

Comment on HHS-OASH-2026-0397 – Request for Information on EMFs, RF Radiation, and Wireless Radiation Exposure

I am submitting this comment as a citizen of the Netherlands, to describe what has happened to me in relation to radiation and wireless technology, and to ask HHS for recognition of people like me. By "wireless" I mean all forms of it, including the newest technologies, such as those described as bio-digital convergence and the Internet of Things.

My experiences

Since November 2013 I have experienced intense vibrations in my body, often together with burning sensations, tightness in my chest, hearing a low hum, stabbing pains in my body, heart problems, sudden heat, panic, burning eyes and face, and suddenly being completely "switched off". It feels as if "something" outside of me is switched on, becomes stronger, and stops again. I do not know what the cause is, but I do know what it does to me. When that "something" is off, I feel myself again and the sun starts shining again. I have lived in three different homes since 2013. Each home was different, but the patterns were the same.

Home 1: apartment, Amsterdam (2006–2019)

Before 2013 I had a pretty good life. I had friends, my own design studio, and I was healthy. I also took part in several demonstrations; I felt socially engaged and did not think certain things were going in the right direction. The problems began after I complained about noise from my upstairs neighbors and wrote an activist blog post as "a concerned citizen". I felt chilling stabs through my spine, and for the next three nights I could hardly sleep because of the vibrations.

From 2014 onward I wrote to my neighbors and my landlord. Instead of help, I was met with hostility: my landlord even advised my neighbors to report me to the police. The vibrations came back and my sleep was severely disrupted. My life was falling apart, and moving was not simple in a housing market without affordable homes.

In 2015 I had a heart attack and a burnout that would not go away. After a meeting at my kitchen table with the municipality, my neighbors and my landlord, I heard a sound like a circular saw cutting through my head that same night, together with so many vibrations that I thought I was going to die. Later I recognized this in descriptions of Havana Syndrome.

In 2017 I hired a lawyer, and in 2018 I joined a support group for people affected by low-frequency sound. I did my best to bring this problem to the attention of authorities and politicians, but nobody could or would help. When I once saw my radiation meter react strongly at the same moment I felt the vibrations, I began to suspect that radiation also played a role.

I lost my health, my design studio and my network, and in the end I was driven out of my home. In this home I recorded an average of 119 vibration episodes per year, along with a lot of harassment with noise and other disturbances.

Home 2: apartment, Amsterdam (2019–2023)

At first I could sleep again and started to recover. Meanwhile I was active in the movement concerned about wireless radiation, and I was afraid that what I had felt in my previous apartment had to do with 5G. 5G tests were being carried out. I noticed that I sometimes suddenly became terribly depressed out of nowhere, had mood swings, or during the day suddenly felt very heavy and fell asleep.

In January 2020, together with a few others and the radiation-awareness community, I organized a demonstration against 5G in Amsterdam, with around 1,500 participants. Shortly afterwards, an anonymous caller warned me to be careful not to be "targeted".

Then the most severe period began, with an average of 218 episodes per year. There were nights when I could not stay in my bed because I was pierced by vibrations. It felt like being raped and abused. I fell to my knees, extremely nauseous. I suddenly woke up sitting upright in bed. I was heated up or became ice cold. It felt as if I was regularly under electric current, or pricked by thousands of needles. I did not have a single night without disturbances, and after four hours of sleep I woke up feeling as if I had drunk fifty cups of coffee. Strangely, I kept looking well, but I was functioning on my last reserves.

After a conflict with my upstairs neighbor about noise, with loud music and the dishwasher running in the middle of the night, I started to observe what was happening around me. One thing I noticed was that the vibrations did not stop when the extraction system of a newly opened restaurant was switched off. I can feel low-frequency sound from a machine, and when that "something" switches on, the low-frequency sound of the machine becomes much more noticeable. But based on my observations, it is not the cause of the deep, piercing vibration that keeps me from sleeping.

I also noticed that the extraction system was used to harass me, while people knew about my sensitivity to low-frequency sound. Discos were organized in the restaurant, although it was not insulated for that. Strangely, the municipality had given a permit for this and hardly intervened. The residents were left to deal with it.

