THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY SULTAN

Uncle Foster cranks out best-sellers on how to make bombs, poisonous gases, and crystal meth for crackpots like Timothy McVeigh. He's a mad scientist who's wreaking havoc and driving the feds mad. By Rene Chun

After reading The Cobra Event, Richard Preston's thriller about a catastrophic bio-warfare attack on New York City, Bill Clinton was so shaken that he instructed his intelligence experts to assess its credibility and send a copy to former House Speaker Newt Gingrich. When told that such a scenario was indeed plausible, Clinton and his National Security Council discussed how they might respond to terrorists armed with weapons of mass destruction. Six months later, Clinton asked Congress to tack on $2.8 billion to the 1998 budget to prevent such a catastrophe from ever occurring.

As borrowing a piece of fiction as The Cobra Event is, if the president is looking for a truly bone-chilling read, he should pick up Silent Death, written by an industrial chemist named Uncle Foster. This no-nonsense how-to manual is a real-life thriller packed with enough mass-murder and mayhem recipes to keep even the most jaded terrorists on their toes. Topics range from chapter 4, "Nerve Gas: The Poor Man's Atom Bomb," to chapter 10, "Booby-Trapped Improvised Devastation" (lists in a black一览 agent 6,000 times more lethal than cyanide).

What makes Silent Death particularly unnerving is that Uncle Foster doesn't just regurgitate facts he's lifted from patent literature and technical journals. The text is accessible, almost entertaining. It is "a celebration of that ancient and fine art of poisoning," Foster writes, "Instead of the quick, dirty, or effective poison, those with a horrid streak impulsively reach for a gun, knife, or club. What are we, swamp animals or technological savages?"

"I'm on a mission," declares Uncle Foster (above, concocting some Foster Formula in his kitchen). "I'm going to show the world that the government's ass. Everybody will be cooking their own meth. You won't be able to chase us down and have no evidence!"
HE'S BEEN CALLED THE DESEATANT OF TOKYO EVER SINCE

Even more disturbing is the blatant appeal to extremists who subscribe to the "Devastation" ideology. "Many other
amateurs of the power system (yes, those places) are equally vulnerable
to the kind of magic attack that is possible with phenox... Why
this idea has not been put into practice before, I cannot imagine."

For instance, a newly developed gas used to great effect during World
War I, Death is slow and painful; victims eventually drown in the
phosgene, which rapidly dissolves the lungs. Phosgene is derived from
phosgene, a chemical weapon. The book of Popular Mechanics: "A very satisfactory
alternative is the liquid; high enough for the safety of the pilot yet low
enough that errors in the height of the bomb detonation will be kept to a
minimum." For minimum effect at a budget, the Russian experts
"last resort" method provides considerable bang for the buck.

Don't be fooled by Fester's "scare" pseudonym. Silent Death is very
real. According to Bill Parkin, the country's foremost authority on
biological weapons, the book is no real; it may constitute a breach of
national security. "It's serious," Parkin says firmly. "But, in the end, Fester
has the facts down." Parkin isn't really impressed. He pointed
out that the book's information is not new and the comments are
"too generalized." Parkin continues to work as a consultant for the government.

Handwritten\Silent Death\bibliographic\ references, Parkin would note, are factory "too bad," he says,
flipping through the bulky pages at a rapid clip. "He has a creditable
outline for producing a book, but the final product would yield a
creditable nothing."

"Fester's book is a creditable piece of work. It is not surprising to study
such a thoroughly scathing nonsensical pieces. "No doubt about it," he concludes.
"There's enough in here to cause some real problems."

To put it mildly, the Ann Shinrikyo cult used Silent Death as a bludgeon
for their activities. Otsuka was arrested on the Tokyo subway in March 1995. The
book's detailed instructions on how to make and disperse gas were
followed by the letter by cult members. Although the book was
extracted (Otsuka offered no defense to the "Silent Death" for the
people's execution, and lack of creativity), 15 people
died and 6,000 more were hospitalized.

Otsuka, the book's author, is a member of the Shinrikyo cult. "Futhermore,"
"Silent Death" is a cult classic here too. Nine months after the Tokyo
incident, Thomas Levy, a 94-year-old Arkansas farmer, was arrested and
evacuated with other friends of 11 years of race. Customs agents seized
four guns, 4,000 rounds of ammunition, and $100,000 in cash. Rather
than offer a hasty explanation, like any true blue millitant, Levy
pleaded "furthermore," he was being detained. When investigators
searched Levy's farm, they found a book called "Silent Death."

Stephen Charles Fester lives a quiet life in Green Bay, Wisconsin,
where he works as an industrial chemist in an asbestos plant. He has a
degree in biology from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He
spends his time reading, writing, and researching the Shinrikyo cult.
more efficient ways to more toxic fumes and droplets through the atmosphere. "Sufjan’s genius lies in his willingness to consider anything," says John Hopkins, a friend and fellow underground author. "I put him in the same league with Walter von Braun, the guy who invented the rocket. He’s open-minded and has a very flexible brain.

