

Isser Harel

STRICTLY PERSONAL & PRIVATE

September 11 1961

רקיה ידידי מולש,

I write this letter to bring to your attention certain thoughts that have emerged during my time in America.

They are highly personal, and I believe require an emotional reaction from an old and dear friend, rather than an intellectual reaction from my professional leader.

I will start by covering things you may know in order to provide the context for what comes later.

In the very early years a piece of 'intelligence' was persistent within parts of our institute. The external source was the Jewish community in the United States, most particularly in the States of New Mexico and California. No single individual was named, nor was any particular community identified.

The internal source was equally amorphous. No particular agent promulgated it but there was a general view that in 1944 an ultra-secret 'project-within-a-project' had been started within the American Manhattan Project.

This hidden project had been named Operation Brooklyn Bridge and its objective was to '...to go back and stop evil men before they start their evil work.'

The implication was astounding - Brooklyn Bridge was about time travel.

Despite the irrational 'Science Fiction' nature of this information and the uncorroborated haziness of the source the conviction was persistent among a few.

The formative years of our institute were enlightened but poorly coordinated. By 1950 Rueven Shiloah had to kill the rumour that many believed was preposterous and utterly unprofessional. The word went out; talk about Brooklyn Bridge and be fired.

You were appointed in 1951. Many things became pressing. Many more people were hired. Talk of Brooklyn Bridge had long ceased.

By 1952 I had developed quite a reputation. I was selected to 'migrate' to California. My priorities were all to do with aeronautics and astronautics; the technologies, human and machine, living and working



between the Troposphere (10k) and the lower Thermosphere (100k).

This includes satellites of all types and for all purposes, manned and unmanned aircraft, the roles to which they are deployed, and the weapons they may carry. My job was to make a two-way contribution – genuinely help the American science/technology effort whilst ‘importing’ what I could that would benefit Israel.

Lockheed was designated as my target employer. In early '53 I gained an appointment, and was allocated to the Advanced Development Program, more familiarly referred to as Skunk Works.

Projects at Lockheed are typically American. Big numbers are thrown about - people and dollars. In comparison Skunk Works is like an Israeli Chulia, and works to Kelly Johnson's unique 14 laws. (Which are attached for interest.)

(Army Fire Team, the smallest military unit, 2-5 people.)

After about 6 months a US Army Lieutenant named Isabella Sanchez gave me a technical drawing, and asked me to ‘take a look at it for soundness.’ She said to leave the drawing on my desk and she'd pick it up in a few days. She gave me no other instructions, and set no particular deadline. It was unusually informal.

Military officers were always coming and going within Skunk Works. A very young Army Lieutenant whose mundane job was to have technical drawings assessed didn't seem at all strange, except for the fact the drawings were not identified and the arrangement was so very informal.

The drawing neither described the purpose of the component or the project for which it was being made. I checked the drawing, pinned a note to it declaring the specifications were sound and the detail immaculate, and left it rolled up on my desk. A few days later it was gone.

I received five more drawings, just left on my desk, in an irregular sequence, and with no apparent connection between components.

I don't know where the drawings came from or who drafted them but they were beautifully produced and minutely detailed, the best manufacturing drawings I have ever seen. I never discovered a single anomaly. Once I was happy I pinned a note and left them on my desk. After a few days they were gone.

About twelve months ago I was assigned to the A12 Project (refer to reports elsewhere), and received no more drawings from Isabella.

I thought no more of this until one day I was taking coffee. Sitting at my table was an old hand, an original Manhattan member. Sanchez walked



past and he volunteered the following information, almost in a stream-of-consciousness as if he was talking to himself;

“Sanchez had been posted to Lockheed in 1948, aged 17, a direct appointment of General Groves, was rarely seen out and about, reported only to Kelly Johnson on a project named TimeBattle that had transferred from Manhattan where it had started in 1942 and had been known as Brooklyn Bridge”.

Imagine my surprise. What had been preposterous scuttlebutt many years before suddenly turned out to be true.

### MY THOUGHTS.

I think Brooklyn Bridge was a time travel project in 1942 and TimeBattle remains so today. Three things convince me of this.

1. Americans in general, and Lockheed and Kelly Johnson in particular, work at top speed. A verbal brief and a handshake from a senior military officer is enough to start a project. Contracts often aren't signed for months. Extremely advanced projects take just a few years to complete, many less. Manhattan went from Zero to Ground-Zero in three years. This is astonishing industry.

Starting from the 1942 rumour TimeBattle has been running for just on 20 years. As part of my responsibilities I had access to Skunk Works files and archives. There is absolutely nothing in them about TimeBattle. No records, notes of meetings, no contracts or Government or other official documentation. Nothing. According to Skunk Works Brooklyn Bridge/TimeBattle has never existed.

2. Even by Skunk Works remarkable standards it has a very small team – I know only of Isabella. There must be others. My instinct tells me even Isabella does not know who these others are. I believe she thinks she is working alone.

