully recovered from my cold by then. This will also give me a few more weeks of life, and more time to prepare.

The Rodger family lawyer, Alan Shifman, stated: "When Elliot's parents were driving to Isla Vista and heard about the mass murder on the radio LiChin called Gavin Linderman, who told her it was unrelated. He said Elliot promised retribution the following day, and his nature was to stick to such details. By the time LiChin and her ex-husband reached the police station, officers confirmed it was their son, and that he and six others were dead by his hand."

CONSPIRACY AND CRIMINALLY NEGLIGENT ACTS

If LiChin actually called the cops when she said she did and told them what she thought he was planning for Saturday they would have run Rodger's name through their indices and come up with a record of a "welfare check" that went down earlier. They would have taken the threat of mass murder seriously after Sandy Hook, Columbine etc. and put our an APB for him and sent guys with vests and choppers to the Sorority House.

When I first began this investigation there were two alternatives. The cops made a huge error and didn't act on the call or there was no 911 call. The first thing that told me that Elliot's parents wanted to keep this on the down low and did not make the call is their failure to hold a press conference or make a statement – instead they have chosen an attorney and a media expert and PR man, both Jewish, to speak for them. This way if it turns out that the Santa Barbara Sheriff's office says there was no call, they can always say their spokesperson or attorney misunderstood what they told him. Interestingly enough they had their attorney, Alan "Shifty" Schifman meet them in Santa Barbara as they waited to hear if their son was alive or dead. Why did they need a lawyer to be present? Because they failed to notify the authorities of an imminent danger to human life! On June 2, 2014 Peter and LiChin declined to be interviewed by the *New York Times*.

Simon Astaire never mentioned the 911 call in his first accounts of the tragedy because they made this up later on. LiChin never called the cops directly on an earlier occasion.

> At approximately 10:17 p.m. on Wednesday, April 30, 2014, the Santa Barbara County Emergency Communications Center received a call from a mental health staff member assigned to answer the Santa Barbara County Alcohol, Drug and Mental Health Toll Free Access Line. The staff member requested deputies check the welfare of 22-year-old Elliot Rodger, who lived at an apartment in the 6500 block of Seville Road in Isla Vista. The staff member said she had been contacted by a person who identified himself as a friend of Elliot Rodger. Based on information from the caller and Elliot Rodger's mother, the staff member on the Mental Health hot line requested a welfare check on Elliot Rodger.

Gavin Linderman could have made the call because Elliot Rodger had no friends. He mentioned LiChin to the Hot Line and they called her, she did not call them. LiChin claimed she put him up to it after she saw the videos - that is entirely possible. She wanted to distance herself from the police so she had the therapist call. Unfortunately the police involved her.

MORE LIES – THIS TIME SHE IS NOT SURE IF SHE CALLED 911 OR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

L. A. Times:

> LiChin Rodger got the call from her son Elliot Rodger's therapist at **9:17 p.m**. Friday – 13 minutes before authorities say he opened fire outside a sorority house. "Have you gotten Elliot's email?" he said. "I think you should see it." LiChin opened the email, saw the first few lines of a 137-page screed Elliot wrote and instantly knew something was

terribly wrong, said Simon Astaire, a family friend, who is a Hollywood talent agent and media advisor. LiChin Rodger immediately checked Elliot's YouTube channel, where he had posted bizarre videos about how alienated he felt, particularly from women. On top of the video queue was one called "Elliot Rodger's Retribution." After just over two minutes, he said: "On the day of retribution I am going to enter the hottest sorority house of UCSB and I will slaughter every single spoiled, stuck-up blond slut I see inside there." ***Astaire said LiChin called either 911 or the sheriff directly,*** and arranged to meet with authorities when they arrived.

No call, no meeting. What she is doing here is covering her behind in case the cops say there is no 911 tape by saying she might have called the Sheriff directly so if no 911 tape appears she has an excuse if criminally charged. This was a pivotal time in her life – it was about to turn to you know what – and you think she wouldn't remember who she called?

Another news report stated that according to CNN and the *Los Angeles Times*, Rodger's mother saw the killer's 140-page manifesto – against women in general and UCSB students in particular – at **9:11 p.m.** on May 23, which turned out to be after three men had been stabbed to death ***but 20 minutes before three other people were shot dead by Rodger as he drove through Isla Vista in his BMW.*** If there was a call the Santa Barbra Sheriff's office could have stopped this mass murder.

In any event the cops haven't released a recording of LiChin's call because they have stated there was none after this researcher got on their case nor have they released an earlier call about Elliot that the mental health service made and the tape of the cops talking with his mom. There has got to be a tape of this call so we can hear how dangerous the caller says that he is. The Sheriff's office messed up on other key parts of the investigation not on a non-existent 911 call.

THE "WELFARE CHECK" INVOLVING SIX DEPUTIES

In April 2014 LiChin discovered videos such as this one where at the end he made veiled threats against woman with his demonic laugh. Most of the videos concerned how lonely he is, can't find a girl, how it upsets him when he sees couples making out. In one video he focuses on a couple making out on the beach. LiChin heard these threats in these pre-Retribution Day videos.

Attorney Alan "Shifty" Shifman said the Rodger family had called police after being alarmed by YouTube videos "regarding suicide and the killing of people" that their son had been posting. So the cops decided to perform a "welfare check". But as we learned earlier it was not the mother or father who called, and it was not the police who were called, it was a Mental Health Hotline who got in touch with the Santa Barbara County Emergency Communications Center (911) and told them about Mama LiChin.

Elliot Roger wrote “The police told me it was my mother who called them, but my mother told me it was the health agency. My mother had watched the videos and was very disturbed by them. I don’t suppose I’ll ever know the full truth of who called the police on me.”

CNN reported “Santa Barbara County Sheriff Bill Brown first said that authorities had received a tip from LiChin on April 30 concerning Elliot Rodger and carried out a welfare check.” Brown elaborated:

> Well on that day, we were asked by the Mental Health Department to conduct a welfare check with Elliot Rodger to determine if he was a danger to himself or anyone else. This was prompted by a call by a third party. The Mental Health Department contacted one of his relatives who had expressed some concern about his wellbeing. Our deputies went to check on Mister Elliot, contacted him outside his residence, they found him to be, at that time, rather quiet and timid. He was polite and courteous. He was able to convince the deputies that this was all a misunderstanding that although he was having some social problems, he was probably not going to be staying in school and going to be returning home. And he was able to make a very convincing story that there was no problem that he wasn't going to hurt himself or anyone else. And there-- he just didn't meet the criteria for any further intervention at that point. And, obviously, looking back on this it's a very tragic situation and we, certainly, you know, wish that we could turn the clock back and maybe change some things. But at the time, the deputies interacted with him, he was able to convince them that he was okay and when you read his autobiography and manifesto that he wrote it's very apparent that he was able to convince many people for many years that he didn't have this deep, underlying obvious mental illness that ultimately manifested itself in this terrible tragedy.

After I got on their case the Sheriff’s Department issued this additional information.

April 30, 2014 "Check the Welfare" Call

At approximately 10:17 p.m. on Wednesday, April 30, 2014, the Santa Barbara County Emergency Communications Center received a call from a mental health staff member assigned to answer the Santa Barbara County Alcohol, Drug and Mental Health Toll Free Access Line. The staff member requested deputies check the welfare of 22-year-old Elliot Rodger, who lived at an apartment in the 6500 block of Seville Road in Isla Vista. The staff member said she had been contacted by a person who identified himself as a friend of Elliot Rodger. Based on information from the caller and Elliot Rodger’s mother,

the staff member on the Mental Health hot line requested a welfare check on Elliot Rodger.

Four Sheriff's deputies and a UCSB police officer assigned to the Isla Vista Foot Patrol, along with a dispatcher-in-training, responded to the call. The Isla Vista Foot Patrol is made up of Sheriff's deputies and UCSB police officers who offer community policing by patrolling the area in groups of two or three, primarily on foot or bicycle, to protect and serve the large student population and other Isla Vista residents and visitors. Typically, in a "check the welfare" call of this nature, only two deputies would respond. In this case, deputies who were not assigned to the call, but who were familiar with Rodger as a victim in a January 2014 petty theft case, also decided to respond.

When Sheriff's deputies arrived at Rodger's address, they contacted him outside of his residence. Deputies found Rodger to be shy, timid and polite. When questioned by the deputies about reported disturbing videos he had posted on-line, Rodger told them he was having trouble fitting in socially in Isla Vista and the videos were merely a way of expressing himself. Based upon the information available to them at the time, Sheriff's deputies concluded that Rodger was not an immediate threat to himself or others, and that they did not have cause to place him on an involuntary mental health hold, or to enter or search his residence. Therefore, they did not view the videos or conduct a weapons check on Rodger.

A Sheriff's deputy on-scene called Rodger's mother and briefed her on the situation. He then passed the phone to Rodger so he could speak to his mother directly. During the conversation with his mother, Rodger told her he was fine and that he would call her later. Before leaving, deputies gave Rodger information on several local services he could contact if he needed help, including calling the Sheriff's Office. Deputies' contact with Rodger lasted approximately ten minutes.

Based on the information reviewed thus far, the Sheriff's Office has determined that the deputies who responded handled the call in a professional manner consistent with state law and department policy.

