My Very Restricted Life as Beeing Sensitive to Wireless Technology

Being sensitive to electromagnetic fields and radiation—that is, becoming ill from exposure to electrical appliances, magnetic fields, and the environmentally foreign radio waves from wireless technology—is recognized in Sweden as an environmentally related disability known as electrohypersensitivity (EHS), which can be more or less disabling. Those severely affected soon discover that their basic human rights are not respected. Living with sensitivity to this radiation often means a very limited and painful life, both physically and mentally—and that is the case for me.

My Story

My problems began in the mid-1980s when I was working as a mainframe programmer, but it wasn't until 1997 that I understood the connection. Being interested in technology, I got a cell phone early on, and one day there was a sudden, loud bang in my head just as I put the phone to my ear. It caused a sensation of fullness in my ear that lasted for more than a year, and the symptoms worsened when I was exposed to the artificial radio waves used by cell phones and all other wireless technology.

I've moved several times to escape the increasingly intense and intrusive electromagnetic waves that have rendered the expression "my home is my castle" no longer valid.

Had I understood from the start that it was the computer monitor and other sources that triggered my symptoms, my life would likely have been different. I would then have been able to minimize my exposure to electromagnetic fields and waves, which, as experience shows, is usually decisive in determining the severity of health problems caused by electromagnetic exposure.

In 2000, my husband and I built a beautifully designed, electrically remediated house in a relatively radio-shadowed area away from cell towers, where we lived for 10 years. The electrical remediation meant I didn't have to expose myself to low-frequency fields from power lines and appliances, and as a result, my sensitivity to electric and magnetic fields gradually decreased over those years.

High-frequency radiation, on the other hand, increased steadily—cell phone coverage improved (which was worse for me)—while neighbors around us bought more and more cordless phones and wireless networks, which caused me severe distress and increased my sensitivity. Eventually, I couldn't take it anymore. We had to look for a new place to live. It turned out to be very difficult to find such a place without a nearby power line, with sufficiently low cell phone coverage, and within a reasonable commuting distance for my husband.

After two years of searching, we finally purchased a small farmhouse, 1.5 km from the nearest neighbor. It turned out that I couldn't stay in the house because the electricity meter created very strong transients on the power grid (so-called "dirty electricity"), which was confirmed using a so-called Friman meter. I therefore spent the first fall living in a motorhome, but then the electricity grid operator—at our expense—installed a filter, I was able to move into the house.

A rude awakening—being unable to communicate with the outside world

Then came the big rude awakening. The telecommunications operator Telia refused to let us sign up for a land line phone service, despite fully functional phone lines leading into the house. They cited their intention to tear up the copper lines in the area within 2–3 years. We were offered wireless phone service, but that was no option for us.

What followed were two terrible years of involuntary isolation, without a phone or the Internet, which had social, practical, safety, and financial consequences. My husband, who had planned partly

to work from home, had to rent an office ten kilometers away instead. When he commuted to Stockholm every other week, I couldn't get in touch with him. Nor could I contact friends, relatives, contractors, healthcare providers, etc. My only means of communication was to post letters by mail, but I couldn't find out unknown addresses unless they were listed in the local phone book.

The day finally came when we got Internet and a phone line via fiber optics. As soon as I found out it was finally going to be set up, the tears came. A flood of emotions bubbled up like from a leaking oxygen tank underwater, where large bubbles rise and break the surface with unstoppable force—grief over all the frustration, fear, and loneliness I'd bottled up; fear that the fiber connection wouldn't work; and joy at finally, FINALLY being able to contact my friends and find the information I needed!

Fiber technology (fixed broadband) works very well for me. Light traveling at lightning speed through a cable is, as I see it, the only sustainable means of communication for the future. Finally, I can once again use the computer technology I love and have mastered, thanks to a shielded, wired computer in the attic.

Having the right to healthcare without being able to get it

But then, in January 2021, the unthinkable happened. I slipped on a patch of ice covered in snow and severely injured one of my shoulders and my arm. The health center said they couldn't help me and referred me to a hospital for an X-ray. This was despite my explanation that the environment in hospitals is now so contaminated by artificial radio waves that I simply cannot tolerate being there. I was able to get an appointment with a nearby private physical therapist, but it came at a cost (not just financial). I was harmed by the contaminated environment in the office and suffered from constant nosebleeds for three weeks, as well as an increased sensitivity to electromagnetic fields and radiowaves.

A "follow-up visit" was later arranged in a parking lot with low radiation levels, at which point the therapist realized he had made the wrong diagnosis—my arm had dislocated at the shoulder and "fixed" itself in that position. As a result, I have to live with limited mobility and pain.

The next wake-up call—a new "smart" electricity meter with a radio transmitter

In August 2024, the next wake-up call came. I began to feel ill with various typical radiation symptoms and had constant pain in my heart, but I couldn't figure out where the radiation was coming from. After about a day, we discovered by chance that the electricity distribution company, Vattenfall, had installed a wireless electricity meter with the transmitter antenna pointed toward our house from the transformer station 450 meters away.

I realized I couldn't continue living there as long as this electricity meter was transmitting (every three minutes), but my husband took emergency measures and installed a metal sheet to shield the radiation from reaching us. On five occasions, my heart problems returned, and each time it turned out that the sheet metal had slipped to the side, fallen down due to strong winds, or been removed by Vattenfall. These repeated and involuntary "blind tests" have confirmed that it is indeed the electricity meter that is making me sick.