Others may not even yet know they are part of a team. I say yet because my instinct also tells me this project will not come to fruition for some time – perhaps another 20 or even 30 years.

TimeBattle is a long-term project, more secret even than Manhattan was, and with the smallest and most dispersed team. Brooklyn Bridge/TimeBattle is unusually and spectacularly different from anything



else in American science/technology history. It follows that its objective is unusually and spectacularly different – time travel.

Isabella must know these components are for the assembly of TimeCone ships – vehicles that will travel back through time and space to past events. She must be using them to have these components manufactured and stored somewhere. Probably distributed all over America. What else but such a grand scheme could provide her with the inspiration to keep on tenaciously and alone for so long?

3. This next point is highly personal. Let me reassure you my annual health checks reveal I am in neither physical nor intellectual disrepair.

On six occasions my brain has been taken over and my physical actions manipulated – in short my body was placed beyond my control.

The periods have been brief – the longest was for nearly three hours, the shortest for 20 minutes. All of them were when I had been asked by Isabella to check drawings, and when those drawings were in my possession.

It is vital for you to understand that what follows was not clear to me at the time it happened.

All I registered then was a faint but real sensation – something like a shiver when getting a chill, or a little buzz from the tiniest electric shock.

What follows is what I worked out later, when I realised periods of time had gone missing from my day, and I carefully and thoroughly trawled through my memories to piece together what had happened during that ‘lost’ time and why.

Meetings and discussions at Skunk Works are informal, randomly timed, and often take place between a couple of colleagues standing over a desk.

When I had them Isabella’s drawings were part of the paraphernalia on my desk. Somehow during a working session a colleague would make skin contact – an apparently accidental touch, always something normal and innocuous. At that moment a ‘presence’ would ‘transfer’ into me, and from that point, for the various periods of time mentioned, I would not be in physical control of my actions.

The ‘presence’ I was hosting would make me unroll the drawings and study them. It would try to elicit from me what these drawings were for,



and what I knew of Isabella, particularly where she worked. Of course I did not possess that information. For the three-hour period I was walked all over the Skunk Works area looking for Isabella. I did not find her.

My conclusions are;

- the 'presence' is trying to find Isabella and TimeBattle
- the obvious purpose is to access time travel and appropriate it or destroy it
- it's persistence indicates it knows of Isabella and TimeBattle but has not yet found either
- the 'presence' was able to control my body through manipulating brain functions
- I call the 'presence' LeTa'ah (Lizard) because it slithers in through the tiny crevices of my skin and puts its poisonous pads into my brain
- LeTa'ah was not able to control my mind because I can recall what it was like when I was hosting the and have worked out what was happening
- I believe this latter point makes me vulnerable because I think this recall is not true of 'normal' people hosting – that is people with a 'normal' IQ, having hosted are not able to recall events
- I believe my IQ reflects a different physical construction in my brain and that this has been noted by the 'presence' as a threat, but to what and why is not yet clear to me
- it cannot be that my brain construction is unique, there must be other humans who can detect LeTa'ah when it is using them
- it may be that TimeBattle is so well-hidden and so small because those who run it have long been aware of LeTa'ah and its threat

I respectfully ask you to do nothing about this information. I realise such a request is a grand presumption on my part, and may be seen as asking you to be derelict in your duty. On the other hand it could be better to wait and see if I get more visits, and being now aware of them in the fullest sense I may elicit information rather than provide it.

מייחל

Yakov Schwartz



Isser Harel

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December 16 1962

רקיה ידידי מולש,

Further to my letter of last September, I have had three more visits from LeTa'ah. These have not coincided with any drawings from Isabella. I have not heard from her or seen her around now for over two years.

I was much better prepared for these visits, and have been able to learn much. Learn is perhaps a little strong – deduce would be a better word.

1. Unlike previously when the LeTa'ah had arrived in different colleagues every time, these visits followed the same course every time.
2. A senior supervisor on the A12 team would call and ask me to drop around to her work area. She would have an executive with her, ostensibly asking for an update. He would shake hands. I would get the faint buzz.
3. While I was briefing the executive the LeTa'ah would presumably be piecing information from my brain's various memory storages.
4. The LeTa'ah knows what I know about Isabella and TimeBattle, which is not much. The threat is no greater than it was previously.
5. The original visits were from a different LeTa'ah each time. I believe this one is the same each time, but is of a different type.
6. The first visit would have given the LeTa'ah everything I knew about Isabella/TimeBattle.
7. The second two visits have been to investigate the difference in my brain structure. This indicates the threat to me has increased significantly.
8. I will be a target for elimination. This will happen very soon, and will take the appearance of an accident.

LeTa'ah should now be considered a serious and significant enemy, and should be the target of a formal operation. I hope for a visit from your representative soon.

מייחל

Yakov Schwartz

#### FILE NOTE:

Yakov Schwartz was killed in a single vehicle accident two days after writing this letter, and two days before Isser Harel received it. Two days later his wife Ruth was told she was pregnant with their first child.