Again they are talking to his mommy treating this like a *bad boy* problem. What did they expect to get from talking with mom? This is reminiscent of when the FBI questioned the mother of the Boston bombers. You can read more about this in the JDO report entitled TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE. Don't talk to the mother, watch the videos and go to the source, officers. This is how Elliot Rodgers described how he beat the welfare check:

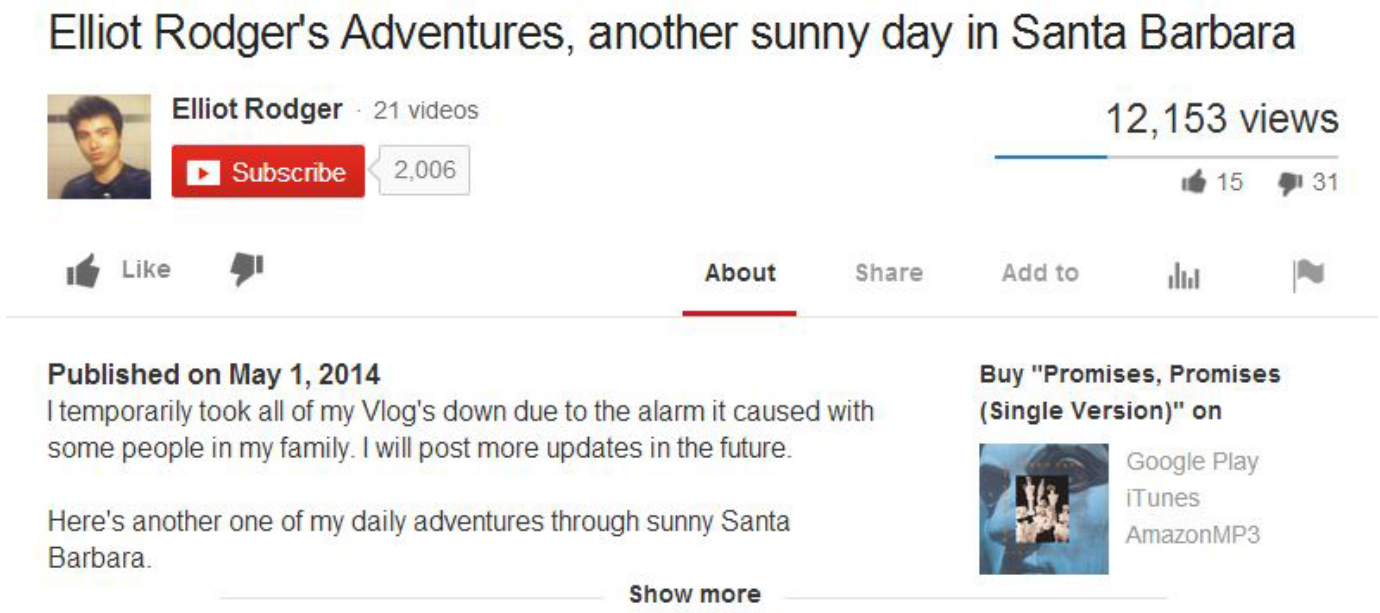
MY TWISTED WORLD

“After only a week passed since I uploaded those videos on Youtube, I heard a knock on my apartment door. **I opened it to see about seven police officers asking for me.** As soon as I saw those cops, the biggest fear I had ever felt in my life overcame me. I had the striking and devastating fear that someone had somehow discovered what I was planning to do, and reported me for it. If that was the case, the police would have searched my room, found all of my guns and weapons, along with my writings about what I plan to do with them. I would have been thrown in jail, denied of the chance to exact revenge on my enemies. I can’t imagine a hell darker than that. Thankfully, that wasn’t the case, but it was so close.

Apparently, someone saw my videos and became instantly suspicious of me. They called some sort of health agency, who called the police to check up on me. The police told me it was my mother who called them, but my mother told me it was the health agency. My mother had watched the videos and was very disturbed by them. I don’t suppose I’ll ever know the full truth of who called the police on me. The police interrogated me outside for a few minutes, asking me if I had suicidal thoughts. I tactfully told them that it was all a misunderstanding, and they finally left. If they had demanded to search my room…

That would have ended everything. For a few horrible seconds I thought it was all over. When they left, the biggest wave of relief swept over me. It was so scary. It was all because of the videos. I must have expressed too much anger in them. I immediately took most of them off of Youtube, and planned to reupload them a few days before the Day of Retribution.

This incident made me realize that I needed to be extra careful. I can’t let anyone become suspicious of me. All it takes is for one person to call the police and tell them that they think I’m going to perpetrate a shooting, and the police will be coming to my door again, demanding to search my room. For the next few days, I felt extremely fearful that they could show up anytime. I kept one of my handguns with a few loaded magazines near me just in case such a thing did happen. If they did show up, I would have to try to quickly shoot them all and escape out the back window. I would then have to perform a hasty mockery of my plans, with the police on my tail. That will ruin everything. Thankfully, all suspicion of me was dropped after I took down the videos from YouTube, and the police never came back.



> On the week leading up to date I set for the Day of Retribution, I uploaded several videos onto Youtube in order to express my views and feelings to the world, though I don't plan on uploading my ultimate video until minutes before the attack, because on that video I will talk about exactly why I'm doing this.

The reason he took them down was because he was afraid the deputies might see them but they never took the time to look. Another question that arises here is why six deputies to talk to this diminutive young college student? Did they do a search to find out if he had purchased a weapon recently and it came up positive? Nothing about that in the Sheriff's updated information bulletin.

WHY SIX DEPUTIES?

> Four Sheriff's deputies and a UCSB police officer assigned to the Isla Vista Foot Patrol, along with a dispatcher-in-training, responded to the call. The Isla Vista Foot Patrol is made up of Sheriff's deputies and UCSB police officers who offer community policing by patrolling the area in groups of two or three, primarily on foot or bicycle, to protect and serve the large student population and other Isla Vista residents and visitors. Typically, in a "check the welfare" call of this nature, only two deputies would respond. In this case, deputies who were not assigned to the call, but who were familiar with Rodger as a victim in a January 2014 petty theft case, also decided to respond.

I don't buy it. That was three times the normal number of officers. The report they had received must have made him seem potentially violent. But he managed the situation to the point where the whole episode sounds more like he is being hauled into the principal's office and the principal calls his mother and tells her about her son's misdeeds in the kid's presence. Elliot was a cunning Ted Bundy-like psychopath.

PREVIOUS INTERACTION WITH POLICE

In January 2014 Rodger accused his roommate of stealing three candles worth $22 and performed a citizen's arrest. The Santa Barbara County Sheriff's Department eventually arrested the roommate and booked him on petty theft charges. He played these cops like a violin as he had in the past.

THE TEN FOOT LEDGE

This is from his manifesto suicide note:

> This last ditch effort of desperation to once again try to live an enjoyable college life in Isla Vista came to an ultimate and devastating culmination on Saturday night, July 20th, just a few days before my 22nd Birthday. It was the day that I decided to go out in Isla Vista in an attempt to lose my virginity before I turned 22. That was the only thing that could have saved me. I was giving the female gender one last chance to provide me with the pleasures I deserved from them. I was too nervous to go out there sober, so I bought a bottle of vodka and took a few shots to garner enough courage to walk out at such an hour. I had taken one too many, for by the time I reached Del Playa Street, my head was clouded with drunkenness. At the start, it benefited me greatly. I saw lots of good looking popular kids socializing in groups all over the place, and if I wasn't drunk it would have intimidated me too much. I was so drunk that I walked right into a wild house party that was taking place on Del Playa. They had a DJ playing annoying hip hop music that all the young people liked these days, and there was a ping pong table set up where lots of popular kids were playing "beer pong", a crude drinking game.
>
> There were about one hundred people at that party, and everyone was socializing with a group of friends except for me. I walked around in my drunken confidence for a few moments, helped myself to the beer they had, and tried to act like a normal party-goer. I soon became frustrated that no one was paying any attention to me, particularly the girls. I saw girls talking to other guys who looked like obnoxious slobs, but none of them showed any interest in me. As my frustration grew, so did my anger. I came across this Asian guy who was talking to a white girl. The sight of that filled me with rage. I always felt as if white girls thought less of me because I was half-Asian, but then I see this white girl at the party talking to a full-blooded Asian. I never had that kind of attention from a white girl! ***And white girls are the only girls I'm attracted to, especially the blondes.*** How could an ugly Asian attract the attention of a white girl, while a beautiful Eurasian like myself never had any attention from them? I thought with rage.
>
> I glared at them for a bit, and then decided I had been insulted enough. I angrily walked toward them and bumped the Asian guy aside, trying to act cocky and arrogant to both the boy and the girl. My drunken state got the better of me, and I almost fell over to the

floor after a few minutes of this. They said something along the lines that I was very drunk and that I needed to get some water, so I angrily left them and went out to the front yard, where the main partying happened. Rage fumed inside me as I realized that I just walked away from that confrontation, so I rushed back into the house and spitefully insulted the Asian before walking outside again.

I stood awkwardly in the front yard for a bit, realizing how pathetic I looked all by myself when everyone was partying around me. *To calm down, I climbed up onto a wooden ledge that bordered the street and plunged down on one of the chairs there. Isla Vista was at its wildest state at that time, and I saw lots of guys walking around with hot blonde girls on their arm. It fueled me with rage, as it always had. I should be one of those guys, but no blonde girls gave me that chance. I looked down at all of them, and in my drunken carelessness, extended my arm out and pretended to shoot them all, laughing giddily as I did it.*

Eventually, some partiers climbed up onto the ledge. They were all obnoxious, rowdy boys whom I've always despised. A couple of pretty girls came up and talked to them, but not to me. They all started socializing right next to me, and none of the girls paid any attention to me. I rose from my chair and tried to act arrogant and cocky toward them, throwing insults at everyone. They only laughed at me and started insulting me back. That was the last straw; I had taken enough insults that night. A dark, hate-fueled rage overcame my entire being, and I tried to push as many of them as I could from the 10-foot ledge. My main target was the girls.[1] *I wanted to punish them for talking to the obnoxious boys instead of me. It was one of the most foolish and rash things I ever did, and I almost risked everything in doing it, but I was so drunk with rage that I didn't care. I failed to push any of them from the ledge, and the boys started to push me, which resulted in me being the one to fall onto the street. When I landed, I felt a snap in my ankle, followed by a stinging pain. I slowly got up and found that I couldn't even walk. I had to stumble, and stumble I did. I tried to get away from there as fast as I could.*

As I stumbled a few yards down Del Playa with my shattered leg, I realized that someone had stolen my Gucci sunglasses that my mother had given me. I loved those sunglasses, and had to get them back. I vehemently turned around and staggered back towards the party. At that point, I was so drunk that I forgot where the party was, and ended up walking onto the front yard of the house next to it, demanding to know who took my sunglasses. The people in this house must have been friends with the ones I previously fought with, for they greeted me with vicious hostility. They called me names like ***"faggot" and "pussy",*** typical things those types of scumbags would say. A whole group of the ***obnoxious brutes*** came up and dragged me onto their driveway, pushing and

1. The *New York Times* reported "He seemed to have grown only more withdrawn after he left home for college. After Mr. Rodger returned to his apartment one night after being beaten up at a party — he had, by his account, tried to shove a girl off a ledge — Chris Pollard, a neighbor, sought to calm him."

hitting me. I wanted to fight and kill them all. I managed to throw one punch toward the main attacker, but that only caused them to beat me even more. I fell to the ground where they started kicking me and punching me in the face.

Eventually, some other people from the street broke up the fight. I managed to have the strength to stand up and stagger away. It was the first time in my life that I had been truly beaten up physically to the point where my face was bruised up. I had suffered a lot of bullying in my life, but most of it wasn't physical. I had never been beaten and humiliated that badly. Everyone in Isla Vista saw what happened, and it was truly horrific.

The worst part of this whole ordeal was not getting beaten up, oh no. It was the fact that no one showed any concern. There was only one group who helped me to the end of Del Playa, but after that they abandoned me. Not one girl offered to help me as I stumbled home with a broken leg, beaten and bloody. If girls had been attracted to me, they would have offered to walk me to my room and take care of me. They would have even offered to sleep with me to make me feel better. But no, not one girl showed an ounce of concern for me. They didn't care. No one cared about me. I was all alone.