With the shield in place, I can continue living here and feel well, but I can no longer walk past the substation on our private road. This means I'm prevented from going for walks, picking up the mail, or taking out the trash. My life already felt very restricted before, but now I truly feel trapped. It's tough.

Vattenfall is now going to install a “smart” electricity meter with a radio transmitter—to transmit meter readings—on our property. They’re offering to equip the meter with a so-called “time window,” which means that information from the meter will be transmitted between midnight and 2 a.m. But the meter starts transmitting as soon as it’s installed, and it takes several days before the time window takes effect.

It’s like telling someone with a peanut allergy:
– You have to eat peanuts for a few days, but then you’ll be off the hook. Except for one serving every night, of course!
Just as with a peanut allergy, this could be fatal—in my case from cardiac arrest.

My life hangs by a thread now that Vattenfall has announced that they are handing the matter over to the Enforcement Authority for the forced installation of an electricity meter with a radio transmitter. In most EU countries, it’s possible to opt out of the new electricity meter, but in Sweden, they’re willing to stop at nothing.

In August 2024, the Radiation Protection Commission ICBE-EMF published a document titled “Electrosensitivity Is a Humanitarian Crisis Requiring Immediate Action,” which mentions, for example, the new electricity meters and the risk of life-threatening cardiac effects.

A Beautiful Prison

I live in a beautiful prison. My life is luxurious in the sense that I have a roof over my head, fireplaces and firewood to keep me warm, clean water conveniently available from the taps, plenty of good food, and a husband who always supports and helps me. But at the same time, it is a very, very restricted life. Because the environment is so polluted by unnatural radio waves, I cannot, for example:

- choose where to live
- visit friends
- visit my relatives
- take my car in for inspection or to a repair shop
- browse through books at the library
- attend my mother’s funeral
- shop for clothes in a store
- attend family reunions
- go to the movies, a café, a restaurant, or a museum
- go birdwatching at Tåkern (since 4G was introduced)
- stroll through a city or town
- not attend lectures, study groups, or courses
- not attend 50th birthday parties or weddings
- not participate in club meetings
- not go to markets
- not agree to a Pap smear or mammogram
- not go on vacation
- not pick mushrooms or blueberries wherever I want (if there’s a cell tower nearby)
- not sing in a choir or go out dancing
- not visit healthcare facilities
- not march in demonstrations to protest how society treats people with electromagnetic hypersensitivity

It’s not just me who’s affected—it’s my whole family, especially my husband, who has to handle virtually all our errands for both of us. When my father was alive, he would sometimes ask when I could visit him in Stockholm, and my heart felt as hard as stone when I replied that, unfortunately, I couldn’t come.

When my beloved father turned 90, I threw all caution to the wind because I so desperately wanted to be there to celebrate him and see my relatives. Those two hours at the party resulted in neurological damage that caused me to suddenly drop things I was holding in my hands (I had to let my husband carry everything), and it took a year for my body to heal completely. My father lived for just over five more years, but I was never able to see him again, even though he was in a nursing home just a 2.5-hour drive from here.

The situation is getting worse and worse. I don’t have a cell phone (using one makes me so sick), but I can pay bills and shop online using a digital ID on my computer. However, more and more companies and banks are requiring that you provide a cell phone number and only offer authentication via digital ID on a mobile phone. This tightens the noose of discrimination around the necks of those with electromagnetic hypersensitivity yet another notch—not even those who can use a computer can then shop for goods and pay for them anymore.

My car is from 2003, and I tolerate it well, but newer cars don’t work for me at all—I get really sick from all the wireless technology built into them. This makes it increasingly difficult for me to get around, since the environment on the roads is now so polluted by modern cars. I dare not think about what will happen when my car finally breaks down.

I’ve always enjoyed working, no matter what I’ve done. It’s been a great source of sadness for me not to be able to continue working, while at the same time society has lost out on my expertise and ability to work.

My electromagnetic hypersensitivity is well documented, supported by a medical certificate , and has also been scientifically confirmed in a double-blind test conducted in Germany The test measured heart rate variability (HRV) when a wireless network was turned on, at radiation levels corresponding to one-millionth of the current Swedish limit values. The test was conducted on three autonomic bodily functions, which cannot be controlled by will.

I once suffered a cardiac arrest when the radiation environment was heavily contaminated by radio waves. Yet authorities and certain “experts” continue unabated to spread the myth that electromagnetic hypersensitivity is due to a fear of technology and “nocebo effects” (expectation effects), even though this is completely illogical and based on poorly designed research. Could this be because the telecom industry is a key growth engine for Sweden and must not be disrupted?

In the scientific report *Scientific Consensus International Report on EHS*, published in 2021 by 32 experts from around the world, EHS is recognized as “a distinct neuropathological” condition and not a psychological one. EHS has been known as a physiological reaction—and not a “nocebo” response—since 1746, the experts write.

Instead of applying the legally mandated Precautionary Principle, the approach taken is “Some casualties among the population are to be expected.” Aside from the fact that this violates the Environmental Code, UN conventions on human rights and anti-discrimination laws, this approach is unworthy of a society that calls itself humane and democratic.

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