Others are less enthusiastic about the plausibility of Fester’s story. "Uncle Fester in the dark side of Yankee ingenuity," notes John Sopko, a former member of the U.S. Senate’s Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. In a hearing subtitled "A Case Study on the Aum Shinrikyo," Sopko presented evidence in the Senate that highlighted Fester’s deranged activity. According to Sopko, Silent Death has amassed a number of unrelated policy issues. "How much money should we spend on them? Is it a defense? How does this affect the Bill of Rights? What about monitoring the Internet? Should the FBI be allowed to go into that room? Uncle Fester has made us ask all these questions. He has a message to society."

The legitimate publication world also condemned Fester’s work. "Uncle Fester is a very sick puppy," writes Victor A. Hubert in The Philadelphia Inquirer. Fester’s writings "grow from the same seed that spawned the right-wing bile, Nazi, and Bolognese. Not exactly a comforting endorsement when one considers Uncle Fester’s demographics."

Hubert concludes his review with a quote from the publisher of the Inquirer. "What a sad loss for the world of letters."

Meanwhile, Fester’s activities continue unabated.

**Silent Death**

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"Silent Death" is just one dimension of Presto’s Yankee ingenuity. The Underworld offers something to offend everyone. Even Fester’s detractors concede that Presto’s devotion to an allowed freedom of speech. Scored by the heretic and privately confirmed by law enforcement officials, this bulletin teaches readers how to make Zizzon-cooled projectile—so-called..."
The most dangerous man in America

The guy is a loaded weapon,” says drug agent Perri Williams.

Growing up on a farm in Hartford, Wisconsin, 43 miles southwest of Green Bay, Freisleb gave little indication that he would eventually become public enemy No. 1. Like his five siblings, Freisleb was a good kid who kept out of trouble. It was an idyllic but unpromising life. Up at five to milk the cows. At school by eight. More chores in the evening. “One day exactly like the next,” Freisleb recalls. “The usual tedium of existence.” His only eccentricity was his insatiable appetite for reading. "Stephens' nose was always in a book.

Perri Williams, the former director of operations at the North Central Miscarried Drug Task Force. “We know how to cut our losses and generally get away. We've dealt with the police and police—some of them people, you can handle. But we've got a guy out there who is loaded weapons. That's pretty scary.”

Uncle Perri Fester becomes when he hears the news. Nothing gives him more pleasure than to put the head around the table. It was the stuff, after all, that put him behind bars. And they must pay. “I'm on a mission,” Preiler says matter-of-factly. “I'm going to stick this drug racket up the government's a**.”

On the underground, he is known as M.D.M., a drug lord who has managed to stay under the radar. His crimes are legion, including the murder of a cop. He is feared by all, and his name strikes fear into the hearts of those who dare to oppose him.

But M.D.M. is not alone. The underground is filled with dangerous men, each with their own set of skills and strategies. Some are good at evading capture, while others are better at controlling their surroundings. But none can match the cunning and brutality of M.D.M.

His reign of terror has lasted for years, and he has managed to escape justice time and again. But as the search for him intensifies, the authorities are closing in on him. M.D.M. knows he must act fast if he is to survive.

In a final desperate bid for freedom, M.D.M. launches a daring escape, using his skills and knowledge to outsmart the authorities. But will it be enough to save him from the clutches of the law? Only time will tell.
"When it comes to drugs, Fester is like Mister Rogers. Everybody trusts him," says a fan.
lisher. He has already purchased his recently banned overstock and is selling the books himself on the Internet. "It just means more money for me," he says.

By halftime, Preisher’s beer supply is depleted. Motivated, he hops into his Jeep and heads to his favorite sports bar to catch the rest of the game. On the way, he stops at the local gas station. Mike, the clerk behind the counter, greets him warmly. Pierced and tattooed, Mike is a part-time rock musician and, according to Preisher, a full-time "street white supremacist."

Mike is well versed in Preisher’s body of work, but has particular interest in Home Workshop Explicatives. As Preisher pays for his gas, Mike pumps him for specific bomb-making information. Preisher indulges him, suggesting that Mike read the chapter in his book on the nitroglycerin explosive. As Preisher walks out the door, Mike strikes an F.B.I.-worthy pose and exclaims, "Uncle Preisher is God!" In the car, Preisher reveals that Mike has plans to blow up a local bar that caters to an African-American clientele. "But don’t worry," Preisher says reassuringly. "This guy’s harmless. He’s too stupid to do any real damage."

Then again, Tim McVeigh is no rocket scientist. Preisher nods in agreement. "That’s true," he replies. The next moment, he is hunched over the steering wheel, laughing uncontrollably.

In the meantime, the anthrax-forger ahead undaunted, his private jihad against Big Brother in full swing, Preisher bristles at the thought that he is in any way responsible for the ac-

"All readers, no matter how wacko, are greatly appreciated," Fester says.