As I got to my room, I was so traumatized that I called the only people in the world I knew, my parents and my sister. Yes, I even called my sister, someone I never got along with. I sulked for a long time, and then I reached up to my neck to feel my special golden necklace, and I felt nothing there. In the midst of the fight, one of those horrible punks had snatched off my special golden necklace that my grandma Ah Mah had given me! That necklace was one of the most special items I had, and now those evil, wretched thugs will be selling it to buy drugs. I broke down in anguish and wailed in agony, crying and crying until I passed out in my bed, all alone.

When I woke up the next morning, my leg was in absolute agony. It was purple and swollen, and I could not even stumble anymore. I had to crawl. Being fully sober, all of my anxiety came back. It became very clear to me what had happened. I felt enraged by everything, but also fearful that I might get in trouble. I did try to push girls off of a ledge and threatened to kill all of those people, which could implicate me. I had to concoct a fairly altered story to explain to the police, who would inevitably have to interview me once I got to the hospital and reported my injury.

My father drove up to Santa Barbara to bring me to the hospital. Two police did interview me, and I told them that those boys deliberately pushed me off of the ledge after I acted "cocky" towards them. I didn't mention the girls at all. I expressed to the police of my wishes that they should all be punished for this. The police then went to interview them, and they had their own version of the story. Since there was no actual evidence, the whole case was shortly dismissed. The physician at the hospital put me in a

temporary cast and gave me crutches. On top of all other things in the world that made me feel inferior, I was now a cripple. I felt so defeated and broken. To my horror, the physician said that I would have to be in crutches for the next six weeks, and I might have to get surgery. The leg that broke was my left leg, so I was still able to drive. Shortly after the incident, I drove home to spend the rest of the summer recovering. It was a depressing drive. I had never felt so defeated and wronged in my life. I had actually gone out to a party in Isla Vista, hoping that I would be walking back to my room in triumph with a beautiful girl on my arm, but instead I stumbled back to my room with a shattered leg and shattered hopes.

My 22nd Birthday was a miserable experience. I sat around at my mother's house, staring at my broken leg, feeling so pathetic for being a cripple, as well as a 22-year-old virgin. My mother bought me a new golden necklace to replace the one that was stolen from me, as she knew how heartbroken I was about losing it.

22 Years Old The highly unjust experience of being beaten and humiliated in front of everyone in Isla Vista, and their subsequent lack of concern for my well-being, was the last and final straw. I actually gave them all one last chance to accept me, to give me a reason not to hate them, and they devastatingly blew it back in my face*. I gave the world too many chances. It was time for Retribution.* I went into surgery in the beginning of August. After visiting the local orthopedist, he recommended that I have my broken ankle surgically screwed in place instead of waiting for it to heal by itself. I decided to go through with it, just so I could be out of crutches sooner. My mother drove me to the hospital early in the morning, and I was wrought with fear. I had never been through such a thing in my life. They put me to sleep with anesthesia, and when I woke up my leg burned with pain, though the pain medication they injected in me afterward helped ease this. A new cast was placed on my leg. I didn't even want to think about what it looked like underneath. I was told that they screwed in a titanium plate to hold the fractured bone in place, and it required six screws. I rested in the hospital for a few hours before I was allowed to go home, under the instructions that I would have to keep my leg raised at all times for the next week.

The cops interviewed people at the party and must have been told that he attempted to seriously injure as many people as he could by pushing them off a ten foot drop. Did the cops interview the girls who were his intended victims? Look what happened to him when he took the fall from the ledge. Did he wish the ledge was much higher? The cops should have filed charges against Rodger's when they heard the other side of the story from various party goers. There was evidence – testimony and medical reports of the consequences of the fall that he took. But they just chalked up the whole episode to a drunken brawl. If the cops who found out about the drunken brawl were Jewish they would have asked - "Why is this fight different than all other fights?" Because most other fights involve a guy coming on to someone's chick and the guys fighting it out and maybe others join in. But this fight was different - HE ATTACKED WOMEN HE DIDN'T KNOW, not guys. He should have been charged with attempted murder for trying to push numerous girls off a ledge - he was trying to kill them. So when

they failed to take the nature of this altercation into account when they made their Welfare Check they screwed up again just as they did by not watching his videos that had started this welfare check chain of events.

Note that the Sheriff's Office reported, "Typically, in a 'check the welfare' call of this nature, only two deputies would respond. In this case, deputies who were not assigned to the call, but who were familiar with Rodger as a victim in a January 2014 petty theft case, also decided to respond." No mention is made of the push the girls off the ledge case.

13-10081 Supplement No: ORIG

Report Officer	Printed At	
4122/WEST,M	07/23/2013 15:25	Page 1 of 3

Santa Barbara, CA 93110-1002
Report Type: ALL OTHER
Officer: WEST,M
(805) 681-4100

Administrative Information

Agency	Report No	Supplement No	Reported Date	Reported Time	Status
Santa Barbara County Sheriff	13-10081	ORIG	07/21/2013	12:21	Offense

Report Type	Location
All Other Offenses	6632 DEL PLAYA DR

City	Rep Dist	Area	Beat	From Date	From Time	To Date	To Time
Isla Vista	744	7	70	07/20/2013	23:30	07/21/2013	12:21

Officer	Assignment
4122/WEST,M	SOUTH COUNTY OPS - ISLA VISTA

2nd Officer	Assignment	Entered by	Assignment
PIERCE,G	UCPD ASSIGNED TO IVFP	4122	SOUTH COUNTY OPS - ISLA VISTA

RMS Transfer	Prop Trans Stat	Approving Officer	Approval Date	Approval Time
Successful	Successful	3537	07/23/2013	10:41:05

Photograph(s): Yes

# Offenses	Offense	Description	Complaint Type
1	PC422.6	Hate Crime Allegagti	

Person Summary

Invl	Invl No	Type	Name	MNI	Race	Sex	DOB
VIC	1	I	RODGER,ELLIOT OLIVER ROBERTSON	770671	W	M	
WIT	1	I	ISODA,YUKITO ROBERT	770673	A	M	

Summary Narrative

Unknown suspects dragged the victim out of a front yard toward the driveway kicking and punching him. While the victim was being battered one of the suspects called him a "Faggot." The victim sustained several abrasions and contusions due to the attack. This is a violation of 422.6 PC/Hate crime.

13-10081 Supplement No ORIG

Santa Barbara County Sheriff

Victim (Person) 1: RODGER,ELLIOT OLIVER ROBERTSON

Involvement	Invl No	Type	Name	MNI
Victim (Person)	1	Individual	RODGER,ELLIOT OLIVER ROBERTSON	770671

Race	Sex	DOB	Age	Juvenile?	Height	Weight	Hair Color	Eye Color	PRN
White	Male		21	No	[redacted]				1121270

Type	Address	City	State
Home		Isla Vista	California

Date: 07/21/2013

Type	ID No	OLS
Operator License		California

Phone Type	Phone No	Date	Phone Type	Phone No
Cell		07/21/2013	Home	

Date: 07/21/2013

Employer/School: SBCC

Witness 1: ISODA,YUKITO ROBERT

Involvement	Invl No	Type	Name	MNI	Race
Witness	1	Individual	ISODA,YUKITO ROBERT	770673	Other Asian

Sex	DOB	Age	Juvenile?	PRN
Male		26	No	1121271

Type	Address	City	State
Home		TORRANCE	California

ZIP Code	Date
90504	07/21/2013

Phone Type	Phone No	Date
Cell		07/21/2013

Modus Operandi

Physical Evidence	Crime Code(s)
Photos	All others

Narrative

A.)Continuations:
None

B.)Evidence:
Several digital photographs were taken of Elliot Rodger's injuries and booked into Forensics as evidence.

C.)Narrative:
On 07-21-13, at approximately 1221 hours, Cpl. Pierce and I were dispatched to Goleta Valley Cottage Hospital for a report of a battery that occurred on Del Playa Dr. the night prior. Upon our arrival, I contacted Elliot Rodger in the lobby of the Emergency Room. Upon speaking with Rodger, he informed me of the following:

On 07-20-13, at approximately 2330 hours, he was at a party, which was later determined to be at 6644 Del Playa Dr., when he got into a verbal altercation with four male subjects. He said during the altercation he called one of the subjects "Ugly" prior to being pushed off a 10 foot high ledge. He said he fell off the ledge onto the sidewalk and then stumbled his way into the front yard of 6632 Del Playa Dr.

He said when he walked into the front yard he found a chair and sat down. He said several minutes later approximately ten male subjects approached him and said, "Get the fuck out of here." He said the subjects then grabbed him and dragged him toward the driveway kicking and punching him. He said while the subjects were attacking him one of them called him a "Faggot." He said he was able to punch one of the subjects before they stopped attacking him. He said he then walked back to his apartment located at 6598 Seville Rd. #7.

I asked Rodger if he had gone out in Isla Vista by himself and he said, "Yes." I asked Rodger how much alcohol he had been drinking when the altercation began and he said, "I drank two beers." I asked Rodger why he had been attacked and called a "Faggot" and he said, "I don't know why." I asked Rodger why he didn't call law enforcement after he was assaulted and said, "I didn't know who to call."

I asked Rodger if he could describe any of the subjects who attacked him and he informed me of the following:

Santa Barbara County Sheriff

Narrative

The first suspect was described as an Asian male, approximately 18-22 years of age, 5'09", average build, with black hair, wearing blue jeans, and dark blue sweatshirt.

The second suspect was described as an Hispanic male, approximately 18-22 years of age, 6'02", skinny build, short black hair, and unknown clothing description.

During my contact with Rodger he appeared to not be forth coming with me. He appeared timid and shy and would not go into great detail about what had occurred.

I advised Rodger that when he was released from the Hospital to contact me at the Isla Vista Foot Patrol Office and bring me a copy of his medical paper work. Rodger stated he would contact me and provide me with a copy. At this time, I have not heard back from Rodger.

I spoke with Rodger's father, Peter Rodger, who stated he had spoken to the tenants who live in the upstairs apartment of He said the tenants were very cooperative and polite and stated they were not at their residence at the time of the assault.

I observed Rodger had the following injuries:

He had [redacted] on both his forearms and elbows. He had [redacted] on his knuckles where he admitted to punching his attackers. I observed his left eye was [redacted] and there were [redacted] on the left and right side of his face. There was also [redacted] on his back and his left ankle was [redacted] and had a [redacted] to it.

I took several digital photographs of Rodger's injuries and booked them into Forensics as evidence.

At approximately 1320 hours, Cpl. Pierce and I went to [redacted] nd spoke with a witness, who was identified as Yukito Isoda, who informed me of the following:

On 07-20-13, he was at his friend's residence with a group of friends when a subject stood up and began to push two females. He said he caught one of the females who was pushed, preventing her from falling off a 10 ft. ledge. He said the subject then pushed the second female who fell into a cradle position to prevent herself from falling off the ledge. He said the subject pushed two more people before jumping off of the 10 ft. ledge and running eastbound on Del Playa Dr.