Suddenly sound also reached the inside of my head through earplugs. At certain moments, ordinary sounds became extremely loud. After I asked my upstairs neighbor to put felt pads under his chairs, I could suddenly hear the chairs scraping in the restaurant while sitting on my couch. I felt stalked in my own home: wherever I walked, I heard my upstairs neighbor walking along with me, even onto the balcony. Everywhere around me music was switched on, loudly, even on holiday and in places where I did not expect it. And almost always I felt the vibrations, sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker.

Daily life felt like torture. I was already traumatized by what happened in my first home, and here I was not safe either. I became completely overstimulated by the disturbances. There are too many examples to mention here. But whenever I had been away and came home, it was always quiet, until "something" was activated and I stopped functioning properly.

In 2021–2022 I reported several nearby antennas to the municipal health service (GGD Amsterdam) and the Dutch telecom authority. The GGD acknowledged that the levels on my roof were high, but the telecom authority said it could not act because the official exposure limits were not exceeded.

Home 3: house in the countryside, North Holland (2023–now)

After repeated intimidation, changing neighbors, constant overstimulation by "something" and lack of sleep, I had had enough. The authorities did not help me, the housing market was completely locked, and nobody understood what I had discovered through my observations. I saw one whistleblower after another being punished. I had also barely escaped a strange kind of torment in which my whole diaphragm vibrated and I could not wake up from a hallucinating nightmare.

So I moved again, in search of the peace I had longed for so much, to a completely new situation for me: far from the city, in the countryside. I was offered a house that seemed too good to be true, and I thought: I will never get this chance again. But from day one things went wrong. The house turned out to have hidden defects, and it took at least a year and a half before I could even start furnishing it. In the meantime more than 50 workmen came into my home, often accompanied by physical torment and noise disturbances. My relationship with the neighborhood and my neighbors came under pressure because of noise disturbances, other incidents and vandalism in my garden.

Unexplainable things happened again. I could hear my neighbor urinating as if he were in my living room. Their spin dryer rattled through my entire house. Soft music from a few houses away could be heard in my kitchen. I hear electronic clicks, as if a microphone is switched on. I hear tapping on the walls. I suddenly feel stabbing pains in my head and body. When I mentioned that I would like to work again, a temp agency called me right away. On social media I keep coming across exactly the information I was thinking about or talking about with others.

Many disruptions are small, everyday things. The on-demand bus home left me waiting for an hour, or blamed me for not having a ticket that they should have sold me on the bus itself. Parcels arrived damaged. My post seemed to have been opened and tampered with. After a conversation at my front door, my neighbor followed up on something he could not have heard. On their own, each of these things can be explained. But they keep piling up, day after day, and that is exactly what makes them so disruptive. I experience this accumulation as a tactic of disruption: it wears me down, and at the same time it is impossible to explain to others without being seen as oversensitive.

An outsider would say that such things are just coincidence, and that is normal. For me, the accumulation of coincidences that seemed aimed only at me was not normal. It made me very upset and paranoid. The feeling of having zero privacy made me very lonely. Again and again, what I loved or what made me happy was broken or disturbed, and that made me bitter. Not being able to explain to the people around me what was going on made me feel as if I had ended up in a dystopia.

Later I heard a fragment from the U.S. Homeland Security hearing of 8 May 2024: "There is no entry or exit wound... The weapon is designed to make the target feel like they are crazy, like they are imagining things..." Then the penny dropped for me. It describes exactly what I have been going through.

Every night, about ten minutes after I go to bed, a vibration starts on my feet and lower legs. Sometimes it moves to my stomach and head. It feels as if I am being scanned. When I wake up at night and make a sound, or just move, vibrations suddenly become noticeable. When my neighbor's van drives away in the middle of the night, I lie in the vibrations for at least an hour and cannot sleep for the rest of the night. It is not the van that wakes me. Just as in Amsterdam, where many things happened at the same time, I am woken by "something" that switches on. I cannot measure it with my consumer RF meter.

The same patterns in three homes

Since 2013 I have recorded every episode in my calendar and diaries, with date and time. My calendar contains 1,908 entries about vibrations. An analysis of these entries shows:

- 60% of the vibration entries were recorded between midnight and 6 a.m., and 84% between 10 p.m. and 8 a.m. The peak is between 2 and 6 a.m., when I am trying to sleep.
- This night-time pattern is the same in all three homes.
- On average there were 119 vibration episodes per year in my first home, 218 per year in my second home, and 92 per year in my current home.
- There is another pattern that runs through all my notes: whenever I speak up, file a complaint or take public action, the torture gets worse. My own analysis of 142 such contact moments found heightened disruption within 60 hours in 60.6% of cases, compared to about 34% at other times.

