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In a way, the cult of secrecy was part of Millegan's patrimony. He was born Sept. 22, 1949, in Washington, D.C., the third of the four children of Lloyd and Eudora (Woodworth) Millegan. As he was growing up on a Fairfax, Va., farm, his father was advancing as a career official in the CIA, a career, Kris Millegan later learned, that began when his father had been an exchange student in Shanghai in 1936, and led to an appointment to Gen. McArthur's staff during WW II. That career also produced some sudden and frequent changes in Kris Millegan's life: "We were told as kids that [my dad] was an ad person for a local newspaper."

What he was actually doing was "producing the daily briefing for the intelligence services." Kris Millegan's schooling was also tricky: "By the time I moved to Eugene in 1959, following my dad ... I'd been in about 10 different schools."

While his older brother graduated from South Eugene High School, where their sister also attended, another family move took him to McMinnville where Lloyd and Eudora Millegan had roots. Lloyd Millegan by this time had left the Agency and was involved in a marquetry business. Kris Millegan graduated from McMinnville High in 1967. Around this time, Lloyd Millegan called his son aside and asked what he thought about the Vietnam War. The father had at one time been branch chief for all Southeast Asia so had some inside knowledge. Kris Millegan's response was typical: "I was raised on John Wayne and all my uncles were in World War II and this type of stuff and I was a teenager and so I said, 'Well, you got this sack of hand grenades and you got some rice paddies and you go throw the hand grenades and win for the good guys in the white hats'.... I gave him this flip little answer and he said we had to have this little talk."

Lloyd Millegan revealed to his son that the Vietnam War was about drugs — who controlled the opium trade, who was going to make the big profits — that all the rest — fighting communism, preserving freedom, protecting America — was just "the show." Kris Millegan "was not really listening. I thought this was 'the drug talk.'" It was years later, when he really began to read ("I like books; I read a lot.") that the penny really dropped and he began serious explorations into the secret societies and conspiracies that so often underlie the surface of American government behavior, "the show."

Millegan spent nearly two years at PSU, studying anthropology and drama, both of which prepared him for his next moves. But first he found his way into the music business. With a partner, he opened Longhair Music Faucet, Portland's first retail outlet for the great black blues of the period. The store was a success but Millegan sold out to start his own blues band, a dream that burned up in a house fire. He followed that with a move back to Eugene and into video rental, coming in on the ground

floor, just as VCRs were entering the market. Millegan had some success in sales, but he kept coming back to music and for 10 years was part of a band. But he kept reading, beginning with probes into the "magic and mysticism" of Alistair Crowley and Edgar Casey, but more and more plucking at the threads his father had shown him.

His life unraveled and unraveled — marriage, divorce, odd jobs to hold it together while writing songs and playing music. He remarried in 1986 to Johana, whose family were, in an odd coincidence, the Millicans of Walterville (Walter Millican the founder); they have a 15-year-old son, Blaze, now a student at Thurston. In 1991,

Kris Millegan hooked up with a group of musicians to form Powertrain, played gigs here and there, especially down in Humboldt County. The band lasted until 1996-97, then Millegan went solo, still writing, playing harp, still germinating ideas. Meanwhile, technology — home computers, the Internet, desktop publishing — was preparing the ground for Kris's biggest change.

Friends Ed Bishop, Russ Becker and Millegan came together to form TrineDay Books, LLC, in 2002. Their first project was a re-print of Anthony Sutton's *America's Secret Establishment*, an intriguing investigation into the secret workings of Skull and Bones. Other titles quickly followed: to date, TrineDay has done about \$400,000 in sales and sold more than 25,000 books.

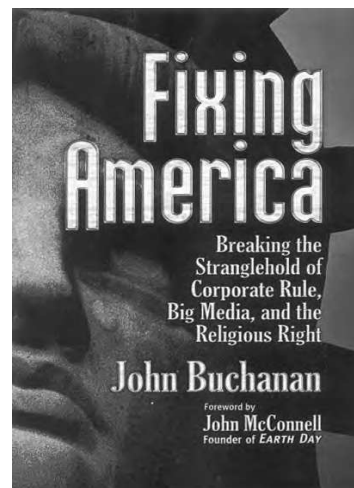
Millegan is excited, and when he's excited, his hands fly around like a manic weaver's working a complex tapestry, and his discourse falsches from one connection to another, like a spider dancing across the strands of a web. He leaps from Masons to the Illuminati, the drug trade ("These guys stand on three legs: drugs, guns and oil."), mind control through television and school curricula ("They want us dumbed down."), the link between China and Wal-Mart, the Bush family/Saudi family nexus: "I could go on and on."

He plans to go on: more books, an Internet project called Deep Goat, video. Millegan sees this work as long-term, but he's amazingly confident of his purpose: "These people [secret cabalists] can be exposed and can be driven from their virtual power — all they have is virtual control — by pots and pans in the streets. All it will take is a massing of people."

It's happened before, could happen again. But many Americans would prefer their myths to truth, especially if the truth asks them to change and to act. And these folks tell themselves fables as shields against prophets who come to warn or chastise: Is Kris Millegan Chicken Little? Is he the boy who cries wolf? Is he just another Quixote, tilting at windmills? Or is his the voice of Cassandra, cursed to know

and tell the truth and never to be believed?

Millegan is neither worried nor daunted: "What's coming about is an understanding." And it's no secret that he plans to play his part. ■



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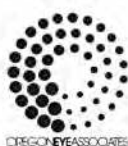
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