I asked Isoda if he could describe the subject and he informed me of the following:

White male adult, skinny build, 18-19 years old, with dark colored hair.

I asked Isoda if he knew what provoked the subject and he said, "No." I asked Isoda if he observed the subject with anyone at the party and he said, "No." Isoda stated the subject's demeanor was strange and he did not appear to be socializing with people at the party.

It is my professional opinion the subject Isoda described was Rodger.

At approximately 1335 hours, Cpl. Pierce and I went to and attempted to speak with the tenants of the residence but were unable to get a hold of anyone.

D.)Case suspended pending leads.

On July 20, 2013 Yukito Isoda was at a friend's residence (deleted) with a group of friends when a subject stood up and began to push two females. He said he caught one of the females who was pushed, preventing her from falling off a ten foot ledge. He said the subject pushed the second female who fell into a cradle position preventing her from falling off the ledge. He said the subject pushed two more people before jumping off the ten foot ledge and running east bound on Del Playa Drive.

If Officer M. West would have brought charges against Elliot Rodger things might have been very different. He had a witness who could have named other witnesses. But all he did was ask Peter Rodger to send him the follow up medical reports on this son.

MENTAL CASE FROM THE WORD GO

Gavin's phone records should be checked to see if he called Elliot Rodger's shrink, Charles Sophy after he got the manifesto email. If he did and Dr. Sophy did not act immediately he is guilty of criminal negligence. Dr. Charles Sophy is a high-ranking official with the Los Angeles Dept. of Children and Family Services where he is responsible for the mental health needs of nearly 20,000 foster children. He also has a Beverly Hills-based private psychiatric practice. Sophy was involved in the Michael Jackson child molestation case, the Paris Hilton jail saga (when she was suffering from panic attacks) and counseled Taylor Armstrong during her split with her husband. He has been a guest on numerous TV talk shows.

After earning his osteopathic medical degree from the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Dr. Sophy completed his postgraduate training in family medicine at what is now Springfield Hospital in Springfield, Penn., and training in adult psychiatry at Norristown State Hospital in Philadelphia. He also completed a child/adolescent psychiatry fellowship at Hahnemann University Hospital in Philadelphia. Dr. Sophy is board certified in three clinical specialties: adult psychiatry, child & adolescent psychiatry and family practice. His first mention of Doctor Sophy:

> When I got to the park I sat in my car for hours, crying and crying and crying. I wailed with agony. My tears streamed down my face and stained my collar. I couldn't take it anymore. Feeling the need to talk to someone, I called the only people I had in my life: My parents. I called them both, first my mother and then my father and I told them both how much I was suffering from my loneliness, and my utter realization that I had no hope of ever having a happy life. I told them that they must be ashamed of me, that I was a 21 year old virgin who is unable to get a girlfriend or making any friends whatsoever. I was not the son any parent would want. ***My tantrum to my parents on the phone deeply disturbed them, and they arranged for me to see my psychiatrist, Dr. Charles Sophy, when I return home for the winter break.***
>
> Elliot writes this about Dr. Sophy:
>
> My parents arranged for us to have a conference with my Psychiatrist, ***Dr. Charles Sophy***. I set out with my mother to meet father outside Dr. Sophy's house in Beverly Hills, and when we got there we were surprised to see that Soumaya [Peter Rodger's

> new wife] had come for the conference too. This presented a conflict, because Soumaya and my mother had recently had an argument due to Soumaya refusing to let me stay at father's house during my mother's trip to Hawaii. For more than half of the conversation, the doctor spent time resolving this petty conflict instead of addressing the troubles that I was going through. When we finally did get to my situation, Dr. Sophy ended up giving me the same useless advice that every other psychiatrist, psychologist, and counsellor had given me in the past. ***I don't know why my parents wasted money on therapy, as it will never help me in my struggle against such a cruel and unjust world.*** The doctor ended up dismissing it by prescribing me a controversial medication, Risperidone. After researching this medication, I found that it was the absolute wrong thing for me to take. I refused to take it, and **I never saw Dr. Sophy again after that**.

Risperidone belongs to a class of drugs called atypical anti-psychotics. It works by helping to restore the balance of certain natural substances in the brain. Risperidone does not alter the course of autistic disorder, but is effective for controlling irritability and other associated symptoms. Risperdal is FDA-approved for: Autistic disorder – irritability: children age 5 to 16. Elliot was over 16 by this time. What else was it prescribed for? Bipolar I disorder, manic or mixed phase: children age 10 and up, adults (oral only) Schizophrenia: children age 13 and up (oral only), adults (oral and intramuscular) Risperidone is also used to treat: ***Aggression*** False perceptions, Tourette's syndrome.

In retrospect Dr. Sophy misdiagnosed him. It wasn't just autism that needed to be treated, it was psychopathic Nazi-like thoughts.

There should be a hearing to determine the facts as there is no doctor-patient confidentiality in a criminal proceeding.

> To end my life, I will quickly swallow all of the Xanax and Vicodin pills I have left, along with an ample amount of hard liquor. Immediately after imbibing this mixture, I will shoot myself in the head with two of my handguns simultaneously. If the gunshots don't kill me, the deadly drug mixture eventually will. I will not suffer being captured and sent to prison.

Xanax is a member of the family of drugs called benzodiazepines. It suppresses the output of neurotransmitters that interpret fear. It quells the racing heart, spinning thoughts, prickly scalp, and hyperventilation associated with fear's neurotic cousin, anxiety, and does it more or less instantly. Vicodin is perscribed for mild to severe pain often after a surgery, but sometimes for long-term use. It has been suggested Xanax played a part in aggravating Rodger's violent behavior – however before the mass murder Rodger's was hoarding his supply to use in his suicide. Rodger never smoked pot in his life:

> When I got there, I was overcome by anxiety, but I couldn't back out at that point. I paid the entry fee of $5 and walked right in. To my dismay, the party was smaller than I expected. All of the kids were smoking marijuana, and they all seemed to know each

other. It would only be a matter of time before they detected that I was an outcast. I stood around awkwardly for a few minutes before giving up and walking home.

Rodger's videos are clearly the work of an evil subhuman being. His parents and shrink should have had him institutionalized the minute they saw threats and the maniacal laughter in the pre-Retribution videos. But they were in denial. And they didn't want the stigma of mental illness to fall on the family. They avoided it with the "oh he's not nuts, he's not a freak, he has Aspersers but he is high functioning." They saw him make these threats on the video and no doubt heard him rant and rave about women because he was not one to keep his thoughts and complaints to himself. They parents covered up the extent of his psychopathology and let him go to community college on his own. A child of the Hollywood Hills enrolled in community college? He was downright stupid. His parents knew his adjustment was a long shot and now they must pay dearly. So many folks have been made to suffer in order to save their family's reputation. They must be both broken in half, not physically of course, economically.

AUTISTIC CHILDREN OF THE RULING CLASS

"Autism" as a clinical term originally coined by the Swiss psychiatrist Eugen Bleuler in 1919; Bleuler had also coined the word "schizophrenia." It means self and was first described by Leo Kanner and Hans Asperger in the 1940s. Kanner described a distinct syndrome instead of previous depictions of such children as feeble-minded, retarded, moronic, idiotic or schizoid. This was a false differentiation to satisfy the parents of Leo's patients. The syndrome usually appears before 2 years of age. Autistic infants appear indifferent or averse to affection and physical contact. They may be slow in learning to speak and suffer episodes of rage or panic. This causes problems in forming relationships and in communicating with other people. Though postnatal factors such as lack of parental attention were once blamed, it is now known that autism is the result of abnormalities in the brain structure. About 15–20% of autistic adults live and work independently. These are the high functioning autistics. Hans Asperger was a Viennese child psychologist who published the first definition of Asperger syndrome in 1944. In four boys, he identified a pattern of behavior and abilities that he called "autistic psychopathy" meaning autism (self) and psychopathy (personality disease). The pattern included "a lack of empathy,

little ability to form friendships, one-sided conversation, intense absorption in a special interest, and clumsy movements."

Elliot never once mentioned the word autism in *My Twisted World*. He wrote about regional centers which are state run institutions to help parents with their mental case kids. He talked about 2 shrinks and medication. He mentioned Gavan and other therapists. But he never addressed the question of whether his problems finding a girlfriend stemmed from his mental illness. Autism plus coming from the ruling class is a deadly combination. Adam Lanza's father was tax director for General Electric and James Eagan Holmes Grandfather was in the CIA from its inception.

During divorce proceedings Elliot's father countered his mother's claim that their son was special needs and autistic. "Though LiChin Rodger claims in her court documents that Elliot is a high functioning autistic child, I was not involved in any prior evaluation of Elliot. LiChin did not inform me about any evaluation of Elliot," Peter wrote in the court documents. This statement obviously upset Peter, and he claimed he would have his son properly evaluated by medical professionals, which LiChin agreed to. "This disturbed me greatly. I am now in the process of having Elliot evaluated by a child psychiatrist. LiChin Rodger has agreed to be a part of the process." There is no word on whether or not Peter and LiChin had Elliot evaluated after their divorce, or what the end result of the evaluation may have been. Peter might have chosen a professional who would be paid to say the scum was not autistic. Adam Lanza, the nut who mass murdered school children was "autistic." James Egan Holmes was rumored to have suffered from autism: "Aurora police seized four prescription bottles and immunization records when they searched theater-shooting suspect James Holmes' apartment in July, according to newly obtained filings in the murder case against Holmes. The disclosures come in a back-and-forth between prosecutors and defense attorneys over whether those items should be subject to doctor-patient confidentiality. The judge ultimately ruled in October that prosecutors could keep the items."

Some people believe that autism is linked to the use of birth control pills. Elliot wrote:

> My mother and father had been married for a couple of years before my mother became pregnant with me. In fact, her pregnancy was an accident. She had been taking pills to prevent pregnancy, but when she visited my father on one of his film sets, she fell ill and the medication she took for that illness thwarted the effect of the anti-pregnancy pills, and so their lovemaking during this period resulted in my life.
>
> I was born to young parents. My father, Peter Rodger, was only 26 when he impregnated my mother, Chin, who was 30. Peter is of British descent, hailing from the prestigious Rodger family; a family that was once part of the wealthy upper classes before they lost all of their fortune during the Great Depression.
>
> My father's father, George Rodger, was a renowned photo-journalist who had taken very famous photographs during the Second World War, ***though he failed to reacquire the family's lost fortune***. My mother is of Chinese descent. She was born in Malaysia, and moved to England at a young age to work as a nurse on several film sets, where she

became friends with very important individuals in the film industry, including George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. She even dated George Lucas for a short time.