Everywhere, my neighbors sleep soundly. I am the only one who feels and perceives all these things.

What this has done to my life

Recently I talked to a police officer. I asked him about Havana Syndrome. He had never heard of it. Neither had my general practitioner, and he does not want to hear about it.

As my notes show, things get worse every time I speak up. Still, I keep speaking up, because I know I am not the only one. After more than twelve years of sleep deprivation and harassment I am exhausted, and it has cost me a great deal: my health, my work, part of my family and many friends. What makes it harder is that authorities seem to have no idea what is going on, so people like me are left to deal with it alone.

On the outside I have my good days, and I still laugh. I have not given up. For more than twelve years I have documented everything carefully, because I want to understand what is happening, and because I want my life back. That is why I am writing to you.

What I have tried myself

- First I rearranged my house three times. I put my bed on stilts so it did not touch the floor. I built different beds, including one in my kitchen. It was all for nothing, but I had to do it.
- I reduced my wireless connections as much as possible, but I could not do without a phone.
- My phone is always switched off at night and kept in another room.
- I do not use Wi-Fi and I do not have a modem.
- I painted my bedroom with grounded carbon shielding paint. At first it was quiet, but after a while the vibrations returned.
- I slept in a shielding tent made of silver mesh fabric, inside the already shielded room. The vibrations continued inside the tent.
- I take my own measurements with a consumer RF meter, but it cannot measure above 8 GHz and cannot measure low-frequency sound at all. And what it does measure, I cannot easily interpret, let alone remove.
- I tried shielding clothing and bedsheets.
- I eat as healthily as possible and do a detox every year.
- I moved house twice.

As a citizen I cannot find the cause, and it should not be up to me to prove it.

Low-frequency sound

In 2026, Delta, the journalistic platform of Delft University of Technology (TU Delft), reported that an internal investigation linked serious health complaints among university staff – such as nausea, tightness in the chest, heart complaints and disorientation – to long-term exposure to low-frequency sound from a building's ventilation system. The Dutch National Institute for Public Health and the Environment (RIVM) also recognizes annoyance and sleep disturbance as established effects of low-frequency sound. More than ten years after I first raised this, the Dutch newspaper De Andere Krant writes that policymakers, who keep refusing to act, must now take responsibility.

I am not alone

Many other comments in this docket describe similar symptoms. In January 2025, the Dutch weekly De Andere Krant published an article about fifteen people in the Netherlands with the same complaints. Most of them did not dare to give their names. They say that hardly anyone believes them, and that when they seek medical help, they are asked to prove the cause themselves.

In May 2023, the Dutch foundation STOPEG (Stop Electronic Weapons and Group Stalking) wrote to the Netherlands Institute for Human Rights on behalf of twenty people, asking for an investigation and for the police to take victims' reports seriously. According to the letter, the Minister of Justice's earlier reply only addressed stun weapons, and a letter to the national police chief received no response at all.

The terminology also makes things harder. Within a few years, the same phenomenon has been called "Havana Syndrome", then "Anomalous Health Incidents" (AHI), and now, from the U.S. defense side, "Directed Energy Biological Effects" (DEBE). For affected people, these changing names make it very hard to find reliable information, to explain what they are experiencing, and to be recognized.

What I ask HHS to do

1. Recognize that people with these experiences are suffering, and take their reports seriously.
2. Research why vibrations, burning sensations, disturbances, panic and altered sound occur together, and include low-frequency sound and infrasound alongside EMF and RF.
3. Research how the perception of sound can change so that ordinary sounds become unbearable, and how this leads to affected people being dismissed as complainers or oversensitive.
4. Investigate the "something" that switches on, with measurements that go far beyond what consumer equipment can do, including the newest wireless technologies.
5. Create a place where people can report these experiences and be heard.
6. Make sure that people with these symptoms are not given a psychiatric diagnosis without a proper investigation of possible environmental causes.
7. Hold authorities accountable when they leave citizens to fend for themselves to the point where life becomes unlivable.

8. Recognize citizens, activists and whistleblowers as possible victims, involve them in research on Havana Syndrome (AHI/DEBE), and use one clear term.

Thank you for considering my comment.

Sources

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