Why does the world owe Elliot Rodger a living? What makes him different than all others? All he did in life was play video games. He was terminally narcissistic. He complained that his grandfather betrayed him by never regaining his fortune. In reality he is nothing compared to his George Rodger because he had no accomplishments to speak of in life. What value did the high school graduate have for society? In *My Twisted World* he writes:

> After asking Tony, my social skills counsellor, if I could get a job through the regional center, he called me back and told me that there was a job available for me. I didn't get much information about it, but I decided to sign up for it right there and then. After this was secure, I was comfortable enough to tell my mother that I dropped my class at Moorpark. I could have lied to her and told her that I never dropped the class, but at that time I was too scared to lie to her.
>
> ***I started a day of working at this new job. It was located in an office building that was connected to an Airport in Los Angeles. To my horror and humiliation, the job turned out to be a menial custodial job, and I had to clean offices and even the bathrooms.*** There was no way I would ever degrade myself to such a level. I felt like utter shit from even considering working at such a place. I only worked for a few hours while I thought about how to handle this foul situation… and on the next day I called to announce that I was quitting. That was the second and last "job" I would ever have. I only worked there for less than a day.

That is all Elliot Rodger was – a latrine cleaner. But the Rodger family was the opposite. Prior to Elliot, the Rodger family was untainted by scandal. Peter Rodger's was a Hollywood type who equated Judaism and Christianity with Islam. Basically he made a "peace now" J-Street type film. He married a Muslim who starred in an anti-Israeli film. Elliot was planning on murdering her too. LiChin spawned this mental defective. She was a Chinese-Malaysian nurse but what did she nurse on? Why would important people in Hollywood want to get involved with her? LiChin was a Hollywood whore leaching off the super-rich. Elliot knew this and he tried to pimp her off:

> I found out that my mother was actually dating Jack, the wealthy man who owned the Malibu beach house. I always thought he was only her friend. My mother never told me or my sister about any men that she dated. She always kept that strictly private. I hadn't even met Jack yet. He was worth well over $500 million, and he owned other mansions in Bel Air and Beverly Hills.
>
> When I found out about this, I started to harbor the hope that my mother will get married to this man, and I will be part of a rich family. That will definitely be a way out of my miserable and insignificant life. Money would solve everything. I started to frequently ask my mother to seek marriage with this man, or any wealthy man for that matter. She always adamantly refused, and demanded that I stopped talking about it.

She told me that she never wanted to get married again after her experience with my father. ***I told her that she should sacrifice her well-being for the sake of my happiness, but this only offended her further.***

CHAPTER FOUR

ELLIOT WAS GOING TO KILL HIS LITTLE HALF BROTHER BUT CHANGED HIS MIND

In *My Twisted World* Elliot writes about saving his kid brother's life but in retrospect it would come as no surprise if he set the whole thing up to make himself look like a hero. He was planning to kill his little brother and step mother but never carried that part of it through nor did he dump the heads of his roommates onto the street as he wrote that he would. He hated his half brother:

> On top of this, I had to deal with another change at father's house that angered me to no end. I had to give up my lovely, huge, and luxurious downstairs room. It was all because baby Jazz got a new nanny. Once again, Jazz's existence caused me to lose my room at father's house. This time, father made my room into his new office. He split his old office into two bedrooms, in which I got one of them and the nanny got the other. My new room was much smaller, and it didn't have its own bathroom. My downstairs room was the best part of being at father's house, and it was all gone. I started to really hate going there.
>
> I had an argument with Soumaya while I was visiting father's house. It started when she began to boast that my brother Jazz was recently signed by an agent to act in T.V. commercials. She said that by the time he is my age, he will be a successful actor. I talked about how Jazz was already so socially savvy for his age, and how I've always

envied him for it. She told me he will never have any problems with girls, and will lose his virginity while he's young. I had to sit there and listen to the bitch tell me that my little brother will grow up enjoying the life I've always craved for, but missed out on. It is very unfair how some boys are able to live such pleasurable lives while I never had any taste of it, and now it has been confirmed to me that my little brother will become one of them. He will become a popular kid who gets all the girls. Girls will love him. He will become one of my enemies.

That was the day that I decided I would have to kill him on the Day of Retribution. I will not allow the boy to surpass me at everything, to live the life I've always wanted. It's not fair that he has the chance to have a pleasurable life while I've been denied it. It will be a hard thing to do, because I had really bonded with my little brother in the last year, and he respected and looked up to me. But I would have to do it. If I can't live a pleasurable life, then neither will he! I will not let him put my legacy to shame.

In order to kill Jazz, I would have to kill Soumaya too, but that will be easy. All I would need to do is think about all of the hurtful things she had said to me in that past as I plunge my knife into her neck. But what if father is in the house to stop me? Would I have to kill him too? That would be too much. I remember, when I was a child, I had dreams about my father dying, and I woke up crying to my mother, in which she would comfort me and tell me that it was just a dream. How could my life have resorted to the point where I am the one to kill my own father? I felt sick to my stomach.

I concluded that I would have to set the Day of Retribution during a time when my father is out of the country, on one of his business trips. It would be too risky to try to kill him. I might hesitate at the last second.

When I thought about all of this, I truly did feel sick. I felt a shiver run through me. My whole world had become so twisted and wrong. I didn't want it to come to this. I desperately wanted a way out.

This is his Elliot the Hero story:

The party was a pool party, and my brother Jazz had full exposure to the swimming pool. He had already learned how to walk, but he couldn't swim. At one instance as I was eating lunch, *I saw Jazz quickly run off from the adults, completely unattended. I then watched as he curiously examined the water, and then descended into steps of the shallow end of the pool. Before long, he lost his footing on the steps and his whole body sank into the water. Nobody noticed. He was going to drown, I thought with panic.* I ran as fast as I could, plunging into the water with my clothes still on, and pulled him out. I asked him how he was doing, and he coughed up some water and told me he felt fine. The only person who saw this happen was a little girl who was swimming in the shallow end. I saved his life, and my brother remembers it to this very day. Every single second

of my brother's life, everything that happens to him in the future, will exist because I pulled him out of the water that day.

Why did Roger wait until Jazz almost drowned to save him? Why didn't he call out "My brother is drowning." This kid was a psycho from the word go and believe you me the parents knew it.

CHAPTER FIVE

NAZI MENTALITY: DEATH CAMPS FOR WOMEN

Elliot Roger thought of himself as a Nazi despite his being half White half Chinese, a mixture that doesn't go over big with racialists. He was totally out of touch with reality living in a video game world and his parents knew it. Peter Rodger had not given up on him. He was privy to his son's complaints about Blacks and Mexican getting all the Blondes and let it slide. Elliot Rodger dreamed of doing to women what Hitler did to the Jewish people – put them in death camps.

> In order to completely abolish sex, women themselves would have to be abolished. All women must be quarantined like the plague they are, so that they can be used in a manner that actually benefits a civilized society. In order carry this out, there must exist a new and powerful type of government, ***under the control of one divine ruler, such as myself.*** The ruler that establishes this new order would have complete control over every aspect of society, in order to direct it towards a good and pure place.
>
> At the disposal of this government, there needs to be a highly trained army of fanatically loyal troops, in order to enforce such revolutionary laws.
>
> ***The first strike against women will be to quarantine all of them in concentration camps. At these camps, the vast majority of the female population will be deliberately starved to death. That would be an efficient and fitting way to kill them all off.*** I would take great pleasure and satisfaction in condemning every single woman on earth to starve to death. I would have an enormous tower built just for myself, where I can oversee the entire concentration camp and gleefully watch them all die. If I can't have them, no one will, I'd imagine thinking to myself as I oversee this. Women represent everything that is unfair with this world, and in order to make the world a fair place, they must all be eradicated. A few women would be spared, however, for the sake of reproduction. These women would be kept and bred in secret labs. There, they will be artificially inseminated with sperm samples in order to produce offspring. Their depraved nature will slowly be bred out of them in time.
>
> Future generations of men would be oblivious to these remaining women's existence, and that is for the best. If a man grows up without knowing of the existence of women, there will be no desire for sex. Sexuality will completely cease to exist. Love will cease to exist. There will no longer be any imprint of such concepts in the human psyche. It is the only way to purify the world.

In such a pure world, the man's mind can develop to greater heights than ever before. Future generations will live their lives free of having to worry about the barbarity of sex and women, which will enable them to expand their intelligence and advance the human race to a state of perfect civilization.

It is such a shameful pity that my ideal world cannot be created. I realized long ago that there is no way I could possibly rise to such a level of power in my lifetime, with the way the world is now. Such a thing will never become a reality for me, but it did give me something to fantasize about as I burned with hatred towards all women for rejecting me throughout the years. This whole viewpoint and ideology of abolishing sex stems from being deprived of it all my life. If I cannot have it, I will do everything I can to DESTROY IT.

My orchestration of the Day of Retribution is my attempt to do everything, in my power, to destroy everything I cannot have. All of those beautiful girls I've desired so much in my life, but can never have because they despise and loathe me, I will destroy. All of those popular people who live hedonistic lives of pleasure, I will destroy, because they never accepted me as one of them. I will kill them all and make them suffer, just as they have made me suffer. It is only fair.

Why do things have to be this way? I'm sure that is the question everyone will be asking after the Day of Retribution is over. They will all be asking why. Indeed, why? That is the question I've had for everyone throughout all my years of suffering. Why was I condemned to live a life of misery and worthlessness while other men were able to experience the pleasures of sex and love with women? Why do things have to be this way? I ask all of you.

All I ever wanted was to love women, and in turn to be loved by them back. Their behavior towards me has only earned my hatred, and rightfully so! I am the true victim in all of this. I am the good guy. Humanity struck at me first by condemning me to experience so much suffering. I didn't ask for this. I didn't want this. I didn't start this war… I wasn't the one who struck first… But I will finish it by striking back. I will punish everyone. And it will be beautiful. Finally, at long last, I can show the world my true worth.

What about his mother LiChin? Would she be sent to the Elliot Rodger's death camp after all she was a woman. Just like Adam Lanza the miscreant was living with the mother because the father couldn't stomach it. Only a mother's love could. Elliot was a racist pig:

HATRED FOR HISPANICS AND BLACKS

My first week turned out to be very unpleasant, leaving a horrific first impression of my new life in Santa Barbara. My two housemates were nice, but they kept inviting over this friend of theirs named Chance. He was black boy who came over all the time, and I

hated his cocksure attitude. Inevitably, a vile incident occurred between me and him. I was eating a meal in the kitchen when he came over and started bragging to my housemates about his success with girls. I couldn't stand it, so I proceeded to ask them all if they were virgins. They all looked at me weirdly and said that they had lost their virginity long ago. I felt so inferior, as it reminded me of how much I have missed out in life. And then this black boy named Chance said that he lost his virginity when he was only thirteen! In addition, he said that the girl he lost his virginity to was a blonde white girl! I was so enraged that I almost splashed him with my orange juice. I indignantly told him that I did not believe him, and then I went to my room to cry. I cried and cried and cried, and then I called my mother and cried to her on the phone.

How could an inferior, ugly black boy be able to get a white girl and not me? ***I am beautiful, and I am half white myself. I am descended from British aristocracy. He is descended from slaves.*** I deserve it more. I tried not to believe his foul words, but they were already said, and it was hard to erase from my mind. ***If this is actually true, if this ugly black filth was able to have sex with a blonde white girl at the age of thirteen while I've had to suffer virginity all my life, then this just proves how ridiculous the female gender is. They would give themselves to this filthy scum, but they reject ME? The injustice!***

August 5th came quickly, and I prepared myself to be in a pleasant mood to meet them. Their names were Ryan and Angel, and to my dismay ***they were of Hispanic race***. In addition, the two of them were already friends with each other, which meant that they could possibly gang up against me if any conflicts were to arise. ***They also seemed like rowdy, low-class types.*** My first impression of them soured me, but I tried to be pleasant and not show it. The two of them acted cordial to me on the first day, but after observing them for a bit, I had a bad feeling that they would be trouble to live with… And they were to be my housemates for a whole year! When I was alone in my room, I panicked to myself at how dire a situation this was. This was extremely disappointing. I was hoping I would get decent, mature, clean-cut housemates. Instead I got low-class scum.

My father drove up to Santa Barbara to meet me a few days later. The two of us went to have lunch at a restaurant in the Camino Real Marketplace, an area that I often frequented. When we sat down at our table, I saw a young couple sitting a few tables down the row. The sight of them enraged me to no end, especially because it was ***a dark-skinned Mexican guy dating a hot blonde white girl.*** I regarded it as a great insult to my dignity. ***How could an inferior Mexican guy be able to date a white blonde girl, while I was still suffering as a lonely virgin?*** I was ashamed to be in such an inferior position in front my father. When I saw the two of them kissing, I could barely contain my rage. I stood up in anger, and I was about to walk up to them and pour my glass of soda all over their heads. I probably would have, if father wasn't there. I was seething with envious rage, and my father was there to watch it all. It was so humiliating. I wasn't

the son I wanted to present to my father. I should be the one with the hot blonde girl, making my father proud. Instead, my father had to watch me suffer in a pathetic position. Life is so cruel to me. When I said my farewell to father before he drove home, I felt absolutely miserable. I then went back to my room and sulked for hours.

This tells us that his father knew he hated Mexicans as he must have said something about in the restaurant as he was seething with hatred and jealousy.

JAMES ELLIS: ELLIOT RODGER'S BEST FRIEND

At the beginning of the winter break, I decided to quit playing World of Warcraft entirely. On my last day on the game, I had a long, emotional conversation with James Ellis where I opened up about all of my troubles. I told him about all my newfound views of the world, ***and my belief that sex must be abolished***. He seemed to be supportive of my stance, and I was glad that he understood me. It was a very memorable day.

I told him more about my hatred of people who have sex. James quickly deduced the reason for why I was so fervent about abolishing sex… ***that in truth I really want to have sex but I feel like I can never have it, so I wish to take it away from everyone else.*** He read me very well. I had to admit that he was right. That is the exact reason for it.

The two of us did what we usually did [after karate class]. We walked out to the Palisade's Bluff's where we discussed our hopes and dreams. We then went to the Palisades town center to have dinner. This time we chose to eat at *Panda Express*. While we were eating, some high school kids walked in. James saw them first and right when he saw them he said the words "We're fucked". James knew I would have trouble with them. They were popular boys who had a flock of pretty girls with them. One of them sat down with two of the girls, putting his leg up on another chair with a cocky smirk on his face. I was livid with rage, and I wanted to pour my drink all over his head. ***James knew exactly what I was planning to do; we had been through similar incidents before.*** He made a lot of effort to try to dissuade me from acting on my anger, pointing out that there was a security guard nearby. I did the only other thing I could do; I packed up my dinner and left the restaurant, fleeing in defeat and shame. James soon followed, and we decided to finish our meal at his house.

A dark and ominous aura clouded over our friendship that day. When the two of us got back to James's house, I was still seething with rage. I didn't understand why James wasn't angry like me. The sight that we just witnessed was horrible to watch. To see another male be successful with females is torture for males like us who have no success with females. I was so angry that I told James of all of the acts of revenge I wanted to exact on those popular boys***. I told him my desire to flay them alive, to strip the skins off their flesh and make them scream in agony as punishment for living a better life than me. James became deeply disturbed by my anger. I wished that he***

wasn't disturbed. I wished he could be a friend that felt the same way about the world that I did. But he wasn't that kind of person. He was a weakling.

Once I had calmed down, the two of us had a long conversation in his room, and I ended up crying in front of him as I explained how hopeless I felt about life. Soon after that, I left his house, never to return there again. He will never invite me over after that incident, and our friendship will slowly fade to dust.

After our karate session, when me and James went to a restaurant in the Palisades to have dinner, I sometimes got very angry when I saw a group of teenagers, or a teenage couple. I constantly talked to James with vehement rage about my envy and anger at such people. I told him about ***how I wished I could make them all suffer.*** We had a lot of conversations about what we would do if we had all the power in the world, and I told him about all of the torturous acts of revenge I would carry out against all those who have insulted me or lived a better life than me. I thought that James would relate to me, since he was also a virgin who had no girls in his life, but some of the things I said began to disturb him. ***One night, he told me, with a lot of distress, that enough was enough.*** He didn't want to hear it anymore. That was also the night that I decided to quit the karate class.

At the party, James and I frequently went outside to have conversations about our fantasies. ***I wisely refrained from getting too extreme in what I said***, but we came up with some interesting scenarios. For instance, we talked about what we would do if we discovered that we had certain magical powers, and it would escalate to us coming up with our own stories of the glory we would attain in such a situation. I talked about how I would use my powers to rule the world and set everything right, and James had similar ideas as well. We seemed to be getting along quite well, ***but after that night James would refuse to contact me for a couple of months.***

I visited home for Thanksgiving, and went with my mother to Rob Lemelson's house for a small Thanksgiving get-together. James was there… And the last time I spoke to him since then was when we had our bitter argument online. The one person who has been my friend through all of my hardship didn't even want to speak to me during Thanksgiving. I tried to ask him why he was overreacting about an argument we had two months previously, but he just glared at me coldly and told me to "***keep my proximity***". I was highly offended.

James Ellis realized that this childhood friend might someday turn these sick fantasies into reality. The question arises that if he confided these desires in James did he also express them to his mother, father, sister, shrink, therapist?

PARENTS TAKE NOTE OF HOW "RADICAL" ELLIOT WAS BECOMING

My whole world twisted even deeper into darkness and despair as my depressing life continued on. My hatred for people who have sex festered inside me like a plague. I frequently went on walks around town to brood over how hopeless and unfair everything was. It was better than being stuck in my room all the time. When I saw young couples walking around at the mall, my anger and hatred intensified greatly. It was the worst torture ever to see them making out and being intimate. My life, if you can call it a life, was living hell.

My parents quickly took note of how radical I was becoming, and they made a hasty plan to change my life. Of course, that is what they claimed. I think they were just trying to find a way to get rid of me because I was too hard to deal with. Soumaya was going back to Morocco, and they decided to send me with her. It was the most ridiculous plan I've ever heard.

They announced this to me at a café near my mother's house. I was expecting something extreme, something drastic, but this? It completely caught me off guard. Morocco? They think I'll be happy there? I furiously thought with disbelief. I was devastated, and for a moment I couldn't even speak.

I kept dreaming of home. I thought of the prospect of being able to return home, and a small hope sparked in me. I kept emailing my mother frequently, telling her how much I hated being there and how much I cried all the time. I told her that if she would give me one more chance and enable me to come home, I will try harder to lead a better life and become a person she could be proud of. After a week of doing this, mother gave in and flew to Morocco to take me home. I won. I was going home.

Not only did she kick me out of father's house, but she forbade me to go there even for a short visit. And still, father didn't do anything about it. Father kept saying that the house is her house as much as his, and that she has the right to kick me out. No! I am the eldest son! The house should be MY house before hers! This caused any respect I still had for my father to fade away completely. It was such a betrayal, to put his second wife before his eldest son. What kind of father would do that? The bitch must be really good to him in bed, I figured. What a weak man.

On my last day working for Karl, I decided to stop by at father's house to have a drink. I was quite parched from the bicycle ride. I entered the house without knocking because I believed I had the right to. As the eldest son, the house should be my house after my father. Soumaya was surprised to see me, and she got angry that I didn't knock. To teach me a lesson, she ordered me to go back outside and knock. I refused, telling her that she has no right to order me around anymore. I then helped myself to a glass of water. Soumaya knocked the glass of water out of my hand and it shattered on the floor. Father clamored angrily up the stairs from his office demanding to know what was

going on. The three of us had a heated argument, and of course father took Soumaya's side. They both kicked me out of the house, telling me that I'm not to return. I felt betrayed and humiliated as I furiously made my way back to mother's house. At that very moment, I hated both of them, and I wouldn't see either of them for many months. For those months, my father was dead to me. My mother was all I had left in this bleak world.

Was Elliot joining a far left radical group or did radical mean he was expressing his beliefs that the world has been unfair to him and he would like to seek revenge on those who did this to him in a violent fashion. There it is. He had made threats and they wanted him in a country where there weren't so many guns so they decided to ship this hateful egotistical psychopath to Morocco. When he came back his father and his 2nd wife did not want him coming into their home. This sickness was toxic.

ADDISON H ALTENDORF FELLOW FASCIST?

I continued seeing Philip and Addison, my only other social interaction besides James. I talked to Addison about my old political views, debating with him about what an ideal world would look like. ***I found out that he had some fascist views of his own, and it was nice to have a discussion with someone about things that would make most normal people run a mile.*** Addison told me more about his experiences among the popular kids of Malibu, in which I still envied him greatly for. I told him about all of my newfound philosophical views regarding women, and how I believe they are mentally flawed and need to be contained. He didn't show any hint of how he felt about this. ***Addison told me that I was a person of high intelligence, and that I shouldn't waste it by doing something "rash." I believe he had a suspicion that I was indeed planning on massacring my enemies and then killing myself. Of course he would have that suspicion… In a way I think he knew me better than anyone else. I am indeed an intelligent person, but the cruelty of this world gives me no choice but to exact my Retribution. I tactfully told Addison that I had no intentions of "doing anything***

> ***stupid". That was my last conversation with him. It was also the last time I ever saw Philip and Addison.***

Very interesting. If his friend who saw him less frequently than his family got the vibe that he was going to end up as a mass murderer his family must have also picked up on this. This misogyny was a long standing thing and when the email arrived it came as less of a surprise to LiChin than one might imagine.

HATED HIS JEWISH HOUSEMATE

> So far, Spencer Horowitz and I had gotten along quite well despite the fact that we never talked much. An incident happened at the end of January that changed all of this. I one day discovered that Spencer had a girl in this room. I couldn't believe it. The short, chubby guy was able to get a girl into his room before I did! I was so shocked and outraged that I waited outside his room until the girl left, so I could get a glimpse of how she looked. To my relief, she wasn't that attractive. What made me even more angry is that Spencer gave me a smug look when I saw the girl, even though she was ugly. He had the nerve to feel like he was better than me, just because he managed to get a girl over to the apartment before I did! I confronted him in the kitchen on that same night, telling him that he is foolish to feel proud about having an ugly whore in his room. This made him angry and offended, which is what I wanted. I wanted to offend him as punishment for his insolence. After that incident, the two of us became more and more hostile towards each other.

THE FINAL SOLUTION

Adolf Rodger, like Adolf Hitler, talked about "the final solution."

> The ***final solution*** to triumph over my enemies was to destroy them, to carry out my Day of Retribution, to exact my ultimate and devastating vengeance against all of the popular young people who never accepted me, and against all women for rejecting me and starving me of love and sex.
>
> Women's rejection of me is a declaration of war, and if it's war they want, then war they shall have. It will be a war that will result in their ***complete and utter annihilation***. I will deliver a blow to my enemies that will be so catastrophic it will redefine the very essence of human nature.
>
> The Day of Retribution is all I have. ***It is the final solution*** to all of the injustices of this twisted world. By doing this, I will set right all of the wrongs I've had to face in my sorry excuse of a life.

NAZI EUGENICS

> I concluded that women are flawed. There is something mentally wrong with the way their brains are wired, as if they ***haven't evolved from animal-like thinking***. They are

incapable of reason or thinking rationally. They are like animals, completely controlled by their primal, depraved emotions and impulses. That is why they are attracted to barbaric, wild, beast-like men. They are beasts themselves. Beasts should not be able to have any rights in a civilized society. If their wickedness is not contained, the whole of humanity will be held back from advancement to a more civilized state. Women should not have the right to choose who to mate with. That choice should be made for them by civilized men of intelligence. If women had the freedom to choose which men to mate with, like they do today, they would breed with stupid, degenerate men, which would only produce stupid, degenerate offspring. This in turn would hinder the advancement of humanity. Not only hinder it, but devolve humanity completely. Women are like a plague that must be quarantined. When I came to this brilliant, perfect revelation, I felt like everything was now clear to me, in a bitter, twisted way***. I am one of the few people on this world who has the intelligence to see this. I am like a god, and my purpose is to exact ultimate Retribution on all of the impurities I see in the world.***

Women should not have the right to choose who to mate and breed with. That decision should be made for them by rational men of intelligence. If women continue to have rights, they will only hinder the advancement of the human race by breeding with degenerate men and creating stupid, degenerate offspring. This will cause humanity to become even more depraved with each generation. Women have more power in human society than they deserve, all because of sex. ***There is no creature more evil and depraved than the human female.***

Women are like a plague. They don't deserve to have any rights. Their wickedness must be contained in order prevent future generations from falling to degeneracy. Women are vicious, evil, barbaric animals, and they need to be treated as such.

If he is one of the most intelligent persons in the world why can't he figure out a way to have sex with a co-ed?

WANTED TO BE BLONDE ARYAN

I was eager to re-bleach my hair to a fully blonde color, after the disastrous failure of my previous attempt. This time, Soumaya took me to the right salon, and they gave me a short haircut and bleached all of my hair blonde. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I felt an intense level of satisfaction.

WANTED TO BE THE HITLER FOR WOMEN

I began to have fantasies of becoming ***very powerful*** and stopping everyone from having sex. I wanted to take their sex away from them, just like they took it away from me. I saw sex as an evil and barbaric act, all because I was unable to have it. This was the major turning point. My anger made me stronger inside. This was when I formed my ideas that sex should be outlawed. It is the only way to make the world a fair and just

place. If I can't have it, I will destroy it. That's the conclusion I came to, right then and there.

HALF WHITE SUPREMACIST

I am not part of the human race. Humanity has rejected me. The females of the human species have never wanted to mate with me, so how could I possibly consider myself part of humanity? Humanity has never accepted me among them, and now I know why. ***I am more than human. I am superior to them all. I am Elliot Rodger…*** **Magnificent, glorious, supreme, eminent… Divine! I am the closest thing there is to a living god.** Humanity is a disgusting, depraved, and evil species. It is my purpose to punish them all. I will purify the world of everything that is wrong with it. On the Day of Retribution, I will truly be a powerful god, punishing everyone I deem to be impure and depraved.

It was a bright, sunny day as I as ascended the familiar steps up to the beautiful college campus of SBCC. I immediately went to the restroom to look at myself in the mirror a few times, just so that I can feel more assured of myself. ***Yes, I thought. I am the image of beauty and supremacy.*** I kept saying it over and over again, as if it was a mantra. When I crossed the renowned bridge that connected the two halves of the campus, I felt as if everyone was admiring me. As I passed by groups of girls, I pretended to imagine that they secretly adored and wanted me. After all, that was how it was meant to be. The more I walked around the campus, the more I tried to convince myself that that was the case.

INDICATIONS OF THINGS TO COME

As I made my way back from school one day during the first week, I was stopped at a stoplight in Isla Vista when I saw two hot blonde girls waiting at the bus stop. I was dressed in one of my nice shirts, so I looked at them and smiled. They looked at me, but they didn't even deign to smile back. They just looked away as if I was a fool. As I drove away I became very infuriated. It was such an insult. This was the way all girls treated me, and I was sick and tired of it. In a rage, I made a U-turn, pulled up to their bus stop and splashed my Starbucks latte all over them. I felt a feeling a spiteful satisfaction as I saw it stain their jeans. I then quickly speeded away before they could catch my license plate number. How dare those girls snub me in such a fashion! How dare they insult me so! I raged to myself repeatedly. They deserved the punishment I gave them. It was such a pity that my latte wasn't hot enough to burn them. Those girls deserved to be dumped in boiling water for the crime of not giving me the attention and adoration I so rightfully deserve!

I screamed at them with rage as I sprayed them with my super soaker. When the boys started to yell and chase after me, I quickly got into my car and drove away. I was giddy with ecstatic, hate-fueled excitement. I wished I could spray boiling oil at the foul

beasts. They deserved to die horrible, painful deaths just for the crime of enjoying a better life than me.

I wanted to kill both of them, and I was capable of doing it. Brittany Story should have been mine, and if can't have her, no one should! I fantasized about capturing the two of them and stripping the skin off her boyfriend's flesh while making her watch.

I always mused to myself that I would rather die than suffer such an existence, and I knew that if it came to that, I would exact my revenge upon the world in the most catastrophic way possible. At least then, I could die knowing that I fought back against the injustice that has been dealt to me.

Ever since my life took a very dark turn at the age of seventeen, I often had fantasies of how malevolently satisfying it would be to punish all of the popular kids and young couples for the crime of having a better life than me. I dreamed of how sweet it would be to torture or kill every single young couple I saw. However, as I said previously in this story, I never thought I would actually go through with these drastic desires. I had hope inside me that I could one day have a happy life.

It was only when I first moved to Santa Barbara that I started considering the possibility of having to carry out a violent act of revenge, as the final solution to dealing with all of the injustices I've had to face at the hands of women and society. I came up with a name for this after I saw all of the good looking young couples walking around my college and in the town of Isla Vista. I named it the Day of Retribution. It would be a day in which I exact my ultimate retribution and revenge on all of the hedonistic scum who enjoyed lives of pleasure that they don't deserve. If I can't have it, I will destroy it. I will destroy all women because I can never have them. I will make them all suffer for rejecting me. I will arm myself with deadly weapons and wage a war against all women and the men they are attracted to. And I will slaughter them like the animals they are. If they won't accept me among them, then they are my enemies. They showed me no mercy, and in turn I will show them no mercy. The prospect will be so sweet, and justice will ultimately be served. And of course, I would have to die in the act to avoid going to prison.

That is when I realized that this threshold existed, and if I crossed it, I will have to carry out this Day of Retribution. It has remained stagnant in the back of my mind ever since, until this point. After dropping my Spring classes at Santa Barbara City College, I knew that the Day of Retribution was now very possible. I even wrote about it in my diary, but I later tore out the pages because I feared someone might find them. A shiver ran through me, realizing how twisted my world had become, that I would have to resort to doing something that I would consider unthinkable a few years ago. I didn't want to do it. I wanted to live. Thinking about the Day of Retribution made me feel trapped. I wanted a way out.

“What am I doing here? How could things have led to this?” I couldn’t believe my life was actually turning out this way. There I was, practicing shooting with real guns because I had a plan to carry out a massacre. Why did things have to be this way, I silently questioned myself as I looked at the handgun I was holding in front of me. I paid my fee and left the range within minutes, feeling as if I was going to be sick. I spent the rest of the waiting period at the Coffee Bean in Oxnard, where I sat by myself feeling absolutely disgusted. My whole world was twisted.

After going through every single fantasy I had about how I would punish my enemies, I started to detail all of my exact plans for how the Day of Retribution will play out.

On the day before the Day of Retribution, I will start the First Phase of my vengeance: Silently killing as many people as I can around Isla Vista by luring them into my apartment through some form of trickery. The first people I would have to kill are my two housemates, to secure the entire apartment for myself as my personal torture and killing chamber. After that, I will start luring people into my apartment, knock them out with a hammer, and slit their throats. I will torture some of the good looking people before I kill them, assuming that the good looking ones had the best sex lives. All of that pleasure they had in life, I will punish by bringing them pain and suffering. I have lived a life of pain and suffering, and it was time to bring that pain to people who actually deserve it. I will cut them, flay them, strip all the skin off their flesh, and pour boiling water all over them while they are still alive, as well as any other form of torture I could possibly think of. When they are dead, I will behead them and keep their heads in a bag, for their heads will play a major role in the final phase. This First Phase will represent my vengeance against all of the men who have had pleasurable sex lives while I’ve had to suffer. Things will be fair once I make them suffer as I did. I will finally even the score.

The Second Phase will take place on the Day of Retribution itself, just before the climactic massacre. The Second Phase will represent my War on Women. I will punish all females for the crime of depriving me of sex. They have starved me of sex for my entire youth, and gave that pleasure to other men. In doing so, they took many years of my life away. I cannot kill every single female on earth, but I can deliver a devastating blow that will shake all of them to the core of their wicked hearts. I will attack the very girls who represent everything I hate in the female gender: The hottest sorority of UCSB. After doing a lot of extensive research within the last year, I found out that the sorority with the most beautiful girls is Alpha Phi Sorority. I know exactly where their house is, and I’ve sat outside it in my car to stalk them many times. Alpha Phi sorority is full of hot, beautiful blonde girls; the kind of girls I’ve always desired but was never able to have because they all look down on me. They are all spoiled, heartless, wicked bitches. They think they are superior to me, and if I ever tried to ask one on a date, they would reject me cruelly. I will sneak into their house at around 9:00 p.m. on the Day of Retribution, just before all of the partying starts, and slaughter every single one of them with my

guns and knives. If I have time, I will set their whole house on fire. Then we shall see who the superior one really is!

The Final Phase of the Day of Retribution will be my ultimate showdown in the streets of Isla Vista. On the morning before, I will drive down to my father's house to kill my little brother, denying him of the chance to grow up to surpass me, along with my stepmother Soumaya, as she will be in the way. My father will be away on one of his business trips, so thankfully I won't have to deal with him. If he didn't go away on that trip, I might even have to postpone the whole plan because of my fear that I might hesitate if I have to kill him. Once I've taken care of my brother and stepmother, I will switch over to the Mercedes SUV, and drive it back up to Isla Vista. I will use it as one of my killing machines against my enemies. An SUV will cause a lot more damage than my BMW coupe.

After I have killed all of the sorority girls at the Alpha Phi House, I will quickly get into the the SUV before the police arrive, assuming they would arrive within 3 minutes. I will then make my way to Del Playa, splattering as many of my enemies as I can with the SUV, and shooting anyone I don't splatter. I can only imagine how sweet it will be to ram the SUV into all of those groups of popular young people who I've always witnessed walking right in the middle of the road as if they are better than everyone else. When they are writhing in pain, their bodies broken and dying after I splatter them, they will fully realize their crimes.

Once I reach Del Playa Street, I will dump the bag of severed heads I had saved from my previous victims, proclaiming to everyone how much I've made them all suffer. Once they see all of their friend's heads roll onto the street, everyone will fear me as the powerful god I am. I will then start massacring everyone on Del Playa Street. I will pull up next to a house party and fire bullets at everyone partying on the front yard. I will specifically target the good looking people, and all of the couples. After I have destroyed a house party, I will continue down Del Playa, destroying everything and everyone. When I see the first police car come to their rescue, I will drive away as fast as I can, shooting and ramming anyone in my path until I find a suitable place to finally end my life.

To end my life, I will quickly swallow all of the Xanax and Vicodin pills I have left, along with an ample amount of hard liquor. Immediately after imbibing this mixture, I will shoot myself in the head with two of my handguns simultaneously. If the gunshots don't kill me, the deadly drug mixture eventually will. I will not suffer being captured and sent to prison.

I must plan this very efficiently. Nothing can go wrong. It needs to be perfect. This is now my sole purpose on this world. My plans will come to fruition, and I mustn't let anyone stop me.

On the week leading up to date I set for the Day of Retribution, I uploaded several videos onto Youtube in order to express my views and feelings to the world, though I don't plan on uploading my ultimate video until minutes before the attack, because on that video I will talk about exactly why I'm doing this.

I titled one of the videos I uploaded "Why do girls hate me so much?" in which I ask the entire population of women the question I've wanted to ask them for so many years. Why do they hate me so much? Why have they never fancied me? Why do they give their love and sex to other men, but not me, even though I deserve them more? In the video, I show that I am the perfect, magnificent gentleman, worthy of having a beautiful girlfriend, making the world see how unreasonable it is that I've had to struggle all my life to get a girlfriend. It is my attempt to reason with the female gender, to ask them why they have mistreated me. I was hoping I would get some sort of answer from girls. In fact, a small part of me was even hoping that a girl would see the video and contact me to give me a chance to go on a date. That alone would have prevented the Day of Retribution, if one girl had just given me one chance. But no… As expected, I got absolutely no response from any girls. The only responses I got were from other men who called me names and made fun of me. Women don't care about me at all. They won't even deign to tell my why they've mistreated me. This just shows how evil and sadistic they are. Oh well, they will realize the gravity of their crimes when I slaughter them all on the Day of Retribution. How dare they reject a magnificent gentleman like me!

As April 26th drew ever closer, I prepared myself to the fullest extent. All I had left to do was finish writing this story and film my final video. But then, on Thursday, April 24th, I woke up with a terrible cold. I rarely ever get colds! I've always had a strong immune system. It was as if fate itself was trying to stop me from doing it. But what other reason do I have for living? Alas, there was no way I could carry out my plans if I had a cold. Everything had to be perfect. In addition, I found out that father had arrived home two days earlier than he originally said he would, so if I had indeed went forth with my plans, I would have had to kill my father, which I wouldn't be mentally prepared for.

I hastily decided to postpone it to Saturday, May 24th, 2014. I would definitely be fully recovered from my cold by then. This will also give me a few more weeks of life, and more time to prepare. A few days earlier, I felt so ready to finally strike back at women and humanity, with all my rage and hatred. I was profoundly eager to do it! But for some strange reason, having a few more weeks of life made me feel relieved. I took in a deep breath and relaxed. Coupled with my hate-fueled eagerness to carry out my act of revenge, there was also an extreme sense of fear inside me. Part of me still didn't want to do it. It will mean my death, and I have always been afraid of death.

I didn't want to be in Isla Vista on April 26th, the day I previously planned on carrying out my plans. Hearing all of my enemies partying and having a good time on the day I

was supposed to kill them all would be too much to bear. I immediately called my mother and asked her if I can stay at her house for the whole weekend, exaggerating my illness so that she would let me. While there, I visited the doctor to ask about the condition of my cold, and spent the weekend in deep, peaceful contemplation.

Upon my return to Santa Barbara, I assured to myself that this was it. May 24th, 2014 was the final date. There is no postponing it anymore, no backing out. If I don't do this, then I only have a future filled with more loneliness and rejection ahead of me, devoid of sex, love, and enjoyment. I have to do it. It's the only thing I can do. May 24th, is the absolute last weekend in the Spring semester in which I can carry out this plan efficiently. After May 24th, the Spring semester at SBCC will end, and all of the SBCC students will go back to their hometowns, which means less enemies to kill in Isla Vista. Sure, UCSB would still be in session, but I want to kill both UCSB and SBCC students. The Day of Retribution is my sole purpose on this world, and I am ready.

CALIFORNIA STATUTES RELEVANT TO THE PROSECUTION OF PETER AND LICHIN RODGER

PENAL CODE
SECTION 182-185

182. (a) If two or more persons conspire: (5) To commit any act injurious to the public health, to public morals, or to pervert or obstruct justice, or the due administration of the laws. When they conspire to do an act described in paragraph (4), they shall be punishable by imprisonment in a county jail for not more than one year, or by imprisonment pursuant to subdivision (h) of Section 1170, or by a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars ($10,000), or by both that imprisonment and fine.

Sec. 6.03. DEFINITIONS OF CULPABLE MENTAL STATES.

(a) A person acts intentionally, or with intent, with respect to the nature of his conduct or to a result of his conduct when it is his conscious objective or desire to engage in the conduct or cause the result.

(b) A person acts knowingly, or with knowledge, with respect to the nature of his conduct or to circumstances surrounding his conduct when he is aware of the nature of his conduct or that the circumstances exist. A person acts knowingly, or with knowledge, with respect to a result of his conduct when he is aware that his conduct is reasonably certain to cause the result.

(c) *A person acts recklessly, or is reckless, with respect to circumstances surrounding his conduct or the result of his conduct when he is aware of but consciously disregards a substantial and unjustifiable risk that the circumstances exist or the result will occur. The risk must be of such a nature and degree that its disregard constitutes a gross deviation*

from the standard of care that an ordinary person would exercise under all the circumstances as viewed from the actor's standpoint.

(d) A person acts with criminal negligence, or is criminally negligent, with respect to circumstances surrounding his conduct or the result of his conduct when he ought to be aware of a substantial and unjustifiable risk that the circumstances exist or the result will occur. The risk must be of such a nature and degree that the failure to perceive it constitutes a gross deviation from the standard of care that an ordinary person would exercise under all the circumstances as viewed from the actor's standpoint.

Sec. 6.04. CAUSATION: CONDUCT AND RESULTS. (a) A person is criminally responsible if the result would not have occurred but for his conduct, operating either alone or concurrently with another cause, unless the concurrent cause was clearly sufficient to produce the result and the conduct of the actor clearly insufficient.

(b) A person is nevertheless criminally responsible for causing a result if the only difference between what actually occurred and what he desired, contemplated, or risked is that:

(1) a different offense was committed; or

(2) a different person or property was injured, harmed, or otherwise affected.

In California law there are several exceptions to the confidentiality of psychotherapy. Three of these exceptions to confidentiality concern harm to self or others: Where there is a reasonable suspicion of child abuse or elder adult physical abuse; where there is a reasonable suspicion that you may present a danger of violence to others; where there is a reasonable suspicion that you are likely to harm yourself unless protective measures are taken. In all of the above cases, the therapist is either allowed or required by law to break confidentiality in order to protect you, or someone you might endanger, from harm. Gov. Jerry Brown signed into law two bills, one that extended a ban on gun ownership for those who have made a credible threat to a psychotherapist and another that requires a psychotherapist to report a credible violent threat to police within a 24-hour period.

The moral of this story is that Hitler put mental patients to death so a lesser form of mental illness had to be invented –asperser now classified as autism. Autism is total introversion.

OPEN LETTER TO RICHARD ROSS MARTINEZ

Alan Weberman
Independent Research Associates
318 3rd Avenue Suite 520
NYC 10010
6/17/2014

Dear Mr. Martinez

I am a researcher based in Manhattan who became interested in the mass murder in Isla Vista because of a discrepancy I first noticed in the chronology of events. LiChin Rodger claimed she received a call from the therapist at 9:17 PM and immediately called either the Santa Barbara Sheriff's Office or 911. The murders on the streets of Isla Vista took place 13 minutes later. Why didn't the police react? I contacted the Santa Barbara's Sheriff's office and they prepared a press release that answered my questions. No one called 911 or the Santa Barbara Sheriff's Office until 10:15 when the therapist called having seen the mass murder on the media. The Santa Barbara Sheriff's Office called Peter and LiChin after the therapist gave them the cell phone number. What happened was the therapist had 24 hours to report the threat so LiChin convinced him to keep silent while she and Peter drove to Isla Vista to handle the matter quietly. They figured the event was scheduled for Saturday and the autistic people always stick to their schedule. I have attached the Santa Barbara Sheriff's Office supplemental report. If I were in your place I would physically attack Peter Rogers or spit in his face. I would not be part of his rehabilitation.

Signed

Alan Weberman